THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1883.

Encouragement of Home Industry.

In speaking of the Charlottetown Pottery Works, a few weeks ago, our daily Free Trade contemporary gave expression to a sentiment which savored strongly of Protection. In last week's issue we quietly pointed this fact out to him, and he now attempts to wriggle out of the rather awkward position in which the unguarded utterance which we quoted placed him. But we doubt if he has succeeded, even to his own satisfaction, as we shall endeavor to show. "It is time," says he, "this mania for everything imported was frowned down." We are at one with him here, but how is this "mania to be frowned down? By encouraging home manufactures, says our contemporary; while, with the same breath, he denounces the policy by the aid of which many of the manufacturing industries of the Dominion were brought into existence. And after patriotically, as he says, advising our people to discourage importation—to adopt as our motto, "Encouragement to Island Manufactures"—he coolly informs his readers that "it is only when the home-manufactured article is *better* and *cheaper* than the imported one, that he advises our people to purchase the product of the home industry. The italics are not ours. Here we have an evident contradiction. To give the home manufactured article the preference, it is not sufficient, in his eyes, that it should be *equal* in quality and price to the imported—it must be *better* and *cheaper*! How our people are to carry out the excellent motto laid down for their guidance by our contemporary, and at the same time take his advice as to when they should patronize home industries we are utterly at a loss to conceive. We shall leave him to reconcile these conflicting admonitions as best he can.

Our contemporary takes the ground that the manufacturing industries of Canada can only be built up by the National Policy, at the expense of other and more important industries. "Every extra dollar," he says, "that the manufacturer receives by this Policy, is a dollar taken from the farmer, the fisherman, or the lumberman, who has to buy the manufacturers' goods at the enhanced price of that dollar" and in his simplicity he asks, "If the high duty did not raise the price of the manufacturer's wares, how would it benefit him?" Now, this is rather a ridiculous question to ask. Does he wish it to be understood that he is so short-sighted as to be unable to see that there are other ways than this by which the manufacturer can be benefitted by the trade policy of the present Government? Surely not. Is it not patent to our contemporary, as it must be to every intelligent reader, that if, by means of the National Policy, a wider field is thrown open to the manufacturer for the sale of his wares, he must be benefitted, though he did not raise the price of his goods? If our friend had an enlarged constituency for his paper, that would give him a circulation of 20,000 copies weekly, instead of 2,000, should it necessarily follow that he would raise the price of his annual subscriptions? Not at all. But the expansion of his business would enable him to furnish his readers with a cheaper and a better paper. As it would be in this instance, so also should it be in the case of manufacturers, who have been enabled, by the operation of the existing tariff, to largely extend their business. If a Canadian manufacturer had been doing a business of, say, $50,000 a year, prior to the inauguration of the National Policy, and by the aid of this policy he was enabled to double the volume of his business, does it not follow, as a natural consequence, that the profits of this increased production should be correspondingly large? If this be the case, and it is only fair to assume that it is, then this argument overthrows his contention that the National Policy can only benefit the manufacturer at the expense of the farmer and the fisherman.

"But there are some industries," says our contemporary, "and we believe pottery-making is one of them, that can prosper in our midst without Protection." We are to infer from this that the number of industries which can flourish without the aid of a protective tariff is comparatively small. This is an important admission, coming from the source it does. As our contemporary is an inveterate opponent of the National Policy, he must also be opposed to home industries, inasmuch as he admits that the greater number of such enterprises cannot prosper without Protection.

Here is another characteristic quotation from the contradictory article before us: "We are not opponents of home manufactures in any sense of the term." (Notwithstanding this assertion, we have shown that he is.) "By all means let every branch of industry suited to our country prosper. Give them a fair field, but no favor, except what their intrinsic worth deserves. And above everything, let no person be carried away with the false notion that nothing can be good unless it is imported." This last sentence is full of sound advice, but it is in direct antagonism to the position formerly taken by him and his party in relation to Canadian manufactures. The same paper from which we quote has lost no opportunity, during the past few years, of decrying the products of Canadian factories. In the very article under review, we are told that the quality of many Canadian manufactured articles is inferior. Give home industries "a fair field but no favor," says our contemporary. Well, all we ask for Canadian enterprise is a fair field, but it is not the policy of our Reform friends to grant this. A fair field, indeed! Is it by throwing our markets open to American manufacturers, while the products of our factories are excluded from theirs, that home industries are to have a fair field? If this is our contemporary's idea of what constitutes a fair field for Canadian industry it is a rather peculiar one, to say the least. By pronouncing his panegyric upon the Charlottetown Pottery Works, he has unwittingly assumed an attitude antagonistic to his principles and those of his party and in his attempt to explain his anomalous position, he has only made "confusion worse confounded.

Since the foregoing was in type, the *Patriot* has appeared with another article headed "Fruits of the N. P.," the design of which is to attribute to that policy the poverty which exists in our midst. It is very unfair, on the part of our contemporary, to attempt to discuss a national question—a question that affects the welfare of a great country and of millions of people—from a narrow Provincial standpoint. We are free to admit that, situated geographically as this Province is, we are not in a position to take advantage, to the same extent as some other portions of the Dominion, of the opportunities for investment which the National Policy offers to capitalists. So soon, however, as this Island is possessed of better facilities for communication with the rest of the world—which time, we trust, is not far distant—one of the greatest difficulties with which we have to contend will, to some extent, be surmounted. But if the Protective Policy is calculated to benefit the Dominion as a whole—and the people spoke with no uncertain sound on this point last June—will the *Patriot* assert that it should be repealed, even if its operation in this Province has not been productive of as great a measure of success as its supporters could desire? There is no doubt that the charitable institutions of the city have many calls for relief, but poverty existed in Charlottetown, as it does in all cities, before the days of the N. P.; and if, by any unfortunate freak, the Reform Party should again attain to power in the Dominion, and the Protective Tariff be repealed, we would still have in our midst objects of charity. We had hoped that a residence of several years on the expansive plains of the great Northwest, would have rendered our contemporary more cosmopolitan in his ideas and opinions than he had hitherto been, but we are sorry to see that he is still disposed to take a narrow view of great public questions.

St. Dunstan's College.

Every good citizen takes a deep interest and an honest pride in the excellence of the educational institutions of his native country. A man cannot be a true patriot without manifesting an abiding attachment to everything that tends to elevate the moral tone, and enhance the prosperity of his native land. To our institutions of learning we owe the material and spiritual advancement of our people. As the mind is developed by the sciences, so ought the heart to be cultivated by virtue. To the institution whose name stands at the head of this article, we owe more than words can express. Many are the professional men who look upon it as their Alma Mater. Lawyers, doctors and clergymen have all been educated in this College. Many of those who are now filling the loftiest positions in the land, have received their early training within the venerable walls of St. Dunstan's College. Under the Rectorship of the Rev. Angus McDonald, some of the brightest minds on this Island have been educated. The foundation of future greatness was laid under the energetic superintendence of the talented Father McDonald. Without St. Dunstan's College, this Island could not have given an Archbishop to Halifax. It was there that the genius of Dr. O'Brien was discovered. It was there that he first displayed that keenness of intellect, and those varied talents, that afterwards enabled him to successfully cope with students from all parts of the world in Rome, and to carry off the golden palm of victory. He entered upon the road to fame in St. Dunstan's; he reached the highest niche in its temple in the famous Propaganda. The greatest honor and highest position to which an Islander ever aspired is now in the possession of Dr. O'Brien. The present Archbishop of Halifax is not the only person that reached greatness through the sacred walls of St. Dunstan's. Nearly all the Catholic clergymen on the Island owe their position to the early training received therein.

During the Rectorship of the Very Rev. James McDonald, a great many needed alterations around the College were made. A new Dormitory was built, and modern improvements inaugurated. As the College now stands, it is in the most beautiful situation, the most airy and healthy position in the Dominion of Canada. We have been frequently told, by good judges, that the Dormitory is the finest and best ventilated in the Provinces.

Of late years the College has had some reverses, owing to changes in the management that took place. But we are happy to state that it is fast recovering, and is now on an excellent footing, under the Rectorship of a young clergyman, who only wants a fair opportunity to make it as efficient in the future as it has been in the past.

The other day we had the pleasure of being present at an examination conducted by Dr. Grant, the present Rector. We can safely say that the young men under his training are doing well. In fact, it seems to us that he has a peculiarly happy faculty of imparting knowledge to his students. He is keen and brilliant in intellect, sound in scholarship, and his heart and soul are in the work. To the farmers of the country, and to the business men of Charlottetown, we say, strain a point to give higher education to your sons—it is, perhaps, the only valuable inheritance you can leave them. Support the venerable institution which has already done so much in that respect. Educate your children, and you will make them useful citizens and ornaments in society.

The Archbishop of Halifax.

The Archbishop of Halifax has inaugurated his official life in that city by generous donations to several charities. In company with some of the priests of the Diocese, he has been visiting the educational institutions, in the management of which he has expressed himself much pleased. His Grace held a reception at the Glebe House recently, which was attended by a large number of prominent residents, including naval, military and civil officers.

On Sunday morning last, His Grace celebrated High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, after which he preached from the Gospel of the day. In the course of his sermon he said that his first duty would be to build a Church worthy of the worship of God in that Parish. After Mass he visited the children assembled for instruction in catechism, numbering about 700, when he was presented by them with an address and a bouquet of flowers, to which he made a suitable reply.

On Sunday evening, in St. Mary's Cathedral, His Grace was presented with the following address, by the Catholic Temperance Union of the Province, nearly all the members being present, and wearing their badges:—

To the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., by the Grace of God and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Halifax.

May it please Your Grace,—We, the members of the Catholic Temperance Union of Nova Scotia, representing St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's, and St. Mary's Young Men, beg to tender you our humble submission, and request you to accept our heartfelt congratulations on your exaltation to the high dignity of Archbishop of Halifax, to extend to you a cordial welcome, first as our Spiritual Head, the representative of Jesus Christ, next as a worthy Pastor of the Church of God, the record of whose many acquirements and good qualities have preceded him.

The prayers of the different congregations of this district have been for some time directed to the Throne of Grace, in behalf of the spiritual necessities of this Archdiocese, and in the answer we have received, in your appointment to fill the important position of Archbishop, we recognize the direct manifestation of the Holy Ghost as truly as when, at Jerusalem, on that memorable Feast of Pentecost, the visible tongues of fire descended upon the Apostles, whose direct successor you are.

Knowing that Your Grace takes a deep interest in everything pertaining to the Spiritual as well as Temporal interest of those committed to your charge, we commend ourselves and our work in an especial manner to your consideration, and trust the inculcation of the virtue of Temperance will be amongst the foremost of those to which you will direct your powerful influence.

The great and ever-to-be-revered Archbishops (your predecessors) in this important See have been, in turn, patrons of our organization, and we respectfully request the same boon from yourself. Feeling how much of your valuable time is employed in receiving and answering communications of this nature, though all teeming with good-will for the present and hope for the future, and though we may wish to prolong the pleasure we derive from this direct interview, consideration for you and prudence on our part forbid such a course.

However, Your Grace, of one thing you may be assured, that we will, at all times, be prepared, both by word and action, to give you, in the discharge of your onerous and responsible positions, all the help at our command, and that we will pour out to the Almighty God our daily supplications to grant you all the graces necessary to fulfil the duties of the high office to which you have been called.

Hoping that you may be long spared to direct the destinies of God's Church in this Diocese, and that when, in the fullness of years and plenitude of grace, an account of your stewardship shall be demanded, it shall be to hear those consoling words: "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many. Enter into the joy of the Lord."

In conclusion, we humbly request that you will bestow upon us your Episcopal Benediction.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic Temperance Union of Nova Scotia.

Michael Walsh, President.
Thomas Mulcahey, Secretary.
John Linloff.
George Clewett.
Andrew Blagdon.
Peter Pendergast.
Edward Gerard.
D. J. O'Sullivan.

In replying thereto, His Grace complimented the Societies on their strength, and hoped that they would always continue in the work of forwarding the cause of Temperance. He pointed out the many temporal blessings to be derived from a sober, steady life, as well as the miseries and sufferings resulting from a dissipated career, and concluded by bestowing his blessing upon them.

There is a misunderstanding between the Canada Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways. These differences are often productive of good results.

Ash Wednesday.

To-day, Ash Wednesday, begins the forty days of Lent, a holy time specially devoted to works of mercy and penance. Ash Wednesday takes its name from the fact that ashes are sprinkled upon the heads of Catholics, as an emblem of the penance they are to perform during the great period of Lent. Ashes were always symbolical of penance. Thus, in the Old Law, we read that the Ninevites proclaimed a fast, and sat in ashes (Jonas III., 4, 6.) Again, King David says: "I did eat ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping" (Psalm CI., 10). Thamar, David's daughter, "put ashes on her head, and went on crying" (II. Kings, XIII., 19). As church history relates, in the earliest times ashes were put on the heads of public sinners. From the first ages of faith, dates the practice of putting ashes on the head, as indicative of penance. Catholics begin to-day the great fast of forty days, in union with and remembrance of the forty days' fast of Our Saviour in the desert. It will be a time of prayer, of public devotions, and of earnest self-examination. We hope that it will be a period of seriousness and practical work among all good Christians.

Proceedings of the City Council.

The special meeting of the City Council, to which we alluded in our last issue, took place on Thursday night last. His Worship Mayor Hooper presided, supported on his right by acting Recorder Fitz-Gerald, and on his left by Chief Engineer Large. All the Councillors were in attendance except Mr. Murphy, who was prevented by illness.

When the Council was declared opened, the Mayor stated the first order of business to be the reception of the resignation of Mr. Morrison, the City Clerk, to which Councillor Crabbe immediately took exception, stating that the first business on the notification which he had received, was the dismissal of Henry B. Smith as City Surveyor, and the appointment of his successor. He desired to know by what authority the meeting was called, and if the Mayor had done so on the requisition of three members of the Council. His Worship said he had.

Councillor Crabbe enquired if the requisition was in writing, to which His Worship replied that it was not, and that, in his opinion, it was not necessary that the request should be in writing, and that he was prepared to assume the responsibility of the meeting.

Councillor Koughan supported Councillor Crabbe in his contention, and said that there was no authority for the meeting and that it was consequently illegal.

The resignation of Mr. Morrison as City Clerk was then read, to take effect on or before the 15th of March.

A motion was made by Councillor Lea, seconded by Councillor Tanton that the resignation lie upon the table, to which Councillor Koughan moved an amendment, seconded by Councillor Crabbe, that it be accepted immediately. The amendment was lost upon division, and the main motion adopted.

Councillor Davy said that at the last Council meeting he had given notice that he would move for a re-consideration of the letting of the stalls in the Market House, and he asked the opinion of the Recorder if it was competent for him to make such motion at a special meeting. The Recorder gave as his opinion that it it was not competent to do so until a regular meeting.

Upon the request of Councillor Koughan, who had observed strangers at the Board, the Clerk was directed to read the returns of the Civic elections of the previous week, and they were ordered to be published.

Tenders were called for the maintenance of the Pumps and Wells, and a Committee appointed to draw up a specification.

A letter from the Secretary of the Board of City School Trustees was read, requesting payment of the balance of the estimated expenditure to 30th June, 1882. This gave rise to considerable discussion, and a Committee was appointed to enquire what amount, if any, was due the Board, it being understood that their claim is over $4,000.

A letter was read from Judge Young, strongly recommending, for several reasons, the retention of the present Park Keeper, Mr. McQuillan.

A communication from the Minister of Agriculture was read, in relation to Mortuary Statistics. The Recorder suggested that before any action be taken, Dr. Conroy, who had visited Ottawa as a delegate upon the question, be heard. The communication was ordered to lie on the table.

Councillor Horne moved, seconded by Councillor Ladner, that "we dispense with the services of H. B. Smith as City Surveyor, and that he be immediately notified to that effect." This motion was carried upon the following division:—

Yeas—Messrs. Horne, Ladner, Tanton, Davy, Douse.

Nays—Messrs. Koughan, Crabbe, Lea, Morris.

Upon the same division, Mr. George Douglas was appointed to the position at a salary of $300 a year; and amendments, proposed by Councillor Crabbe, for the re-appointment of Mr. Smith, at the same salary, and for the substitution of the names of Walter Lowe and James McNally for that of George Douglas, were lost.

The offering of these amendments occupied a little time, and some of the Councillors manifested impatience at the delay, Councillor Tanton making the declaration that, in his opinion, the moving of so many amendments was unparliamentary, obsolete, antiquated, and with no precedent except in the proceedings of the City Council.

Councillor Crabbe gave notice that, at the next regular meeting, he would move for a reconsideration of the appointment of Mr. Douglas as City Surveyor.

On motion of Councillor Davy, seconded by Councillor Horne, the Clerk was ordered to notify Mr. Douglas of his appointment the following day.

After a few remarks from Councillor Crabbe, in reference to the motives which prompted the dismissal of Mr. Smith, and which, if they lacked mildness, certainly possessed the merit of being forcible, the Council adjourned.

The Carnival.

Among the social attractions of last week may be enumerated the Carnivals held in the Citizens' Skating Rink on Thursday and Saturday nights. They were as gay as the youth, beauty and grace of Charlottetown could make them. The Rink was beautifully decorated with bunting and bannerets, and brilliantly illuminated by the aid of Railway lamps and extra gas jets. Perhaps the repetition of the Carnival on Saturday night was the more brilliant; each year the costumes worn are more varied, and evince a greater degree of study and care in their preparations. Several ladies and gentlemen from Summerside came down, and contributed to the success of the amusements. The proceeds of the Carnival on Saturday night, amounting to over $60, were devoted to the benefit of the poor. Below will be found a list of the characters impersonated:—

LADIES.

Anderson, Miss Nettie—Sunflower.
Burris, Miss Jennie—Terpsichore.
Crabb, Miss Marion—May Queen.
Carey, Miss A.—Phyllis.
Crabb, Miss Fanny—Boy a Broom.
Dixon, Miss—Little old woman who lived in a shoe.
Desbrisay, Miss Helen—Evangeline.
Dalziel, Miss Gussie—Little Bo Peep.
Doyle, Miss M.—Puritan Lady.
Earle, Miss—Christmas Cards.
Green, Miss Celia—Russian Girl.
Lochead, Miss M.—An Antiquated Spinster.
Leigh, Miss Alice—Night.
Lawson, Miss Maggie—The Lass who Loves a Sailor.
Longworth, Miss Belle—Hope.
Longworth, Miss—Huntress.
McKinlay, Miss Belle—French Peasant Girl.
McDonald, Miss Helen—Morning.
Murray, Miss Florrie—Good Luck.
McLeod, Miss M.—Diana.
Mason, Miss Ellie—Starlight.
McLennan, Miss Lulu—Silver Thaw.
McKay, Miss Emma—Nancy Lee.
McKenzie, Miss Florrie—Gypsy Girl.
McLeod, Mrs. Neil—Grandmother.
McNeill, Miss Annie—Girl Graduate.
Pope, Miss Georgie—Undine.
Ross, Miss Georgie—Queen of Night.
Rogers, Miss Carrie—Young America.
Richards, Miss Belle—Snow Bird.
Stewart, Miss Bertie—Priscilla.
Sutherland, Miss—Italian Peasant.
Smith, Miss E.—Indian Girl.
Strickland, Miss Lottie—Snow Drift.
Mrs. Geo. Wakeford, } Three Old Maids of Lee
Miss L. Robins, }
Miss K. McLean, }
Wilson, Miss Sadie—Lady Physician.

GENTLEMEN.

Anderson, Wm. R.—Clown.
Anderson, Alex.—Sir Philip Sydney.
Allan, Art—Fireman.
Bevan, T. W.—Negro Gent.
Brecken, Ed.—Highlander.
Brown, G. J. H.—Lawn Tennis.
Brown, John—Snowshoer.
Brown, Charles—Iago.
Brown, Williston—Go as you please young man.
Churchill, T.—Snowbird.
Chandler, E. A.—Military young man.
Curtis, Fred.—Negro Sport.
Crabbs, Otto—Robin Hood.
Carvell, T. P.—Domino.
Carvell, Albert J.—Chief Tetchechetailtchenum.
Dawson, Brent—Chinese.
Dawson, E. W.—Henry VIII.
Doyle, Thos.—M. Zanzim.
Doyle, Brent—Paul Legand.
Davies, John—Page.
Davies, G. T.—Swiss Peasant.
Davies, W. H.—Ernani.
DesBrisay, Delacour—Bugler.
Dingwell, Wm. R.—Drummer Boy.
Evans, John—Trumpeter.
Flavin, J. P.—Everybody's Darling.
Fletcher, W. H.—Gold Hunter.
Hayden, Lester—Clown.
Holbkirk, W. C.—The Colonel.
Holbkirk, H.—Snowshoer.
Haszard, W. H.—Lacrosse.
Hornsby, O. H.—Everybody's Darling.
Hughes, J. H.—Mountebank.
Longworth, Master Charles—Boy Blue.
Leigh Charles, jr.—Snowshoer.
Large, Chas.—Zouave.
Large, Bert—Zouave.
McNeill, C. B.—Artilleryman.
McQueen, D. A.—Fisherman.
McEachern, A. E.—Harlequin.
McKenzie, T. J.—Clown.
McLennan, Colin—Zulu Chief.
Murray, J. F.—Midshipman.
McNeill, Jos.—Sailor.
McLeod, Master E.—Jack of Hearts.
McLeod, Frank—Indian Chief.
Mitchell, W. H.—Huguenot.
Newson, Frank—Patchwork.
Newson, W.—Jim Louis.
Owen, Wm.—Tyrolese Hunter.
Owen, Cam.—Clown.
Pope, Percy—Mars.
Pope, George—Grip.
Palmer, Percy—Snowshoer.
Rogers, Master G.—Clown.
Reddin, Harry O'M.—Chinese.
Strickland, Willie—Page.
Stavert, Reuben—William the Conqueror.
Stewart, D. B.—Student.
Taylor, Angus—Football.
Watson, L. W.—Punch.
Webster, Jas.—Iago.
Webb, Geo.—Medical Mountebank.
Worth, Fred.—Clown.
Wieland, D. D.—Courtier of 17th Century.
Wyatt, J. H.—Brother Jonathan.
Young, W. R. K.—Grand Bashaw.
Yeo, Lowman—Cavalier Chas. II.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Dear Sir,—The rather extraordinary announcement that a special meeting of our new City Council was to be held on Thursday evening last, for the express purpose of dismissing Mr. H. B. Smith from the office of City Surveyor, had the effect of drawing a "full house." Prompted by curiosity in regard to the motive which could have induced the promoters of this meeting to have Mr. Smith ejected from office so summarily, I formed one of the anxious spectators on the occasion referred to. It has always been customary, I believe, for former Councils to appoint their officers at their first regular meeting after election, but taking the extraordinary course they did in this case, it was thought that those who were instrumental in calling the meeting must have some very grave charge to prefer against the City Surveyor, otherwise they would not have clamored for his dismissal in such hot haste. But those who attended the meeting in expectation of hearing something of this kind, were greatly disappointed. Not one of the five who voted "aye" vouchsafed a word of explanation to the anxious throng. No excuse whatever was offered in justification of their extraordinary conduct. The truth is, that not one of those who thirsted for Mr. Smith's official decapitation dare charge him publicly with a dereliction of duty, with any possibility of being able to substantiate it. For the small sum of money expended on the streets during his term of office, he did a large amount of work, and he did it well. No other man who ever filled the position took the same degree of interest in civic improvement that Mr. Smith did. It is very easy to inveigh against taxation, but it is absolutely impossible to govern either a country or a city satisfactorily without ample means being at the disposal of the governing party. The men who were borne into the Council on the warhorse of Retrenchment and Reform, will soon find this out. The affairs of the City have been judiciously managed during the past two years, and it remains to be proved if the same will be said of our present rulers at the expiration of their term of office. Empty declamation is very well upon the stump, but something more solid is required at the Council Board. There are some good men remaining there who have been instrumental in bringing the City to its present satisfactory financial position, but it is not probable that, under present circumstances, they will be able to accomplish much. Yours,

Feb. 2, 1883. Spectator.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 2.—Is it necessary to explain to a P. E. Island audience that a "busted" bank is not a profitable institution for its stockholders and depositors; or do they know something of the workings of such an institution? I may assume that they do, by experience or tradition. We have one of them in Boston, the Pacific National Bank, which is anything but pacific in the feelings of its victims. Mr. Abner I. Benyon was its president. He used to be cashier of the Exchange Bank, until his connection with the notorious Rev. E. D. Winslow cost him his place. His friends, however, believed that Benyon was an abused man then, that he had been made the tool of Winslow and committed his irregularities with the best intentions. In evidence of their faith in him they set up a new bank and made him president. The new bank did not succeed very well. Benyon was not popular, except with his immediate friends. I saw a good deal of him in a business way, and never could see how he gained the liking of his friends, for his manners were neither gracious nor politic. The clearing house association refused its accommodation to the new bank, which seriously handicapped it from the outset. Still, it might have gone on, with abler management, as other banks have done. Instead of trying to establish a safe, conservative business, Benyon began to go into outside speculations, and, after a while, the inevitable crisis came, last year. A broker who had borrowed heavily on "wild cat" securities was unable to meet his obligations. The directors went to consult with him and asked for better security on cash advanced. He begged to be excused for a minute, and, going out, presently returned with some twenty thousand dollars in good and lawful money, inquiring, with a tinge of sarcasm, if that security would be acceptable as far as it went? The directors accepted the security, apologized profusely for their suspicions, and went away content, only to learn, on returning to the bank, that the audacious debtor had actually raised the very money given them from their own president, when he "begged to be excused."

Another piece of Benyon's crookedness has just come to light—one of many. He discounted large sums on the name of Henry F. Miller. Now, Henry F. Miller is a well-known piano manufacturer, whose name is good for thousands. The single name of Mr. Miller to a note was sufficient security for twenty thousand in the Pacific Bank, when its president gave the board of directors to understand that the piano man was the signer. Only he wasn't. It was a sure-enough "Henry F. Miller," but only a Miller who occupies the humble position of a grocery clerk in a suburban town, and all the relation he bears to the other is an identity of name and marvellous similarity of signature. He is also a brother-in-law of one of the directors, who is, therefore, accused of collusion with Benyon and Miller. This director and another are indicted for fraud. Benyon is gone, nobody knows whither; or, knowing, won't tell. Perhaps gone to join his quondam friend, Winslow, now running a paper in the Argentine Confederacy, which has no extradition treaty. For the matter of that, he baffled the authorities of one country, where there is an extradition treaty. He was arrested in London, shortly after his flight from Boston. Luckily for him, we had at the moment got into some kind of a snarl with the British authorities, over a case in which an American rascal, extradited from England, or an English rascal, extradited from America, had been tried for a different offence from that under which he was surrendered. I forget the particulars, but the sum of it was that the right of asylum had been violated by one or the other country, and the English authorities in Winslow's case very properly demanded some guaranty that if Winslow was returned he should be tried only for the offence charged in the application for his extradition. The guaranty was, with equal propriety, under the existing laws, refused, and Winslow escaped before new regulations could be framed.

Benyon has gone, as well as Winslow, and the nine days' sensation will soon be over. Crime always makes a sensation, and elbows honest virtue out of notice. And yet the papers manage to make room for a notice of virtuous worth, once in a while. Among such rare instances—rare, however, only in publicity, is that of Thomas Cavanagh, who carried the Government money from Washington to New York, when Secretary Bristow and the express companies could not agree as to the proper remuneration for that service. He was a stalwart, manly fellow, who literally carried his life in his hand every day that he took the responsible service. Sometimes he carried as much as half a million dollars, sometimes more, in his carpet-bag. He was under no bonds, for his duty was not an official one, but he never lost a dollar. The strain on his nerves was awful, for nobody can imagine the sense of responsibility on an honest man who knows that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if his errand was known to desperate criminals. He lived through it, and had the satisfaction of seeing the expressmen brought to reason. Not a subject for heroics, of course; but it seems to me there is something gallant about such unobtrusive performance of duty for duty's sake. There was more of the startling, and tragic, too, about the cashier of the Dexter Savings Bank, who, bound and tortured by masked robbers, died rather than divulge the combination of the bank lock, and so baffled the robbers. The grateful Directors rewarded his heroism by pretending to believe that his accounts were wrong, and so escaped the necessity of pensioning his widow. Happily the fame of poor Barron is cleared from their infamous accusation, but his family owe no gratitude to the men for whom he died.

But fidelity to trust is by no means dead. Even selfishness, and ingratitude cannot stifle the right feeling in the right kind of a man. Here is another case, not yet a week old, which offsets, in the ledger of humanity's character, a hundred defalcations of cashiers, and overtops a mountain or corporation ingratitude.

Ross—his first name is not mentioned in the dispatches—is a messenger in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co. He has been in the company's service over sixteen years, and though carrying millions of dollars through a section infested by the boldest "road agents," has never lost a dollar intrusted to his care, although he has been "held up" three times. Once, eleven years ago, while riding on a stage coach in Montana, he was attacked by a band of desperadoes who knew he was carrying a large treasure. He was armed with a shot-gun, which he used to such good effect that several of the robbers were killed and the rest put to flight. Lately he has travelled in charge of the express car on the Pacific road. Last Friday, at one o'clock in the morning, a band of mounted robbers waylaid the train at a point called Tecoma, overpowering all hands and switching the train on the siding. To secure themselves against interference they met the Western train, when it arrived, and compelled the engineer to go ahead without stopping. Then they had a fair chance at the man in the express car, who had declined to surrender when the rest of the train hands submitted. Those express cars are lined with iron, and the messenger is locked up inside. The robbers broke holes in the sides and corners, and made breaches in the door with pickaxes; but Ross had his trusty shotgun and a repeating pistol, and fought like a tiger. He was wounded in three places, but never lost his heart or head. Finding they could not storm the citadel, they forced the engineer and brakeman to uncouple the express car and run it violently up and down the track, with the hope of upsetting it; but though they made several attempts, the heavy car baffled their efforts. Then they tried to burn it, but failed in that too, as Ross's ready shot-gun made it dangerous for them to come too nigh. At last they were forced to raise the siege, and the plucky expressman carried his treasure through in safety. When it is understood that those train robbers are amongst the most desperate and fearless of human beings, and that such gangs as the James and Younger Brothers have again and again "gone through" a whole train full of armed passengers, it will be seen that Ross's courage is of the kind that will wash every time.

Herr Most would not agree with me in admiring Ross. Herr Most is the merry socialist, from London, who has been going through the country denouncing property-holders, and calling on the oppressed working man to rise in his might and justice and demand a division, say every Saturday night. They put Herr Most in jail in London for talking that kind of balderdash. Here he is more severely punished by silent contempt. Public indifference, in the same way, drew the fangs of the vociferous Denis Kearney, a few years ago. Denis has hung up his melodious bazoo, coincidentally with getting a government job in the San Francisco Custom House, the time-honored cure for discontented patriots.

Our urbane President has been entertaining the Governor of Canada, in his own unequalled style; but the Princess Louise has not visited Washington, preferring the warm climate of Charleston. A sensational Bohemian construed an innocent inquiry on her part, addressed to General Sherman, into a fear of being kidnapped by Fenians if she came north. I don't think such an idea could have entered the head of even the genial crank, O'Donovan Rossa, although it is not easy to set bounds to his exuberant fancy. As a matter of fact, the Fenians, or other Irish revolutionary men, are very scrupulous about violating international law, since the fiasco against Canada ten or fifteen years ago. Such a thing as an assault on the liberty of any traveller in this country would be utterly impossible of accomplishment, were anyone foolish enough to contemplate it. It may be news to people living outside the United States, but it is the frozen truth all the same, that the diminutive crowd of conspirators, headed by O'Donovan Rossa, have about as much influence on the minds of the Irish people in America as, well, say, as the late Charles Guiteau had. Rossa, or O'Donovan—the latter is his real name—is a harmless crank, a veritable sheep in wolf's clothing, whose only mission seems to be to injure his countrymen by attracting the notice of the *Times* and the House of Commons. Americans cannot understand the sensitiveness of Englishmen to the irresponsible vaporings of a private individual like Rossa. Here nobody minds the blood-thirsty bosh of a Kearney or a Most; and, certainly, nobody would dream of worrying if an English crank, of forty Rossa power, got up on his hind legs and threatened to annihilate the United States at long range. When it comes to a single overt act on the part of any crank, we rely on an able-bodied policeman to sit down on the insurrection. Once in a while we find a ruffian of the Guiteau type who puts his mad ideas into active shape; but that abnormal act is justly regarded in the light of a phenomenon against which all foresight is useless. It is not allowed to impair the honest boast we make, that the ruler of fifty million people sleeps every night without a guard. Only a week ago, a crank sent a letter to Governor Butler, announcing his intention of "removing" that potentate in exactly sixty days. The sixty days are not yet up, but nobody, except, perhaps, the crank himself, is losing any sleep counting the long days and dreary nights that intervene. R.

Publications Received.

"Our Little Ones," for February, is a finely printed work, with numerous illustrations, and should prove very interesting to the little folks. It is issued by the Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

"The Catholic Review," published at Barclay St., New York, by P. V. Hickey, is a weekly newspaper suitable for Sunday reading in Catholic families, and has received warm commendations from Prelates of the Church in Europe, Asia and America. It is a neatly printed periodical of 16 pages, and the contents evince a wide acquaintance with the various topics and incidents of the day.

"The Harp," for February, published by Callahan & Co., Montreal, contains a number of interesting and well written articles, in prose and poetry, as also portraits of Rev. Eugene Sheehy, the patriot priest of Ireland, and of Rev. Father Ryan, familiarly known as the Poet Priest of the South.

"The Acadian Scientist," published monthly, in the interests of the Acadian Science Club at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, is issued with a view of awakening a deeper popular interest in the study of nature's works; and, with an accomplished staff of contributors, we have no doubt of its ultimate success.

"Truth," a weekly journal of 24 pages, published in Toronto, contains a number of original and selected articles in the various departments of poetry, music, health, fashions, &c.

Mr. Meredith, leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, has been presented by his supporters in the House with a magnificent set of solid silver, in five pieces, and Mrs. Meredith received, at the same time, a gold watch and chain. The value of the presents is estimated at $750. Every confidence is expressed in their Leader, and the Opposition seem determined to win at the ensuing election.