ast night; her head aches with a dull, sickast nigne, and a constant a dult, sick-ning pain today. To be home once more-no be back in the cosy, common-place Russello be pace in the body, sommon prace Kussell-quare lodgings! If it were not for baby, she edla as though she would like to run away, from Sir Victor and all, anywhere that Inez from bit black eyes and derisive smile

could never come. ould never count.

The September twilight, sparkling with The copy stars, is settling down over the frosty-lound great house looms, big, sombre, trees. trees. s home to be proud of, yet Ethel stately, as she looks at it. The only misershudgers of her life have been spent beneath able as); she will hate it before long. Her its room; she her husband seems to die out in very love to: as she thinks of last night, when he stood by and heard his cousin's meeting insult. The gloaming is chilly, she daws her shawl closer around her, and walks glowly up and down. Slow, miserable tears trickle down her cheeks as she walks. She fiels so utterly alone, so utterly forlorn, so uttelly at the mercy of this merciless woman. "Oh!" she says, with a passionate sob, and

naconsciously aloud, "why did I ever marry nim: "If you mean Sir Victor Catheron," answered a voice. "I think I can tell you. You mardel Sir Victor Catheron because he was Sir Victor Catheron. But it isn't a marriage, my dear-you know that. A young lady can't

dear—you husbands, and I'm your legal lawful vedded spouse." She utters a cry—she recoils with a face of terror, for there in the twilight before her, tall, black, sinister, stands Juan Catheron.

You!" she gasps. "I my dear-I, in the flesh. Did you think I had gone? My dear Ethel, so I rould have gone, if Inez had come down in the sisterly way she should. But she hasn't, give you my word of honor her conduct has give so that the extreme. A few hun-heds—I asked no more—and she wouldn't. What was a miserly fifty pound note to a man like me, with expensive tastes, and who has not set foot on British soil for two years. Not a jewel would she part with—all Sir Victor's presents, forsooth! And she's in love Sir Victor, you know. Perhaps you don't know, though. 'Pon my life, she is, Ethel, and means to have him yet, too. That's what she says, and she is a girl to do s she says, is Inez. That's why I'm here tonight, my dear. I can't go to Sir Victor, you inderstand—motives of delicacy, and all that -so I waited my chance, and 1 have come to you. You may be fickle, but I don't think you're stingy. And something is due to my ntraged icelings, blighted affections, and all that. Give me five hundred pounds, Ethel,

He came nearer, his big, brown hand outstretched. She shrank away, hatred and reulsior in her face..

and let us call it square."

"Stand back!" she said. "Don't come near me, Juan Catheron! How dare you intrude here? How dare you speak to me?" "How dare I?" Oh, come now, I say, I don't like that. If a man may not speak to his own wife, to whom may he speak? If it comes to that, how dare you throw me over, and commit bigamy, and marry Sir Victor Catheron? It's of no use your riding the high

enough-and let me go." "I will not give you a farthing; and if you do not leave this place instantly, I will call my husband. "Oh!" she burst forth, frantically, " between you and your sister you will

horse with me, Ethel; you had better give me

the five hundred-I'm sure I'm moderate

drive me mad!" " Will you give me the money?" asked Juan Catheron, folding his arms, and turning sullen.

"I have not got it. What money have I? -and if I had, I say I would not give you a farthing. Begone! or-" "You have diamonds." He pointed to her

hands. "They will do—easily convertible in London. Hand them here, or, by all the gods, I'll blow the story of your bigamy all "You will not!" she cried, her eyes flash-

ing in the twilight—" you coward I you dare not! Sir Victor has you in his power, and he will keep his threat. Speak one word of that vile lie, and your tongue will be silenced in Chesholm jail. Leave me, I say!"-she stamped her foot passionately—"I am not afraid of you, Juan Catheron!"

" And you will not give me the jewels?" " Not one-not to keep you from spreading your slander from end to end of England! Do your worst i-you cannot make me more wretched than I am. And go, or I will call for help, and see whether my husband has not courage to keep his word."

"You will not give me the rings?" "Not to save your life! Hark, some one is

coming! Now you will see which of us is airsid of the other!" He stood looking at her, a dangerous gleam

in his black eyes. "Very well!" he said; "so be it! Bon't trouble yourself to call your hero of a husband-I'm going. You're a plucky little thing, after all, Ethel. I don't know but that I rather admire your spirit. Adieu, my dear, until we meet again." He swung round and vanished among the

trees. He was actually singing as he went: "To day for me,

To morrow for thee-But will that to morrow ever be?"

The lastrustle of the laurels died away; all was still; the twilight was closing in darkness, and, with a shudder, Ethel turned to go. "But will that to morrow ever be?"—The

refrain of the doggrel rung in her ears. "Am I never to be free from this brother and sister?" she cried to herself, desperately, as she advanced to the house. "Am I never

to be free from this bondage?' As the last flutter of her white dress disappeared, Sir Victor Catheron emerged from the shadow of the trees, and the face, on which the rising moon shone, was white as the face of death.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

He had not overheard a word, he had not tried to overhear, but he had seen them together—that was enough. He had reached the spot only a moment before their parting, and had stood confounded at sight of his wire alone here in the dusk with Juan Catheron.

He saw them part—saw him dash through the woodland, singing as he went-saw her turn away, and walk rapidly to the house. she had come here to meet him, then, her former lover. He had not left Ohesholm; he was lurking in the neighbourhood of the Royals, and she knew it. She knew it. How many times had they met before—his wife and the man he abhorred—the man who claimed her to be his wife. What if she were his wife? What if that blight pledge in the Scotch kirk were binding? She had loved Juan Catheron then. What if she loved him still? She had hidden it from him, until it could be hidden no longer—she had deceived him in the past, she was deceiving him in the present. So fair and so false; so innocent to all outward seeming, yet so lost to all truth and

He turned sick and girdy; he leaned against a tree, feeling as though he could ne- I relieve the most exquisite pain.

ver look upon her false face again. Yet the next moment he started passionately up.
"I will go to her," he thought; "I will

hear what she has to say. If she voluntarily tells me, I must, I will believe her. If she is silent, I will take it as a proof of her guilt." He strode away to the house. As he enter- and if the testimony of a large number of our ed, his man Edwards met him and presented him a note.

"Brought by a groom from Powyss-place, Sir Victor," he said. "Squire Powyss has had a stroke."

The baronet tore it open -it was an impe tuous summons from Lady Helens. "The squire has had an attack of apoplexy

For Heaven's sake come at once."

Be crushed it in his hand, and went into turned to the nursery; he was prety sure of always finding her there. She was there bending over her baby, look-

ing fair and sweet as the babe itself. Fair and sweet surely. Yet why, if innocent, that nervous start at sight of him-that frightened | True Witness has survived a generation of look in the blue eyes? The nurse stood at a men all but two years, and it is now what we distance, but he did not heed her. "A summons from Powyss-place," he said

the poor old squire has had a fit of apoplexy. This is the second within the year, and may prove fatal, I must go at once. It is not likely I shall return to-night."

She looked at him startled by his deadly paleness; but then, perhaps the summons accounted for that. She murmured her regrets, then bent again over her baby.

"You have nothing to say to me, Ethel, be

fore I go?" he said, looking at her steadily. She half lifted her head, the words half rose to her lips. She glanced at the distant nurse, who was still busy in the room, glanced at her husbands pale set face, and they died away again. Why detain him old subscribers to retain it but new ones to now in his haste and trouble? Why rouse his rage against Juan Catheron at this inopportune time!? No, she would wait until to- one way they gained in another, and they morrow-nothing could be done now; then assisted the introduction into Catholic she would reveal that intrusion in the grounds.

"I have nothing to say, except good-bye. I hope poor Mr. Powyss may not be so ill as you fear."

He turned away a tumult of jealous rage within him. A deliberate lie he thought it; there could be no doubt of her guilt now. And yet, insanely inconsistent as it seems, he had never loved her more passionately than in that hour.

He turned to go without a word. He had reached the door. All at once he turned back, caught her in his arms almost fiercely, and kissed her again and agrin.

"Good-bye," he said, "my wife, my lovegood-bye."

His vehemence frightend her. She released herself and looked at him, her heart fluttering one year. A second time he walked to the door-a second time he paused. Something seemed to stay his feet on the threshold.

"You will think me foolish, Ethel," he said with a forced laugh; but I seem afraid to leave you to-night. Nervous folly I suppose; but take care of yourself, my darling, until I return. I shall be back at the earliest possible moment."

Then he was gone. She crossed over to the low French window standing wide open, and looked after him plication. wistfull**v** .

"Dear Victor," she thought, "how fond he is of me after all." The moon was shining brightly now, though the day still lingered. She steed and materially to their income without interferwatched him out of sight. Once, as he rode ing with their legitimate business. away, he turned back-she kissed and waved

her hand to him with a smile. "Poor Victor!" she thought again, "he loves me so dearly that I ought to forgive him everything. How happy we might be here together, if were not for that horrible brother but can work up their quota from different and sister. I wish-I wish he would send her

She lingered by the window, fascinated by the conditions by forwarding the names and

and Miss Catheron entered. "You here," she said coolly; I don't know it. I wanted Victor. I thought I heard his voice. And how is the neir of Catheron

Royals ?" She bent, with her usual slight smile, over the crib of that young gentleman, and regarded take subscriptions from themselves and their

him in his sleep. The nurse, listening in the dusk, she did not perceive. "By-the-by, I wonder if he is the heir o Catheron Royals though? I am reading up the Scottish Law of marriage, and really I

have my doubts. If you are Juan's wife, you can't be Sir Victor's, consequently the legitimacy of his son may yet be-She never finished the sentence. It was the last drop in the brimming cup-the straw that broke the camel's back-the one insult of all others not to be borne. With eyes

afire in the dusk, Sir Victor's wife confronted You have uttered your last affront. Inez Catheron," she exclaimed. "You will never utter another beneath this roof. To-morrow you leave it! I am Sir Victor Catheron's wife the mistress of Catheron Royals, and this is the last night it shall ever shelter you. Go!" She threw open the nursery door. "When my husband returns, either you or I leave this

ver!" The nurse was absolutely forgotten. For a secone even Inez Catheron quailed before the storm she had raised; then black eyes met

blue, with defiant scorn. "Not all the soap-boilers' daughters in London or England shall send me from Catheron Royals! Not all the Miss Dubbs that ever bore the distinguished appelation shall drive me forth. You may go tomorrow if you will.

I shall not." She swept from the room, with eyes that blazed, and voices that rang. And Jane Pool, the nurse, softly opened an opposite door and stole out.

"Good Lor' !" she thought, "here be a pretty flare up ! Ain't Miss Inez just got a temper though. I wouldn't stand in my Lady's shoes, and her a-hating me so: no; not for all her money. I'll go down and get my supper, and call for Master Baby.

Mrs Pool descended to the servants hall, to narrate, of course in confidence, to her most particular friends, the scene she had just overneard. There was Welsh rabbit for suppernurse was particularly fond of Welsh rabbitand in discussing it and Miss Inez's awful temper half an hour slipped away. Then she

rose again to see after her charge. (To be Continued.)

The Liver is the grand puri'ving organ of the system; when inactive or obstructed bad blood and ill health are certain results. Burdock Blood Bitters cure all diseases arising from disordered Liver, Stomach, Bowels or Kidneys, purifying, restoring and strengthening. It regulates the Bowels, cleanses and enriches the blood, and imparts tone to every organ of the body. Trial bottles 10 cents.

EASE by day and repose by night are enjoyed by those who are wise enough to apply and bronchitis for over eight years, and who DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL to their aching is now perfectly cured. Hundreds of similar muscles and joints. A quantity easily held authentic testimonials can be seen at Dr. M. in the palm of the hand is often enough to Souvielle's office, 13 Philips square. Instru-

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they the dining-room. His wife was not there; he advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwins theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still flequin enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS for

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on ap-

We want active intelligent agents through out Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergy. man, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality. towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible presure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

A BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH. Thousands of people cured of chest disease and nasal catarrh by Dr. M. Souvielle's spirometer, which is used in the leading hospitals in Europe; instructions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address: physicians and sufferers invited to try the instrument at the Doctor's office, Montreal, without charge. Send for particulars to Dr. M. Souvielle, exaide surgeon French army, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

Why should not truth be acknowledged? These wonderful instruments are the discovery of the age, and people need no longer fear chest diseases until its very last stage. Read the following and see the wonderful

cures effected by these instruments, which convey medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease:—

MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881. DEAR DOCTOR,-I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of catarrh and bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.

Yours truly, C. Hill.

MONTREAL, January, 1881.

Dr. M. Souvielle, Montreal. DEAR SIR,-I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies.

Yours, respectfully. S. HILTON.

Mr. Benj. A Drake, 162 St. Urbain street, Montreal, for many years suffering from bronchitis and asthma, is now cured.

Mr. Hunter, student at McGill College, who suffered from chest disease, is now cured. Also the no less surprising cure of Mrs. Benoit, 114 Cathedral street, daughter of Mr. David Perrault, who suffered from asthma ments expressed to any address.

FASHION NOTES.

Flower bonnets are fashionable. Corsages are made pointed at the side. Roman bayadere stripes will be worn.

All poke bonnets have short broad strings. Jet catterpillars are considered ornamental. Tissue d'Orient is a fashionable new fabric. The smaller the bonnet the bigger the flow

Fine French hosiery comes in cluster stripes. Champagne color combines well with

crimson. Lustrous gros] grain silk is to be again ashionable.

Gold and jet passementerie are used in ombination. Quaint Egyptian designs are shown in orna ments.

Black satin and satin brocade are used for street suits. Straw pendants are a fashionable garniture

in millinery. Rich crochet passementeries in floral deigns are very elegant.

Jet finished lace edgings are among the new dress trimmings. Some of the Grecian house robes have very

handsome borders. The tiny capote is still the dress bonnet of Parisian women.

Gold comb-shaped ornaments are a novelty for the back of bonnets.

Satin de Lyon, satin surab, and brocades are the silks used for wraps. The new silk and liste-thread are very long

and of fine quality. The new steel and jet passementeric is the favorite novelty of the season.

Muslin embroidered with one color makes the prettiest of summer dresses. A new fringe is a combination of sewing-

silk, crimped silk and seaweed. Small checks overlaid with a faint plaid appear among the new goods.

Much shirring is used on the neck, should

ers, sleeves, and backs of mantels. The pretty old fashion of edging the brim of shade hats with lace is revived.

Satin muffs are now as much a part of redding outfit as bonnets and fans. The new steel lace is made of wire, with out any substructure of thread or silk.

On the wrists of black gloves are now work

ed jet bands, which simulate bracelets. Trains are no longer allowed to flow freely, but are slightly gathered up in the back. A timely and novel way of wearing a watch is to fasten it on the shoulder by a dia-

mond arrow. IF you are suffering with a cold do not fail to try HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM; it is daily relieving its hundreds throughout our Dominion. It is pleasant and palatable.

> LORD CLONCURRY AND HIS TENANTRY. (Cork Herald May 7th.)

Rev. Canon Wall, V.F., P.P., has re ceived the following from Lord Cloncurry:-Lyons, Hazlehatch, 15th April, 1881

Sir.-I have to acknowledge the reciept of your letter of 12th, asking for an abatement of 30 per cent, upon the half year's rents now due to me, by tenants in the County Limerick. I would be glad to give this abatement, if a similar abatement was made in the charges which I am obliged to meet. The annual sum which I pay to the Trustees of Maynooth R.C. College as interest upon mortthe brilliancy of the rising September moon. smounts until the club is completed. We gages of lands in Ireland, is as large as the As she stood there, the nursery door opened, have observed that our paper is, if possible, whole rental of my property in Limerick, and Miss Catheron entered.

The property is as large as the paper is, if possible, whole rental of my property in Limerick, more popular with the ladies than with the land if you can persuade the Trustees of Maynooth College to give me an abatement of 20 per cent in the half year's interest now accruing due to them, I will have pleasure in giving a similar abatement to my tenants in Limerick; but if I am obliged to pay interest and taxes in full, I must ask my tenants to meet their liabilities in full. The half year's rent to which you refer became due last November, and I have already allowed ample time, and Mr. Rynd will attend as usual, and he will accept the rents due up to last November, if paid in full, but in every case in which the November rent is not paid before the May rent becomes due, my solicitor will take the necessary steps to recover the whole years rent immediately. As you are authorized by a meeting of my tenants to write on their behalf, I will take this opportunity of telling them through you that I am willing to sell my property in Limerick to the tenants, or to a trustee on their behalf, and either to sell the fre-simple or to sell subject to a fee-farm rent. The conduct of people in the South of Ireland during the last year has been disgraceful, and all feelings of honesty have been so openly repudiated, that I shall be glad to sever my connection with the county Limerick, and I will be glad to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by the tenants, and I will sell to them at twentyfour years purchase, or I will give fee farm grants at half the present rents, on payment of twelve years purchase, for example-a tenant paying £20 present rent could obtain a lease for ever at £10 without restrictions, on payment of £240. I do not include the present lesseholders, or the lands adjoining Gienstal, in this proposal, but you may be in a position to consider this matter on the part of the yearly tenants. My property is affected by deeds, and settlements, but I am advised that the courts have power to enable me to carry out this proposal. I will be glad to hear from you again, and there are, of course, many details into which I need not now enter, but I cannot alter this answer as to the overdue rents .- Your obedient servant, CLONCURRY.

Rev. W. Wall, P. P.

The most miserable man in the world is the dyspeptic, and dyspepsia is one of the most troublesome difficulties to remove, but Burdock Blood Bitters always conquer it. It stimulates the secretions, regulates the Bowels, acts upon the Liver, aids digestion, and tones up the entire system. Trial bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: I have been watching the progress of Da. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis, and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but it you wish me to act as such, I shall only be too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child."

CHARLES STEWART.

(The Celtic Monthly).

COMMODORE STEWART—the grandfather of Mr. Parnell, is one of those honoured names in the naval history of the United States around which a hollow nimbus circles, for with it are associated some of the most brilliant victories won for the flag of the young Republic on the trackless wastes of the deep. More than a half century has rolled by since the gallant subject of our sketch won distinction and renown, but centuries will yet roll over before the fame of his brilliant achievements will pale or fade from the memery of the nation upon which he shed such lustre and served with such unselfish Charles Stewart was born in Philadelphia

July 28, 1778, two years after the Declaration of Independence. In March, 1789, he entered as lieutenant on the frigate United States, then employed in the West Indian waters against French privateers. The young officer by his bravery and uniform courtesy rose high in the estimation of his superiors. In 1813 he got himself transferred to the frigate Constitution, in which he set sail from Boston, for the West Indies. In a short time he met and destroyed several British ships. including the Picton, of 16 guns, a privateer of 10 guns, a schooner, and a brig. The Constitution had put so hurriedly to sea that after a few months she had to return to get new sails instead of the worn-out ones she carried. On her way she was chased by two of the enemy's frigates, and Captain Stewart, not satisfied that his craft was just then in proper fighting trim, skilfully gave them the slip, and ran her almost under the guns of the fort of Marblehend, about 16 miles north-east of Boston, where she was in safety. In a few days she was able to make Boston to refit.

It had happened many years previously that in an idle moment Charles Stewart had submitted to the imposition of one of that class of frauds known as "fortune-tellers," by whom he had been informed that it was his fate to marry the "belle of Boston. By one of those singular coincidences which sometimes happen, the prediction was literally verified. While waiting for his ship to be got ready he fell in love with and espoused Miss Delia Tudor, the brilliant daughter of Judge Tudor, who was pre-eminently "the belle" of the city. Short time was allowed afterwards for nuptial bliss. The Constitution was ready for another cruise, and the bridegroom could no longer tarry with his bride. As he parted from her he asked her what present she would like him to bring her on his return. "Bring me a British friggate," was her patriotic answer. "You shall have two," he replied, his eyes kindling with love and pride;" and I shall wear my weding uniform in battle."

It was in December 1814 that he again put to sea, as little regardful of the winter's wild storms as of the enemy's countless ships, Two of the latter were soon in his hands. One he destroyed; the other, which had on board a valuable cargo, he sent to New York.

By February, 1815, he was off the coast of Spain. There was some repining among the subordinate officers of the Constitution at the ill luck of the vessel in not having had a brush with the enemy on the European coast. Charles Stewart overheard them grumble. Perhaps he had a presentiment of what was about to come; perhaps—and this is more likely-he was actually in search, from information he had picked up, of certain British war-ships in his neighborhood. Whatever his inspiration, it is certain that he bade the officers to keep up their spirits, for the chance of distinguishing themselves for which thy sighed was close at hand. "I assure you, genthe enemy, and it will not be with a single ship." This was said on the morning of February 19.

descried by the lookout on the most head of the Constitution. Chase was given until four o'clock, by which time the distance between the vessels was lessened by one-half, when, unfortunately, under the power of a freshening breeze, the main-royal mast of the Constitution was carried away. Nothing could well be more vexations to men "spoiling for a fight," as were those on board, since the accident in the short February ovening gave the chase an excellent chance of slipping away. However, the gallant captain wasted no time in fretting over the mishap; but got to work at once in renairing the damage, and with such colorify that in half an hour a now spar had been put up, the royal sails again set, and the Constitution was forging ahead at her utmost speed. Just at that time another ship of war was reported by the lookout, and evidently exchanging signals with the chase. Captain Stewart understood the signals, and from them divined that the vessels were British men-of-war and consorts. What followed is so well described in the Life of Stewart, that we shall make use of the de-

scription here :--"One of the vessels being painted with double vellow streaks and false ports in the waist, had at a distance the appearance of a double-decked ship, and Lieutenant Ballard told Captain Stewart that she must be at least a fifty gun ship. He replied that she looked too small to be a ship of that class, but might be an old forty-four on two decks. 'However,' he added, 'be this as it may, you know I promised you a fight before the setting of to-morrow's sun, and if we do not take it now that it is offered, we can scarcely have another chance. We must flog them when we catch them, whether she has one gun-deck or two i' "At five o'clock the leeward ship bore up

before the wind, under easy sail, to enable the chased ship to join her. The Constitution having gained considerably on the chase, with a hope of crippling her, or bringing her to action before she could join her consort, fired a shot at her which fell short. The chase continued until the two ships joined, and a little before seven o'clock, the moon shining brightly, the British ships hauled to the wind in a line shead of each other, about two hundred yards apart. Reducing to fighting sail, and heaving to with the maintop sails to the masts, they awaited the American's coming up. The Constitu-tion was on the starboard quarter of the sternmost vessel, about one mile distant. Furling in all except the topsails, itb. and top gallant sails, reduced to fighting trim, she gradually lufted to starboard, and ranged along the windward side of the sternmost ship until she reached the desired position, which was at the apex of the equilateral triangle, the British ships forming the base line. Stewart heaving the Constitution to. with the mainsails to the mast, and the jib in brails, he fired a shot, not at either, but between both, with a view to invite the action and deaw their fire. His motive for this was to make the British commit the first act of hostility, he having boarded a Russian ship three days before, direct from London, and received from her captain a copy of the London Times, containing the heads of the treaty healthy action... It purifies the blood and of Ghent, as signed by the Ministers of the cures all Humors, even the worst forms of United States and Great Britain, and said to | Scrofula, and tones up the Nervous and Dehave been ratified by the Prince Regent. bilitated.

Supposing the British ships might have later information than himself, he wished to give them a chance to decline battle if peace had been restored between the two communes.

"The Cyane (Captain Goudon F tree) and the Levant (Captain Hon. George Daglas) answered with broadsides and non- city, and the Constitution opened with a division on the gun deck and another on the forecastle on the Levant, and two divisions on the gun deck and another on the quarter-deck on the Cyane. The Constitution maintained the same position throughout the fight, as a nearer approach would have thrown one of the ships out of the line, of her fire, and exposed her to being raked. Thus the battle was continued for about forty minutes, when the Levant wore off before the wind and retired from the fight. Her consort, the Cyane, immediately after wore short round, and hauling close to the wind, poured in her broadside with her colors struck and hanging over the taffrail, as the Constitution was in the act of wearing around after her. Not the slightest injury was done by this fire. Stewart, though feeling incensed, did not return it, determining to hold the officer in command responsible. The matter was afterwards explained, as occurring in mistake. The Cyane was immediately taken possession of, and her officers sent on board the Constitution, which filled away to leeward after the Levant, followed by the prize with the American ensign flying. The Levant, finding it impossible to escape, wore ship, and ranged under larboard tack along the starboard battery of the Constitution in close and gallant style, and delivered her fire. The Constitution poured into hera broadside, and wearing short around, plunged into her stern three chase shots, which arrested her escape and brought down her colors. She was immediately boarded and her officers sent to Stowart's ship.

"The principal injury received by the Constitution was in her rigging; that of the enemy's ships, in their hulls. The Americans had three killed and twelve wounded, three of the latter mortally. The Cyane lost twelve killed and twenty-six wounded; the Levant twenty-three killed and sixteen wounded-total British casualties, seventy-seven. The Constitution mounted fifty-one guns, twenty-four of which were thirty-two poundors; and the Levant twenty-one guns, eighteen of which were thirty-two pounders, The odds against the Constitution is most clearly shown in the calibre of the guns, the British carrying more than sixteen thirtytwo pounders."

In his history of the American Navy, J. Fenimore Cooper, commenting on this splen-

did naval victory, says:—
"The manuer in which Captain Stewart handled his ship on this occasion excited much admiration among nautical men, it being unusual for a single vessel to engage two enemies and escape being raked. So far from this occurring to the Constitution, however, she actually raked both her opponents: and the manner in which she backed and filled in the smoke, forcing her two antagonists down to leeward when they were endeavoring to cross her stern or forefoot, is surely the most brilliant manouvring in naval annals."

The two British captains were foolish enough to dispute in Stewart's presence concerning the conduct of the battle, and to blame each other for not having done this, that, or the other, which must infallibly have brought about a different result to the action. Such paltry endeavors to shift blame from each to the other were eminently distasteful to a truly brave man, as Stewart was; and at length he felt bound to interfere. "Gentlemen," said he, "there is no use in getting warm about it; it would have been all the tlemen," he concluded, "that before another same whatever you might have done. If sun sets you will be engaged in battle with you doubt that, I will put you all on board again and you can try it over." Englishmen would say that the remark was only a specimen of "Yankee bumptiousness;" impartial About half-past one o'clock on the same critics may see in it merely the confidence of a man who knew why a won, and who felt himself able to do again what he had already done. At all events the British captains did not jump at his offer, but preferred to remain snug and sate as prisoners of war on board the Constitution.

We regret that space will not permit us to follow in detail the career of this illustrious man, or recount the many honors heaped upon him by his admiring country. In Boston he and his officers were honored by a triumphal procession. In New York the Council voted him the freedom of the city, gave him a gold snuff-box, and him and his officers a public dinner. Pennsylvania voted him the thanks of the commonwealth and a gold-hilted sword. Congress passed a vote of thanks to him and his brave officers, and caused a gold medal to be struck in his

honor. In 1857 he was placed on the retired list, but resumed service in 1859 under a new commission as senior flag officer. On July 16, 1862, he was created rear-admiral. He died at Bordentown, N. J., November 7, 1869. where his daughter, Mrs. Parnell, the gifted mother of the young high leader, still re-

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Garibaldi, in contracteting a report that: one of his sons had joined the Kroumirs, writes to a Savoy admirer:—"As to the war between France and Italy eagerly dreamed of by our common enemies, I think our corpses will have to be trampled on before that monstrosity is realized. An Italian a French citizen in France, a Frenchman an Italian citizen in Italy, such is the goal we should reach. No more barriers, no more frontiers, complete equality -a fraternity which may serve as a basis for human fraternity. To Savoy and its gallant children a hearty greeting."

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