THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

tay here till Lireturn & stadto ellilw grating b

he returns. The last opai-tinted gleam of ome thickly out, the night wind rises bleaky, the frogs croak dismally down in the fetidesee. They are not likely to sit up to night depths of their slimy pools. She does not with him, are they?" stir; apathy succeeds agony; she hardly cares nor fears longer

Presently, but it is a long time, too, the footsteps orunch once more over the frozen snow, and George Blake comes rapidly, forward. One look at his face tells his newsit is bright, eager, smiling; his step is alert and buoyant.

"All right, Joanna," he calle, gaily "" It he were a bullock, but it is bandaged up now. him," says George, laughing, with was the beat thing could have happened to him ; it had probably saved him a fit of apoplexy, and that he ought to keep you as a sort of family leech to break his head at intervals. It is very bad blood," says the doctor, "and you're the batter for losing a gallon or two of

George's laugh rings out boyishly; the relef is so unutterable.

peak, she does not smile. She sits quite ill, looking straight before her at the pale, now-lit, star-lit landscape. His face, too, grows grave as he regards

"And now, Jo," he says, resuming his seat oride her. " what next?"

He has to repeat the question before she ems to hear, then the blank gaze turns to

"You cannot go back there," he says, and e sees her shrink and shudder at the thought. You cannot stay here. Then what are you do ?" She makes no reply.

In all the wide world, he wonders, as he watches her, is there another creature so form, so homeless as this!

"Perhaps you will go to Abbott Wood?" cice, and breaks out with a great despairing

Oh, no, no, no! Never there! Never

weeps wildly aloud. He has never seen Jotortured sobs shake him through and through, stout enough to make two of such a slip as cannot bear to hear you. Don't cry like

As well ask the tide not to flow. Repressed nature will have its revenge; she must weep or die. She sobs on and on, until the paroxysm spends itself, and she stops from sheer exhausion. A jealous pang me think !"

The hysterica bave done her good; her sense of her situation—to the importance of that question - what next?

She sits and thinks. Impossible to return to Sleaford's; horror fills her at the thought. | pride of Liz's soul. More impossible still to go to Abbott Wood after this terrible deed. Besides, even if she overlook her almost being a murderess, Giles Sleaford would never let her stay. would be breught back to the farm by force -then, what is to be done?

She looks up at last; her black eyes turn to the face of her companion, and fix there in such a long, searching store that he is disconcerted.

"What is it, Joanna?" he asks. "You know there is nothing in the world I would not do for you.'

"Nothing?" she tersely repeats. "Nothing that man can do."

"You asked me the other day to marry you. Will you marry me now?"

"Will I?" his face lights up with quick oy—he catches both her hands; "will I? Oh, Jeanna!"

Will you take me to New York to-night, and marry me to morrow?'

'Sharp work!' he says, 'but even that may e accomplished. I will take you to New York, and I will marry you! Joanna! Joanna! how happy you have made me!

'I!' she says mournfully. 'I make anyone happy! Oh! Georgo Blake, you will hate me one day for this! I ought not to ask it -I am a wretch-almost a murderess-not fit to be any good man's wife. And you are good. Oh! I ought not! I ought not !'-

You ought-you must! he exclaims, alarmed. 'What nonsense you are talking, Jo! Murderess indeed! The pity is you did not give the cur twice as much. Ah! what care I will take of you. Joanna, how happy I will make you. You will forget this wretched life and these miserable people. You shall have my whole heart and life.".

'And your mother.' she says in the same mournful voice what will she say? And your sunt good Miss Rice? On! you foolish fellow! Take me to New York, but do not marry me. Let me earn my own living -I am young, strong and willing, and used to hard work. I will be a kitchen-maid anything. No life can be so hard, so sordid,

as the life I lead here?'
'I will marry you,' he says. 'I refuse to release you. You said you would be my of invitations to a dinner to be given in honor wite, and you must—I cannot live without of M. de Mahy, Misister of Agriculture, some you. Oh! Joanna, the young fellow cries out in a burst of passion, 'you torture me! Cannot you see that I love you?'

She shakes her head. 'No, she says, 'I cannot see it, nor understand it. What is there in me-plain, red-haired, ill-tempered Joanna, to love? And I do not care for you.'

'That will come for you.'

'That will come in time, I will be so good to you, to fond of you, you will not be able to help it.' Say no more about it, Joanna. I claim you and will have you!"

"Very well," she answers, resignedly; "remember, whatever comes, I have warned you. Now settle all the rest yourself. I

trust you ... I am in your hands." And I will be true to your trust." he says fervently, "so help me Heaven!" He lifts one of her hands, the red, workhardened hands, to his lips. And then for a

little they sit in silence. It is a strange bethrothal—the hour of night, the gloomy scene, white snow, black woods, dead silence, starry sky, and Black's Dam, evil and ominous, at their feet. All George Blake's life long, that picture stands out, distinct from all others, in his memory—

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"Letime see,"-he saystraturing to the mean wollo: Him oldelly Hood sanger was

the grimy, well-worn old alpaca: "Let me

"Not in the least likely, I should say. (sels; she is benumbed, stupefied—she neither | He is all right; was snoring like a grampus when I left. Why?" "I must get into the house, and get some-

thing to wear. I cannot go to New York like this." He sees that she cannot, but still he looks

anxious and doubtful. ': "It is a risk," he says: ...

"Not at all, if they do not sit up. I can is as I said; the fellow is going to live to always got in, and once in bed I am not grace the gallows yet. It is an ugly gash, afraid of that family. They sleep as if for a and has let him a lot of blood—as much as if wager. It is a risk I must run. I must have a better dress, a shawl and hat. And I and he's ssleep. I heard the dector tell can wait indoors until it is time to start for the station."

"An hour will take us," Blake says, "Come, then, Joanna, let us be up and doing. I shall get into a fever waiting, if we stay here.

They go-starting on the first stage of that journey that is to lead—who can tell where? It is nearly midnight when they reached the Red Farm. No sign of the recent tragedy is there—quiet slumber evidently reigns. It But she does not look glad, she does not is better even than they had dared to hope. "Where will you wait?" the girl asks. "It will be cold for you."

"I will walk about," he answers. "The night is mild, and my overcoat is proof against frost-bite. Only do not be caught, Joanns, or change your mind, or fall asleep. will never forgive you if you fall me now!" "I will not fail," she says, firmly. " Before

four I will be with you again." She leaves him, and admits herself after her old fashion-bolts and bars are few and far between at Sleaford's. All is still. She takes off her shoes and creeps up stairs and listens.

All still. Now the question arises—what shall she wear? She does not want to disgrace George Blake. Nearly all the things Mrs. Abbott has given her are in her room at Abe suggests. And at that she finds her bott Wood-Liz and Lora immediately confiscating to their use anything attractive she brings to the farm. She has absolutely nothing of her own fit to put on. No-but there any more! Oh, what will Mrs. Abbott the other girls have! Joanna has not the say? Oh, me! oh, me!" slightest scruple in the matter. They take He sits in silent distress. Great sobs tear everything of here; it is a poor rule that and rend their way up from her heart. She will not work both ways. She will help herself from Lors's wardrobe! They are of anna cry before—few ever have—and the the same height. Lora is a "fine girl" and "Don't, Joanna!" he says. "Oh, do not! Joanns, but fit does not signify. She soitly opens the wardrobe and begins operations. It is a small closet adjoining their bedroom, and dark as a pocket, but she has brought a candle end with her from the kitchen. She lights it now and sets to work.

As well take the best when she is about it! There hangs the new black silk suit, wrings George Blake's heart—how she loves gotten up expressly for New Year's Day, this Mrs. Abbott! But still the question is and worn on that occasion only. She takes manswered—what is to be done, and the it down from its peg. Here is Lora's Sunnight wears on. George's watch points to day hat, a black velvet beauty, with crimton. He holds it out to her in silent appeal. Son roses and snowy plume. To twist "Wait" she says. "Let me think. Let out this latter appendage is the work of a second—the red roses for the present must stand. Now she wants a wrap. Here is a apathy is swept away; she is fully aroused to cloth jacket, handsomely trimmed; she unhooks it. Then, as she is moving away, a last article catches her eye. It is a crimson wool shawl, a nich and glowing wrap, and the

Some faint spirit of diabelerie, more than actual need, makes her add this to the heap. his tenure of office, one Irish Catholic. That could, even if Mrs. Abbott would consent to She returns to the kitchen, her arms filled had been the rule in previous Governments, with her spoils. She has already secured She one or two little gifts of Mrs. Abbott's and Leo's. A gold breastpin, a pearl and ruby ring, and her very last New Year's gift-a little gold watch and chain-the watch Mrs. Abbott's present, the chain Geoffrey's, the ring Leo's. And now in the warm kitchen she arrays herself deliberately in pilfered plumes, with a sort of wicked zest in the tremendous uproar there will be to-morrow. Dan's mishap will be nothing to this-Liz and Lors will go straight out of their senses.

"It is not stealing," the girl says to herself. "I have worked for them all my life; I have carned these things ten times over. And they have taken lots of mine-Mrs. Abbott's gifts. I have a right to take what I want."

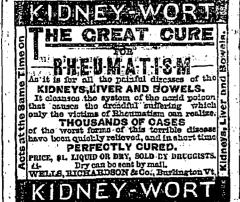
Whether or no, they are taken, and will be kept. Once dressed she seats herself, and waits impatiently for the clock to strike four. She is eager to be off, to turn her back forever upon this hated house, these hated people, to begin the world anew. A new life is dawning for her; whatever it brings, it can bring nothing half so bad as the life she is leaving. New York! the thought of that great city and its possibilities dazzles her. Of George Blake she tainks little. He is perforce part of that new life, but she would rather he were not. She does not care for him; he tires her with his boyich fondness and insipid love-making. Still she cannot do without him-so Mrs. George Blake, willy nilly, it seems she must be.

(To be Continued.)

No preparation of Hypophosphites I have used can compare with Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites for restoring strength to the nervous system.

I think it the best medicine I over used. W. J. HOBNER, Buffalo, N.Y. 134-2-ws

The official world in the neighborhood of Avignon, in the south of France, was the victim of rather a cruel hoax a few days ago. The Prefect having sent out a limited number practical joker produced one of the cards, and, having had about 300 more printed to match, forwarded them to mayors, judges and other big-wigs with the utmost liberality. At the dinner hour troops of these innetionaries made their appearance at the Prefect's door, only to receive a civil apology from his secretary and to return to their own tables.



Is faced by our naked Gallowglesses;
We lost the plains and our pleasant homes,
but we held the hills and passes; And still the "Beltane" fires at night,— If not a man were left to feed em: By widows, hands piled high and bright, Flashed far the flame of Freedom! Ay, stamp away | can you stamp it out?
Or how have your brutal arts been

You have wielded the power of rope and kno Fire, dungeon, sword and scaffold; But still, as from each martyr's hand. The "Flery Cross" fell down in fighting.
A thousand prang to selze the brand; Our "Beltane" fires relighting:—
A ndonce again through Irish nights.
O'er every dark hill redly streaming.
And rumerous as the heavenly lights, Our rebel fires were gleaming.
And, though again might fail that flame,—
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,—
Fresh chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came,
And again the Old Flag floated.

That fire will burn, that flag will float,—
By Virtue nursed, by Valor tended,—
Till, with one fierce clutch upon your throat,
Your Moloch reign is ended!
It may be now, or it may be then,
That the hour will come we have heped for

ages; --But failing and falling, we try again,

But falling and falling, we try again,
And again the conflict rages.
Our hate, though hot, is a patient hate,—
Desdiy and patient to catch you tripping.—
And your years are many, your crimes are
great,
And the scentre is from you slipping;—
But, stamp away with your brutal hoof,
While the fires to scorch you are upwards
cleaving.

cleaving. For, with mystic shuttles, the warp and woof Of your shroud the Fates are weaving!

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS

To the Irish People of the Dominion of Canada.

Gentlemen,-The undersigned deem it to be their duty at this crisis to explain their position before their co religionists and tellow-

countrymen. In 1871 the Catholic League, composed of Irish Catholics of both shades of politics, was formed for the purpose of securing some measure of representation for the Irish Catholic people. Prior to that the Irish Catholics of Ontario had been, practically, unrepresented. Negotiations, honorable alike to all parties concerned, were opened with the party leaders of those days, the result being that our people cast their votes mainly for the Beform candidates.

One of us (Mr. O'Donohoe) declared from the first, that if the Liberal party with which he was then acting should prove recreant to pledges, he would be the first to avenge such a breach of faith by voting and working against it.

Time passed on, and the Irish Catholics of Ontario, relying upon the promises of the Reform leaders, gave those gentlemen their hearty support, when they were, apparently, in a hopeless minority in the Dominion Parliument as well as in the country.

But a change of Government ensued in the winter of 1873, and the Reform party having been returned with an overwhelming majority at the general election in January, 1874, and the opportunity, of which its leaders had expressed themselves desirous, of doing justion (and nothing but justice was asked) to to the Irish Catholic people.

You know in what a beggarly spirit they set about folfilling that honest covenant. Our people had been ignored before; now they were practically ostracised. In the Cabinet of Mr. Mackenzie there was, during him upon that ground, had he not been pledged, as he was, to give to the Irish Catholic people that representation to which they were entitled, and of which, in the fierce conflict of parties, they had bitherto been denied. But party exigencies, and mainly the bitter hostility of those who boasted that they were Licerals, defeated his purpose. We have held, and now hold, him responsible, because, being the leader, he had or ought to have had such power over his followers as to have induced them, forced them if necessary, to carry out the conditions upon which they obtained Catholic support.

But about this time a graver issue even than our Parliamentary representation had preseated itself. The industries of the country had been paralyzed; our markets were being overrug by American traders, throwing their surplus and bankrupt stocks into competition with the labor of the Canadian mechanic: in a word, Cauada, in so far as her manufacturing and industrial life was concerned, had passed out of the hands of the Canadians.

The undersigned were resolved to stand by the country at that critical period of its his tory. Mr. O'Donohoe then especially felt it to be his duty, casting off old party affiliations, to join Messis. Smith and Costigan and support the National party, which was advocating a national fariff and fair play to every section of the community. We arrived at that determination not merely upon the abstract view that all countries which have become great have laid the foundation of their greatness by defending their capital and labor, as they detend their territory against foreign invasion; but because overy practical man, artisan as well as manufacturer, and all who had studied the peculiar circumstances in which-Canada was placed, were of opinion that a protective tariff had become absolutely necessary in the public interest.

We qualified our adhesion to the National party by declaring that if the Government of Bir John Macdonald did not carry out its pledges, our support should forthwith be withdrawn from it. But, as you are aware, Sir John Macdonald has not merely done what he promised, but excelled his promise. The tariff now in operation has given the Canadian manufacturer and the Canadian mechanic that protection without which the successful prosecution of their industries had become impossible. From 1974 until 1878 we had depression; now we have prosperity; then we had gloom and despondency, poor wages and poverty; row we can, crediting the Government with their due, thank Providence that a better state of things has set in.

In its treatment alike of Protestant and Catholic, the present Ministry has rondered fair and equal justice, and it is prepared to pursue a similar course in the future. Neither Mr. Costigan nor Mr. Smith would have agreed to assume the responsibilities of office, nor would, Mr. O'Donohoe have consented to re-enter political life, did they not believe that the invitation to them includes, not merely those for whom they may think themselves commissioned to speak, but equally, as they hope, their countrymen of another creed. It is their intention, as it is their duty, to represent not merely the Irish | ten minutes to think it over," he said, " and if Catholics, whose confidence they believe they you then want to die I'll let you do it." enjoy, but likewise, if they may be permitted When the time was up he released her, and to say so, the whole Irish race in the Do- she quietly went home.

1. 1. 1. 1 a

The state of the s

inguant conder the evening sky; then his he and this strange girl who isscinates him IOIVSTAMP NGIQUOHTA His difficult. The coupled ever seek her face sitting there, the only creatures it seems left by Gen. Chas. G. Parpine ("Private Miles vinced that religion: on either side vittlares our common love of the country of our birth

or makes us enemies in the country of our adoption. The undersigned appeal, therefore, to their fellow-countrymen, no matter what may be their creed, to judge them; and the Ministry which they have the honor to support not fairly only, but generously. We do not hositate, however, to declare to you that should the Ministry of which we are supporters, slight on neglect either our laish Protestant or our Irish Catholic countrymen, or prove untrue to the principles of the National Policy, we shall at once withdraw our support and up-

peal to those to whose good and kindly

offices we owe such influence as we may possess. We, therefore, appeal to you to cast your votes for the supporters of the Government which we, your kith and kin, are pledged to support. We put it to our Irish fellowcountrymen, regardless of creed, that their interests are safer in our hands than in those of Messrs. Blake and Mackenzle. Our penple have long struggled to secure fair representation in the Government and in Parliament. They have secured it now; and it is for your, at this juncture, to sustain by your votes the policy, and to express your approval of the Government of Sir John Macdonald.

JOHN COSTIGAN, Јони О'Доконов.

STATISTICS OF LUNATIO ASYLUMS show that nine-tenths of their patients are brought to their condition by abuses of the generative organs. A great Brain and Nerve food, known as Mack's Magnetic Medicine, is sold by our druggists, and comes highly recommended as an unfailing cure in all these diseases. See the advertisement in another column.

IBELAND IN AMERICA.

(From the Toronto World.)

Not long ago the New York Tribune said that a large number of men calling themselves American citizens, appeared to look upon Ireland as a state of the union. From the prominence given to Irish questions in Canada it appears as if Ireland were considered also to be one of the provinces of the Dominion. Especially is this the case at times like the present, when a general election is Candidates may declare themselves as on. they please on the subject of the N. P., of the boundary award, and what not else, but all will be of no avail if they fail to satisfy a numerous section of their constituents as to their views on the land question in Ireland. Nobody seems to take any trouble to secure the Scotch vote, the English vote, or the Canadian vote, simply as such. But the Irish vote—that is a very different matter-and rival candidates all but break their necks trying to obtain it. The current talk about Irishmen not being sufficiently represented in public life is utterly misleading. Why, leaving aside the French in Lower Canada, there is no vote in the Dominion so powerful as the Irish vote. Public men are to a large extent, "cowed" by the fear of it both in Canada and in the States. They actually dare not speak their honest opinious on the Irish question, just because in almost every constituency the Irish vote is large enough to elect a candidate or defeat him. Man for man, Irish voters have more political power in the country than those of any other nationality, the French excepted. Nowhere does any candidate trouble himself much as whether the Scotch or English or Canadian vote is going to be for or against him. But in every constituency the great question is-who will get the Orange vote and the Roman Catholic vote respectively. It seems a strange statement to make, but it is a true

merits of the land question and the religious teuds of Ireland. The extraordinary prominence given to the Irish vote and to Irish questions generally at Canadian elections, contrasts strangely with the alleged lack of Irish representation in is not in proportion to the number of Irishmen in the country. But what the children of the green isle lack in number of members, is far more than made up by their greater influence over public men generally. Public men and candidates everywhere are more affeld of offending the Irish than of offending people of any other origin, the French only excepted. You may abuse the Scotch, or the English, if you like; but if you abuse the Irish in almost any constituency your "cake will be dough." No other vote whatever is so powerful in Ontario as the Irish vote. In the lace of facts which are plain as the nose on a man's face, it is absurd to make believe that Irishmen have not their due share of political power in Canada. And it seems to us that Irishmen would have to treatment for a long period, to have worms acknowledge this if they would but look at the tacts aforesatd.

Mr. G. W. Macully, Pavilion Mountain, BC, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the test medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Effectric Oll. It has worked wouders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c.":

THE O'DONOHOE AFFAIR.

BIGOTRY AND PASSION RAMPANT IN TORONTO BE-CAUSE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S LIBER-ALITY-THE DIFFICULTIES OF A MAN WILL-ING TO DO JUSTICE.

Nothing has created a bigger stir in political circles than the reported appointment of John O'Donohoe to the Senute and to a position in the Cabinet. The only citizen found to approve of the step is Mr. Boyle, of the Irish Canadian. The Otangemen are opposed to it, as, they say, more on Mr. O'Donohoe's record than because he is a Catholic. Conssrvatives can not be got to justify the proposal. James Buty, the elder, said, " to think that Sir John would appoint to the Senate the man whom I fought for ten Vents." The Orangemen waited on Sir John Macdonald and protested against it; he promised to give them an answer to-day. Mr. Hay is reported by the Telegram to have said he would resign his candidature sooner than the appointment should take place, and Mr. Small in the west end used similar language. Ald. John Irwin, a prominent Orangeman, advised Mr. Hay to resign.

Just as a girl was about to drown herself at Athens, Ala, a man caught her. She struggled, but he held her fast. " I'll give you

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

The Medizia Neuigk avers that "the chemist ecognizes no such thing as dirt; it is only matter out of place."

The French Conseil d'Hygiene has bee called upon to report upon a new wine said to be made from common best root. An illinois woman of 80 has brought suit

for divorce against her husband of 25. She thinks he married her for money, and not for love. The London World asserts that it is an open

secret that Mr. Parnell cannot go to Ireland, and is virtually concealing himself except in the Commons. Mr. John Davis, who died in England in

1788, considerately beque thed \$1.25 to his

widow, to enable her to get drunk once more at his expense. The London Speciator says wit is a strange answer to our chatter about race and creed (in Irish affairs) that Mr. Burke was Catholic Milesian and Mr. Parnell is Protestant Anglo-

American'."

The wife of a Milwaukee physician is going to jail for fitteen days rather than pay a fine of \$5, which was imposed on her for persistently keeping an unlicensed dog. She wishes to be a martyr for principle. "Long" John Wentworth, who claims to be

the direct descendant of Benning Wentworth (from whom Bennington, Vt., was named), Colonial Governor of New Hampshire, bas published in Uhicago his genealogy, in three octavo volumes.

Mr. F. C. Mathleson, of Bartholomew House, London, has issued a complete list of the electric light companies that have been floated in England to date. They number just thirty-three, and have an issued capital of about £6,600,000.

On May 13 the Forty-second Highlanders escorted the heralds and pursulvants of Scotland to the Cross of Edinburgh, where royal proclamation was made authorizing the circulation of British coins as current money in Cyprus. The connection seems somewhat remote to outsiders.

Bishop Halsey said to the Conference of he African Methodist Church: "We have little respect for grammar, but great respect for the gospel. To succeed with us, one must have a loud voice, almost enough to raise the dead. We sing loud and shout, but get true religion."

Card playing is practised in no country to so great an extent as in Russia. All ages and like a dog. For their joint amusement be both sexes are passionately fond of it. The manufacture of playing cards is a Government monopoly, and there is only one factory, from which 24,000 packs are turned out

daily, or 7,000,000 a year. At a Connecticut memorial day celebration, according to the local newspaper, "a brisk zephyr sung its symphony through arborean harps, and shook the green banners of the stately elms." But following this outburst comes the information that the name of the procession's marshal was Tubbs.

A Cincinnati woman was swinging in hammock in the seclusion of her back yard, and her feet hung down. A neighbor looked through the fence and cried, "Shoot them feet!" He was prosecuted, and, though he protested that he meant no adverse criticism of the feet, nor disrespect of the owner, was Recent sensations of a certain sort have in

many instances connected themselves with brothers of a family. Thus we have had the James boys, the Earp boys, the Younger boys, the Ford boys, and the Malley boys, while the other day occurred at the West the instant killing of the Matthews boys by their enemies, who lay in ambush.

Banjo playing is becoming a fashlonable accomplishment in Connecticut, and some of the prettiest young ladies and matrons of proaching on felicide intent, the cat would one none the less, that on the twentieth day Hartford display much proficiency in perdiction of June there will be many thousands of votes forming on the despised instrument hereto- and mewing and rubbing itself against his cast in Canada, not so much on the merits of fore monopolized by the negro minstrel any Canadian question whatever, as on the troupes. It is in special demand for summer evenings, out of doors, with vocal accompani-

While preaching fervidly at Lafayette Ind., the Rev H A Buchtol suddenly dropped out of sight behind the desk. The congregation thought he had been stricken by heart public life. It may be true enough that disease or paralysis, and there was a great the number of Irishmen in Parliament hubbub. But the pastor slowly arose, and hubbub. But the pastor slowly arose, and explained that he had inadvertently thrown his weight on a weak knee, which was distocated by the strain.

Prince Bismarck is somewhat better, but continues to suffer much from gout, a waning appetite, and indigestion. Acute pain has of late kept him from sleeping. If he is able to do so he will stay a few weeks in Berlin, in order to be present at the second reading of the Tobacco Monopoly bill. If he cannot do this, he will immediately proceed to a watering place. In spite of his illness the Chancellor continues daily to work as much as possible with his second son, Count William

A Berlin newspaper mentions the case of a boy who fell sick and was found, after futile in one of his lungs that had unquestionably come from a pet dog which he had been accustomed to fondle. Two dangerous surgical operations were necessary for the removal of the parasite, and the lad barely survived them. The journal advises parents generally to take note of this case, and not to allow their children to kiss their pet animals or fondle them too freely.

Justice Mayes of West Alexander, Pa., re cently married his two thousandth couple. For sealing these happy bonds he has received the sum of \$6,262.14, or an average of \$3.12} per couple. The regular fee was originally \$2, and after 1865 it was \$3, although some couples paid nothing and others from \$5 to \$20. The lowest sum paid was 90 cents. Thirty couples have been colored, fifty of the men were named Smith, ane fourteen women did not change their name. Business ranged from six couples a day to

none. The Rav. Father Cuddiby forbade the Grad Army post at Milford, Mass., to enter the Roman Catholic cemetery on Decoration Day. He wrote as follows :- " I entirely disapprove and differ from your mode of honor. ing our Catholic dead by putting a renny's worth of cotton bunting on the graves. You get a \$100 a year from the town. Why not then, have solemn mass and service, according to Catholic usage, for the Catholic soldier who has 'fought his last fight' and has passed from your jurisdiction to that of the Church that prays for his soul ?"

A Portland military company was about to visit Hartford. The Boston and Maine Rail road agent offered to carry them at half the regular rate. The Eastern Bailroad agent invited them to ride for nothing, and the other promptly agreed to pay them 25 per cent. of the ordinary fare if they would ride with him. The latter terms were accepted. At the last moment a despatch was received from the Boston and Maine President repudiating the bargain. The company, therefares, and will sue the Boston and Maine for primary, but by no means their only work, is breach of contract. breach of coutract.

DAVITT'S PRISON LIFE.

A BLACKBIRD AND A CAT HIS COMPANIONS. The following is from the pen of Heary

George:-But your readers will want to know something more of Michael Davitt than they have heard by telegraph,

In the first place, Davitt is in much netter health than when a rested. The crudities which be suffered in his first imprisonment have permanently affected his health, and he will never be the strong man that he was when first sent to prison as a Fenian. But this time he was well treated for the inmate of a convict jail, and the rest has done him good. The Government had, at least, the grace to acknowledge in their treatment that, though sent back ostensibly as a convict, he was really a political prisoner. He was obliged to wear the convict dress, and his cell was locked at the usual time at night; but otherwise he was not subjected to the prison regulations. He was placed in the lafirmary as soon as he arrived. the books which he asked for, and which were given to him, was "Progress and Poverty," which no re-read several times. He was not compelled to work, but, wishing for the exercise and occupation, he took charge voluntarily of the little garden of about a quarter of an acre made in the solid rock (on which Portland Prison stands) by the six years, labor of one of Davitt's predecessors, a wellknown forger. With his one left hand he managed to dig, to rake, and even to wheel a barrow by means of a strap passed over his shoulders, and became quite an expert gar-dener, taking the greatest delight in watching the growth of his vegetables and flowers. Save on the few occasions on which visits were allowed, he had no human society save that of the warders, and was absolutely buried from the outside world, no letters or papers being allowed to reach him. But he did Becure

A LITTLE FRATHERED COMBADE. to whom he became much attached, and who

was a great solace to him. Soon after his incarceration he found in the garden a blackbird's nest, and took from it a young bird which he compelled to share his captivity. It became his constant associate and intimate friend. He allowed it to roam freely around his cell. It would sit upon his finger and answer bird fashion when he talked to it, climb up on his shoulder and caress his face with its beak, eat from his dish, and not only come when he called it, but fetch and carry would roll up little balls of paper and the bird would watch the motion of his hand and rush for them as soon as he cast them away, bringing them back for him to repeat the operation. But of all other human beings it was as shy as a wild bird, and whenever the Governor or a warder entered the cell it would fly to Davitt for refuge and bide in his bosom. When it saw him ready to go to work in the garden it would hop to its cage (for he only took it out in a cage) and get io, when he would close the door and carry it out with him, that it also might enjoy the fresh air and sunshine. When he returned he brought the cage with him, and as soon as the cell door was onened the bird would demand the opening of its own prison by beating with its wings and thrusting its beak through the wires in the endeavor to peck open the catch. Davitt enjoyed his bird pet immensely, but when the soft spring weather came again this year he began to reflect that liberty was as sweet to the bird as to him, and taking it out into the garden on a warm, bright day, he opened the cage, and bidding it a last good-by, set it free.

Another denizen of the prison was a big tom cat, who would occasionally work destruction to Davitt's most cherished plants, and who was on this account several times doomed to death, but when it saw Davitt apand mewing and rubbing itself against his legs.

PEN AND INK.

Upo a pledging his honor not to attempt to get any communication outside the prison walls, Davitt was allowed to write as he pleased, and a great stack of manuscript embracing a jali journal as interesting as that of John Mitchel, together with some essays is the result. These, it is to be hoped, will

some time, be published. Davitt's arrest was, as I have previously written you, the heaviest blow the Government struck at the Land League, for it took away from the movement the man who, with the largest influence with the people, combined the greatest organizing ability and the widest Liess; but it has given Davitt rest. lessure for reflection and time for study, and of these he has made the most. He comes out of prison this time stronger than he went

What was Davitt's views on the Land question I knew before, and I am glad to find, as I was confident it would be, that reflection and study have only strengthened them in his mind. He does not dream, as the Parliamentary party have been dreaming, that the Irish Land Question can be settled by a compromise as to arrests and the extension of the purchase clauses. What he means by The Land for the People" is not that the tenant farmers shall be permitted to purchase their holdings, but that the land of Ireland rightfully belongs to the whole people of Iroland, and that the equal right of the humblest must be acknowledged and secured.

All this is indicated in the interview with him sent you by telegraph and in the letter be has addressed to the Standard. That letter seems to have produced a marked impression.

THE LATE GEN. GARIBALDI.

HIS LAST MOMENTS-THE OBSEQUIES. Roug, June 8. - Garibaldi died with the window of his apartment open and while the sun was setting. Before the last agony, a bird alighted on the sil!, where it remained twit-

tering. Garibaldi saw it and stammered how joyful it is." The remains of Garibaldi were interred in the cemetery this afternoon. A storm of wind and rain raged the whole time. His coffin was covered with garlands and flowers, borne by survivors of the thousand of Marsals, and followed by the Duke of Genos, Zipardelli, General Ferraro, representatives of both Chambers, and delegates of three hundred various associations. Speeches were. delivered at the grave by the Vice-President of the Sonate, President of she Chamber of Deputies, two Cabinet Ministers and Cristi. All applauded the deeds of the deceased. As the coffin was lowered, salutes were fired by the Italian men-of-war, Washington and Gari-

baldi. The Bishop of St. Albans has admitted four ladies as the first sisters of the newly established community of the Name of Jesus, at Maplestead, in England. The community has been formed on the model afforded by the Ursulines. The sisters make no vows for life, but only of poverty, chaetity, and obedifore, made the trip, over the Eastern on full ence, revocable from time to time. Their

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