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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY JUNE 19, 1878.

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THE OLD HOME.

It is not a castle olden,
Standing in the sunlight golden,
Relic of the Past,
With a deep moat mossed and hoary,
And a ray from bygone glory,
O'er its ruin.

But a mansion fair and pleasant, Known alike of peer and peasant, For its kindly cheer, With its glades and leafy covers, Ferny haunts and loitering lovers, And the sly wild deer.

Crimson blossoms redly glowing, Flickering shadows o'er it throwing, Veil the lichen's stain; Sunset gleams of rose and amber, Where the lvy tendrils clamber, Flush each casement pane.

Lurks no ghost behind the areas, Huppy midnight dreams to harass, Wakes no Banshee's wall; Tapestry, not antique lumber, Does its sunny hall incumber, Shield nor suit of mail.

Morning wakes its household noises, Busy footsteps laughing voices, As in days of yore; Burns its warm heavth too brightly, Where the gay groups gather nightly. Though it knows no more.

Hearts by other loves supplanted; Steps, that once its precincts haunted Hushed by mount and sea; Only my sad heart remembers, Flowery Junes and dark Decembers, Spent, old home, in thee!

Shadows pace the garden alleys,
Wander with me through the valleys,
Join my woodland walk;
And by the streamlet willow-shaded,
Where the song-birds serenaded,
Parted lovers talk—

Idly talking, idly dreaming,
With the sunlit waters gleaming
Golden at their feet,
While the fairhaired children plunder
Rosy mouthed, with blue eyed wonder
Fruitage wild and sweet.

When I stretch my hands in greeting,
Each familiyr name repeating,
Straightway from my sight,
Back to angel bowers they vanish,
Even as beams of morning banish
Visions of the night.
Chambers' Journal.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD ROSEBERRY.

A petition and protest against the marriage of Lord Roseberry, to Miss Hannah Rothschild a Jewess, and therefore an unbeliever, was presented at the Church convocation held at Lamceth Palace. The petition was from the incumbent of St. Cyprian's, Marylebone, and set forth that, as the parties had been already united by civil contract, it was a profanation of holy things, and a scandul in the eyes of Christians, that such a ceremony should be performed with the rites of the Church of England by a priest of the Church, with the icense of the Bishop.

STATISTICS OF OBSTRUCTION.

"Atlas," in Tuesday night's World, says :-The following stat.stics of obstruction are both new and true: In 1876, 1877 and 1878, up to the 15th of April, there were 169 divisions in Parliament in which the minority consisted of less than half a quorum of the House. Mr. O'Donnell, who was only returned in June, 1877, was in no less t an 79 of these minorities—that is o say ,he voted in nearly all of them it was possible for him to vote in since he has sat in Parliament. Mr. Purnell's record is the next highest; he was in 120 out of the 169. Captain Nolan was in 111, Mr. Biggar in 106, Major O'Gorman in 74, and Mr O'Connor Power in 64. In the smallest divisions of all-viz., those in which less than seven members voted in the minority, the order of obstruction is the same, excent that Mr. O'Connor Power defeats Major O'Cox man for fifth place.

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Another case of a sensational character has lately formed the subject of a judicial investigation. Some natives were bathing at a ghaut on the Hooghly, when a body was seen floating down the river and tossing its arms. A cry immediately arose that the body was possessed by a ghost. A native doctor who was present appealed in vain to the bystanders to render assistance, but even the watermen refused the use of their boats. With great courage he plunged into the current and brought the body to land. It was found to be a young woman about 24 years of age. After restoratives had been applied, she stated that she had been for some time an invalid, that her relatives had brought her, stupefied, but sensible, to a burning ghaut; that fire had been applied to her mouth as to that of a corpse, and that she had then been thrust into the river as if dead. The unfortunate woman was taken to hospital, where, after lingering 15 days, she died. Her relatives were prosecuted, but have been acquitted.

A VAST TREASURY OF SALT.

It was long supposed that the brackishness of Salt River, Arizona, was caused by the stream running over a bed of salt somewhere along its course. Its waters are pure and fresh from where it heads in the White Mountains to within fifty miles of where it empties mpd, and pours into the Sale. Bive, a great volume of water. Here, eavys, the idining and scientific Press, pould be greatly and the proposition in the proposition i into the Gila. Fifty, miles from its junction

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The London, Ont., Free Press says: The streets of Montreal are patrolled night ly by small squads of police, under the com-mand of a sergeant. All are dressed in private clothes, and as rowdyish as possible. They also pretend to loaf at street corners. The sergeant is armed with a revolver, warranted to kill at 500 yards, and a dark lantern, which he suddenly shines into suspicious localities or the faces of persons. Quite a number of young men, who have chanced to be out late at night, have been searched on the street, in accordance with the Blake Act, but no revolvers have been found on their per-

A TERRIBLE WAR LEGACY.

[From the Cleveland Herald, June 8.] J. C. Whitney, of Garcettsville, a member of the First Ohio Artillery, received a ball in the head at the battle of Murfreesboro in December, 1862, and carried the bullet in his skull, near the top of the brain, six months without medical attendance. The surgeons removed part of the bullet only, and since that time he has suffered intensely. A fortnight since, nearly fifteen years and a half after receiving the wound, the remainder of the ball was removed. The lead had penetrated every pore of the open structure between the tables of the skull. The operation was tedious, the new bony formation around the ball being very hard, and requiring a mallet and chisel to remove it. The lower table of the skull was found driven below its natural plane from one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch. which accounts for the constant headache. Its position forbade the operation of lifting the depressed bone.

SHOT HIS BRIDE'S FOOT OFF.

The Sidney (Ohio) Journal says :- " The strangest of strange accidents, and one which might have lead to graver results, happened at the residence of C. H. Flinn, near Houston, last Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Flinn, who were but lately married, were awakened by a noise which they thought came from under the bed. Supposing burglars to be the cause, Mr. Flinnhurriedly jumped from the bed, got a shot gun, and returned. Mrs. Flinn, all excitement, was just rising, and her right foot hung over the bedside. Mr. Flinn, supposing the moving foot to be the head of the intruder, who was coming from his place pf concealment, without any ado or hesitancy, fired. The wife screamed and the husband flew about in a delirium. A light was brought, and Mr. Flinn discovered that he had shot his wife instead of a burglar. Meanwhile, the clothing caught fire from the discharge of the gun, and was soon ablaze, but was quickly extinguished. Mrs. Fiinn had a large part of her foot torn away, and was bleeding profusely. It was first thought that amoutation of the whole foot would be necessary, but it was afterwards found that three toes and a portion of the side of the foot would suffice. It was ascertained that no burglar was in the house at all.'

PAINTING A PICTURE IN SIX MINUTES.

A private letter received from an American gentleman in Paris gives an amusing account of a picture painted in six minutes. Says the

We were at the Cafe Chatant the other night. It is a building somewhat larger than the Corcoran Gullery of Art. It is a great place for music, songs and dances. There was one very amusing feature. During one of the entre actes they brought on an artist who was billed to paint a marine view in six minutes all finished for hanging (the picture, not the artist).

The canvas was brought on.

Out came the artist, a quiet, nervous-look-ng young man, of about thirty years of age. His colors were all upon the palette, and his brushes were in his hand.

"Attention !" sang out the director. The artist seized a large brush. At a signal the orchestral band struck up a

clashing, maddeningly nervous waltz. As the first note was struck the artist dashed a mass of yellow upon the upper part of the canvas. Then a bit of blue, then white, a dash of purple shadow, and then, with a quick twirl of a clean brush, a dark-blue sea is dashed in

against the horizon. Two minutes gone. The waltz goes on faster and faster. The brush keeps time. A huge rock is sketched in with burnt sienna and black. A lighthouse with a vermilion range light is dropped

upon the top of the rock. Clash, crash, one, two, three, a boat under full sail is thrown into the dim distance. Clash, crash, one, two, three, and another boat is dashed in. Light upon the waters is thrown in with a free steady hand. A huge brush then carefully blends the edges of the masses, and, with a profound bow, the artist turns to a cheering audience, gratified that he is through on time.

And the wonder is that the picture is startlingly good in its broad effect. It is strong and, clear. The colors are good, and not muddily mixed. It was as good a novelty as I ever saw at any show, and it beats all, how it amuses the French people.

secured, procured a chair, by means of which he was able to look through the fanlight over the door. By this means he was enabled to see Clegg, who was leaning in a recumbent position against the door, with a revolver by his side. He then dragged himself under the bed and commenced to moan, and otherwise gave evidence of intense suffering. The door was burst open, and the unfortunate young man was secured. On examination it was found that he had cut his throat almost from ear to ear. Drs. Brown and Fenwick were summoned and ordered his removal to the General Hospital, where, attended by Drs. Burland and Bell, his wounds were attended to, and everything done to relieve his sufferings, but, unfortunately, without avail, as he expired at 4.15 on Thursday morning in great agony.

THE BLAKE ACT.

A STRANGE WAY OF DEALING OUT JUSTICE IF TRUE-A CONTRADICTION.

Mr. Cunninghem came into the Post office this morning and made the following statement: As two companions any myself were going home on Friday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, we were stopped by Sergeant Miller and a small posse of policemen and searched, under, I presume, the Blake Act. Nothing was found on either myself or one of my companions, but on the other was a revolver, and indeed he produced it himself. This affair" took place at the corner of St. Mary and Parthenais Streets, and is a plain statement of the facts. I and my companion, number one, were detained for a while, but the other (Mr. Cunningham), who is a Protestant, by the way, was allowed to go scot free I merely mention this in or der to show the public that Catholics and Protestants seem to be on a different footing in regard to the Blake Act, and that Sergeant Miller is apparently allowed the right of dis-crimination. In order that both sides of this singular question may be judged of impartially, one of our reporters went to see Sergeant Miller, who stated that, a little before twelve on Friday night, he and four policemen heard rather a boisterous noise near the corner of St. Mary and Parthenais streets, and on proceeding to the spot discovered three men, who were searched-Cunningham by himself, and Murray and the third person by the other policemen. No revolver was found on any of the parties, and Sergeant Miller did not know what religion any of them were. It would be well if this affair were investi-

A REMINISCENCE OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

There were very few things that the late obtaining that he did not obtain at some price. But it was equally characteristic of him that he probably estimated the value of what he wanted, and what in the minds of many might be regarded as recklessness was nothing but the result of shrewd calculations on his part.

The following is one of the best illustrations: When the several railroad trunk lines were cited before the New York Assembly to testify in regard to certain freighting operations, the general freight agents of the respective roads were deputed to appear as expert witnesses. The general freight agent of the Erie road being absent, his assistant was sent in his stead; he was a young man, brought up from a boy in the employ of the Eric and thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of railroad freighting. The witnesses were called upon in their order of coming, but, from neither could the committee obtain an intelligible answer or explanation till the young assistent from Eric took the stand. In a clear and concise manner he stated his propositions, answered the questions of the committee, stood the cross-fire of counsel, and so far unravelled the snarl that the committee accept-

ing his statement, dismissed the case. On his return to the Delavan House, the young man received a note from Commodore Vanderbilt requesting an interview. The young man responded. On entering the Commodore's room, the following scene occurred: Commodore Vanderbilt-"Sit down, young man. How long have you been in the em-

WHEBE THE TRAMPS COME FROM.

A fine-looking young man, who through adversity had become a tramp, was prevented from committing suicide in Baltimore the other day, and in an interview said :

I would like to correct an erroneous impres sion. The present army of tramps in this country are not all foreign communists. They are not all law-breakers. I have seen and conversed with many hundred equally as destitute tramps as myself. In honesty of purpose I think they would average up well with any business community. The distance between a respectable citizen and a detested tramp is not so great as many suppose. Let any well-to-do and high-minded gentleman in Baltimore lose his property, his business, his everything but his honour. Then let him make an unsuccessful search for a chance in this city to carn an honourable living. What is the next step this man of honour and selfreliance takes? The city is overcrowded and he seeks the country. Then he becomes a tramp. It may be no discredit to the great

THE POPE'S REPLY.

The Hon. Mr. Laflamme has received the following letter from Pope Leo in response to the congratulatory address forwarded to Rome by the Catholic members of the Federal Cabinet on the occasion of His Holiness' elevation to the Pontificate:—"To our well-beloved sons, the Hon. Rudolphe Laflamme, Minister of Justice, and the other Cutholic members of the Council of the Governor-General of Canada at Ottawa-Our well-beloved sons, greeting and apostolic benediction: If the manifestation of affection on the part of the faithful always inspires us with the most agreeable emotions, surely we must give a first place in importance to those emanating from men entrusted with the management of public affairs, for we have good reason to expect from their pions counsel and their good works a substantial profit, not alone for the Catholic religion, but for society, because "Justice elevates the people," and we, whose every wish is for the people's good, were greatly pleased with your expressions of attachment. We ask for you assistance from heaven as well as its favors. In the meantime, as surety for these favors and at the same time an evidence of our paternal and special watchfulness, we very affectionately bestow upon each one of you, well beloved sons, the apostolic benediction. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 6th day of May, 1878, 1st year of our pontificate.—(Signed) Leo, P. P. XIII."

DEATH OF MR. MAGNE, EX-MINISTER

OF FRANCE. Mr. Magne, an ex-Minister of Finance of France, died at Paris on Saturday. He was born at Perigueux in December, 1806, of an obscure family, became an avocat in 1831, and was introduced to public life in Paris by Marshal Bugeaud. His great administrative ability was remarked by M. Fould, who is said to have been the founder of his political fortunes. As a debater he did not occupy a prominent position, but his practical speeches always commanded attention. After a brief retirement from public life, he was made Under Secretary of State for Finances in 1849, and Minister of Public Works a couple of years afterwards. He was Finance Minister from 1854 till November, 1860, when he became Minister without a portfolio, retired in March, 1863, and was named a member of the Privy Council April 1. Again appointed Finance Minister, November, 13, 1867, he re-tained that position until the advent to power of M. Ollivier, in January, 1870, when he was replaced by M. Buffet. On the election of Marshal MacMahon to the Presidency of the more appointed Minister of Finance, and he held that portfolio till June, 1874, when he was succeeded by M. Mathieu-Bodet. He was made Senator December 31, 1852, Commander of the Legion of Honor October 29, 1851, and Grand Cross August 4, 1854.

DION BOUCICAULT ORDERS A MAG-NIFICENT YACHT.

Following the example of several other members of the dramatic profession, Mr. Dion Boucleault has gone into yachting, and he will shortly add to our superb pleasure marine the largest steam yacht on this side of the Atlantic. She will possess several novelties in construction, and she is intended to excel in internal arrangements and speed as well as size. Mr. Boucicault has been carefully examining many of our fast-sailing yachts for sale, but, finding none to suit him, he determined to build a craft which will go ahead in a dead calm as well as in a stiff breeze. Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburgh, who built several vessels for the Government, are to be the constructors, and they will furnish hull, spars, engines and boilers. Mr. Boucicault's idea in regard to the construction of his yacht are to be followed entirely, and in some respects she is to be different from all other pleasure craft. The yatch is to be one hundred and sixty feet in length over all, with an extreme breadth of nearly twenty-seven feet. She will draw about twelve feet when loaded, which will make her a stable craft off soundings. She is to have a raking stem, with a small overhang to her stern. Her lines are to be easy with plenty of bearings, and she is to have a long bow, neither too full nor too hollow. Her engines are to be compound, of the best type calculated to force great speed, and are to be arranged so as to supply steam power for various work on board in addition to furnishing the propelling power. Two masts, square rigged forward, will carry a large quantity of canvas. She is to be built principally of oak, copper fastened, and all the materials are to be the best that can be furnished. Three sections are to be built, the centre section to be perfectly water-tight. The arrangements below are to be novel.

The engines, boilers, and furnaces are to be in the third, or after section, as are also to be the galley, or cathoose, and accommodations for the crew and petty officers. In the centre section is to be a grand seloon twenty-five feet square, as wide and half as long as that of many ocean steamblips. Abaft of that are to be chart rooms, closets, etc. Three commodi-ous state-rooms, for guests are to be forward, on the port side. On the starboard side is to

ceive orders from or converse with anybody in the smoking-room. In the forward section are to be chain lockers, storerooms, etc.

Below, the yacht is to be fitted up in the finest style, as regards joiner work and upholstery. It is expected that the yacht will be completed some time this full. The hull, spars, engines, iron work, etc., are to cost nearly \$100,000. Mr. Boucicault has not yet decided upon a name for his beautiful craft, and it will probably not be made public until some fair maiden, at the launch, steps upon the bowsprit heel and cracks the customary bottle. Mr. Boucicault will probably go on an extended cruise in Southern waters, and he may possibly cross the Atlantic. Boston

A BAD CUSTOM.

(From the Toronto Leader June 11th.) We regret to learn that one of those cradles

of immorality and fruitful sources of social and

spiritual evil known as a "camp meeting" is

about to be held on one of the Thousand Is-

lands. As a matter of business certain per-

sons, Americans we are glad to say, bought a

portion of Wellesley Island and as a specula-

tion garnished with a pretended zeal for reli-

gion, the transaction is reported to have been a finanical success, as many weak minds are said to have been influenced by the promoters of the painful parody of religion exhibited. As an auxiliary to this tirade on holy names and things the promoters of the scheme have issued a prospectus printed at Watertown, New York. This starts out with a jarring pun on the words, "Give glory to the Lord and declare his praise in the islands." The prospectus they continues to express profound gratitude to God " with unabated confidence in the correctness of our enterprise," for the circumstance that the pious land agents have reached a fourth year of their trade career. Itrejoices that the old days of camp meetings are past and that an advance has taken place. The days of "springless lumber waggons and wooden ploughs" are past, and now even camp meeting can loll in the lap of luxury. The dolce far niente which is now the leading characteristic of all the more developed socalled Christians communions has, it seems nenetrated to the modern parody of the batholic pilgrimage of old-the camp meeting. If persons go a long way to pay spiritual tribute at the shrine of some stump Boanerges in this enlightened age, it seems they want to take it easy. They must have an hotel or cottages and are sumptiously every day. So the enterprising promoters of the Thousand Islands Gospel scheme have provided residences (at a fair rental of payment of the proper rent by this very comprehensive and religious company for the cheap dissemination of religious luxury and resh air and beautiful scenery. But the Comvenience. Hair shirts have of course gone the same road as the American "Springless lumber waggon," while as to peas in the boots, even the boiled peas of Peter Pindar's noem would have been torture in the eyes of the particular island on which the "meeters' are to congregate, "although it cost considerably more than a site at the other end was offered for, mainly for these reasons: The prevailing winds from the West come to them directly from the water, so that if there are any mosquitoes they are usually blown inland or away from us. This end of the island is near the railroad station at Clayton, and is ensily accessible to the largest steamers in the American channel. The land lies up high above the water, and is naturally well drained, and is wholly free from any marsh or swamp." We wonder that the promoters of the scheme missed the chance of making another pun by alluding to the Psalmist's "plague" and "pestilence." And all this by the promoters of the scheme :- "Largely two. for the public good, from the delight of succoss in so excellent an undertaking, we have entered upon it. We have thus far expended upon it more than we have received, drawing, in our faith, upon the resources of the future. We shall spare no pains to secure a proper success in this and coming years." Truly noble every one, say a l. It seems lint our modern pilgrims are fastidious in

their mental as well as bodily tastes, for we tearn that the meetings are "rich in variety," and that "in addition to the Religious Camp-meeting, the Temperance Camp-meeting, the Esthetic and Scientific Conference, and the Sunday School Parlia-ment, we shall have this year an Encampment of Y. M. C. Associations, and probably the Normal Institute of Education. These will accommodate the greatest variety of tastes." So we should think. The spirit-ual "treat" to be extended offers equal variety never nised before, namely, "What God

MR. BRYANT'S LAST ILLNESS.

[New York Evening Post.]

So many statements and contradictions have followed each other, however, in the various daily prints that we are impelled to

THE MAZZINI CHLEBRATION.

original sources :—

rehearse the following details, obtained from

Mr. Bryant partook of a very light luncheon on the day of the Mazzini celebration, and was driven to the Central Park soon afterwards in his carriage. The day was warm, and the sun was shining so brightly when he advanced to make his address that a friend insisted upon holding an umbrella over him. As he began his peroration he stepped forth and stood with his uncovered head exposed to the full glare of the sunlight, and when he ceased speaking he was evidently much exhausted. Disclaiming all fatigue, however, he accepted the invitation of General James G. Wilson to accompany him to his house in Seventyfourth street to rest and partake of a little refreshment. This was at about halfpast three o'clock in the afternoon. With one hand on the arm of his host and the other holding the hand of General Wilson's little daughter he crossed the green to the Halleck statue, in front of which he paused to make a few comments. The Morse statue and the Lenox Library building also attracted his attention in their order, and called forth some further remark. Between the Mazzini bust and the Seventy-second street gate a number of birds were observed flying about or hopping across the green. Mr. Bryant asked the little girl by his side whether she knew what the birds were, and, on receiving correct answers, seemed much pleased. He then asked her if she had ever heard some little verses about the bob-o'-link. She replied that she had, and she also knew the poet who wrote them. This caused him much amusement, and he said :--"I think I shall have to write them out for you some time.

THE FATAL FALL.

Going up the steps of the house Mr. Bryant still held General Wilson's arm. The outer door, which is a double one, stood half open. Stepping into the vestibule with his daughter to open the inner door with his latch key, General Wilson left his guest leaning against the outer door post. Scurcely a second had elapsed before a sound attracted his attention, and, turning, the General just caught sight of Mr. Bryant as his head struck the platform step. He had fallen directly backward, and the lower part of his body lay inside the vestibule. Had he stepped course) "virtuous in style and cost; some back at all in his fall, he would probably have simple, others, buildings that aspire to pass gone to the bottom of the steps; had he veered out of the rank of cottages into that of to either side, he must have struck the edge of palaces." Sheep and goats, Dives and Lazarus, the closed door or the stone jamb. In either and Publican can all be accommodated on case he would probably have been instantly killed or received a wound which he could survive at most but a few hours. A gentleman who was passing in the street saw the accident and hastened to offer his services; pany goes further. It has a keen eye for creature comforts. Modern pilgrims are not going evidently to suffer any bodily inconparion and laid on a sofa in a state of insensibility. Mrs. Wilson had some ice water brought, with which she bathed his head. The sufferer murmured "Don't!" but exhibited no signs of consciousness. He at last recovered enough to sit up, and a glass an American camp meeting. Hence we find of iced sherry was offered him, which he that the "trustees" chose the upper end of drank. This seemed to revive him a good deal, and he put his hand to his head, moaning, " My head! my head! I don't feel well," General Wilson suggested his going up stairs to bed, and asked where his medical advisor could be found, but all offers of assistance were declined. The one thought that seemed to possess Mr. Bryant's mind was that of getting home. It was proposed to call a carriage, but he expressed a preference for the horse cars.

ON HIS WAY HOME.

Accordingly he was taken down town by General Wilson in a Madison avenue car as: far as Seventeenth street, where a passing cab was hailed and he was driven directly to his house. During all this time he would turns out to be simply a noble example of self-sacrifice! The real estate agency has no lapses would occur in his train of thought personal ends. We are told in the prospectus and his attention would wander a minute or

HIB MIND WANDERING.

Arrived at his home he looked curiously at the house and up and down the street.
"Whose house is this?" "What street is
this?" he would inquire, apparently unwilling to enter a place so unfamiliar to him without an explanation. General Wilson did not answer these questions directly, but evaded them by suggesting that they should go in together and rest a few moments. Having helped Mr. Bryant up the steps he rang the bell. The servent did not come at once, and with a movement which had evidently become mechanical through long habit the old gentle-man puthlis hand into his pocket, drew thence a latch key and opened the door himself. The two passed through the parlor into the dining room, where the maid servant, who had started to answer the bell advanced towards them. Mr. Bryant looked dreamily at her a moment, For example, a Rev. Ira. G. Bidwell is going to elucidate to the public a question probably a control of the public and t ceiving an affirmative answer, he directed her to call his niece.

BEMI-CONSCIQUENESS.

When Miss. Tairchild, entered the parlor