

Sydney left her, to change her own dress before dinner. Cyrilla sat down for a moment in the low easy chair in front of the fire, burning cheerily in the steel grate, and slowly and thoughtfully removed her wraps.

"So, she thought, 'that's the way the land lies—already Master Bertie has placed his pretty face and impetuous hand at another shrine, and Sydney has found it out. He doesn't like me. I could see that. We are antagonistic at sight. All your weak men are fickle and foolish: I wonder who his imitator can be?"

"Sigh no more, in sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever. One foot on sea and one on shore, To one thing constant never. Then sigh not so, But let them go—"

Cyrilla hummed softly as she dressed. She wore the before-mentioned garnet merino, the gold and ruby set, a jet comb in her black hair, a cluster of scarlet geranium blossoms and velvet green leaf over one ear. And so, with the air of a grand duchess in her own right, Miss Hendrick swept down to the drawing-room.

"Throughbred," was Captain Owenson's inward critique; "a Bohemian by accident, a lady by birth and breeding to the core. Ah! they may say what they like in this new land, but blood will tell."

He gave his handsome guest his arm to the dining-room, with stately Sir Charles Grandison courtesy. Bertie followed after with Aunt Char, and Sydney came in the rear. "I say, Bertie, can't you get up anything to amuse the girls this evening?" the captain inquired. "There's a theatre of some sort over in the town, they tell me. Is it eligible?"

"All the people of Wyckliffe attend, sir. 'Ha! do they? And what is the play to-night?' Anything worth going to see?" "The 'School for Scandal' and the 'Lion of a Lover,'" answered Mr. Bertie Vaughan.

"Ambitions at least—capital things both. And two actors, my boy—very fourth or fifth class, no doubt, as betis strolling players?" "A few of them, sir; a few also are very good indeed," answered Vaughan, rather resentfully.

"Then, what do you say, young ladies? What do you say, mamma? Shall Bertie take you to see the 'School for Scandal'?" "I should like to see those, papa," responded Sydney.

"And so should I, I am sure," said Aunt Char. "There's nothing I used to be so fond of when I was a girl as going to the theatre." "And you, Miss Hendrick," inquired the deferential host.

"I shall be charmed, Captain Owenson; I delight in the theatre." "Then that is settled. There will be no trouble about seats, or anything of that sort, Bertie?" "I am not so sure of that, sir. It is a benefit to-night, you see, and the season closes tomorrow. The beneficiary is a prime favorite, and the house is likely to be crowded."

"Who is the beneficiary?" asked Sydney, flashing a sudden intent look into his face. "That fatal trick of blushing! Up came the blood of conscious guilt into the ingenious face of Mr. Vaughan.

"Miss De Courcy—you saw her the other night, you remember. She plays Lady Teazle." "What's the boy blushing about?" cried the captain. "Miss De—what did you say, Bertie?"

"De Courcy, sir—a nom de theatre, no doubt, answered Bertie, his natural complexion back once more. As he made the reply he looked involuntarily across at Miss Hendrick, to find that young lady's dark searching eyes fixed full upon him—a look of amusement in their depths.

"She should be a tolerable actress to undertake Lady Teazle," Cyrilla said, suavely. "I know of no more difficult part." "She is a good actress—a charming actress," retorted Bertie, a certain defiance in his tone. "I have seen many, but never one much better."

"Isn't she rather wasting her sweetness on desert air, then?" suggested the captain. "It seems a pity such transcendent talent should be thrown away on mill-men. Suppose you all start early and so make sure of good seats."

"There was a universal up-rising, a universal alacrity in hastening away to prepare. Squire Owenson's proposal met the views of all capitally.

Bertie, who had looked forward to a long, dragging, dull evening listening to Sydney and her friends' playing the piano or gossiping about the school, brightened up wonderfully. Sydney had whose very name could bring hot galls to Bertie's boyish face, and Cyrilla was desirous of beholding Sydney's rival. So a hasty toilet was made, and the three ladies piled into the carriage, with Bertie, submerged in drapery, between them, and were driving away through a whirling snow-storm to the Wyckliffe theatre.

Half an hour later, and with the last bars of the 'Agnus Dei Quadrille,' with which the provincial orchestra was delighting the audience, died away, there entered a group that at once aroused the interest of the house. A flutter of surprise and admiration ran along the benches—a hundred pair of eyes turned to stare with right good will. The theatre was filled, as Vaughan had foretold—pretty, pliant Dolly was so great a favorite that they were giving a bumper house.

Bertie Vaughan came first, with a young lady on his arm—Miss Owenson—a tall, dark, stately young lady, wearing an opera wrap, a jet comb, and scarlet geranium blossoms in her hair. Miss Owenson came next, with her mamma, looking fair as a lily, her light flowing hair falling loose and unadorned. A few significant looks, a few significant smiles were interchanged. It would be rather good fun to see the actress Vaughan was in love with, and the heiress he was to marry face to face.

"Ah! pretty, decidedly!" was Miss Hendrick's thought. "The glance at Bertie Vaughan. Yes, the tall, thin, face had lit up. Her eyes were alight, a smile of eager welcome was on his lips, his hidden hands were applauding tumultuously. She glanced at Sydney. A sort of pallor had chased away the flush of absorption; a sort of gravity her friends had never seen there before, set her soft, childish mouth.

"Poor little Syd!" Cyrilla thought; "it is rather hard your father should insist upon making you miserable for life whether or no. You don't love this handsome dandy, but he will break your heart all the same. I would like to see the actress, were she beautiful as Venus herself, that Fred Carew would throw me over for!"

The play went on. Dolly did her best, and received applause enough, noisy and hearty, to satisfy a Rachel or a Rietori. The smile, a smile of quiet amusement, deepened on Miss Hendrick's lips—a smile that nettled Bertie Vaughan. The great screen scene came, and at Miss De Courcy's pose and the acting that followed, Cyrilla absolutely laughed aloud.

"You seem well amused, Miss Hendrick," Bertie said, aggressively, an angry light in his blue eyes. "I am well amused, Mr. Vaughan. I may safely say this performance is a treat. I may also safely say, I never saw a comedy so thoroughly comical before."

"You don't like it, Cy?" asked Sydney. "Of course, after the London theatre, it must seem very poor. What do you think of—of Miss De Courcy?" "Miss De Courcy is the most original Lady Teazle I ever beheld in my life," Cyrilla replied, still laughing. "Mr. Vaughan, I thought you said they had some tolerable performers in this company? What has become of them to-night?"

"Miss Hendrick is pleased to be fastidious. For my part, I think Miss De Courcy plays remarkably well, and gives promise of becoming in the future a first-class artiste. Try to recollect this is not the Prince of Wales' Theatre."

"I'm not likely to forget it," laughed Cyrilla, with wicked enjoyment of the young man's evident chagrin. "And you really think, Mr. Vaughan, that Miss De Courcy plays remarkably well, and gives promise of becoming a popular actress?" "Do not you, Miss Hendrick?"

"Most decidedly—most emphatically not. If she lives for fifty years, and spends every one of them on the stage, she will not be a whit better at the end than she is now. She does not possess the first elements of a good actress. Personally, she is too short, too stout, too florid, too—may I say it?—vulgar. Mentally—she has not an ounce of brains in her head, she does not know the A B C of her art. But I see I bore you, I had better stop."

"By no means," cried Bertie, defiantly. "Go on." "Well, then, did you not see how that screen-scene fell?—that is the best situation in the play—she made nothing of it. And she is making eyes at the house all the while—a fatal mistake. An actress should be the character she represents, and utterly ignore her audience. And she mixes in her walk; she is coarse in voice and manner; she hasn't the faintest conception of a lady. A tolerable singing chambermaid, with training she might make; a tolerable comedienne, never!"

"A strident sentence. But it is so much easier always to criticise than to do better." "I beg your pardon, I could do very much better," retorted Cyrilla, coolly. "I lived among theatrical people all my life before I came to Canada, and was pretty thoroughly drilled in the rudiments of the profession. Once I looked forward to treading the boards myself before my aunt changed all that. If I were in Miss De Courcy's place to-night, I assure you I would play Lady Teazle much better. Don't look so disgusted, Mr. Vaughan, it is perfectly true!"

"Again she laughed, more and more amused at Bertie's irritated face. The curtain had fallen, and Ben Ward had left his seat and gone out. Bertie knew what that meant—a quiet flirtation with Dolly behind the scenes. He fidgeted uneasily, galled by Cyrilla's contemptuous criticism, yet unable to resent it, jealous of Ward, and longing desperately to break away and rush behind the scenes also. The two girls were discussing the play; Cyrilla in an undertone berisquing Miss De Courcy for Sydney's benefit. This was the straw too much; he arose.

"If you'll excuse me, Sydney, he said pointedly, ignoring Sydney's friend, 'I'll leave you for a moment. There's a—man down at the door I wish to speak to." "Without waiting for a reply he turned and walked out, with his usual negligent saunter. Two minutes more, and he made his appearance in the green room, in time to behold his rival presenting Miss De Courcy with a very handsome bouquet.

"Ah, Vaughan," Ward said, with a cool nod, 'how are you? Deucedly pretty girls those you escort to-night. Who's the dark one?' "No one you know, Mr. Ward, or are likely to know," retorted Bertie, turning his back upon him. "Dolly, you're in capital form this evening, never saw you look or play better in my life!"

"Ah, Vaughan," Ward said, with a cool nod, 'how are you? Deucedly pretty girls those you escort to-night. Who's the dark one?' "No one you know, Mr. Ward, or are likely to know," retorted Bertie turning his back upon him. "Dolly, you're in capital form this evening, never saw you look or play better in my life!"

"It's a pity you can't make one of the young ladies you have with you this evening," cried Dolly; her eyes aflame. "Do you suppose I don't see her laughing at me—at us all—since she came in? Such sneering fine ladies as that ought to stay at home—not to come here to laugh at their betters!"

"Gently, Dolly—gently," put in Ward maliciously. "You'll hurt Vaughan's feelings. One of those two is the girl he is to marry this month or next. It wasn't she who was laughing at you, was it? Admitting you as Vaughan does, I should think he would have taught her better."

"It was the girl in the white opera cloak and red dress," said wrathful Dolly; "she sat and sneered every time I opened my lips—I could see her. You had better go back to them, Mr. Vaughan," cried Dolly, with a toss of Lady Teazle's tall head-dress. "You're only wasting your time here."

"I think I am, by—" exclaimed Vaughan, with a furious oath. "I have wasted too much already. You're a fool, Dolly, and you'll live to repent it!" "He dashed out, his blue eyes lurid with jealous rage.

"Bertie," Dolly called, faintly, "if he heard he never looked back. He strode straight out, straight into the theatre, and resumed his seat beside his affianced."

"By Jingo!" exclaimed Mr. Ward, his shrill whistle of astonishment cutting the air. "who'd have thought there was so much fire in a milk-sop! Let me congratulate you, Dolly, on your pluck in getting rid of him."

(To be Continued.)

ROCKS AND RIVERS.

AN IRISH FABLE. BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'KENN.

When the Rivers first were born, The hills tops each surveyed, Through the lifting haze of morn, Where his path through life was laid.

Down they pour'd through heath and woods, Ploughing up each passing field; All gave way before the flood, The Rocks alone refused to yield.

"Your pardon," said the Waters bland, "Permit us to pass on our way; We've sent to fertilize the land, And will be chid for this delay."

"You sent!" the Rocks replied with scorn, "You muddy, ill-conditioned streams; Retain us live, where ye were born, Nor beat yourselves with such wild dreams."

"You will not?" "No!" the Waters mild Called loudly on their kindred stock; Wave upon wave their strength they piled; And cleft in twain rock after rock.

They nurtured towns, they fed the land, They brought new life to fruits and flocks; The Rivers to the People, and On Irish Landlords are the Rocks.

THE LAND CONFERENCE. (From the Freeman, May 1st.)

"TO THE HON. SECRETARIES OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE: 'GENTLEMEN:—I delayed answering your invitation to attend the Land Conference until I had an opportunity of acquainting myself with the programme to be submitted. I am now favored with a copy, and, although I agree with some of the opinions expressed therein, I cannot concur with the scheme as a whole.

"The programme distinctly condemns the plan of Fixity of Tenure. I was elected as a pledged supporter of Fixity of Tenure as well as of a Tenant Proprietary. I believe the scheme now submitted to be in many important particulars quite impracticable, and in some inequitable.

"I agree generally with the plan laid down at the conference of the Central Tenants' Defence Association and the Executive of the Land League, held at the European Hotel on the 15th December last, which embodied the dual principles of Tenant Proprietary and Fixity of Tenure.

"I think that this was a practicable and sensible programme, and would be sorry to see it departed from. At that Conference it was declared that it was not sought to force the landlords to sell. I think that compulsory sale might be demanded in the case of corporate estates, waste lands, and possibly the estates of absentees. Further than this I do not think we can go at present in the way of compulsory sale with any hope of success.

"I sincerely trust that the Conference may adopt some practicable scheme in which all sincere Irish land reformers may unite. We have a great opportunity, and it would be lamentable were it lost through differences between ourselves, or demanding changes which would not bear critical examination. There is danger of this in the article in the Times of to-day, which, commenting on the Irish land question, states that differences do exist, and adds:—'The diversities of opinion among Irishmen are sufficient in themselves to justify the prudent hesitation of an English Parliament.' If you adopt what at the Conference to which I have alluded was happily designated the 'two pillars' of the tenants' platform—Tenant Proprietary and Fixity of Tenure—with limitation of compulsion, as then laid down, I do not think there will be any diversity among the Irish people's members. But I would be false to pledges upon which I was elected, as well as to my own deliberate judgment, were I to abandon the claim for Fixity of Tenure in favor of another mode of settlement which might be either partial or remote, and which I think nothing short of physical force could attain immediately for the whole body of Irish cultivators. What I think is wanted is immediate protection by way of Fixity of Tenure, with the fullest facilities for the tenant subsequently becoming proprietor. I think that such a settlement might now be obtained by a united and determined Irish party, but if we are divided on the question, of course the difficulty will be incalculably enhanced.

"I shall only say, in conclusion, that while I cannot attend the Conference, I do not argue that the difficulties in the way of an equitable system of Fixity of Tenure are insuperable. I will in my place in Parliament earnestly support such portions of the programme ultimately adopted as I may deem to be practicable and useful, while adhering to the principles upon which I was elected.

"Yours faithfully, "E. DWYER GRAY. "April 27th, 1880." "TO THE EDITOR: The public character of the questions involved will, I am confident, obtain admission to your columns for the following reply to Messrs. Kettle, Davitt, and Brennan, hon. secretaries of the Land League. Yours faithfully, FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL.

"TO MESSRS. KETTLE, DAVITT AND BRENNAN, HON. SECY. IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE: "8 Sergeant's Inn, Temple, April 23. "GENTLEMEN:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt to-day of your invitation, dated the 19th inst., to attend a Conference, dated the 19th inst., to be held on Thursday next, in the small Concert Room of the Rotunda.

"While warmly sympathizing with you in the objects which you pursue in seeking to abolish the evils of landlordism, and to promote the growth of a class of secure and independent cultivators throughout Ireland, you will excuse me if I feel bound by the circumstances of your information to make the following remarks:—

"You inform me that this Conference was settled at a meeting of your body on the 10th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Parnell, M.P.—I very much regret that, so far as I know, there was no attempt made to consult the Irish representatives upon the question. I need not comment on the character of this omission.

"You propose to call a Conference of land reformers and representative men throughout Ireland to formulate such a demand for a change in the land system of this country as the wants of our agricultural classes imperatively require." Allow me emphatically to observe that the Irish constituencies have just elected their representatives, and land reformers, each of whom has had the advantage of consulting a far larger number of farmers and cultivators than are likely to be in the small Concert Room of the Rotunda on Thursday next. With the greatest confidence in the earnestness of your patriotism and the rectitude of your intentions, I am of the opinion that the elected representatives of the Irish constituencies who are most competent to formulate the demand for necessary land reforms. We have just mingled with every class of the Irish community, we have visited the poor houses of the rack-rented country. We have heard the complaints of town shopkeepers and traders, and at the same time the imperious demands of the cultivators spreads through all orders

and departments of the Irish social fabric. The solemn adjurations of the faithful priests of Ireland in behalf of their plundered parishioners, ruined by the accursed land system, are still ringing in our ears. We have before us all the information which can possibly be collected upon the all-important subject, from the projects, reports, and addresses of the first founders of the Tenant-right movement down to the very latest. With regard to the admirable labours of Mr. Parnell, M.P., himself, I am happy to say that I am intimately acquainted with the views of the illustrious Irishman, that it was in Union with his feelings that I first brought the subject of the present agitation of the agrarian situation before the House of Commons early last year, and that it was my office unsuccessful days on the amendment moved by me on the reply to the Address to demand at length the American mission and the generous policy of the honourable member for Meath against a hostile majority, comprising the occupants of both the front benches of the Conservative and Liberal parties.

"I would add my conviction that the depressed and suffering condition of Irish agriculture is not a simple but a complex problem, and that numerous questions, apparently remote, are in reality intimately connected with the solution. The terrible competition for farms, for instance, which enables the extortionate landlord to screw up his rents to the most monstrous figure, could not exist except under the deplorable circumstances created by a system of misgovernment, but not only in one or a few particulars, but in all its branches. In this view every reform which bears upon the restoration of Irish prosperity must be considered not only separately but in its relation to other reforms and to the general situation. The reclamation of waste lands, so long and ably urged by Mr. J. G. MacCarthy; the abolition of the grinding over-taxation of Ireland, so convincingly exposed by Mr. Mitchell Henry and Sir Joseph McKenna; the establishment of a peasant proprietary, conceded in principle by the Shaw Lefevre Committee; the Tenant Right bills of Messrs. Butt, McCarthy Dowling, and Shaw; the revival of the fishery industries of our maritime counties and boroughs, and such as many of our leading members have labored; the definition and extension of the Ulster Tenant Right; the spread of a sound education, that indispensable key to material wealth as well as to intellectual progress—all these and numerous other important projects are intimately related to one another and to the common end. The science of politics may be compared to the science of war, which wins its victories, not by isolated movement of special arms of the service, but by the wise combination of all the various kinds of force at the disposal of the commanders. The Irish land reform is, above all, a reform which must be the fruit of a general campaign and a skilful and concerted pressure all along the line, and that concert can be alone arranged, and that campaign conducted, by the National Parliamentary party, whose prompt organization has been so regrettablely interfered with, and apparently subordinated to secondary considerations.

"Renewing the expression of my thanks for the great courtesy of your invitation, I am reluctantly obliged to decline to participate in a demonstration, well intentioned and patriotic, but quite superfluous and wholly inopportune, which has been used, however undesignedly, to thwart the meeting in the Irish capital of the really representative land conference of the Irish nation—the elected members of the national constituencies.—I have the honor to remain, gentlemen, your faithful servant, "FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL."

FREE THOUGHT SOCIETIES. CIRCULAR SENT TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY OF TORONTO.

To the Catholic Clergy of Toronto: VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—To the sorrow and disaffection of a Christian people, there is in Toronto a society of persons calling themselves Freethinkers, or persons who claim the right to think as they please on all subjects, whether relating to God, His Divine Son, revelation, human and divine laws, the Ten Commandments, the rights of parents, rulers and the like; but as free thought is the parent and forerunner of free actions, it follows that those people claim the right also of acting as well as thinking as they please. Many of them profess not to believe in God, in Heaven, Hell, or a future state. The Nihilists of Russia are of this class, and take their name from the Latin word nihil, which signifies nothing—that is, nothing after this life—reward or punishment. Such doctrines would, if carried out and acted on, upset all right and all order, and if the followers of such teaching were in the majority they would render a country uninhabitable. Persons who do not believe in God, in His Son, Jesus Christ, or in the Bible cannot take an oath on it, and, consequently, cannot testify in court, or act as jurymen, magistrates, members of Parliament, or in any capacity in a Christian country where an oath is required. A person who disbelieves in the Ten Commandments, in hell, or in heaven can hardly be trusted in the concerns of life. This society of freethinkers from time to time bring from the United States lecturers to blaspheme God, His holy religion, and to turn into ridicule all the mysteries of our faith. The respectable journals and newspapers of this city give these adventurers no countenance; but, alas! thoughtless young men, through a culpable curiosity, go to hear their discourses, and thus expose their faith to be undervalued by ridicule and sophistry, which they, not being efficiently instructed in philosophy and religion, did not see and cannot answer, though the lies and sophistry of those wicked men have been exposed and answered by the most learned men of all the ages. If these foolish men are striving to re-plant the world into the depths of barbarism and paganism are the only wise men on earth, then let the Christians and real philosophers of all nations and times have lived and led virtuous lives in vain. You will, rev. Sir, warn your people, especially the young men, to avoid all contact with these Freethinkers, their lectures, and their writings. As persons cannot read obscene and filthy literature without a stain on the purity of their consciences, so they cannot read, converse, or listen to the discourses of these atheists without sin. It is a true saying, "Cast mud and some of it will stick." Too many young persons imitate that fly that buzzed about a candle till it was at last caught in the flame. It is said that reasonable people should daily say against the poisonous weeds of infidelity. They read a bad book, their consciences reproach them, they throw it aside; and the temptation comes again, they take it up and converse, till the flames of infidelity destroy their souls. The bad example given by attending infidel lectures has done a great amount of harm by encouraging others to go along. The words of the Holy Scriptures are true and plain: "Those who love the danger

shall perish therein." We desire to warn young persons especially of the danger of the grievous sin, and do now reiterate the prohibition of the Holy See, which forbids all Catholics to read books contrary to faith and morals, and to attend meetings or lectures where God and His holy religion are mocked and sneered at. If any Catholics, which may God forbid, should disobey this sacred precept, they commit a grievous sin, and are not real Catholics. If after this prohibition any Catholics should go to the meetings and lectures of the Freethinkers or Atheists, they openly profess at least to favour infidelity, and commit a grievous sin, the absolution of which we reserve to ourselves. As impurity is the parent of infidelity, you will, rev. Sir, exhort young men to avoid that shameful sin. When a young man is sunk in that vice, he becomes brutalized, and knowing that if God exists He will punish him, he tries to persuade himself that there is no God, no heaven, no hell. But his persuasion or his arguments will not set aside the great, good, and holy God of heaven and earth. You will exhort your people to pray to our good God to soften the hearts of poor sinners, and to ask also the intercession of the blessed Mother and the Saints to preserve our people in the faith. We shall take occasion soon to speak of Almighty God, His divine attributes, and to fortify our young men against the fallacies of modern infidelity. Yours in Christ, JOHN JOSEPH LYNEH, Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, May 9, 1880.

THE POLYGLOT CELEBRATION.

A very interesting ceremony took place at the Vatican on the 18th of April. The students of the College of the Propaganda, under the presidency of their Prefect, Cardinal Simonini, had an audience of His Holiness, whom they addressed in no less than forty-nine different languages and dialects. It was indeed a Tower of Babel for knowledge of tongues. Around the Holy Father, smiling benignly on this universal family, were gathered children from the icy regions of the Pole, from distant parts of America and Asia, and even from the South Sea Islands. Among the compositions or addresses read or recited to the Pope, in the Turkish, Arab, Armenian, Bulgarian, Syriac, Coptic and Roumanian dialects, we will specially allude to the successful delivery of a Chaldean young poet, recently come over from Mesopotamia, and who in graceful verse lauded the homage of his country at the Pontiff's feet, in expressing its simple creed that "the great Popes were elected of God and prepared for Him, in wisdom, according to the needs of the times; and also a very able and loyally expressed address by a youthful negro from Caylon.

The Congregation was composed of cardinals and prelates, and of several representatives of the diplomatic corps, among whom were the ambassadors of Austria, Hungary, France, Spain, &c. The Aurora, in reproducing the details of that very interesting ceremony, adds: "If the present circumstances had allowed its being possible, we could have wished that this solemnity had taken place in the Church of St. Peter's, as being a more universal centre for the Catholic public at large. And those who are only nominal Catholics, in witnessing so touching a ceremony, must have felt, in spite of their souls, some secret and powerful compulsion in the presence and under the influence of such a Pontifical assembly, and the mighty outpouring of all voices and tongues in one channel of grand Catholic unity. Three choruses by Mustapha occupied the time in the interval of the rehearsals. The whole of the entertainment lasted nearly three hours. The Holy Father listened attentively and with evident interest until the last half-hour, when his countenance began to show signs of fatigue, and he was evidently weary as he rose at the close to retire.

CARDINAL HOWARD'S LINGUAL ATTAINMENTS. It was remarked that Cardinal Howard, the modern Mesopotamian, whose well-known polyglot talents are so extensive as to have enabled him to follow and understand a considerable number of the almost unknown languages spoken in that assembly, evinced in the meeting an interest which never flagged, and which is easily understood, His Eminence being quite at home on that ground.

THE LATE GEORGE BROWN. THE MOURNFUL OBSEQUIES—A LAST TRIBUTE.

TORONTO, May 12.—From an early hour this morning the city was crowded with strangers who had come from all parts of the Province to pay a last tribute to departed greatness.

THE COFFIN in which the remains of the deceased were laid was made of solid black walnut heavily moulded at the top and base, ornamented with massive silver handles the full length of the frame, and also shorter ones at the ends, with silver plated lifters. A handsome silver wreath of laurel encircled the words "At Rest," and the plate bore the following inscription beautifully engraved:—

GEORGE BROWN, Died 8th May, 1880, Aged 61 years. The inside of the casket was elegantly upholstered throughout with the richest satin, heavily quilted, the words "At Rest" being worked in floss at the head, together with other suitable designs. On the casket were spread wreaths of flowers.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES AND PROCESSION. At half-past 2 o'clock this afternoon the members of the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies met at the Reskine Church, Simcoe street, and after arranging the order of procession, proceeded to the deceased gentleman's late residence, where had already collected thousands of citizens and carriages. At about the same time the ex-employees and employees of the Globe office arrived at Beverly street, and under the direction of Mr. Robt. Gay and the foremen of the various departments, took up a position south of the residence, where they could fall into their proper places. Carriages containing the Corporation, Senators, members of Parliament and citizens generally were continually arriving, and before three o'clock both streets passing the family residence were densely crowded. A few minutes after three o'clock the Rev. Mr. King, who had been Mr. Brown's pastor, entered the room, and shortly afterwards the religious services were held. After a passage of Scripture had been read, prayers were offered up, and the funeral service was immediately concluded, those present being visibly affected. Immediately after the service was concluded, the casket was carried to the roadway in front of the gate, and the procession was formed, the following gentlemen acting as

PALL-BEARERS: Sir A. A. Dorion, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, Sir Wm. Howland, Hon. Edward Blake, Sir R. J. Cartwright, Sir Alex. Campbell, Senator Allan, Senator Christie, Senator McMaster, Prof. Wilson, Prof. Greig and Hon. L. S.

Huntington. First in the solemn procession were the officiating clergymen, Rev. Mr. King, Prof. Greig, Prof. McLaren and Dr. Reid, Moderator of the General Assembly; then followed the medical students of the University, Dr. Thibault, Dr. Wright, Clarke and Leslie, after which came the hearse and pall-bearers. The chief mourners followed the hearse, and amongst them were Mr. Gordon Brown, his son Edward, Rev. W. S. Ball, of Quilip, and his sons Peter and Alfred, Mr. Thomas Henning, Mr. Bellet and others. The employees of the Globe, past and present, some three hundred in number, then took their places, followed in a carriage by the Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary. The senators, members of the House of Commons and Ontario Legislature came next, both Houses being largely represented, as were the clergy, who followed. Next in the line were the Mayor and Corporation, Public School Board, delegation from the country, Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, Stock Exchange, St. Andrew's, Caledonian and other national societies, journalists, printers and citizens generally. Those without carriages marched four abreast. The funeral procession consisted of 2,148 persons and 351 carriages; the procession occupied 48 minutes in passing a given point. It proceeded along Baldwin, McCaul, Caerhollow and Elm streets, to Yonge street, the sidewalks being lined with a dense mass of people, who stood in respectful silence, broken by whispered words of regret. Proceeding across Yonge street through the attending throng, the slow journey of the dead was made along Carlton and Parliament streets to the Necropolis, where a great gathering was awaiting the cortege, and as many of those attending as could find admittance entered the city of the dead, and made their way to the grave prepared for the reception of the remains. The pall-bearers lent their last aid. Rev. Mr. King, assisted by brother clergymen, conducted the burial service, and the earth closed upon what was mortal of one of the fathers of his country.

A cast in plaster was taken yesterday of the face of the deceased Senator, and will be reproduced in marble.

A meeting of leading citizens is to be held this week, to take into consideration the erection of a statue of the late Senator Brown in Queen's Park. The statue is to be modelled in the same style as that of Lincoln in Union Square, New York.

MR. BRADY'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Brady, who is Government Commissioner of Irish Fisheries, sends a long report to the Dublin papers. I make a short extract of what he saw between Loop Head, Co. Clare, and Killeen, Co. Galway:—"In one cabin I found five children. The mother was absent for relief nine miles away—had been so also the day before, and came back at night empty-handed. The cabin had no window in it—it was more like a dungeon than a human habitation. Two of the children—one a boy about eleven—lay on a wisp of hay at one side of the fire, with a dirty old quilt over him; the other, a younger boy, at his feet in the same bed. They were both sick—said to be fever. On the opposite side sat on a stool a fine little girl of nine, just recovering from fever, minding two other children lying in a wooden box or cradle, both also sick. When these moments came to the child's cotton frock caught fire, and in an instant she was in a blaze. Fortunately I was able to extinguish the flames without injury to either herself or me, as I had strong worsted gloves on, and save the scorching of those and the burning of the child's dress no injury resulted. I could not find even a trace of food in the cabin, and yet the child never complained. I went to the nearest constabulary barrack to have some charity for the poor woman, and was there informed that perhaps it would be twelve o'clock at night before she would be back, as she had to go nine miles away, and had done the same yesterday. Her husband was away in Scotland looking for work. This is only a sample of many cases which come under my notice."

GLADSTONE APOLOGIZES. AUSTRIA'S WOUNDED DIGNITY RESPECTED.

London, May 11.—Lord Granville has sent a despatch to Sir H. G. Elliott, British Ambassador at Vienna, enclosing, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, a copy of a letter written by the latter in consequence of oral and written communications with Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador at London. The following is the text of Mr. Gladstone's letter:—"When I accepted the task of forming an Administration, I resolved, as a Minister, not to repeat or even defend the political language regarding more than one foreign power I used when in a position of greater freedom. I regret that I should even have to impute to the Emperor of Austria language which he did not use. I have no hostile disposition towards any country. I have always heartily wished well to Austria. In the performance of the arduous task of consolidating the Empire I feel a cordial respect for the efforts of the Emperor. Respecting my anticipations on the foreign policy of Austria, when it was active beyond the borders, I will not conceal from you that grave apprehensions were excited in my mind lest Austria should play a part in the Balkan peninsula, hostile to the feelings of the emancipated populations and to the reasonable hopes of the subjects of the Sultan. These apprehensions were founded upon secondary evidence, and it was not the evidence of hostile witnesses, and was the best at my command. You now assure me that Austria does not desire to extend or add to the rights she acquired under the Treaty of Berlin. Had I possessed such assurance before, I never would have uttered any one word which you describe as painful and wounding, but I will immediately express my serious concern that I should have been led to refer to transactions of an earlier period or to use terms of censure which I can now wholly banish from my mind. I think this explanation should be made, not less public than the speech which supplied the occasion. therefore.

GLADSTONE'S PHYSICAL WEALTH. The Physical welfare of children is a study endangered by the administration of intelligent and drastic medicines intended to relieve costiveness, sour stomach and flatulency. Give them instead that bland gentia, 'HYPOPHOSPHITES' (MILK OF MAGNESIA). Having an agreeable taste and a milk-like smoothness it requires no perspiration to induce them to take it. Sold by all Chemists.

SCENE—Breakfast table. Mother reads from morning paper.—What is vinegar without a mother? Little M. enquires.—What does that mean? Mother.—It means there is what is called mother in vinegar. Child remarked: "There's vinegar in mothers, sometimes!"