[FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.]

The shadows hung heavy and dark over had fitted the spot for the abode of the solitary or ill-used of fortune. It was far from any human dwelling, approached by a long, dark funereal avenue of firs and pines, sequestered by a sudden turn of the road, from the unfrequented highway, and isolated still more, if possible, by a stone wall, running round three sides of the building, and enclosing a brick-paved courtyard. I scarcely know who had been the founder of the house, or what strange freak had led him to erect such barriers against his kind. It was some remote connection of our people, and the legend of the place scarce spoke of him at all, but it waxed garrulous over strains of ghostly music, that between midnight and dawn was said to be distinctly audible. Apropos of this, it hinted. too, of a brave defence in the Republican days, and of an officer in the old Continental blue and buff, who still occasionally brandished swords with unseen foemen, and died, in appearance, as they had once died in reality, when the moon was at its full, its | my brother roused himself from his abstrac-

his dead face.

Nigh upon the hearth blazed the yule logs, and beside it sat my brother, directly facing me, as we had sat year in, year out, building castles in the air, making pictures in the fire. We were growing old together, that brother of mine, and I, and I saw threads of silver in his hair, which only too surely reflected similar threads in my own. What a handsome man he had been. pondered over it, at my ease, before the fire,—with wonderful gifts as I remembered him, wonderful power of making friends, wonderful graces of manner, wonderful skill at repartee. He was losing, nowfailing was the common verdict,-passing down the decline of life. A great many things had slipped from him, from us—though I never had so much to lose. Youth, that had been ours in common, with the mystery of life, unsolved, and a new Paradise, brave with all the old glories of Eden, opening before us. Beauty-his alone; he could scarce be said to have lost it. Fame-never mine, had slipped from him, when he had almost grasped it. Hopes, dreams, friends, sweet-hearts, kindred, boon companions—all. all have disappeared in windings of the great labyrinth. Brother with brother, we are left alone. Somewhat of a dreamer and a visionary was he, so people said of him, in the days when it had been worth their while to speak of us at all. But I knew how brave a worker he had been withal. Night and day he had toiled and slaved at pictures, seldom sold, more seldom paid for. It had always been understood, as we grew up together from boyhood, that I was best fitted to cope with the work a-day world, its ruggedness and its jostling. Yet I had been the companion, these years back, of that artist life of his, and I knew that it had its rough places, and its unrequited toil, its unshed tears and its own peculiar slavery. There was more beauty in it, no one can deny; there was walking out of the beaten path, and strange encounters with models, and brethren of the type Bohemian; there were memories, slender, delicate hand, the curtain of a door too, of studio life in sunshiny places, with a Romansky peeping in, or bits of the Val d'Arno cluster of roses, relieved by the darkness catching the eyes, more golden and mellow around her. I felt angry at her beauty-that than its fac-similes in oil upon the easel. Even fatal beauty of hers. It seemed to divide my at this distance of time, when my brother brother from me again, and I longed to take heard the murmurs of our native stream, pencil and brush and form there on her pushing its way, in summer, through the tangled hedges and shrubbery upon its banks, time had made on his, my brothers, and to we half forgot that it was not the placid streak that lovely hair with gray, and to dim "Southern Sea" washing the shore of poetic the glow of youth in those eyes Idle dream

river, or the bleak, cold winds, howling around, into anything but the proper signs and

symbols of our rugged northern winter. fancied, memories were becoming too strong and coming to where I stood, again pledged for him, so I led him on to talk of them, best panacea, for such evils. It was Christmas I heartily responded to the toast. We went Eve, the dawn of that solemn midnight, as out of the room together after that, and passthe frosty air came pealing to us, with sudden nervously. He heard, he said, what seemed joyful clangor—heralds of the glad tidings like music, weird, ghostly, unutterably crying, "Largesse, largesse, to the poor of mournful—the dead love of the Republican earth! Gentle dames and valiant knights your King cometh, with what device of pomp and splendor will ye meet him?"

Something in the sound of these bells went straight to our hearts, we, two lonely men, together on the hearthstone of what had been. Involuntarily we rose, and clasped each other's hand. We didn't speak on "Merry Christmas," the bells spoke it for us, with their minor note, peace, peace, to men of good

will; peace, peace. When the bells had ceased ringing we resumed our places by the fire, and my brother and anon, up from even those careless hearts, fell to talking of Christmases gone by-one within the shadow of Eternal Rome. With lowly manger and the blue mountains of what grandeur they had hailed the coming of Judea, and even beyond, where the angels their King there; with what largesse to the poor; with what brave banners and gorgeous tapestries and pealing of Cathedral bells and booming of cannon, and illuminating of churches and castles, and chanting of wonderful choirs and singing of fresh boy-voices, like the angels singing to the shepherds, and hold, bravely, with sword in hand, the martialling of splendid uniforms, and calmly, as a patriot should die, going the sounds of military music, and the whole great heart of that wonderous capital throbbing with joy, crying with one accord, "Wassail, wassail to the King. But more sweetly and tenderly to my brother's mind | ing our hearts, and elevating them in spite seemed to come the recollection of home Christmases, them vividly, so vividly that at times I almost started, as he brought the dead around the board again, and the dead alive, too. How they haunted us, for the absent do haunt us, more persistently even than the dead. The echo of a laugh, the voice of one singing, the periume of a flower, come ghostlike to our senses, and pale, shadowy glimpses of faces, mocking us in their mirthfulness, melting us to tears in their pathos. And what are the Christmases to us, but wan ghosts rising up at mid-year, to taunt us with hopes that have died, joys that have vanished, sorrows that have been outlived, loves that have left us only remembrance sweet, it is true, as some half-forgotten morning of spring time. Distinct as a painted portrait, he showed me our mother again, are sung, and the sweetest words spoken. So looking pale, through the distance, in her evening robe of black velvet, with her brown prepared for us, and we listened, half merry, hair, lying so smooth and soft, under the lace of her cap, and growing whiter every Christ. Thus the midnight stole upon us in such mas as the year came round, till as she lay in the coffin it was snowy white. I could almost fancy her at the fireside again, till roused from the reverie, into which my brother had cast me, I felt the settled stillness of the place, where once the sweet-

story of that first Christmas in Bethlehem. Upon one Christmas only, this chronicler

mained unspoken. I had seen him that Christmas night standing beside his betrothed wife, whom it was the fashion then to describe, beautiful as the fabled Marguerite. They were so well matched, those two, she so graceful and composed, he so handsome and so confident. I never quite understood that old home of ours, with the ugly remnant their love for each other, there was so much of tangled vines and ivy that in summer pride in it. Each was proud of the other, time had been its chief ornament. Nature each felt the other's pre-eminence. If it had not been so, I know not what. I often wondered, how poverty, disgrace, loss of personal beauty or the like, would have operated in this alliance of charms and counter-charms; I wondered, but what avails it to wonder now! I glanced at my brother, he was very thoughtful, and I knew by the cloud on his brow, that he had gone back there to that Christmas, too, and lived its scenes over again, and looked with joy and and triumph again on the face of that lovely one he had chosen, and who had chosen him. What a gulf lies between them, poverty, ruin, loneliness, and they stand on either side of it, and at Christmas time, or when some idle memory stirs them, they gaze across it at each other, and smile, with such a smile as the phantoms of our dreams wear.

Perhaps I had memories of my own connected with that evening, but there was not so much pride about mine, and they brought no bitternness to my thoughts, Suddenly no cloud to my brow. beams falling upon and throwing into relief | tion, and springing up, with almost his old elasticity, cried out to me to order some glasses and a bottle of wine. "The Norsemen, was it," said he, "used to drirk a remembrance cup, or something of the kind, to the memory of departed friends. But not here, let us have it in my studio." I followed him there,-the wine was brought, and I quickly saw his intention. He passed by all the other pictures in the room and uncovered one, which stood unfinished on the easel. It was the last he had ever touched, many years ago now. With that had ended his artist life. Unfinished though the portrait was, I knew it; the proud look in the eyes; the line about the mouth, faintly marked in the picture, strongly in reality, indicating a disposition to cruelty; the thin, delicate nostrils; the clear, pencilled eye-brows; the faint sea-shell pink in the cheeks, and the capital defect of the face; the weak chin, which once my brother had quarrelled with me for remarking,-in every point of detail an exquisite face.

"Here," said my brother, pausing, "let us drink the remembrance cup, or whatever it

He poured out the wine, and took his glass in his hand. Straightway, then, he confronted the undisturbed image upon the easel. I remained in the background. That pledge was between themselves. He did not speak a word, but drank the wine slowly and in silence. Mine was untasted. I could not touch it then. As we stood thus the bells startled us once more, not with their clang or triumph, but with the softer note again, peace, peace to men of good will, peace. Then I heard my brother echoing their message, peace, peace, and I knew that between him, and that old love of his, there was, at last, peace. He stood a moment after that, confronting her still, gazing intently into those eyes, with the old look of pride in them and their long dark lashes curling upward. It would seem as if she, in the glow of her beauty, confronted him likewhence she emerged, her white dress and the smooth cheeks the lines and furrows that for the old chronicles, in my despite, would It was December now, however, and no still remain in the breast of the historian, wild stretch of fancy could convert the frozen only tenfold more beautiful, with the legend writ beneath in letters of gold, "Ye fair and winsome maid."

All at once, without a word, without even There was a restless mood in my brother I | a sigh, my brother drew the curtain over it me in all brotherly love and cordiality, and we knew by the bells that far away through | ing through the corridor, my brother started soldier, waking the echoes, as report said of her,-but he laughed himself next moment at a fancy so absurd, and returned to the embers

of our fire. Suddenly the logs leaped into a blaze. The dreary old room was all at once aglow with light, fairly embowered in ivy, mistletoe and holly. Voices long familiar gave us greeting. Christmas legends were whispered here and there,—and other legends scarcely less sweet, and even older-Christmus carols sung, and Christmas toasts given. But ever went one reverent thought, upwards from the sang in that one immortal chorus, the echo of which in these far centuries still thrills our hearts. The moon was nearly at its full, and tales went round of how in a distant time, its pale blue ray flashed upon the dead face of the soldier falling at his own thresdown to posterity with the light of the moon full upon, remembered forever after, as having died thus peacefully, and thus manfully. So, with the world, tradition touchus, was mingled that purely local one, of and he sketched little fame, and of little worth, save to those dwellers in that solitary old house who loved sometimes to ponder upon the memory of a noble man once part and parcel of it. There was nervous questionings too, and the replies of superior wisdom, as to the reality of that ghostly music, heard in the sombre old house. Even as we spoke, to confound us all, came a rush of mysterious music, deep, passionate and mournful, seeming now to proceed from the halls and corridors, or again from the brick-paved court-yard, while in the moonlight there was a general clustering together, and a shivering and a turning pale. But presently it seemed to us that we recognized this music of Paradise, and had heard it before somewhere in a more earthly Eden, that land of youth, where the sweetest songs we discovered that it was a surprise expressly half sad to the dear old tunes it played

the joys that then were ours. All the Christmas tide we revelled in mirth of our past failed to touch, I understood, and good fellowship, never leaving off, until, the dearest to him of all, its chronicle re- when at Twelith Night, we chose our King tary. A subscription list has been opened. | mitted into the Union, were now beginning parties upon the frontier.

voiced woman, he recalled had told us the omit it altogether, and dely fate to rob us of

pleasure and jolity, so blithesomely, so

happily, that when it was time to wish

each other "Merry Christmas," and to cry

out in the fullness of our hearts, "God give

ye all good morrow," it seemed so needless,

so unnecessary, that we were half tempted to

and Queen, decking them out in all the bravery of our combined wardrobes. Such a heaven as there was that night, exquisitely lovely in her brief authority, with heavily fringed eyes, the lashes curling upwards, with a graceful figure, turning half mirthfully, half tenderly to her king and suzerain lord. He was a King worthy of the Queen, glowing in his pride and happiness, smiling with careless and easy pride upon his vassals. O! King, King, between thee and me, thy liege brother and first subject, the beauty of that Queen has dug a fearful gulf. The malicious whisper that it is bridged over by another Queen and sovereign lady, but I will not have her called a Queen, even though I am, indeed, her slave, rather angel, fairy, or whatever the heart of man is pleased to call his lady love. I will not deny that such a one has cast a veil over my eyes, and that she is secking even now to blind me, not more effectually, though more visibly for a game of blind man's buff.

On this gay scene let the curtain fall, as it fell so lately upon a sombre rcom, and the light embers dead almost upon the hearth, and two lonely men, brothers and sworn comrades, drinking a remembrance cup to the loves and the friends vanished from around them. Which the dream and which the reality, which the shadows and which the things of life, which the idle vissionary and the man of prose? Why answer, why wonder, why speculate.

" Half our life we live as monarchs, And the other half as slaves."

Nor let us ask too curiously which the real or which the ideal? What would it avail us to know? Shall there not be a Christmas morning, far or near we know not, when our doubts shall all have vanished and we shall live of the true life that is immortal. How our ears shall be greeted then with a rushing sound as of many wings and the music of harps and symbols and the Golden City of Heavenly Jerusalem, shall ring with wonderful, inconceivable gloria. Faintly, too, like the memory of something long distant and remote from us, shall arise the murmurs, once so dear to us, "Peace, peace to men of goodwill," and we shall seem to see that blessed peace stealing down into the darksome places of large cities, and into their glare and bustle, too, bringing, as of old it brought to us, a strange thrill of great joy, and the answer to all our eager questionings. "This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the

WRECK OF THE BARQUE BRISTOLIAN.

FEARFUL SUFFERINGS ENDURED BY THE CREW DYING FROM EXPOSURE.

OCESEC, Dec. 21. - A portion of the crew of the barque Bristolian, which was wrecked on Anticosti on the 22nd ultimo, arrived up here last night, and tell a fearful tale of hardship connected with the wreck. The vessel left port on Saturday, the 19th of November, and everything went well until the next day. Shortly after the pilot left the vessel at Bic, nasty, weather set in, with min and snow and sleet, accompanied by terrific gales of wind. This lasted until the evening of the 22nd, by which time the vessel had become a complete iceberg; the ropes were frozen in the blocks, and the sails would not bend, so that the ship was unmanageable. A fearful gale was blowing from the N. W., when, about 9 p.m., the vessel struck ground. Prior to this time, about 8 p.m., one of the seamen, Thomas Smith, aged about 19 years, had been washed overboard and lost. As soon as the vessel struck, the rest of the crew made themselves tast to the rfgging aft, expecting every moment to be their last. They were wet through and benumbed with the cold. There was no fire on board, nor any means of making one, the vessel having previously had her decks swept, and the galley and cook house shifted out of their position. About 11 p.m. the vessel's stern commenced to break up, at \$2 per acre, and both Mr. Blake and Mr. d the men with difficulty managed to tak up a position in the forward part of the ship, where they stowed themselves for the remainder of the night in their wet clothes, exposed to the terrors of the night. During the interval, John Evans, of Carnarvon, Thomas Anderson, aged 22, Scotch, and D. McQuilken, a young lad of 15, succumbed to the cold, and were frozen to death. Nearly all the remainder of the crew were more or less frost-bitten, but they managed to weather out the night. When day broke next morning it was found that the vessel was some two miles from land, about half-way between Bescie River and English Bay, and the weather still being rough and intensely cold, their position was a most terrible one to contemplate. It was at one time fancied that the smoke of an approaching steamer was discernible, coming in their direction, but it was not so, and the party afterwards became considerably discouraged. It was now about 11 o'clock, and they set about launching a boat, all the others having been carried away by the heavy sea. In this they were successful, but, unfortunately, the boat filled with water. They all, however, managed to get in, and baled out the boat as they rowed ashore. On landing, they were in a terribly exhausted condition, and knew not what to do or where to go. Having noticed a man's footsteps on the ground, they followed his tracks, as they imagined, for about six miles. Evan Evans, the cook, now showed signs of exhaustion, and died at the foot of the stump of an old tree. He was a married man, 42 years of age, his wife and family living in Liverpool. The remainder of the crew then resumed their journey, and shortly afterwards, with what teelings can be better imagined than described, they sighted the dwelling of Mr. Gamache, where they were hospitably re-ceived, and their sad needs most kindly attended to. They remained here for ten days, and speak in loud praise of their host for his unwearied kindness in attending to all their wants. At the end of that time, having gained considerable strength, they started out to walk for Ellis Bay, eighteen miles distant. Capt. Clements, however, was too ill to walk and was hauled along on a hand sleigh. His feet and hands are badly frozen. At Ellis Bay they embarked on the schooner Wasp for Gaspe. Three of the crew, named H. Cogley, Wm. Dunn and Wm. Calcott, being too badly frozen, were left on the Island, but they were in a fair way of recevery, and it is anticipated that they have by this time completely recovered. Captain Clement remains at Gaspe, where he will stay until he has fully recovered, towards which he is now in a fair way. The names of those who have arrived here are Andrew Neblock, mate; John Jamieson, carpenter, and Geo. Nash, Robert Blackall and John Brown, able seamen. They were taken charge of by the shipping office and sent to Mrs. Doherty's boarding house on Champlain street.

THE LAND LEAGUE IN OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.-At a mass meeting of the Irish Catholics, held last night, a branch of the Irish Land League was formed, more especially for contributing to the defence of

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

OTTAWA, Dec. 22, 1880. Both sides have been freely using their ammunition since the House opened, on the Pacific Railway question, and no doubt advantage will be taken of the adjournment by indefatigable members of enlightened constituencies to supplement the speeches made in Parliament by fervid appeals, in which the country will be represented as either about to enter on an era of unprecedented prosperity or tottering on the verge of ruin. Never was there such a demand for Hansard as at present.

Members are eagerly taking advantage of the new system, by which a full report of each day's proceedings appears the following day at three o'clock, thus enabling them to mail their speeches within a day of their delivery; whereas, under the old contract system they were not published. Thousands of copies are ordered every day, and scattered feet of the Seine. The debate showed that broadcast over the country.

the good thing tor the country or the con- emblems, but the police, in some instances, trary that each party represents it to be, there can be no doubt that it will pass the House, irreverent manner. The Prefect explained and once passed, be out of the domain of that he punished those who so acted, theory, and into that of practical experience. and had himself received authorization As to the terms, their stringency cannot be from the Premier before he ordered denied, but the main question, after all, is: Could we do any better? The road will be built at a subsidy of \$25,000,000 cash, 25,000,000 acres of land, and the cost of the school furniture. The order of the day was days. Let ke Superior section, and the road from proposed by De Rasiere, Republican, that the Kamloops to Port Moody. These, according to Sandford Fleming's estimates of 15th April, 1880, would cost as follows:-Fort William to Selkirk, with

light gradients, including a fair allowance of rolling stock and engineering during the construction \$17,000,000

Lake Kamloops to Yale 125 miles......\$80,000 10,000,000 to Port Moody,

miles.....\$38,880 3,500,000

\$30,500,000

These have to be completed by the Government and handed over to the Company, but the Minister of Railways now estimates their cost at about \$28,000,000; thus the eutire road from Thunder Bay to Port Moody will cost \$25,000,000 in cash and 25,000,000 acres of land at \$1 an acre, or a total of \$78; 000 000. The Syndicate, on the other hand, will have to incur the following expendi-

100 miles from Selkirk to Jasper

550 miles from Jasper Valley to

And the eastern section from Lake Nipissing to a point of junction with the Lake Superior road, assumed at 650 miles, which is the most difficult portion of the line and may cost any amount between \$20,000,000 and \$40,000,000. Besides this, they will have to equip the road, build telegraph lines, etc., and run it when completed.

As to the value of the land subsidy, whother it be worth \$1 or \$5 an acre, with a railway | broached the matter to him and induced him running through the country, it has no imme- to go to the old man's house. This they did diate value without such communication; and in broad daylight, and he (Prevost) choked the should the road bring in so large an influx of old man to death, Damase, the son, standing immigration as to create the active competi- by. The old man lived alone and had come tion for the inner sections which the Opposi- in from his work and changed his clothes, tion to-day seem to anticipate, the outer sec- | the day being very wet; this accounts for tions must benefit in a corresponding degree. the light clothing on the body when found. On this point, however, there seems to be Prevost then went to his brother's place about great clasticity as well as divergence a mile distant and returned after dark with a of opinion exhibited on both sides. When horse and cart, took the body and threw it Sir John A. Macdonald wished to dazzle the into a hole where it was found and Damase eyes of the statesmen and capitalists of Eng. afterwards covered it with branches. Conland, and enlist on his side the Imperialistic stables Costello and Wright came up from proclivities of the Beaconsfield administra- L'Orignal last night and arrested Dame tion he set the minimum value of the land | Brunet. Mackenzie ridiculed the valuation. when it is necessary to prove that the Gov ernment heve not given away too much to the Syndicate, Sir Charles Tupper makes the modest valuation at \$1 per acre for the 25,000,000 grant, and Mr. Blake, who wishes his voice was as calm as though in ordinary to prove the contrary case, cannot conceive its being worth less than \$3.50 per acre. On scoundrel and a villain Weaver stood as this point Mr. McLennan, in his admirable though hesitating between inclination and a speech delivered last night, said, and most people will agree with him: "I maintain tion he stepped into the aisle walked slowly that whatever we may call the nominal value of the lands, they really do not enter into the | space in front of the Speaker's desk. He was question in computing the cost to us of the railway. I maintain that they are elements set and his manner showed nothing of apart, connected with the settlement of the hesitation. Sparks rose reached country, which we cannot reduce to figures in computing the cost of the railway." The | Einstein threw his burly arms over Weaver amount of money he proceeded to show, then in question, is \$35,000,000, composed of the in front of Weaver and caught one arm. \$25,000,000 subsidy and the works in construction, to be handed over to the Syndicate, | but Weaver threw them all off like children. and on the latter \$18,000,000 have already been expended. This will leave \$35,000,000 and several others surrounded and held him to be provided or an annual charge upon the to his seat. The crowd then surged in country at 4 per cent. of \$1,400,000, a sum no greater than the yearly deficits under the late administration. The increase of revenue through increase of settlement and popula-tion may, without indulging in too sanguine on the spot. While the noise was at its tion may, without indulging in too sanguine expectation, be relied on to more than height Randall left his seat in Committee cover this additional charge. Mr. Mc- and rushed down the aisle to his desk. Lennan but seldom addresses the House and when he does, it is evident that he has carefully studied the subject. He gives a classical tone to the debate Speaker shouted to the Sergeant-at-Arms to which tends to relieve it from the acridity into which a heated discussion is apt to degenerate, and has a power of quiet sarcasm often more effective than elaborate arzument. For instance, in dealing with the wholesale denunciations of the contract, he said such terms as madness, anarchy, incapacity, national ruin and suicide had lost their force through repeated use. They had been repeated too often in application to the National Policy; and his description of Sir Richard Cartwright, as not only a Minister of Deficits, but a Pasquino of debate, a sayer of bitter things, struck home. Mr. Ives, who followed, laid down three propositions at the opening of his speech: (1.) That the Liberal party is equally bound with the Conservative party to have the Pacific Railway built. (2.) That both are equally bound to have it built by a company. (3.) That the obligation to build it is irrevocable. He then proceeded to show the expense of equipment, the cost of interest during construction, and the loss in working the road when built. He made a good point by quoting an article in the Globe of 8th Nov. last, which was based on the inference that the road when constructed would be predicted a fearful annual loss to result from the working of the road during the first ten years at least. Mr. Anglin scouted the idea that there were 250,000,000 acres good land in

to be felt by those who introduced that legislation. No doubt, the railway through British Columbia is an unprofitable undertoking, and the great mistake which Mr. Mackenzie made when he entered office was in not frankly acknowledging his inability to carry out the terms of union, and calling on the Imperial Government to

allow British Columbia to revert to her former position colony. Not having done this, Mr. Laurier's attack loses its force. To-day a Conservative caucus is being held. Private bills come up this atternoon and will probably occupy the whole of to-day's Session. Mr. Charlton will resume the Pacific debate tomorrow and be followed by Sir Leonard HABITANT. Tilley.

THE RELIGIOUS DECREES.

Paris, Dec. 22.-In the Senate vesterday, Buffet, Orleanist, questioned the Government on the removal of crucifixes from the elementary schools in Paris by order of the Prethe law gave the local authorities no discre-Whether the Pacific Railway contract be | tion relative to the retention of such religious accomplished the removal in a careless and the removal. The Prefect's speech produced a great uproar on the Right, particularly his statement that the question was one merely of Senate, regretting the act which gave rise to discussion passes to the order of the day, which was passed by 159 to 35. Afterwards the order of the day, pure and simple, proposed by the Left, was rejected by 50 to 124. A milder censure on the Prefect's conduct was proposed by the Moderates, which was shelved by a similar majority. To-day the Prefect resigned. It is stated that Premier Ferry and Constance, Minister of the Interior. also declared they will resign.

PLANTAGANET, ONT.

PLANTAGANET, Opt., Dec. 22.—The parties supposed to have been connected with the murder of Pierre Brunet in September last are now in custody. It will be remembered that at the inquest nothing was elicited to attach guilt to any person. About two months ago a young man from this village named David Prevost, who left the day after the old man's disappearance, returned home partially insane. He had been up the river in one of Messrs. J. R. Booth & Co.'s shanties, and had to leave in consequence of this. Getting no better he was committed to L'Orignal jail, and having confessed to some thefts was sentenced by the magistrate to four months' imprisonment. Supicions were entertained that he was in some manner implicated with the murder, and he has been closely watched by those in charge of him. Yesterday morning he confessed to Constable Patello that he, in company with Damase Brunet, a son of the murdered man, had committed the deed. Provost states that he met Damase in the village who

THE FRACAS IN THE HOUSE AT WASH

INGTON. NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The Washington special to the World says that when Weaver called Sparks a liar in the House yesterday conversation. After Sparks called him a sense of propriety, then with much deliberadown and turned at Blount's seat into the then within three feet of Sparks. His face a chair, and partially raised it. Suddenly shoulder, while the Sergeant-at-arms stepped Two or three members grasped the other arm, Townsend placed his arms around Sparks, between the two men. The confusion was deafening. Weaver and Sparks were removed ten feet apart and were struggling to break snatching a gavel from the exhausted hands of Calvert, he nearly split the desk with it. The lull finally came, and with it the see that order was resumed. After the adjournment Weaver and Sparks kept their seats several minutes. Sparks was the first to leave and Weaver followed shortly afterwards. To-day, probably, both will be brought to bar of the House for contempt. The Times says considerable sympathy is expressed on all sides for Weaver, while no one defends his conduct. The feeling is general that Sparks is mainly responsible for the fracas. The Herald says: Undoubtedly, Weaver owes a very humble apology to the House, for his conduct was inexcusable.

A candidate for the situation of coachman advertises in a Cork paper that he has good testimonials, and is "both courageous and a good shot."

The common punishment in a Washington public school has been confinement in the hoiler room, where the temperature is 110. One little girl was made dangerously ill.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 21.-The reports of Hodges and Dillon O'Brien, are published. Dillon O'Brien, in his report, is very bitter at what he calls bad faith of Hodges, and charges him with exaggerating the suffering handed over to the Government, and of the colonists. Mr. O'Brien's investigation was conducted from Graceville by a committee of the most prominent citizens personally opposed to Father Ryan. The report covers the condition of some 25 families, many of them the same that were visited by the Northwest, and plainly hinted that Pro-Mr. Hodges. This report shows that there fessor Macoun had been sent there for the express purpose of finding those lands at all was considerable suffering during the prehazards. Our \$53,000,000, he said, would valence of the very cold weather in November, never be repaid, or anything like an adequate but all those visited agreed on the statement return obtained for it. Mr. Laurier made that Father Ryan made every possible effort Parnell and his fellow-workers. Ald Starrs a clever speech from a literary point to relieve their wants, and that now there is has been appointed chairman protem, Capt. of view. The results of the legislation of no more privation or suffering among them McCaffrey, treasurer, and F. Brennan, secre- 1871, by which British Columbia was ad- than is usually incident to inexperienced

ROUND THE WORLD.

The Dominion census will be taken on April the 4th.

Rev. Mr. Enright, the Ritualist, elects to remain in prison.

Count Von Arnim has been granted six months respite owing to ill-health.

The British Government do not depend on the loyalty of the Irish Constabulary.

A consultation of Irish Nationalists has taken place in Paris, at which ex-Head Centre Stephens presided.

Lord Beaconsfield has received 133 offers to translate "Endymion" into French-94 from ladies and 39 from gentlemen.

The Rev. Father Ignatius has published a list of the miracles that are said to have recently occurred at Llanthorey. "The white race is greatly overrated," said

a speaker to a Boston meeting of negroes relative to the Cadet Whittaker case. Mr. Thomas Carlyle has just completed his

eighty-fifth year. His friends show much anxiety about the state of his health. "Le Tresor, by M. Coppee, has been trans-

lated into German by M. Ernest Koppel for production on several stages in Germany. Bernhardt rode about Boston in a showy

carriage drawn by four horses, and attracted as much attention as a circus procession. In response to the appeal of the Catholic Bishop of Richmond, Va., liquor dealers are signing a pledge not to sell liquor on Sun-

The St. James' Gazette asserts that Siberia is a far ticher country than Canada, and enjoys a climate neither warmer in summer nor colder in winter.

A thief at St. Louis was chased out upon the great bridge by a policeman, and, rather than be arrested, dropped ninety feet and was drowned.

Jay Gould has given an order for two Atlantic cables to Liemens Bros., cable manufacturers, to be completed in July next and laid in working order in September.

A Cincinnati man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to commit snicide with the poison which he provided.

W. Bainet Le Van read a raper before the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, in which he held that ninety miles an hour was a sately attainable speed on straight and level rail-

The total population of Oregon is 174.767males, 103,388; females, 71,379. Of these 163.087 are white and 11.680 colored. The latter includes 9,506 Chinese, 2 Japanese, and 1,679 Indians and half-breeds. There are two Irish settlers in the new

Legislature of Buenos Ayres, which opened 7th ult.—Mr. Edward Murphy, of Las Heras, and the Ven. Dean Dillon, the founder and proprietor of the Southern Cross. During the farewell performance of Talbot at the Comedie Francaise the veteran artist

received a golden crown of laurels from the orchestra, and was the object of the liveliest sympathy on the part of his companions and the public generally. London Truth: - Mr. J. W. Mackey, the Prince of Bonanzas.' has just arrived in Paris from California to rejoin his family, from whom he has been separated for three years.

after which he is expected to 'settle' in New York." It is whispered in Vatican circles that Leo XIII, intends to resume quietly and by degrees the State ceremonies of the Pontifical Court as they were celebrated eleven years ago, even to going down into St. Peter's and

He is going on a prolonged tour in the East,

reviving the splendid ceremonies in that famous basilica M Gambetta's speeches and political pleadings, the publication of which is announced, will form seven volumes and will be issued at intervals of two months. The first to ap pear on the 15th inst., will extend from the defence of the Baudin memorial, Nov. 14,

1868, to the fall of the empire. Many were the scares that happened during the siege of Cabul. The arrival of the relieving forces was anxiously looked for. I see Phayre's advanced guard coming over the brow of that hill," said General looking through a field glass. " No, General,"

said an A.D.C., "they are only six donkeys!" A school girl saw a play performed at San Luis, Cal., in which the heroine died by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own, and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on the way home, and committed suicide.

A Chicago tenant informed the owner of the house he occupied that the drainage was defective, and demanded repairs, which were not made. His daughter was barely saved from death by diphtheria, and the physician declared that she was poisoned by sewer gas. A suit for \$5,000 damages has been brought against the landlord.

A woman at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother destroyed her reason. Thereupon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again. "Nothing," says the N. Y. Times, "nothing

so clearly proves the genuineness of Ireland's grievances as the spread and success of the Land League. No amount of skill in organization on the part of its leaders could stir a people without wrongs to rise in mutiny against imaginary injustice." Will the Boston Herald please observe?

Chicago's sewage flows into a river and thence into a canal. At Joliet, forty miles distant, the water of the canal is turned into new levels. A frozen surface converted the canal between Joliet and Cnicago into an airtight conduit, and the water now runs into Joliet wholly unpurified. The fear of a pestilence has led the people to ask for legislative relief.

About six miles west of Beowawe station. on the Central Pacific road, there is a true geyser on the side of a mountain, or rather forty of them. The one which throws the highest stream is only about an inch and a half in diameter, but at intervals of thirty minutes it casts up boiling water to a height of 25 feet. A lot of others gush up in the vicinity over about forty acres of ground.

EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to rosist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever these is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in rackets labelled—"LAMPS FYFE & Co., Home pathle Chemists, London, England." Also makers of FPPS'S CHOCOLATE ESSENCE for afternoon use. afternoon use.