

both useful and ornamental. Of the useful kind there were shirts of all sizes, morning wrappers neatly braided, and dresses worked with so much neatness that for a moment we thought some expert hand—long experienced in the art—had given them the finishing touches. But no—they were all the pupils own. Aprons and head-dresses, stockings newly knitted, and darned, gloves and under-clothing of every description formed part of the collection and all were executed with a finish which told of the care that must have been taken to bring the little fingers to exercise so much skill. In this department we learn that Miss Agnes Whelan, Annie Lyer, Mary E. Brady, G. Bisson and M. Scanlan deserve special mention. Then there was a display of hose, both woolen and cotton of all sizes, with mittens, knitted jackets, and crocheted shawls, antimacassors, mats &c. In this branch of industry Miss O'Neill, Miss Doherty, and Miss Fahoney succeeded admirably in what is termed the "woodbine twist" style of stockings. It is amusing to hear of the interest the little ones take in "turning the heel" and the joy they experience when they find that they have succeeded in the difficult operation. Then again we have the fancy work, cottons—one by Miss Maggie Kennedy and the other by Miss Kate McDonald. A curtain by Miss Gorman and a pair of cushions by Miss Kate Burke. Another cushion by Miss M. Ryan, and a very fine chair worked by Miss Maggie Brennan. The singular part of the exhibition is that all this work was done between class hours, in fact was snatched from the time which is usually devoted to song. But the young ones have all the play that is good for them, and the results of their labours prove how well they utilize the time which might be spent in less profitable occupation.

**THE CATECHISM CLASS AT ST. PATRICK'S.**

There is at St. Patrick's Church a Controversial Catechism Class, where children are taught to hold their own against the advocates of the pernicious and false doctrines of the day. On the first of July the premiums for Catechism were distributed in St. Patrick's Church. This year a peculiar feature marked the occasion. It was the rewards which were given to the children who excelled in Controversial Catechism. The grand competition prize for the Controversial Catechism was won by Lizzie Killen. Miss A. Kelly who came next in the order of merit, was crowned with a costly wreath of artificial flowers—the generous gift of one of the lady teachers of the Catechism. John Joseph McInerney carried off a first prize and was crowned with a beautiful wreath of natural flowers. Among those who distinguished themselves at the examination which decided the above honors, were Misses Agnes Bergin Nellie Kelly, Bella Seers, Ellen Potts, Alice McKenna, Maggie Kennedy, Louisa Sheppard, Treasa O'Farrell and her sister, Johanna—a brilliant little genius of only nine summers.

**SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.**

The demonstration in honor of Sir John A. Macdonald, which took place in Montreal on Saturday night, was numerically a success. There were enough of people in the procession to make a long and orderly display. There were enough of torches to illuminate the street a considerable distance, if carried by men who were to the manner born. But there was a lamentable lack of organization. The men marched in a rush. There was no alignment and the order was not well preserved. Some of the transparencies were, however, suggestive. There was one where Sir John A. Macdonald was presenting Amnesty to O'Donoghue.—This took the Irish heart by storm, Reformers and Conservatives alike vying in their applause. At the meeting held after the procession, a voice called out:—

Voice.—What about O'Donoghue?  
 Sir John Macdonald—I hear a voice say "O'Donoghue!" I went for O'Donoghue. (Cheers.) O'Donoghue was a rebel; so was Lepine; so was Riel—all tarred with the same stick; all in the same boat. They had all committed treason, and were liable to be tried and punished. The only difference was this: Riel and Lepine were liable to be tried for murder. Lepine was tried for murder and found guilty. Riel was not tried, because he was an outlaw, but outlawry, under the common law of England, is equal to a conviction, and these men were declared guilty of the homicide of Scott, and that is equal to murder. There is no evidence to show that O'Donoghue had been guilty of the slightest offence in that connection—that he had anything to do with the death of Scott, and yet, because he was a rebel—  
 Mr. McNamee—Because he was an Irishman (cheers).  
 Sir John Macdonald—Mr. McNamee says because he was an Irishman—he was, by the solemn action of the present Government, exiled for life, exiled forever, although he was born in Canada, although a son of the soil, although he had property in the Northwest, although his mother, his brother and his friends live in that country—he is obliged to stay across the line, while Lepine, who was found guilty of murder, had only two years' imprisonment, and Riel was banished for six years to New York or Boston, where he could go to the theatre every evening, if he liked. O'Donoghue, who was never found guilty of any crime, against whom no information had been laid on oath, that he had shed the blood of Scott, was not included in the amnesty. I voted did not understand that kind of justice, and I voted he should receive the same treatment as Riel and Lepine. Now that Lepine has served his term, I

am in favor of O'Donoghue getting a free pardon (cheers), and, gentlemen, if he does not get a free pardon it will not be my fault, because I will strongly support my able friend Mr. Costigan, as true an Irishman as ever lived, when he moves for a free pardon next session. (Cheers.) Sir John concluded by again expressing his thanks for the magnificent reception with which he had met, and retired amid enthusiastic cheering.

**THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE**

The following account of the battle of the Boyne is from an English historian—Smiles:

"William reached the Boyne, at the head of his advanced guard, early on the morning of the 30th of June. After carefully surveying the lines of the Irish on the opposite side of the river, he resolved to force the passage on the following day. As his army was marching into camp, he himself went out to reconnoitre with some of his staff. The rich plains of Meath were within sight; the clear and joyous river ran sparkling through a fair and fertile pasture land; and the very summits of the hills were clad in verdure. 'Behold,' said William, turning to his officers—'behold a land worth fighting for!' As he advanced along the left bank, however, a circumstance occurred which had nearly proved fatal to William, and checked the career of his ambition. He had advanced to within musket shot of Oldbridge, on the opposite side, when he fixed on the place where his batteries were to be planted, and decided upon the spot at which his army should pass the river; after which, he alighted, and sat down to refresh himself on a rising ground. The motions of William and his staff were carefully watched from the other side of the river. Berwick, Tyrconnell, Sarsfield, and some other generals, observed the position of William, and ordered up a detachment of men with two field-pieces, which immediately opened a fire on the opposite party. William, however, saw his danger, and took to horse; but, ere he could do this, a man and two horses alongside of him were killed by the first shot; the second had like to have proved fatal to him; the ball having struck the bank of the river, rising en ricochet, slanted on the king's right shoulder, took out a piece of his coat and tore the skin and flesh. Some confusion immediately took place among the attendants of William, and he rode off, stooping in his saddle; on seeing which, the report immediately arose in the Irish army that the Prince of Orange was killed. The intelligence was immediately conveyed to Dublin, and from thence to the continent, where it caused both sadness and rejoicing. At Paris, the guns of the batteries were fired, the church bells were set ringing, and bonfires were lit in the streets, in commemoration of the event. William however, was but slightly hurt; and, having got his wound dressed, he continued on horseback during the greater part of the day.

On the side of James there was little of the resolute determination that was so conspicuous on the part of his opponent. After his sudden bravado, the cowardly monarch gradually cooled down, until he at length became so anxious to avoid an engagement as he had formerly been to court one. At the appearance of William's army marching into quarters, on the opposite side of the Boyne, the last vestiges of James's courage completely evaporated. A council of war was held late in the evening, when the French generals, who had perceived William's superiority in numbers and artillery, seconded James in his efforts to avert an encounter. On the other hand, the Irish generals were eager to engage with the enemy, and urged that William's passage of the Boyne should be desperately resisted. The result was, that James resolved to risk a partial battle, keeping himself out of harm's way while and then to retreat, by the pass of Duleek, without risking a general action. Hamilton, the Irish general, advised the sending of eight regiments to protect the bridge of Slane, a post of great consequence, inasmuch as it commanded the left of James's position, and there was little doubt that William's right wing would there attempt a passage; but James received the proposition with indifference, and said he would order thither fifty dragoons. Hamilton, surprised and chagrined, bowed and was silent. In the mean time, James, in anticipation of a retreat, ordered the baggage and the principal part of the artillery to be immediately sent forward to Dublin. The fighting part of the affair on the morrow was entrusted to the Irish; while the six thousand French, the best-appointed part of the army, were to take care of the wretched monarch, and conduct him in safety from the field of battle. Thus did James deliberately make his preparations to throw away his last chance for his own throne, and to sacrifice, without a struggle, his brave and loyal adherents among the Irish people.

At William's council, a very different spirit prevailed. The mind of the leader gives the tone to every council. William was resolute, and bent on an engagement. He at once declared his determination to cross the river, on the morrow, in front of the enemy. The hazardous nature of such an attempt, however, startled some of William's best officers. Duke Schomberg, now above eighty years of age, endeavored to dissuade him from the enterprise. When he could not prevail, he urged that a strong body of men should be immediately detached to secure the bridge of Slane, so as to flank the enemy, and cut them off from the pass of Duleek. Schomberg's advice was received with indifference, and the old general retired, it is said, in disgust; he afterwards received the order of the battle in his tent, remarking that it had been 'the first ever sent to him.' The order of William was, that the river should be passed in three places—by his right wing, commanded by Count Schomberg (son of the duke) and Lieutenant-General Douglas, at the fords near the bridge of Slane; the former commanding the cavalry, the latter the infantry; by the centre, commanded by Duke Schomberg; and by the left wing, commanded by William in person. Orders were issued that every soldier should be provided with a plentiful stock of ammunition, and that all should be ready to march by break of day, and that every man should wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, to distinguish them from the Irish, who wore the white cockade. He rode through his whole army, about twelve o'clock at night, inspecting them by torch-light; and, after giving out the pass-word, 'Westminster,' he retired to his tent, impatient for the struggle of the morrow.

The shades of night lay still and quiet over the sleeping host. The stars looked down in peace upon these sixty thousand brothers of one great human family, ready to rise with the sun, and imbue their hands in each other's blood. God and nature had formed them into one common image, and breathed into them a deep sympathy for their kind; but tyrant factions and warring creeds had set them at bitter enmity to each other, and turned all the sweetness of their existence into gall. Nature now lay peaceful around them, as a sleeping child; a few twinkling lights gleamed through the dark, from the distant watchtowers of Drogheda; the murmur of the river which separated the two armies fell faintly on the ear; and the only sounds of life which arose from the vast host that now lay encamped in the valley of the Boyne, were the hoarse challenges of the sentinels, as they paced their midnight rounds.

The sun rose clear and beautiful. It was the first day of July—an ever-memorable day to poor Ireland. The general's was beat in the camp of William before daybreak; and, as soon as the sun

up, the battle commenced. Count Schomberg and General Douglas at once moved forward with the right wing towards Slane. The Irish also brought up their left wing towards the same place; but they were too late, owing to James's indecision of the previous night. Before their resistance could be brought to bear with effect upon the enemy's ranks, they had dashed into the river and forced it there. After a smart fight, the Irish retreated, and thousand English horse, foot, and artillery, gained a firm footing upon the right bank of the Boyne. There still, however, lay between them and the Irish position several fields enclosed by deep ditches difficult to be crossed; and beyond these lay the morass, which was still a more embarrassing obstacle in their way. They forced their way through, nevertheless; when the Irish fled towards Duleek, and were pursued with great slaughter.

The centre, under Duke Schomberg, so soon as it was supposed that the right wing had effected their passage, prepared to enter the river at Oldbridge. The Dutch blue guards, beating a march till they reached the water's edge, then went in eight or ten abreast, the water reaching above their girdles. When they had gained the centre of the stream, they were saluted with a tremendous fire from the breastworks, houses, and hedges, on the Irish side of the river. But they pushed on, and, reaching the opposite bank, drove the Irish skirmishers before them. Hamilton now brought the Irish battalions of infantry to bear on them, but without effect. The Irish cavalry also charged them with vigor, but the Dutch squares remained unbroken. William, observing that his favorite troops were hardly pressed, ordered two regiments of French Huguenots and one English regiment to their assistance. Hamilton's infantry met them in the stream, yet they made good their passage. But a body of Irish dragoons, at the moment of their landing, charged them on their flank, broke their ranks, and cut the greater part of them to pieces. Cailliemote, their commander, was killed, dying like a Frenchman, with the words in his mouth—'A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!' [To glory, my sons! to glory!] A squadron of Danish horse now pushed across; but the Irish dragoons, in another of their dashing charges, broke and defeated them in a moment, driving them back across the river in great confusion and dismay.

The brilliant, rapid, and successful attacks of the Irish cavalry spread a general alarm through the ranks of the enemy. As they approached, the general cry of 'Horse! horse!' was raised, which was mistaken, by William's advancing soldiers, for 'Halt! halt!' The confusion was rapidly extending, when old Schomberg, perceiving the disorder, and that the remaining French Huguenots had no commander to lead them, crossed the river with a few followers, and put himself at their head. Pointing to the Frenchmen in James's ranks, he cried, 'Allons, messieurs, vous les persécuteurs!' [Onward, men! behold your persecutors!] and was preparing to rush forward; but scarcely were these words out of his mouth, ere he was shot through the neck by an Irish dragoon, or, as some supposed, by a fatal mistake of one of his own men.

The critical moment had now arrived. The enemy's centre was in complete confusion. The Irish cavalry rode through their ranks. Their leaders, Schomberg and Cailliemote, were both killed; and the men were waiting for orders, exposed to the galling fire of the Irish infantry and the furious charges of their cavalry. Had James improved the moment, and ordered the French troops to the instant aid of the Irish, there can be little doubt that the day would have been decided in his favor. But James looked idly down from the heights of Donore, surrounded by his unoccupied French body-guard of six thousand men, a safe and inglorious spectator of a struggle, on the issue of which his crown depended. He watched the tide of battle veering, now here, now there; his enemies pushing their way in triumph, and the brave Irish falling beneath the swords of the foreigner; then the dashing charge of the Irish cavalry; the rout, the melee, the pursuit. Now was the time for the electric word, 'Onward!' to be sent along the line. But no; the miserable monarch did not even sympathize with the success of his own soldiers; for it is said that, on observing the Irish dragoons of Hamilton cleaving down the cavalry, and riding over the broken infantry, of William, he exclaimed, with a markish sensibility, 'Spare, O spare my English subjects!'

The firing had now lasted, uninterruptedly, for more than an hour, when William of Orange seized the opportunity, to turn the tide of battle against his spiritless adversary. He entered the action at the head of the left wing, which consisted chiefly of Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, and directed it upon James's centre, where the Irish now had the decided advantage. Crossing the river through a dangerous and difficult pass, in which he was exposed to considerable danger, he made his appearance at the head of his squadrons, with his drawn sword, and soon forced back the Irish infantry. But the Irish dragoons still maintained their superiority. They again vigorously charged the foreign troops, and completely broke their ranks. William hastened up to the Baniskilleners, and asked, 'What will you do for me?' They answered by a shout, and immediately declared their readiness to follow him. They advanced; but at the first volley from the Irish ranks, they wheeled and fled. On William bringing up his Dutch cavalry, they returned again to the charge. The struggle now became very close, and the superior strength of William began to tell. The Irish, unsupported as they were by their French allies, while William's entire army was in action, slowly gave way; but again and again they rallied, driving back the enemy; the Irish cavalry dashing in among the advancing troops, scoring all toil and danger. William fought with great courage, mingling in the hottest part of the fight. Several times he was driven back by the Irish horse; but at last his superior physical power enabled him to force back the Irish troops, and they retired slowly towards Donore. Here they again made a gallant stand, beating back the troops of William several times. The farmhouse of Sheephose for a long time withstood their attacks, and was taken and retaken again and again. Again Hamilton endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the day, by a desperate charge at the head of his horse. The British infantry withstood the furious shock; the cavalry were repulsed; and Hamilton, their general, was left a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Having thus resisted to the last, the Irish retreated slowly to the pass of Duleek.

James had already meditated a retreat with his French troops. Sarsfield had implored him to put himself at their head, and make a last effort for his crown. With six thousand fresh men coming into the field when the enemy's troops were exhausted with fatigue, there is little doubt but James would have succeeded. But the effort would cost him trouble, exertion, danger,—neither of which the royal pretence would risk. Accordingly, James put himself at the head of his French troops,—the first occasion on which he had led in the course of the day,—and set out on his route towards Dublin, leaving the rear of his army to shift for themselves.

The Irish army now poured through the pass; and when they had reached the other side, they faced about, and vigorously defended it with their scanty artillery. From Duleek they pressed forward towards the Neel, another defile on their route, the enemy following without pressing upon them at all, until night closed upon the rival armies, and William sat down with his army on the ground which James had occupied in the morning.

Though 'the Boyne' has since become a party

word of triumph among the Protestants of Ireland, it seems to us that, after all, there was very little to boast of at the close of that day's battle. All the advantage that William had gained was, that he had succeeded in crossing the Boyne, in the face of a very inferior force—inferior in numbers, in appointments, in discipline, and in artillery. His best troops had been repeatedly repulsed; his best generals killed. William himself was compelled to fall back, and more than once was in danger of overthrow; and would have been overthrown but for his great superiority in cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The best part of James's force, the French, were never brought into action. With all these disadvantages, the issue was doubtful even to the close of the day. William gained nothing but the ground on which his army encamped at night, and the dead bodies with which the field was strewed; for, with the exception of Hamilton, he made no prisoners; neither did he take any spoil from the Irish, who retreated in excellent order, with all their baggage and artillery. There is little doubt that, had not the Irish the misfortune to be commanded by a coward, the result would have been very different. The cry of the Irish, after the battle, was, 'Change generals, and we will fight the battle over again.' The brilliant and successful charges of the Irish cavalry, under Hamilton, showed what might have been accomplished had James but possessed a little of the chivalrous spirit of this leader. The Boyne was neither more nor less than a drawn battle, though to William it had all the advantages of a complete victory.

To this we add a few words from O'Callaghan:—

"The attacking force at the Boyne was thirty-six thousand men, wanting for nothing, with fifty pieces of cannon; that of the Irish was fourteen thousand Irish, six thousand French,—total, twenty thousand men, with only six pieces of cannon. The Irish were newly-raised, undisciplined troops; while those of William were veterans, most of whom had fought on the Continent, and led by William, one of the most indefatigable captains of his own or any age. On the other hand, if it be true, according to Chabrias, the Athenian general, that 'an army of stags led by a lion would be better than an army of lions led by a stag,' what a great disadvantage and discouragement the Irish suffered in being led by such an imbecile, nay, such an absolute runaway, as James; yet, after the action, which lasted from six in the morning till night, the Irish were found to have lost only one thousand men and one cannon; while the English lost five hundred men, and their best general, Schomberg; and it is supposed their loss was far more than five hundred, for, on the review of their army at Finglas, after the battle, the muster-roll did not exceed thirty thousand. The pass at Oldbridge was guarded by the Irish with great valor. The English charged ten times, and were as often repulsed in the course of the day. The Irish yielded that point to a force more than double their number."

**LETTER FROM OTTAWA.**

ORANGEMEN—TWELFTH OF JULY—GREAT PREPARATIONS—SOCIETIES BOASTING—WHO WILL BE REGISTRAR—MYRAND OF THE PONTIFICAL ZOUAVES.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, July 10th, 1877.

The present excitement in Ottawa is Orange. Every one talks of the 12th in Montreal, and exclaims "I wonder if there will be a row." The sanguinary manner in which the infants of the lodges talk amuses me, upon my word it does. They talk revolvers and look daggers. They say they will make mince meat of the Catholic Union and in fact they are about to do wonderful things the least of which is the cleaning out of that "nest of papists" in the Province of Quebec. This would not be so bad only the weather is so frightfully warm that it makes me too hot in conjunction with the hot-vaporizing of the Black Preceptory. The True Witness too, will come in for the clearing out—but there will be something special reserved for it, and its Editor. People meet each other in the street and discuss the situation, at first calmly and dispassionately, but in the end, if they be Catholics, then "the Montrealers are right—they should not be allowed to insult us annually"—and if Orangemen they generally conclude with the clearing out business. The Grand Trunk has advertised reduced fares for the Twelfth and the lodges will take advantage, some say for a picnic to Belle's Corners (an Orange stronghold not far from here) and others say to amuse themselves in Montreal. I don't know where they intend going, I merely give you the rounds. I do not think they know themselves, although, if their courage, before Thursday, does not ooze out, like Bob Acres', through their fingers, they will probably visit your great and beautiful city. It is repeated here that the Dominion Government have made a requisition on the Commander-in-Chief for a regiment to be sent from Halifax to Montreal, and also that the Montreal Garrison Artillery will be sent from Ottawa. These, however, are only rumors. You may depend upon it the Pontifical Zouave case has not tended to allay the excitement—Captain Simmons is now here. He is one of the most intolerable bigots afloat or a shore. The Papal flag must have exercised the same influence on him as a red shawl does on a bull. He thinks and acts so that when on board the "Queen Victoria" steamboat, it he is not riding the high Protestant horse, he is at least navigating a Protestant boat. His friends and admirers have given him a watch, and he is reported to have said, when returning thanks, "Whenever I look at this, gentlemen, I shall feel that at all times I am prepared to die for my religion (emotion) and my flag if necessary (great enthusiasm), and, gentlemen, I—I will—(cheers)." The Orangemen should be satisfied now, and so should the Captain—I beg his pardon—the gallant Captain, and the Civil Rights Alliance, and in fact everybody but poor Myrand, who has been sentenced a fortnight in jail to-day. If any other man than this Simmons had been in command, this thing would not have happened. It is almost universally the rule when parties representing any nationality or cause step on board a vessel that they run up their flag, with the courteous consent of the captain. Alas and alas, I greatly fear this heterogeneously-composed Dominion will not soon be welded into the homogeneous whole we all so much wish and pray for. Dum spiro, spiro, however.

**PERSONALS.**

**FORTIN**—Mr. Fortin has been returned for Gaspe by a majority of 93.

**ST. PALAIS**—Mgr. Maurice de St. Palais Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana is dead.

**BEAUDRY**—Mayor Beaudry of Montreal has received threatening letters from Kingston.

**COURSOL**—Judge Coursol will open investigations into the Oka Indian matter in a day or two.

**SMITH**—The Hon. Frank Smith and wife have returned to Toronto from their pilgrimage to Rome.

**EMPERORS**—The Emperors of Germany and Austria will meet next Monday at Hellbrunn Castle, Salzburg.

**LAFLAMME**—In the Jacques Cartier election case judgment was given in favour of the Hon. Mr. Laflamme.

**SULLIVAN**—Mr. A. M. Sullivan's, M. P., book 'The New Ireland' will, it is expected, be issued from the press in about two months.

**DUFFERIN**—The Governor-General will return to Ottawa from the East about the 21st and on the 25th will probably leave for Manitoba.

**O'LEARY**—Mr. Daniel O'Leary the champion pedestrian of the world, beat his opponent with ease, in the late walking match in New York.

**SHAH**—Her Majesty's ships Shah and Amethyst fought a Peruvian iron-clad recently off the coast of Peru. The Peruvian made good her escape.

**PIUS IX.**—It is said that the Pope has been attacked with dropsy. The great old man is, however, in the full possession of all his faculties.

**POWER**—The Most Rev. Dr. Power Bishop of Waterford and Lismore has forwarded a subscription of £498 7s 11d to the Butt Testimonial.

**O'DONNELL**—F. H. O'Donnell, Esq., M. A., Hon. Sec. of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain has been returned M. P., for Dungarvan, Ireland.

**FABRE**—Bishop Fabre of Montreal has issued a note during the week, no more excursions of a semi-religious character shall be made on steamboats without his consent.

**PARNELL**—Mr. Parnell, M. P., recently gave a lecture for the benefit of the poor Irish children attending the schools of the Italian church, Hatton Garden, Eddon, and Mr. Biggar presided.

**CONROY**—Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Father Coffey and Mayor Waller, were in Guelph on Thursday, and left with His Excellency Dr. Conroy and Archbishop Lynch for Toronto in the evening.

**MARQUETTE**—The remains of the intrepid missionary Pere Marquette, have it is said been recovered. He was the discoverer of the Mississippi and of course "a friend of popular ignorance."

**HEARN**—The Quebec correspondent of the Montreal Gazette says that the vacancy caused by the death of the Hon John Sharples, is likely to be filled by John Hearn Esq., the member for Quebec West.

**DOUDIET**—The Rev. Mr. Doudiet has offered to preach for the Orangemen of Montreal to-morrow. Up to the time we write they have not yet succeeded in getting a church. Zion has been refused to them.

**MEAGHER**—Mr. M. F. Meagher an Irish Catholic living in Belleville has written what the Western Advertiser calls a "sledge hammer" a letter in favor of the Reform Party. The letter is causing much comment.

**O'LEARY**—The Catholic Times of Liverpool says: "Daniel O'Leary, the champion pedestrian, has returned to the United a richer man than when he left, it is said, by \$50,000. The man literally 'walked into a fortune.'"

**POWER**—O'Connor Power delivered an eloquent speech in behalf of the Irish political prisoners, on June 5. He presented a startling statement of the cruelty of English prison officials, caused on unimpeachable evidence.

**SULTAN**—The Sultan recently at a private audience, declared to the British representative he would not guarantee protection to Christians if Russians continue to excite rebellion in Bulgaria, and perpetrate atrocities in Asia Minor.

**GLOUCESTER**—At the recent election in Gloucester for which Mr. Anglin was returned, the Bishop issued a pastoral, advising the people to be patient, charitable and forbearing towards each other, and to vote according to the dictates of their consciences.

**LYNCH**—Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, told a deputation of temperance men who waited on him recently that he had required every boy he had confirmed since he became a bishop to pledge himself to abstain from all intoxicating liquors until he was of age.

**HANNON**—Dr. Hannon, the new Archbishop of Halifax, when first asked to accept a present of a carriage and horses, refused. While working hard as a priest for thirty years, he said, he had got along without such a luxury, and now as Archbishop he has less need of one.

**LAYARD**—The British Minister at Constantinople has informed the Sultan that circumstances might compel England to occupy Constantinople, and the Dardanelles, to protect British interests. The Sultan replied evasively, and referred Mr. Layard to the Turkish Ministry.

**CLENDINNING**—Alderman Clendinning the well known leader of the Orangemen in Montreal went to visit the lodges in Ottawa this week. After getting there he telegraphed that he could not return for "ten days." The 12th will have thus come and gone before his return.

**FINK-GIBBONS**—A despatch from Rome announces that Right Rev. Louis M. Fink, Vicar Apostolic of Kansas, has been made "Archbishop of that State," and that Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond, has been appointed Coadjutor to Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, with the right of succession.

**WESTON**—Weston has challenged O'Leary to walk 288 consecutive hours for \$5,000; or 144 consecutive hours for \$2,500. The challenge came by cable and Weston asked that O'Leary should return to England. O'Leary replied "Come over and bring all England with you, if you like, and I'll walk you!"

**THE EMIGRANTS' GUIDE.**

A LARGE 48 Column Newspaper with illustrated heading is now out. It is an honest Guide for all classes of immigrants seeking homes and employment in the West, and describes, without color or prejudice the best localities in all the Western States. For sale by all News Dealers. One copy mailed free. Address M. O'DOWD, Temple-Building, St. Louis, Mo.