

price of gold or silver, and would he leave her that?

Mr. Courtney sent a note by Luba to the next day, and told him to deliver it himself to Mr. Ellis. It was simply asking both Mr. and Mrs. Ellis to come to the Hall on special and confidential business, at 3 p. m.

The following morning Mrs. Harper sailed for Cuba. The parting to them all was a sad one. Daniel knew that before he saw her again Mr. Harper would have departed and she would be disconsolate, for they were all in all to one another. Poor Mr. Harper thought the change would restore his health; but no one who saw him believed that he could reach the island.

That evening it had been necessary for Mr. Courtney to give a dinner to Edward Livingstone, then a young and distinguished man of the North, who was in New Orleans. He had received all the honor due him from the Mayor and the public men of the city. He looked upon Mr. Courtney as the great magnet of the South. His wealth, his powerful influence, and the popularity he had won, seemed to fit him for the Presidency at the next election. So said all the friends of Mr. Courtney to whom Edward Livingstone talked on the subject.

"But," said one, "he is a peculiar man in some respects, he does not seem to care for office."

"Nor for money," said another. He scatters it in every direction, not for popularity, but always to advance some poor devil who can't help himself."

"He hates any demonstration that publicly honors him," said a third; "though he is obliged to allow it, for the people here would make him king, if they could! Yet he always looks distressed when they come to his house in crowds to cheer him or to serenade him."

"He is the best-hearted man living," said Mr. Ellis, who happened to be one of the circle round Mr. Livingstone at the time. "I've seen that man cry like a woman at a story told him of the cruelty of the overseer on one of his plantations. The man had to go, depend upon it."

"Oh, yes, that we all know," said another. "He is the kindest master of all the South. His slaves love him. Any day of the negroes would give his life to save a Massa Daniel's, and he owns several thousand. He has plantations all along the river to Natchez."

And has that man no fault?" asked Mr. Livingstone, hearing so much praise.

"Well—yes," answered Mr. Ellis, "if we can call it one; he is a little weak in one way; anyone can impose on that man. He lacks a little—a mind of his own."

Mr. Livingstone did not say so, but he knew how much mischief could be done to himself and others by a man who lacked that quality of self-reliance, self-poise, and a mind of his own, as Mr. Ellis expressed it; for such men are always for the mind of the world, when they have no mind of their own on which to rely. They are of the class spoken of as "blown about by every wind of doctrine." With Daniel Courtney, as the reader has seen, was undermining the reader as he has seen of many others dead and destroying the lives of his worldly advancement to him; though as yet his worldly advancement had not been impeded by this folly. Riggs and Blunt were educating themselves at will in becoming masters of the office, and Daniel's distracted state of mind made him careless and blind to the extent to which these young men were increasing their own means at his expense. It was not hidden, however, from the eyes of good, sharp business men, who did not hesitate to say that they were robbing him. No one liked to tell Mr. Courtney that he was neglecting his business.

At 3 p. m. of the day mentioned above, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis complied with the wishes of Mr. Courtney, and were two hours in the library with him, while the doors were locked.

Mr. Courtney bound them to secrecy, and then made known all the facts in the sad case. A large sum was named by Mr. Courtney, and a check for the amount was given to Mr. Ellis as a memento of Mr. Courtney's gratitude to them for their promise to adopt the will of their own child, Pura Courtney. At the same time they signed a contract that when the day of her marriage would come that she should be told of her father and mother, and of the large estates left her by her father, to be held till then in trust for her by Riggs and Blunt. It was agreed that Mr. Courtney would leave in the hands of Mr. Ellis one hundred thousand dollars for the support and education of Pura, and that it should be carried out in a manner suitable to her birth and prospects. One hundred thousand was added, that should be paid to her on the day of her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis could hardly be persuaded that it could be true, that such a fortune had in the few hours past fallen to their lot. They were desired to make immediate preparation to go to Florence and reside there; where no possible chance that could be foreseen would disclose this third secret which Daniel Courtney was carrying in his heart.

A few days after Mr. and Mrs. Ellis departed for Europe with Pura. First, they placed their own two little boys at school in the United States, where it was their intention to leave them several years, and avoid making known to them that Pura was not their sister.

What the unhappy father suffered when Pura was taken away may be imagined. We cannot bear to enter into that torn heart and examine its agony.

The day of Mr. and Mrs. Harper's departure, as has been mentioned, it so happened that a grand dinner had to be given at the Hall to Edward Livingstone and his guests. After the banquet was over and Mr. Courtney was talking in the library, Mr. Livingstone was invited to remain several days at the Hall. Looking around at the magnificence and exquisite taste with which Daniel had surrounded himself, he said:

"Courtney, you have been what I would call a lucky fellow. How is it that some men work hard all their lives and can't reach half their aim, while others have everything that their hearts desire poured into their laps by fortune, with scarcely any effort on their parts? You seem to have more money than you know what to do with. I, who have had scarcely a day's rest, am, compared to you, a very poor man!"

"I suppose in money matters I am a lucky man, Livingstone," replied Mr. Courtney. "I was left a good deal of real estate by my uncle; and, without any trouble to me, I may say, it has advanced to such an extent that I have added plantation after plantation till I am what is called a very rich man. It was downright good luck. I have more than I can take good care of, I am afraid. But, Livingstone, I have learned one lesson that no one will believe except by his own experience, and that is—that riches cannot make a man as happy as many other things easier to gain and to hold."

"I've heard that said often," replied Mr. Livingstone; "but the want of them, I've earned, makes one very miserable sometimes. Now do tell me, what upon earth is left for you to want? Is there anyone you could possibly envy? I can't see what more you have to gain in this world."

Daniel puffed his cigar and was silent a

moment, and then said: "I envy the commonest day laborer that is welcomed at night by a loving wife and children, and is happy in their society."

"Well, yes, I can understand that," said Mr. Livingstone. "I have thought, since I have been here, that your house needed a wife and children to complete it. You know Eden itself was not a garden of delight till our man, Eve, was created."

"True, true," said Daniel. "I have been a great mistake of mine that I have not a wife here now; but it is too late for me to remedy the evil."

"Now that I think of it, I heard in Washington that you were going to marry Miss Crawford. How is that?"

"I never thought of such a thing; how easy it is to spread a rumour!"

"You could have your choice, Courtney, in the States. I can understand that, on that account, you would be difficult to please."

"I shall never marry," answered Mr. Courtney, changing the subject of conversation. He felt convinced that Angelina's separation from him would excuse his marriage again in the eyes of the world, if he wished to adopt that course and get a divorce; but his idea of the sanctity of marriage would not permit him to think of it, and he intended, let the sacrifice be what it might, to live in future for Eve alone.

"To-morrow," said Daniel, "I would like to show you some of my plantations. A happier set of people you could hardly find than these negroes of mine."

"No doubt. But how many masters are there like you, Courtney?"

"There are many very kind to their slaves; perhaps not many who have the means to do for them what I can. They are not capable of taking care of themselves; a master is necessary for them."

"Is not that the case with most of our white people of the lower classes?"

"No doubt it is."

"And yet they would not submit to slavery?"

"I agree, Livingstone, that slavery, as it exists here, is wrong; not because it binds men for life to a master, but because it disrupts the laws of God in family life. Wife and husband are torn asunder, children and parents are separated in the cruellest manner, and the worst kind of infidelity to the marriage vows are encouraged."

"You do not allow it on your plantations, I suppose?"

"Not where I can prevent it. I never sell a husband and wife to different persons, and I never buy one without the other."

"Do you find many who adopt this rule?"

"No, I can't say that I do. It is demoralizing, not only to the negroes, but the masters at the South; and I own, Livingstone, that this system of buying and selling human beings like cattle is a cursed one, for which the blood of our white people must flow."

"I've often thought that we shall have to pay with the blood of our sons for every drop that has been unjustly drawn by the lash from the veins of these slaves," said Mr. Livingstone.

"I believe, like you," replied Mr. Courtney, "in the law of retribution; and I am not sure that it will not be exacted of us in my lifetime."

"I'll tell you, Courtney, what I saw; what I've heard from others is equally cruel in numerous cases. I came to this city only to remain a short time, and I took apartments in a private boarding-house in a pleasant part of the town. A covered gallery ran around three sides of a court-yard. This court-yard separated the dining-room on the first floor from the kitchen, laundry, and so forth, that were on the opposite side and servants of all sizes were passing and re-passing from the kitchen to the dining-room. When on the gallery, I had often noticed an aged negro woman, who wore a red bandana handkerchief on her head that partly covered her white hair. It was summer, and the rest of her clothing was a dress and petticoat of thin calico. I observed that she walked with difficulty. Her face was deeply furrowed, and her countenance was sad and discontented-looking, but not ill-tempered. Seeing her coming from the kitchen often with plates of fruit and meats for the table, I became quite interested in the old servant, and I imagined what good service she had rendered her in her time to her mistress, and it seemed to me that she ought to be exempted now from labor, and, during her few remaining years, kindly treated. One morning I was on the gallery. Patterson, the landlord—I give you his name—came out of one of the kitchens. His face was red with anger; he had a horse-whip in his hands, and stood on a grass plot snapping it here and there, cutting thousands of blades of grass that flew about him while he called out in hoarse yell: 'Come out, come out, you lazy old hag, come out here.' Two old negro women came slowly out of the kitchen, and stood a couple of yards before him, where he pointed out to her to stand. She had on a thin calico sack over her waist. 'Take off that gown,' he screamed. She slipped her arms out of the short upper garment, leaving a skirt beneath, and it fell off; her naked breast and shoulders were exposed. The wretch, with all his strength, applied the lash to them. The woman bore the stripes in utter silence, but she trembled like an aspen. When he had satisfied his passion the whip dropped from his hand, and he muttered: 'Go into the house.' I screamed to the mental stretch while he was whipping her. He desist, but he did not heed me. The young mulatto woman who waited on me in the same house had walked across her shoulders from lashes given to her. The poor thing ran away; she was advertised, caught, whipped in the public square, and brought home to Patterson."

Daniel sprang up, unable to control his indignation, saying:

"Why did you not shoot the fellow in the act of whipping the aged woman slave? I would have, if I were to be hung for it."

"I ought to have whipped him. Why we did was this:—The boarders, forty in number, met and inquired into the offence committed, and discussed the punishment. The old woman had been sent to market for fruit, and had not returned as soon as Patterson thought she could have done, making no allowance for age. She had pleaded sickness, but it was no use; he said he'd make her lively that morning. The law allowed a master not only to whip his slaves, but to send them to brutal men, who made a business of whipping them in public, and no master would be hung if the slave died under the lash, so the only punishment we could inflict was to leave the house in a body that day and expose the man. I fear that the poor old creature had to suffer for it; death would have been far sweeter to her than life with that man."

"Oh Livingstone, you make my blood boil; and I am ashamed to be one of those who, by owning slaves, uphold this cursed system; but I have again and again offered every slave I own their freedom. The fellows will not take it; they are happy and contented as my slaves."

"But at your death?"

"They all become free then."

CHARLESTON, S.C., Jan. 16.—Emily Bamore, a respectable colored woman and two children have been found frozen to death in Broadway Township. Where was the fire in the house.

**LORDS AND COMMONS.**

**OPENING OF THE ELEVENTH PARLIAMENT.—RE-ELECTING THE SPEAKER.—STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN THE CHAIR AND THE IRISH PARTY.**

LONDON, Jan. 13.—Parliament met to-day under depressing circumstances. The fog hung low over the status on Parliament square. Beaconsfield, Canning, Derby, Palmerston and Peel had a thin covering of snow on their heads and seemed to give but a chilling reception to the new or old members who passed by in cabs or afoot. The drizzle above and the slush below had thinned the usual crowd of sightseers, and the cheers saluting well known members sounded hoarse in the raw night air. Perhaps the most sonorous cheer was that which greeted the massive head and clean shaven face of Bradlaugh, who is the pet of the populace, and whose victory the morning papers had announced.

**GREEN MEMBERS.**

The first to enter Palace Yard were, of course, the new members. One could tell them at first sight, much as one can detect a new Congressman at Washington. Each one looked as if he thought he were being inspected by the whole country, and insensibly he bowed at any faint noise. They lost their look, however, when, on entering the building, they were frequently challenged by policemen and doorkeepers, who were on the alert against ingenious reporters giving the names of new members.

**THE LABOR PARTY.**

Close by the entrance to the Commons stood four "beef-eaters" from the Tower, who had just concluded the traditional search of the vaults throughout the entire building for another Guy Fawkes. More in accordance with the progress of the age, policemen had closed the Westminster Hall entrance against dynamite, feeling that Rossa had supplanted Guy. As the crowd looked through the railings, chafing at the gorgeous crimson uniforms and the pole axes of the "beef-eaters," its attention was suddenly turned to the entrance of a lady member of the labor party, who dramatically came together among them—Bridget, Arch, Howell and Leicester being there—immediately followed by John Bright and Burt, the secretary of the Miners' Association. The first named "agitators" were readily recognized. The brothers Ashmead-Bartlett soon after straggled together.

**CHURCHILL CHEERED.**

Many of the old members of both parties, of course, received the accustomed greetings, but it was remarked by *ambrosius*: that Disraeli, Chamberlain and Gladstone were not cheered as of old. Churchill, however, received such ringing salutations as "Dizzy" used to get from the mob that everywhere hails audacity. Gibb, member of Parliament for St. Pancras (East) and the former vestry clerk of this parish, excited notice by wearing a big Kosuth hat, from the brim of which drops of drizzle fell.

**SUMMONING THE COMMONS.**

Meanwhile the members inside were selecting seats by card pinning and by whispering. For the time the interior of the House reminded an American of Chicago national convention just assembling. At the same time fifteen Peers out of the 326 made an upper House—the Queen's Commissioners included, who were dressed like the Court ushers in the play of "Richard III." These fifteen summoned the Commons—only half of whom accepted—to come and join the meeting. Nearly all who went were new members full of party importance. These men the Black Rod led out and led back, after the communion (already published in all the daily papers) had been read.

**RE-ELECTING THE SPEAKER.**

Then Sir John Mowbray got up. He is three score and ten years old, a Church Estates Commissioner and the unopposed Conservative member from Oxford University. He nominated Mr. Arthur Peel for Speaker, emphasizing the latter with his bushy whiskers trembled. Mowbray's voice was hoarse. He was followed by the hon. member of John Bright, who seconded the nomination in a simple and scholarly speech. Justin McCarthy followed in a calm and deliberate tone, speaking on behalf of the Irish members in the absence of Parnell. He simply acquiesced at the election, but in a gentlemanly manner protested against the eulogy on the late Speaker's impartiality, which the Irish members denied. He sat down amidst the cheers of the Nationalists present, stentoriously led by Biggar, with a rose in his buttonhole, ready again to become the "masher" of the ladies' gallery. Mr. Peel, assuming the air of modesty, like Wyndham or the late John Brougham before the new House, giving tally for tally. When the Speaker had seated himself in his chair, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, re-echoed the puffery of Mowbray and Bright, to which Gladstone added treacle.

**CHANGED CIRCUMSTANCES.**

He made one technical hit, however, when he said "the protest of the Irish members. I regard as a reluctant fulfillment of conscientious duty. The relations between their party and the chair have been strained on past occasions, and it is not to be expected they should be quite satisfied. In the speech of the honorable member for North London, however, I recognize an acknowledgment of a duty to the chair, and hope the changed circumstances of the Irish party will help to prevent a repetition of the strained relations. This reference to changed circumstances elicited an earthquake of "hear, hear" from Biggar.

**A REGENT.**

Then the inchoate gathering, not yet a house, took a recess until to-morrow (Wednesday), when the Speaker takes the oath in the House of Peers and returns to swear in the members. When the fifteen peers, and say three hundred members of the Commons, had got outside again they found the crowd melted away like the recent snow, and looked up at a new moon auspiciously seen over the right shoulder.

**PRESENTATION TO THE REV. FATHER MCDONAGH, OF NAPANEE.**

The Catholic congregation at Napanee made a Christmas offering to their respected pastor, Rev. Father McDonagh, of \$300, which was the largest ever made in that district. The parishioners, to further testify their esteem for the Rev. Father McDonagh, and their high appreciation of his devoted life and faithful service, surprised him on New Year's Eve with a present of a new cutter and a handsome set of robes. The cutter is elegant—one of the finest that our manufacturers turn out, while the robes are as good as money will buy. No one could be more deserving of such an expression of good will, and it fully expresses the general confidence in which the rev. gentleman is held by those with whom he is most closely associated. The people of all denominations will freely echo the good wishes which accompany the gift. The presentation was a surprise and was appreciated by Mr. P. E. Hasley and Miss Walsh acted for the ladies of the congregation in tendering the \$300. May the receiver live long to enjoy it.

**ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S GOSSIPY GUEST.**

**HIS ORACLE WRITES TO THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."**

LONDON, Jan. 13.—The lady who repaid Archbishop Croke's hospitality by contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a patronizing description of the "Village of Thurles," its "Arcadian (!)" and his home—somehow meant in appearance to her luxury-accommodated eye—yielded rather to an ambition to be regarded as a smart writer and keen observer than gratifying any animus against His Grace and his friends. Judging by her style and—breathes it not in Gath—her grammar the lady is anything but a *bas Bleu*, all the more reason why she should try to cure the itch for writing, from which she seems to be so acutely suffering. Any rate few of those who have read her previous record of personal impressions will be inclined to disagree with the Archbishop of Cashel when, in a rejoinder to the *Gazette*, that some all too charitable, he expresses his conviction that "her taste, as shown in this matter, is very questionable indeed, and what is perhaps worse to know for certain that many of her statements are wholly without warranty or foundation."

His Grace then goes on to detail the circumstances under which this critic said would-be patron gathered the materials for her romance. "This lady and her husband," he tells us, "visited here about three months ago. They were introduced to me, in writing, by one for whom I entertain the most unqualified respect. I was, accordingly, even more than usually attentive to them, and had them to dinner. I showed them round the place and premises, visited convents, college and cathedral, with them, and chatted freely, of course, as we went along on divers local and other topics. But, as may be supposed, it never once occurred to me that there was a 'chiel amongst us taking notes,' or that the interview I was having with my English friends would not be regarded as strictly private. So I was not a little surprised—and, indeed, chagrined—this morning to see my person photographed, my manner commented on, my house described as mean-looking, my furniture antiquated, my carpets faded, my tapestries and meta-morphosed, my earlier avocation ridiculously misrepresented, and a general hodge-podge about the 'village of Thurles' given through your columns to the public. You will allow them, I am sure, to correct the leading misstatements that have been made in my regard by your correspondent. I never was a lawyer, nor was I a missionary at the Fiji, nor Bishop of Sydney. I was never present at a Roman Consistory, and never quarrelled with it. I never had a pet calf; I was never the happy possessor of a stork (I have a sea gull, however), nor do I believe that cats and canaries usurp any, not to say all, of my affections. Possibly I may have declared against separation from England as being impracticable; but surely I did not contemplate a falling out with the leaders of the Irish party on that head, as I know them to be on the point in question of the same mind as myself."

**THE FISHERIES TREATY.**

**A GROWING FEELING IN THE WESTERN UNITED STATES FOR ITS REVIVAL.**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Representative Stitt, of Illinois, who is the only Western man on the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, says that the committee has as yet had no meeting to consider the recommendation in relation to a new fisheries treaty with Canada. "It is difficult to forestall at this time what the course of the committee will be," said Mr. Stitt, "as I do not know in what form the subject will come before the committee. There is, however, a growing feeling in the West in favor of a renewal of the treaty, as our people are anxious to have cheap fish. The only objection to its removal are the men engaged in the fisheries of New England, and their opposition is naturally interested. I do not favor a commission to enquire into the subject, because we have a diplomatic corps whose business it is, or should be, to make just such enquiries. A commission would, in all probability, be composed of civilians with little or no knowledge of the subject, and it would not be likely to be of much practical value."

**KEEPING RELIGION OUT OF HOSPITALS.**

PARIS, Jan. 13.—Probably no greater piece of effrontery has ever been committed than the letter signed by twenty three infidel deputies and addressed to the French Minister of the Interior on the subject of the so-called "laicisation" of hospitals, a big word intended to mean that when French ratepayers fall ill and are compelled to enter a public institution they are to be dependent on the spiritual ministrations of the clergy, and that for the sake of the belief in the supernatural in opposition to a rather erratic and conflicting tendencies of modern thought. It is, of course, well that English Catholics should see what line infidel deacons take when interests which they hold dear are confided to them. The twenty-three French deputies might find imitators in England unless Catholics showed a bold front against any compromise with Parliamentary irreligion. The method adopted would be less glaringly unjust, but the fate of Catholics would be the same. It is scarcely possible to believe that in these days men could utter such absurdities as are piled up in the letter referred to. Happily, Henri Rochefort showed his keen sense of the ridiculous by refusing his signature. This is one good point in favor of an enemy of all religion, who is, however, independent and incorruptible. The letter usually speaks of the consolations of religion given to the dying patients as dangerous to the safety of the Republic! After this, we ought to hear no more about Catholics being too easily scared. Dr. Després, a freethinker who has taken up the cause of the nuns of the religious side of the question, ably replies to this group of petty prosecutors. He not only shows that every medical man in Paris recognizes the superiority of the Sisters of Charity as nurses, but he adds that to banish religion from the sickbeds, and above all the death-beds of the poor, is inhuman and unjust. Notwithstanding all this, the work goes on, and the Hôpital Cochin, founded by a holy priest, the Abbé Cochin, who left all his property for the endowment, has been added to the list of "laicised" hospitals.

**FATAL EXPLOSION.**

**A BOILER EXPLODES IN THE FORT WAYNE CATHOLIC CHURCH.**

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 13.—At 1.30 to-day a terrific explosion occurred in the boiler room of St. Mary's Catholic church, on the corner of Jefferson and Lafayette streets, in this city. A moment later flames emerged from the debris of the wrecked church. The flames were quenched by the fire department. The church was a complete wreck. The loss will be about \$65,000. About 11.15, Anthony Evans, the pastor, left home for the purpose of attend-

ing to the boiler. Twenty minutes later a report was heard which shook the windows in buildings for miles around. The air was filled with flying bricks, stones and other debris, while large brick chimneys on the building toppled and fell. The side walls bulged out but did not fall. The roof of the parsonage next to the church was entirely demolished. Miss Alberti Williard, a thirteen year old girl, on her way to school, was passing at the moment the explosion occurred, when one of the large doors, suspended just above the main entrance, gave way and fell, crushing her beneath it, and killed her instantly. After the fire was not under control, men set to work to explore the ruins for dead or wounded. They found the mangled body of Anthony Evans horribly mutilated. The top of the head was completely blown off.

**ORANGE RUFFIANISM IN IRELAND.**

**WHAT THE DUBLIN "FREEMAN" SAYS OF IT.**

DUBLIN, Jan. 12.—On the eve of the 18th inst. the town of Clones was made the scene of a blackguardly exhibition of Orange scoundrelism. These Orange Vandals mustered in considerable force, and after parading the town proceeded to the church, to the gates of which they erected a pole and burned an effigy. They then proceeded to the residence of one of the most beloved curates in the diocese, the Rev. Father Quinn, and stoned his windows. Cowardly availing themselves of the absence from home of the owner of one of the oldest and most respectable Catholic merchant's houses in the town, they smashed his windows. The property of Mr. McAviney—the gentleman who took such a praiseworthy part in resisting the oppressive tyranny of Wrench in connection with the Clones Park Market—suffered similarly, as well as various other Catholic houses. A large body of police accompanied the scoundrels, but no arrests were made, and no attempt to stop their destructive work.

The Dublin *Freeman* says:—We direct particular attention and the attention of the authorities to a paragraph from our Clones correspondent appearing in another column. The conduct of the Orangemen on this occasion was cowardly and meanly revengeful in the extreme. We can account for it in no other way than as a miserable, spiteful attempt to show their spleen at the magnificent triumph of the National cause in the county, and the sound legal thrashing of Wrench, the Orange agent, over his attempt to stamp out National feeling and Catholic independence. But the most extraordinary feature in the affair is that a large body of police accompanied the gang, witnessed their outrageous insult to the Catholic townspeople and the destruction of their property, and made no movement either to stop the ruffians or make arrests. They were literally permitted to take possession of the town undisturbed. Now, we do not for a moment think one single respectable Protestant was in any way connected with this outrage. On the contrary, we are aware they sympathize with the sufferers. We warn the authorities that if they cannot stop such illegal and disgraceful scenes the people of Clones are perfectly well able to take care of themselves, and they will do it. On the authorities must rest the consequences.

**THE RENFREW TRAGEDY.**

**ARREST OF THE SUSPECTED MURDERER—FOUR ALLEGED ACCOMPLICES DISCHARGED.**

OTTAWA, Jan. 12.—Detective Head has just returned from Pembroke, where he was engaged in tracing up the murderer of young Conway, which occurred at midnight on December 1, in Renfrew. Conway and two brothers named Mulvihill dropped into a Pole's house in Renfrew, on the above date, and became involved in a quarrel, the upshot of which was that Conway and the Mulvihills were stabbed, Conway fatally. A young Pole named John Minto, who was in the room when the murder occurred, testified to the above during the investigation held last Saturday in Pembroke, before County Magistrate Mitch. All four Poles, arrested on suspicion, were allowed their freedom and Stobenskie, the suspected murderer, was held to answer to the charge.

**SECRETARY BAYARD SAID TO FAVOR A TREATY WITH CANADA.**

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The *Advertiser's* Washington special says—Perry Belmont led up to Secretary Bayard's office this morning the house committee on foreign affairs and they had a talk with the Secretary. After their return to the Capitol, a member of the committee said that in his opinion Mr. Bayard proposes, and the committee is made up to adopt, a reciprocity treaty with Canada, based on the one which expired twenty years ago, and that for traders are in favor of the treaty, which will allow Canadian furs, lumber, hay, potatoes and fish to enter this country duty free. The Republicans, in the main, will bitterly oppose such a treaty on the ground that we give much more than we receive.

**SELLING A WIFE.**

BERLIN, Jan. 15.—The belief that the sale of a wife constitutes a legal dissolution of marriage dies hard. An illustration comes from Alsace. A peasant, whose matrimonial life was embittered by a scolding partner, resolved to obtain release. He went to a neighbor, and, after some haggling, sold his wife for a fat ox and 200 marks. In the evening the purchaser arrived with the ox and a halter, which, in case of resistance, could be usefully employed in leading home his purchase; but coming in the midst of a domestic broil he obtained such an insight into the woman's awfully temper that he declared the bargain off. He drove back his ox, and left the peasant to make peace with his wife as best he could.

**FROM OTTAWA.**

OTTAWA, Jan. 14.—Owing to the great distress prevailing among the half-breeds at Batchoche and other points in the North-West Territories, and that many families are in urgent need of food and clothing, the Government discussed the matter in council, and arrangements have been made for their immediate relief. In this connection it is understood that Lieut.-Governor Dewdney has been instructed to make an investigation into the character and extent of the suffering, and in the meantime to use his own judgment in the matter of providing food and clothing for those who are in destitute circumstances. He will be required to report daily to the Government as to the measure of relief employed.

**VIENNA, Jan. 15.—Father Peter John Beckx, General of the Jesuits, is dying. He will be ninety-one if he lives till the 8th of next month. He was born in Stichein, in Belgium, and was educated for the priesthood. Shortly after receiving priest's orders he was admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1819, and in 1853 he was elected superior of the order in succession to Father Koothan. The success of the Jesuits since that time, especially in non-Catholic countries, has been largely due to the ability, foresight and prudence of Father Beckx.**

**A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.**

The following letter was addressed to the New York Sun:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SUN"—Sir: Enclosed please find \$10, my subscription to the Parnell Parliamentary Fund, which your excellent paper has advocated with such masterly vigor. I have, I am sure, never your powerful arguments in behalf of Ireland. The Irish have, by their matchless longanimity and invincible vitality, won the admiration of the world. Erin's tearful eyes has moistened the eyes of millions who never saw "sweet Innisfallen."

Besides, as an Italian, I recall with pleasure the numerous episodes to which history presents Ireland and Italy linked together in the dignified pursuit of interests beneficial to literature and commerce, and conducive to the welfare of the entire human family. Thus among the gallant crew that sailed from Palos with my illustrious countryman, Columbus, for the discovery of America, was an Irishman named William Eyre, from Eyre Court, Galway. I am assured by my Irish friends that "Eyre Court" is the "City of the Tribes" what Madison square or Union square is to New York.

Three centuries before Columbus, a still greater Italian, Dante Alighieri, had been the friend and guest of the Irish scholars of Bobbio, in Lombardy, by whom the King of Poets was persuaded to abandon the pompous hexameter of Virgil for the more flexible *terza rima*, wedded for evermore to the greatest of poems, "La Divina Commedia," in spite of the opposition of the sage of Bologna; the "Hub" of Italy in the olden time. I am of those who hold that the Bard of Florence took his idea of the "Purgatorio" from that well known cave in Ulster, Loughbeg, commonly called St. Patrick's Purgatory. It was at the court of Ferrara that another Italian poet, Ariosto, became acquainted with that popular place of pilgrimage. In the "Orlando Furioso," at canto x., stanza 91, 2, it is thus referred to:

Quasi Ruggieri, poche di banda in banda  
Vide gli Inghesi, and verso d'Irlanda  
Vide l'eremita fabuloso, dove  
Hanno i nocchieri per la cura  
In che tanta mura per che si trova  
Che l'uom vi jura ogni sua colpa parva!

There is, in fact, a strong resemblance between the national genius of Ireland and Italy. Both nations have ever been renowned for their music, their poetry, their oratory, and their tireless devotion to letters. With the solitary exception of England, every nation has, as Thomas Moore proves, its own national air; but there are few nations which possess so rich a heritage of native poetry as Ireland and Italy. In joy and sorrow, in victory and defeat, in joy and sorrow, in the lead to the graveyard, the Irish love to sing; while in Italy every peasant is a songster or poet, and their style of recitation, which is but chanted prose, is their favorite vehicle of thought.

When I seek for a rival or an equal to a Leonardo da Vinci or a Michael Angelo Buonarroti in their wondrous versatility of genius, I discover him in such Irishmen as Edmund Spenser, Richard Brome, Sheridan, or that unique Irish author, Oliver Goldsmith, on whose cenotaph an unbridled English admirer, Dr. Johnson, the patriarch of English lexicographers, wrote these well-known words:

"Nullum scribendi genus quod non tentavit,  
Nullum legit quod non ornavit."

Few things are more familiar to scholars than Ireland; and it is a common effort to rescue from oblivion the classic authors of Greece, and the still greater literature of Greece. Had it not been for Ireland's zeal in preserving and transcribing those priceless writings, during ages when to make a book took a lifetime, it had undoubtedly faded with Homer and Virgil, Pindar and Horace, Herodotus and Livy, Demosthenes and Cicero, as it has faded with Menander, Polybius, the "lost lives of Plutarch," and other undecipherable gems of ancient literature. But for Ireland they had been crushed under the iron heel of the Hun, the Vandal and the Goth, and their story told in three tiny words, "Stat Nominis Umbra." Ireland, in the long night of barbaric warfare, became the hive in which busy swarms of pure Culdees stored copious deposits of intellectual honey sweeter than that of Mount Hymettus.

In other realms of art, too, Ireland has ever been the twin sister of Italy, and both marched in the van of nations. Sculpture had been cultivated to a high degree of perfection in Ireland long before it was known in various nations of northern and western Europe. The exquisite art of illumination is in truth Ireland's own art. The book of Kells is the delight of the antiquary. It is at once the oldest and most perfect specimen of paleography. In the sixth and seventh centuries there were stained glass windows in Ireland, two centuries before it was seen even in St. Mark's of Venice, that great treasury of artistic wealth.

But I must not trespass further on your valuable space. I am but a poor writer of English. I honor you for your labors in Ireland. If I could afford it I would send you, not \$10, but \$10,000 for the Parnell Fund.

POLIPASTE MORILLI,  
8 West Twenty-Eight street.

**AN INTERESTING OPERATION.**

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—An operation was performed on Monday afternoon at the Hahnemann hospital which was extremely interesting, for the reason that the patient was afflicted with precisely the same disease that afflicted the grand old man. The man was 60 or 65 years of age. A cancerous growth started at the root of the tongue and had eaten deeply into the flesh and affected the jawbone on the left. An incision was made at the left inferior angle of the lower jaw, extending underneath the chin to the right; another cut was a horizontal one, from the center of the lower lip through the chin till it intersected the first. The flesh was then laid back, exposing the jawbone, and after examination it was found necessary to remove about three inches of bone on the left side which was affected. This done, the root of the tongue and the cancerous sore were exposed to view. The cancer and sub-jugular part and parotid glands were cut away and the wounds cauterized. The flesh was then brought together and the incision was closed. The man was under the influence of an anesthetic during two and a half hours. The doctor who conducted the operation said the patient would probably live some time, but in two or three years at the latest the cancer would surely make its appearance at some other point and ultimately cause death. In the meantime the man would have to be contented with the use of the right jaw, as what remained of the left would be useless. This morning the patient was doing well, and after a good night's sleep awoke and read the paper with great interest.

According to the reports which have reached the Propaganda regarding the persecution in the Vicariate of Eastern Cochinchina, nine French priests, seven native missionaries, 60 catechists, 270 native religious, and 2,400 Christians have been massacred. Two hundred parishes have been destroyed, 225 churches have been burned, 17 orphanages, 10 convents, four agricultural colonies, two chemist shops, and two seminaries utterly demolished.