

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Six of the Oka Indians have been acquitted. The trial of the others has been postponed till next July.

The Irish American says the British Government has taken away their arms from the 18th Royal Irish. This is rather a doubtful report.

The English owe a debt of gratitude to the Irish party, whether they acknowledge it or not. What other party or cause could be expected for making the Whigs and Tories embrace each other?

Has Mr. Chapleau, or has he not, succeeded in settling North Shore affairs to the satisfaction of the Syndicate and the Quebec Conservatives? Mr. Houde would scarcely go so far as to say that the arrangement was not agreed upon.

The Liberals of Canada at least should not abuse the Irish Parliamentary party for obstruction, for what else have Mr. Blake and his followers been doing the past six weeks? They saw a great majority in front of them, and yet they persisted.

The New York Herald is nothing if not enterprising. Its latest "improvement" is seeking out pretty girls who move in high life and mentioning their names. The flapping young May gave Bennett has not had the slightest effect, seemingly.

It is really difficult to satisfy the London Times. When a landlord or agent is reported to have been shot it cries for coercion, and now when its Dublin correspondent tells it the country is profoundly quiet it still cries for coercion. *Toujours Perdre.*

The N. Y. Star says that since the New York Herald has become pro-British it has gone down in circulation from 100,000 to less than half. It is at any rate plain to those who read that journal that in its death notices few Irish names appear, when six months ago it was full of them.

Mr. Peter O'Leary is in Montreal once more, after travelling extensively in the British Islands, addressing labor unions, and having been examined by a Committee of the House of Lords on the Irish Land question. Mr. O'Leary is like the wandering Jew, only that his career is infinitely more useful.

One can scarcely move around town without encountering a politician who thinks it his duty to say, "well, old fellow, have we not achieved a great victory? 86 of a majority, and this irrespective of the unhappy man's politics last Monday. We trust the Syndicate will make places for all such loyal men."

Lady Florence Dixie is about to start for South Africa as military correspondent for the aristocratic London *Morning Post*, and Mrs. Langtry, the celebrated beauty is to go on the stage. Are the aristocracy scenting a revolution which will cause them to make themselves useful, in order to earn their daily bread?

The Earl of Carnarvon's letter to Mr. Bright, in defence of the House of Lords, is weak and puerile in the extreme and unworthy of an answer from Mr. Bright, who, though his knees have grown weak on the Irish question, is still a great man, infinitely superior to the noble Earl of Carnarvon who so grossly attacks him.

Mr. Clogher, agent for the Duke of Devonshire's Irish estates, is boycotted. This is the gentleman who, two years ago, wrote to a friend in London that the Irish had still a tremendous power in their hands if they would use it, which was doubtful, namely, the power of passive resistance and non-payment of rents. They have, in fact, used it, and Mr. Clogher is one of the victims.

The laborers of Kanturk, starving for the necessities of life, forced their way into the workhouse with the hope of getting relief. People must be in a bad way when they try to get into a workhouse. But let them wait, the Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Reg. Fid. Def., as the coppers have it, are preparing Mountjoy and other places for the accommodation of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Irish subjects. And yet they are not satisfied.

In order to silence the Irish members in the English House of Commons, the Government are thinking of introducing the *closure* in vogue in the French Chamber of Deputies. This would not be so tyrannical altogether if it did not happen that it will only be used against the liberties of the Irish nation. According to the *closure* rule two-thirds vote of the House is empowered to close a debate, which is eminently satisfactory to the Whigs and Tories.

We wonder if Lord Dufferin is laughing in his sleeve when he recommends the Irish to emigrate to Manitoba where their Church is supreme. Come, my lord, why don't you come out yourself, for it is really your Church which is supreme. As if Irish Protestants were not as bitterly hostile to the landlords as Catholics. If we were in prophetic humor just now we would say that it will yet come to pass that Lord Dufferin's children will be good Manitoba farmers. May nothing worse befall them.

The Rev. Mr. Carmichael, in his eloquent sermon on Sunday, informed his audience that the English preached the Gospel to the Irish and the Irish then carried the light to the Scotch. This is news which has not come by cable. We always imagined that when St. Patrick converted the Irish, the Anglo-Saxons were Pagans herding swine on the banks of the Elbe and the Weiser. The reverend gentleman's mind must be running on the other favors England has bestowed upon Ireland such as buckshot, poverty and coercion.

Predictions concerning the near approach of the end of the world are multiplying on our hands. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, gave the earth quite a few years to exist, but a scientist of Washington has knocked the spots out of this reverend preacher. He says there is an immense black block moving about somewhere in space, which is soon to come in contact with our earth and knock it into smithereens or a cooked bat. Now then is the time for the subscribers of the True Witness to come along and go into space with our receipts in their pockets.

The descendants of Scots who bled with Wallace, and were led to glorious victory by Bruce, have celebrated the anniversary of the great poet who has immortalized the deeds of those heroes in song with becoming enthusiasm this year. The fame of Burns is growing brighter and brighter each year, and while the stars of his contemporaries pale and are snuffed out, his but grows all the more luminous. When we stand in presence of the mountains they all appear nearly the same size, but as we recede from them to a considerable distance the highest of them assert their majesty. So it is with Burns. Some of his contemporaries had the "Guinea stamp," but his was "the gold for a that."

There is an interlude in the drama being enacted in Ireland. The players are taking a short rest. The two hundred "Pensées" who entered Sheffield with sanguinary design turn out to be so many poor laborers looking for employment. Windsor Castle has not yet been blown into atoms, no army has

been attacked, and save the ravings of the landlords and their dependents everything is profoundly quiet. Mr. Gladstone is reported to be willing to divulge the secrets of the proposed Land Bill to satisfy his Radical supporters, before passing a Coercion Act. For the rest, we are informed that Davitt has gone to Paris, with the object of arranging for the transfer of Land League funds to a French bank, to put them beyond the reach of his "friend," the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN.

It is all very well to sit down and enjoy the *dolce far niente* and the elegant mode of living which £750 a year confers, but it falls after a little, and an active mind like mine grows tired of doing nothing. Before I was a week in London I felt the necessity of exercising my powers, physically and mentally, but the difficulty was in finding the means. I formed the resolution of at least making a show of earning my salary, and with that object in view I sat on the back stairs of the Royal Palace with the gold stick in my hands looking as wise as the owl of Minerva; but I soon grew tired. No one came near the back stairs. It was truly monotonous employment. After a week of this kind of thing I brought some paper and a pencil with me, and set myself to pass away the time in literary pursuits. I shrewdly guessed that any work of mine issuing from the press would have a ready sale. It is not every day the public is privileged to read a book written by a Baronet, who is also Usher of the Black Stairs in waiting. But the trouble is what to write about. All the paths of literature have been trodden already, and I am not an original genius. It is true I might write a history of the poets and poetry of the Kingdom of Timbuctoo, if I only knew the poets of that country, or had read any of their poetry, but I do not, nor I have not, and there was the end of it. I next began to grow morose and melancholy; my food did not agree with me nor did my dry sherry do me the least good. In fact I was happier on the Lachine Canal, far happier, and I often wished myself there again, but on the same principle that a revolution never goes back Sir Myles O'Regan could never again revert to his original position. Then I commenced to mope—at last I really thought I was growing a helpless imbecile—I used to sit for hours on the second step watching an old grey rat which came from his hole at intervals and looked upon me with a glance, I thought, of positive contempt. Perhaps it was a royal rat which was descended from illustrious ancestry who had never worked for their living. Perhaps—But Mr. Editor, I have written about that animal more than once before, and if I refer to it again you will surely think I am really crazy. It was in such a mood I was one day seated when some one tapped me on the shoulder and startled me. I turned round and saw a middle-aged man of stout build and cruel expression of face. His under lip protruded, and his small grey eyes scintillated like those of a basilisk.

"Pardon me, sir," said the intruder, "but are you Sir Myles O'Regan?"
"Yes sir; what is your business with me?"
"This letter will inform you, sir, as to my personality," and he handed me a sealed envelope, which I opened and read. The contents were as under:—

DUBLIN, January 13, 1881.

Dear Sir Myles:—Allow me the privilege of introducing to you the celebrated Benice Jones, Esquire, a gentleman who, like you and me, has been maltreated and robbed by the Socialists of Ireland. He is a man of great energy and force of character, and any thing he proposes for your consideration will be to your advantage if you choose to accept. I would go to London and introduce Mr. Jones in person, only I am detained in the castle drilling a corps of informers, so as to be ready for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*. By the way, if you meet a few hang dog looking fellows who have no conscience, and believe they have no souls, you might send them across, as in the coming emergency we shall want all we require of good men and true to swear anything required of loyal subjects. The Assistant Secretary informs me that there is not a single soul of the '87 gang left. Talbot, Nagle, Warren, Schofield, Massey and Corydon all have been sent across the Styx by the Fenians, one after the other, and we are in a sad fix for useful men. Wages will be given according to their swearing capacity.

Yours fraternally,
HUGH BOYCOTT.

Sir Myles O'Regan, Bart.
was so deeply immersed in the contents of this interesting letter that I quite forgot Mr. Jones until a gentle cough reminded me of his presence.

"Pray sir excuse me, our friend Boycott's letter is of so interesting a nature that I had to read it over twice. I am so glad to see you. We are brothers in misfortune you see."

"I am glad to find you animated by such noble sentiments; but to business. Is there anyone listening?"

"No."
"Well, I have a proposition to make to you. There is a revolution going on in Ireland but it is not yet completed and never will be if I can get men of nerve and courage to prevent it."

"But how?"
"I am trying to form a central anti-revolutionary Society here in London, which must be secret, but bold and aggressive. Matters have come to this that something must be done, if we would save the glorious system of landlordism from perishing. The landlords themselves are, I regret to say, flying from Ireland like frightened rats, the Conservatives of England have not the power to crush the movement; the Liberals have not the will and at all events the Radicals are keeping them tied down. What we want is an excuse that will make them act and down Ireland in blood. We have tried threatening letters, no use, we are making the country quake with a Fenian scare, but no army is blown up, and once the panic subsides it will be difficult to convince either the people or Parliament, that the Irish are not a quiet suffering people."

"But my friend Boycott writes to me for a batch of informers, so that he must expect something."

"I am sadly afraid even informers won't answer. The English people will not permit any more wholesale hanging, except upon the strongest provocation. Now, what I would suggest is this. Let a few of us form the society of which I speak, let us separate and go to different parts of the country, let us immolate each other for the general good, and then the troops will be put in action and the cursed Irish exterminated."

"I confess I don't quite understand you."
"In all great enterprises destined for the general good there must be sacrifices. Now, it is known that you and I and Boycott and a few others have rendered ourselves so obnoxious to the Irish that if we were assassinated the blame would at once be laid at their door, and we would be avenged in a sea of blood."

"I shuddered, and he went on—
"You are a young man from Canada, with no wife, no ties, no friends, no—"

"Excuse me, I have indeed very dear friends. There is the prettiest girl you have ever beheld in Lachine, and it was only yesterday I wrote—"

"Miserable man! trifle not with me, Benice Jones. Just think of it, you will go down to history as the saviour of aristocracy."

"I prefer taking my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave in another fashion. I would like to die of old age, if it be all the same to you. Besides, who would mind the Back Stairs. Now, you seem a determined fellow, suppose you commence with yourself?"

Benice Jones grew livid in the face and drew a dagger from his bosom. For the life of me I don't know how he managed it as he wore a shirt which buttoned behind him, but, nevertheless, I saw the dagger. I saw it descend and it was sheathed in the breast—of a heart I had placed in my breast pocket for lunch. But I fell, Mr. Editor, and the bottle of claret which I had in the other pocket was sprinkled over the stairs.

Jones fled after repeating his murderous dagger thrust ten times in the same fatal place (for the chicken) and I cried out: Murder, murder, murder!

More to come,
From yours truly,
MYLES O'REGAN, Bart.

P. S.—I notified you in my last my correspondence would cease, but I never dreamt then I would have such a marvellous tale to relate.

M. O'R.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

THE "BLIZZARD" AND ITS DAMAGES—THE LAND LEAGUE NETWORK—THE N. Y. "STAR" AND ITS CORRESPONDENT—MISERY IN THE GREAT CITY.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.

DEAR SIR,—Last Friday, 21st, will long be remembered by New Yorkers as one of the dreariest days in the meteorological calendar, for more than a decade of years. Rain and sleet poured down incessantly for nearly twelve hours, and the early toilers, men and women, wending their way to labor, stumbled and fell, jostled and slipped into each other's arms and assumed the most ludicrous attitudes. The street cars, horses and drivers, along the various avenues resembled nothing so closely as a perambulating procession of ice-houses. Things assumed a very serious aspect later in the day, when business men found New York completely cut off from all communication with the outside world. The various systems of telegraphs, that stretch out like arteries from the great heart of commerce, were lying prone upon the streets of the city, looking more like huge hawser of ice than the tiny wires used to carry the magic spark. Telegraph operators from the city were speedily despatched to points, where communication could be obtained, and were kept busy at work for 48 hours, through the medium of trains, teams and messengers. Meanwhile battalions of repairers, ably assisted by a number of Canadians, sent for the purpose, were making herculean efforts to clear the wreck. Not until Monday, were they successful, and communication once more established. The loss to telegraph and telephone companies will not fall far short of a million dollars.

Affairs in Irish circles here, to the casual observer, are seemingly very quiet, but on closer inspection there is an undercurrent of activity, not at first noticeable. The Land League has already established a net-work of branches around Manhattan, that are working harmoniously together, and quietly but very ably furthering the cause and aiding the efforts of their struggling brothers in the old land. Walking along the streets of Sunday afternoon you cannot help noting the number of clean, well-clad Irishmen on foot. It is not the weather tempts them to take an airing; for it is anything but tempting. The walking, too, is simply execrable—wind and slush nearly knee deep—what can it be, then? These men are all Land Leaguers, who are too busy employed all week to devote the time necessary to such a vital problem, and so choose the Sabbath for mature deliberation to perfect and carry out their plans. Last Sunday there were more than a score of lectures delivered in various parts of the metropolis, on the "Irish Question." Your correspondent had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the "Land Question in Ireland," delivered in St. Antoine Church, Sullivan street, on that day, which for eloquence and lucidity it would be very hard to surpass. When I state that the lecturer was the Rev. Father O'Farrell, well known and beloved in St. An's Parish, Montreal, a number of years since, it is not necessary to say more. The church was densely crowded and every word that fell from the Rev. Father's lips, intently listened to.

The Star of last Tuesday complains very bitterly at the conduct of the British authorities towards its special correspondent in Ireland, Mr. Stephen J. Meany. Immediately after Mr. Meany's departure for Ireland, the Star despatched a cablegram to meet him on arrival, ordering him "to go immediately to the front." As Mr. Meany is well known to the Britishers as one who never flinched behind the cause of his beloved country is concerned, the Star is of the opinion, this message was purposely misconstrued into one of a revolutionary character, and while not being exactly suppressed, nevertheless, was not delivered for some weeks. Again, all Mr. Meany's correspondence has evidently been tampered with, and so badly delayed as to be quite worthless to this paper. This is only an instance of the old despicable tactics repeated over again. There is nothing at all strange about the fact that while other journals are allowed every facility in *free England*, the leading and Irish Catholic organ of New York city alone should meet with obstruction.

At a recent fair held in St. Francis Xavier Church, a stand of colors was voted to the "gallant Sixty-ninth." The presentation will take place on Monday, Jan. 31st, accompanied by a dress parade and review in the armory. Governor McClellan will review the regiment, and Mr. Richard O'Gorman will make the presentation.

At the early age of 27 years, Rev. Father Charles F. Payton expired at his father's residence last Wednesday. He studied at the American College in Rome, and was ordained May, 1877, in the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, by Cardinal Monaco La Valletta. Returning to America, he was appointed by Cardinal McCloskey to St. Agnes Parish. He was beloved by his congregation. The funeral, which took place last Monday from the Church of St. Agnes, was very largely attended.

The recent spell of inclement weather has told heavily on the poor of all classes. To one, whose business compels him to be about

at all hours of the night, human nature presents itself in the most pitiable and degrading phases. Miserable looking wretches, in the shape of women, glide noiselessly from the darkness, perhaps with a still more wretched infant in their arms, soliciting alms. They follow you with a piteous tale and cling to you with the tenacity of despair. As your heart is touched and your nickel between finger and thumb, the miserable "limb of the law" appears, and with a bound the poor wretches once more enter the darkness. Very often as you wend your way around Printing House Square, amid the noise of engines and printing presses thundering out the early editions of the morning papers, your foot trips on some soft object. Mechanically, as you stoop to see what it is, the little bundle of rags rises up and discloses to your astonished gaze the wretched figure of a poor little bootblack or newsboy. He has been sleeping over the grating of the engine-room (built generally under the street), and this cold, wintry night is saturated and dripping with the team bait he has had. It is truly a sad, heart-rending sight; and yet we wonder that the features and frame of these little children have taken on the weakened look and crippled gait of premature old age. Of course, there are societies established and prospering to ameliorate the condition of these poor wretches. Not one of these urchins but are well aware that they can obtain good food, clothing and lodging if they would only suffer restraint. "Ah, there's the rub." "Don't send me to prison, Judge," said an urchin, at the Essex Market Court yesterday. "Don't send me to prison, and I'll never sleep over a grate again." And the kind (?) hearted Judge gave him one more chance—one more chance, in all probability, to take up his old lodgings and sniff the polluted atmosphere of Printing House Square—free from all restraint.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

TRUE WITNESS DONATION.....	60 00
A. Wexford Quebec.....	25 00
E. Macmillan.....	5 00
Y. Macmillan.....	5 00
A. Hater of Despotism Tyranny (Merrick-ville).....	5 00
Thomas Nolan, Hemmingford.....	2 00
A. Wexford Giff.....	1 00
John Flynn, Ethel, Ont.....	50
Parish of St. Edward, C., per Rev. J. E. Mahoney.....	30 00
A. Friend.....	10 00
Patrick Duffy, Southport, P.E.I.....	2 00
L. O'Grady, Danville, Que.....	1 00
M. O'Leary, Danville, Que.....	1 00
J. O'Farrell, Danville, Que.....	0 50
P. King, Danville, Que.....	1 00
L. Lachance.....	2 00
Rev. E. E. Murray, Cobourg, Ont.....	5 00
John F. McGowan, St. Anicet, Que.....	1 00
M. J. Doherty, Sorel.....	5 00
Rev. Michael McNally, Cornwall.....	\$8 50
Michael Gilroy, Roules Point.....	2 00
St. Anne's, Q.....	12 00
H. McKee, Kempsville, Ont.....	5 00
Sheen, Ont., per L. Satterly.....	28 00
John McGrath, Lachine, Que.....	1 00
John Trainor, Johnson's River, P.E.I.....	1 00
Patrick Trainor.....	1 00
Kingsbridge, Huron Co., Ontario.....	34 65
Kate Reilly.....	1 00

IRISH LAND LEAGUE FUND.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness:

Sir,—Please publish the following list of subscribers to the Land League Fund.

Yours truly,

F. L. EGAN.

Kingsbridge, 22nd Jan. 1881.

Amount received.....\$34.75
Less postage and registration paper.....10

\$34.65

Robert McGrory, \$1; F. L. Egan, \$1; Patrick Keefe, 50c; John Griffin, 50c; Michael Courtney, \$1; Hugh McPhee, 50c; James Howard, 50c; Edward O'Connor, \$1; Thos. Hussey, \$1; Patrick Clare, 25c; Patrick O'Loughlin, 50c; Thomas Ford, 50c; Denis Sullivan, 50c; Simon Styles, 50c; Joseph Griffin, 50c; Charles McCarthy, 50c; Edward Flynn, 50c; John Dalton, 50c; Daniel Dalton, 25c; Thomas Garvey, 25c; John O'Neill, \$1; John Keefe, \$1; John O'Reilly, 50c; Edward Kenrick, 50c; Wm. McBride, 50c; Joe Griffin, \$1; Alex. Young, 50c; Wm. McGrory, 50c; Edward Hayes, 25c; Wm. Lannon, 25c; D. Doolan, 50c; Jas. Dalton, 50c; Matthew O'Connor, 50c; Thos. O'Reilly, 50c; P. J. Griffin, 25c; Jas. Sullivan, \$1; Thos. O'Connor, 50c; Florence McCarthy, 25c; Michael Dalton, 50c; Jer. Sullivan, \$1; Maurice Dalton, Jr., 50c; John E. Sullivan, 50c; Maurice Dalton, Jr., 50c; Wm. O'Neill, 50c; Michael Dean, 50c; James Joy, \$1; Thos. Sullivan, \$1; Martin Whitty, 50c; Nic. Austen, 50c; Michael Dooling, 25c; Thos. Crook, 25c; Hugh O'Farrell, 25c; John Bowler, \$1; Thos. Styles, 50c; Robt. Knightly, 50c; John O'Reilly, 25c; John Lannon, 25c; P. J. Sullivan, \$1; collected by Thos. Ford, \$1.75. Total, \$34.75.

THE LAND LEAGUE IN OTTAWA.

MASS MEETING OF IRISH CANADIANS ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

We take the following report from the Ottawa Citizen:—

A mass meeting of Irishmen was held in St. Patrick's Hall last night for the purpose of furthering the objects of the Land League Association lately formed in this city. Among those present were Senator Howlan, Ald. Heney, Conway and O'Leary, ex-Aldermen Starrs, Messrs W. Kehoe, E. A. Johnston, L. O'Farrell, P. Lunny, J. Casey, P. E. Ryan, J. Lyons, Wm. McEvela, J. Higgins, P. Brennan, E. O'Leary, J. Findlay, E. Mahon, Capt. McCaffrey, F. Finan, P. Egleson and J. Redmond.

Ald. Heney was appointed chairman, and Mr. Brennan secretary.
It was moved by ex-Alderman Starrs, seconded by J. Lyons, that we, the Irishmen of the capital of the Dominion of Canada in mass meeting assembled, join in responding to the call from our country at home to contribute our mite towards the defence of Farnell and his compatriots, and also take this opportunity of showing to our countrymen at home our sympathy in their patriotic struggle against landlord tyranny.

Senator Howlan addressed the meeting, drawing a comparison between the producers in England and Ireland and those of America, showing the former were unable to compete with the latter owing to the excessive burdens that were placed upon them through an unjust land system. The present agitation not only affected Irishmen but English and Scotchmen as well. So great was the injustice to which they were subjected that the people had come to the conclusion that a change was desirable. The English farmers themselves finding that they were suffering from this unjust competition with the American producers, had come to take an interest in the demand made by the Irish for a reform in their present land system. After speaking at some length, he quoted from Lord Dufferin, to show the evils which the land system of Ireland was inflicting on the people, and concluded by an eloquent peroration to the effect that no matter where Irishmen cast their lot, they must always warmly attach to the cause of Ireland, and ready to help her in her hour of need.

Speeches were also made by Messrs Starrs, Lyons and Johnston, after which the resolution was carried.

It was then moved by J. P. Lunny, seconded by Capt. McCaffrey, that this meeting endorse the patriotic stand taken by Mr. Farnell and his associates for the regeneration of our native land, and hereby pledge our heartfelt sympathy in the cause they are so ably, determined and constitutionally agitating.

After a few remarks by Captain McCaffrey in support of the motion, the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Starrs said that Senator Howlan had promised to deliver a lecture shortly in aid of the Land League of this city, which announcement was received with applause.

The chairman then announced that the subscription list was opened and all desirous of subscribing could do so. A number of those present responded to the call, after which the meeting adjourned.

LAND LEAGUE MEETING.

The usual weekly meeting of the Montreal branch of the Land League was held yesterday afternoon in the St. Patrick's Hall. Thomas Hanley, Esq., took the chair in the absence of the President. After the adoption of the minutes the Secretary read a communication received from the Treasurer of the Irish National Land League, Dublin, acknowledging the receipt of the \$225 forwarded by the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society through the Montreal Branch. A suggestion was then made that a more systematic method of collecting funds for the League be adopted. A long discussion followed and finally it was moved and carried that two collectors call upon the Irish people residing in the different districts, and also upon all business men with whom our Irish citizens deal and ask them to subscribe; and that the names of those who give and of those rich Irishmen who refuse be handed in and laid upon the table for consideration by the League. The motion was carried unanimously.

Several stirring speeches were then made against Forster's infamous Bill of Coercion now being forced through the British House of Commons by English antipathy and hatred of Ireland. The outcome of the discussion was the general wish of calling a mass meeting to condemn the obsolete and tyrannical mode of dealing with the Irish people. A motion to that effect was then drawn up and met with an unanimous approval, the date and other arrangements to be left in the hands of the Executive Committee.

Another suggestion was thrown out, which coincided with the views and ran in harmony with the feelings of the meeting—it was that another lecture be delivered under the auspices of the League to swell the funds. The name of John Boyle O'Reilly, the great Boston poet and orator, was mentioned as being eminently capable of drawing a crowded house. A happy idea struck a prominent member, who remarked that, in conjunction with the lecturer, Mrs. Parnell or her patriotic daughter, Miss Fanny Parnell, should be invited to grace the occasion and recite some of her soul-stirring poems. There could be no doubt that the ladies would flock to see and to listen to the patriotic sister of the gallant leader of the Irish nation.

It was then moved and seconded, that the Executive be instructed to make arrangements for another lecture, and to take into consideration the suggestions that had been made.

After the collectors and members had handed in their subscriptions, and the new names had been placed on the roll, the meeting was closed.

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING NOTICES.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Dec. 24th, 1880.]
WE ARE PLEASED to notice that a grant of money of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and to satisfy our curiosity we visited Dr. M. Souville at his office, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we could speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souville, after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well-known gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instruments free of charge.

[From the Montreal Star, Oct. 23rd, 1880.]
By request we visited the offices of Dr. Souville, 13 Phillips Square, and examined his invention called Spirometer, with the aid of which he treats the above diseases. The instrument is an ingenious contrivance, and enables the patient to inhale the vapors arising from the medicines used in a simple and effective manner. The merits of this mode of treatment have been recognized by some of the principal hospitals in Europe, where they are constantly in use. We have no doubt the Doctor will meet every success here, where there are a large number suffering from Asthma and Lung Diseases.

[From the Montreal Gazette, Nov. 8th, 1880.]
There recently arrived in this city from Paris a Dr. Souville, bringing with him his invention, called the Spirometer, for the cure of such troublesome and hitherto well-nigh incurable diseases as asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and the like, either chronic or transient. The Doctor has fixed upon 13 Phillips Square as an office, where we paid him a visit on Saturday last. Intellectual, evidently well skilled in anatomy and physiology, a linguist, capable of speaking five languages, and possessing, apparently, thorough knowledge of all the phases and details of the various respiratory diseases from practical observation. Dr. Souville proceeded to explain the *modus operandi* of his invention—the Spirometer. It is ingenious yet simple, and after hearing the Doctor's explanations, the treatment—that of inhalation—seems very sensible. Certain medications are placed in the instrument, and are thence inhaled by the sufferer. These inhalations are naturally carried direct to the organs affected by disease, and, of course, prove in this manner by far the most effective. In Europe this mode of treatment is now thoroughly recognized and practised, and we learn that since his arrival here Dr. Souville has treated most successfully several of our own citizens. Persons suffering with such diseases as head this article should not hesitate to visit the Doctor, who gladly explains his method free of any charge. He deserves success, and if able to achieve only half of what is claimed, he will, indeed, be a benefactor of mankind.

Thomas Fulford, a well known cattle dealer of Toronto, was killed yesterday on the Northern Railway.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Coal is selling in Toronto at \$7.50 per ton. Viscount Lymington, of London, Eng., is at Ottawa.

The provinces round Candahar are in rebellion.

Senator Carroll fell at Ottawa yesterday and sprained his ankle.

The Governor-General will give a State ball on the 9th inst.

The Quebec Parliament is further prorogued until the 24th March.

Maud Brown, the Toronto bigamist, has been further remanded.

The Census Commissioners have commenced work at Ottawa.

The rumor of Turkey's active interference in Albania is contradicted.

Tyne engineers are asking an advance of 15 per cent in their wages.

The rise in the Sacramento river has caused damage estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Public School Board of Toronto has a surplus of \$1,724 from last year.

Diphtheria is very prevalent in Hull; ten deaths have occurred in two days.

Cholera is predicted in the Western States during the coming summer season.

Chicago Driving Park Association will distribute