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### Notice to Correspondents.

**Communications** on all matters concerning Catholic interests are respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully inserted, when written in conformity with the spirit of this Journal. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions that may be expressed by cor-

respondents.  
Correspondence communicating Catholic news  
will be gladly received. We solicit the atten-  
tion of our friends in the Dominion to this  
matter.  
We cannot undertake to return rejected manu-  
scripts.

**MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22.**

## CATHOLIC CALENDAR

**For September, 1880.**

**THURSDAY, 23.**—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr. St. Thecla, virgin and Martyr. Ep. Smyth, Delivered, 1854.

**FRIDAY, 24.**—B.V.M. of Mercede, or our Lady of Ransom.

**SATURDAY, 25.**—SS. Januarius and Compagnio, Martyrs (Sept. 19). Bishop Rosati, St. Louis, died, 1843.

**SUNDAY, 26.**—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. Eph. iv. 23-28; Gosp. Matt. xxii. 1-14.

**MONDAY, 27.**—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

**TUESDAY, 28.**—SS. Veneciusus, Duke, Martyr; Wenceslas, St. Michael, Archangel. Ep. Martin, Natchitoches, died, 1875.

The excitement in Indiana over the coming gubernatorial elections is intense and grows in intensity every day. The election will come off the first week in next month, and it is calculated that between now and then each party will spend a million dollars. English has evidently "tapped his barrel." Some of the principal politicians of the Republic are stumping the State, for Indiana is the pivot on which the presidential election will turn.

The letters of our esteemed correspondent, Myles O'Regan, are pretty extensively copied by the Irish and American press, but without giving to Myles what belongs to Myles, which is not the proper thing. As Mr. O'Regan is too modest to draw attention to the fact himself, we do it for him, especially when we see the pilfering going too far. His "Lament of the English Emigrant" was clipped by most of the American papers, and is now going the rounds of the press once more after having crossed the Atlantic three or four times, credited at the latest to the Cork Herald.

WE are happy to state that *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* has resumed publication. Its suspension was a great loss to thousands of our readers who looked every week to its appearance with eagerness. It is a splendidly illustrated Catholic paper, and deserves all the patronage and encouragement it can receive, both in Canada as well as the States. Its present issue is an admirable one, and contains an illustration of Empress Eugenie in South Africa; portraits of T. D. Sullivan, Thomas Power O'Connor and Captain H. O'Shea, M.P.; Apparitions at Knock; the tunnel under the Hudson River; the Calvary Cemetery, New York; Castle Garden, and many others of great interest. When *McGee's* paper suspended there was owing to him the handsome sum of \$13,000, most of which he has been enabled to collect, and hence the resumption.

THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB is now almost over-powered with the laurels of victory, and if proof is of any use, where such is due to chance, they substantially proved their claim to the title of champions on last Saturday, when the real tug of war arrived. We have said that a good deal in lacrosse fighting is due to chance, but it would be absurd to suppose that chance is more than a factor, or one of the elements of success. The best way to show the absurdity in its most glaring light, would be to place an ordinary lacrosse team in front of the Shamrocks, or even the Montrealers and Toronto's, and wait until they would secure one victory out of a score. When two teams equally matched, or as equally matched as possible, engage each other, chance does, very often indeed, give three straight games to perhaps the least worthy, but this thing does not always last, science must be considered, swift running, nerve, bottom, calculation, union, and a dozen other elements in the noble and manly game. We say then emphatically that the Shamrocks have earned the proud title which they so deservedly carry with them, and which they have so deservedly

won. To confine ourselves within the last circle of games, it is only necessary to consider that during the lacrosse season now drawing to a close, Montreal beat the Toronto club, the Shamrock beat the Toronto club, the Montreal vanquished the Shamrock club, the Shamrock overpowered the Toronto club, the Toronto was victorious over the Montreal club, and finally the Shamrock worsted the Montreal club on Saturday last. The Shamrocks, Montrealers and Toronto's are the three principal clubs in the world of lacrosse, and if we take the playing and result of the present season as a test, it must be admitted that the Shamrocks are indeed the champions, and are almost without rivals, for out of the series of games in the circle we have mentioned, the Shamrock took three games, the Montrealers two games, and the Toronto's one game, thus establishing the title of the Shamrock beyond all manner of doubt and excluding former years from the count altogether. We confess this result is to us a matter of surprise, and should be to the Shamrocks a matter of self-gratulation, for they have had many and obvious difficulties to contend with in securing so signal a score of victories against almost desperate odds, and it can only be explained by considering that they for the most part come of a race which is superior in athletic exercises, and the bottom courage and endurance, which are presages of victory, which in fact deserve victory if it does not always come.

*A DISUNITED UNITED KINGDOM.*

The attitude assumed by the Irish tenant-farmers, in refusing to pay rent, has angered the English aristocratic and moneyed classes. A good deal, but the obstructionist policy of the Irish national representatives exasperated them to a degree unknown since the days when O'Connell agitated with such seeming chances of success for a repeal of the Union; and this feeling of exasperation has extended to the English masses since the debate on the royal Irish Constabulary. The English could afford to look with pitying contempt upon demonstrations and monster meetings in Ireland so long as the fever did not extend to the Imperial Parliament. Intelligence concerning the agitation in Ireland was conveyed to Europe and the world thorough the medium of the English papers and press correspondents, and could be made to appear as if small the ruling party desired, but in the case of Irish members of Parliament giving voice to the wishes of the Irish people it is different. That voice has to be heard and their words have to be reported in the great English dailies, and the world has to be informed that a bitterly hostile element has infused itself into the councils of the Empire, in the shape of the third party. Once upon a time, and a very good time it was in the opinion of Tory squires, when the first week in August arrived, Parliament rose, and the members went to the coasts to shoot, or sailed to Norway in their yachts, to fish. They went, in fact, wherever pleased them, and left legislation to the dogs. But the wicked Parnell and his followers have changed that kind of thing. The hostile element is strong enough and willing enough to form a quorum and, if necessary, prolong the session by obstruction, and it takes advantage of its strength. That is, however but a first-class annoyance, which might be borne. What galls the majority is foreign criticism, and the sneers of French and German newspapers at the perfect model of the British Constitution, which cannot march but ever so eager. But, still worse, the knowledge that this bitterly hostile element exists weakens British influence and prestige the world over. It is, therefore, no cause for wonder that the last mail has brought us English exchanges, metropolitan, Scotch and provincial, all aglow with red wrath against the Irish, the "turbulent," "lazy," "shiftless," "obstructive" Irish, for those are the adjectives used by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, present organs of the Radicals, and perhaps the journal most disposed to advocate justice to Ireland as far as its narrow British spirit will permit. Even the philosophical *Spectator* is enraged, while as for the *Standard*, *Telegraph*, *Times*, *Post*, and *Advertiser*, they actually breathe slaughter, and threaten all manner of calamities on those who cannot or will not wait until the Ministry have prepared measures which will satisfy all parties. Meantime the Irish move onward in their revolutionary way, absolutely refusing to pay rent, to give evidence before the Royal Commission, to love the Queen and all the royal family, to look upon the Constitution as anything but a necessary fraud and modern makeshift, invented by feudal barons and nineteenth century lawyers. Their hatred of England, her wrongs and customs and institutions, becoming each day more intensified, talking seasonably of Irish republics and tenant proprietary from public platforms in all parts of Ireland, seems to be the order of the day. It is no wonder the Irish should hate the English, it is no wonder the English should hate the Irish, and they do so most cordially. When will this hatred cease? Never, unless either of two things happen; never, till Ireland be independent or England treat her with perfect equality. If two neighbors, one of whom is strong, oppresses the other, who is weak, the latter can, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, pull up his stakes and move away to the east or the west, anywhere from the reach of his strong and tyrannical neighbor. But with nations it is different. They have to remain where God planted them, and the stronger continues to oppress the weaker until some terrible calamity overtakes one or both. It is easy to understand that calamity could make England succumb, but other great empires have succumbed. The destruction of her commerce would ruin her irretrievably, and in these days of steam-

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

The German Emperor, Chancellor and people are now engaged celebrating the anniversaries of the great battles won from the French ten years ago; Gravelotte, Woerth Sedan, all the tragic events which brought Germany so much glory and territory, have been commemorated and toasted in bumpers of Rhine wine and lager beer, and Kaiser William has repeatedly thanked God, after the manner of Oliver Cromwell, for his crowning mercies, as would Napoleon III., no doubt, were he still alive and had been the victor instead of the vanquished in the kingly art of throat-slitting, for it seems to be the rule that whoever succeeds in sending the greatest number of victims unprepared before his judgment seat must think it meet and just and necessary to thank the all merciful God whose only son came into this wicked world to save it from perdition. If there were not so many pious and learned men in Germany, who believe the Kaiser and Von Bismarck perfectly correct in doing these things, we should style it simple blasphemy, but seeing that they are there and celebrate the holocaust from altars, we must perforce call it an act of thanksgiving. At the same time, it must be admitted that Europe should congratulate itself that thrones and dynasties can find leisure to celebrate decadal events, for the time has been (so common and so numerous were battles and sieges in that civilized continent) when, if such gory things had to be commemorated, people would have to suspend their proper business. It may be that such celebrations do not carry with them a greater amount of significance than the war speech of Gambetta at Cherbourg, but it is clear that the diplomats of Europe attach a certain importance to them, the more especially when both Bismarck and Gambetta have large armies at their backs, ready once more to try the fortunes of war and fight for military prestige, and for something more tangible in Alsace-Lorraine. When the French empire collapsed so frightfully and so suddenly, political prophets there were who foretold that France would in future be only a secondary power, or at the very best, would not be in position to go to war for a century to come. But as France recovered herself with as great rapidity as she went down, the nations were astounded and the wiseacres hedged and modified their prophecies. They then declared that a country capable of such financial successes was capable of military successes, for what is money but the sinews of war? As the years rolled on and France stood erect and faced her opponent, Bismarck felt sorry that he had not imposed harder conditions, but too late. He put his hand upon his sword and blustered in the hope that the rash Celt would rush blindly into the conflict before he was prepared, but he was disappointed. France preserved a dignified but rather submissive attitude, and Bismarck being still intent on war, Russia stepped forward and said in effect that it should not be. Bismarck growled, but had to sheathe his sword; he was no match for France and Russia combined, and none knows it better than he. He then, feeling that he could not trust Russia, sought for new alliances and cemented one with Austria, the humiliated of Sadowa, thereby making of Russia a positive enemy of Germany and an ally of France, no matter how emphatic the denials against it. But all this time France had been recuperating in a military as well as a financial sense, increasing, reorganizing, and remodelling her army and navy. It is known throughout Europe that Gambetta is the man on whom the eyes of France are turned, on whom she looks as the individual who will give her revenge for 1870, and rectify anew the Rhine frontier, besides recovering the lost provinces. It is but natural; it is but just. Perhaps this is why Gambetta has refused positions of leading responsibility. Perhaps he preferred to watch and prepare from his standpoint in the background. At all events the latest developments in French politics indicate that Gambetta has taken his stand, and that his policy is one of defiance towards Germany. His Cherbourg speech and the resignation of De Freycinet, a cautious opponent of the policy of revenge, point in that direction, and shows that the dictator of 1870 is supreme, and that he is at the same time not afraid of Bismarck. This is how Europe understands the great question. But is France prepared for war with Germany and Austria? Assuredly not; and this is

what renders Bismarck so uneasy, knowing a skilful man that he is, that Gambetta would not be defeated were France without allies. The shadow of Russia falls upon eastern Germany, and that great power has been preparing for war the past number of years as well as France. Bismarck used all his efforts to prevent the alliance, but, evidently, in vain, and therefore secured Austria. It may be that the struggle will arise from the present pitiful embroglio in the East, one excuse as good as another to those who want to fight. That France is preparing for war, and has been since 1874, is beyond all manner of doubt. The immense progress made in her military organization is a matter for serious anxiety across the Rhine, where those who are competent to judge know that, unless they can prevent the concentration of the troops at the very outset of the campaign, the results will be doubtful. Abandoning entirely the column formations and movements in mass, the French have taken up, but improved upon, the German tactics, at the same time simplifying all the manoeuvres, and, while preserving the unity of command, allowing full scope for individual initiative. The number of companies in each battalion is reduced from 8 to 4; but the number of files in each company is increased to 100, so that a battalion, on its war footing, consists of 800 muskets, and the regiment 3,400, which makes each brigade of the normal strength of about 5,000, including officers. In every movement, whether on the advance or in retreat, in action or on the march, the same principle is uniformly observed; the same distance is prescribed between the fractions, be the force a company, a battalion, a brigade, or an army corps. A line of skirmishers deployed 500 metres in advance of their supports, which are in columns of sections in rear of the right, left and centre; 500 metres in rear of these, the reserve; 500 metres further to the rear, the main body of troops, who alone are kept in column until circumstances decide the direction to be given to their deployment, the 1,500 metres—nearly one mile—existing between them and the line of skirmishers being considered sufficient to guarantee them against the enemy's fire while they are not directly engaged. Each company works separately, although all remain under the general direction of its *Chef de Bataillon*, so that a much wider field is opened to the intelligence of each officer, which it was intended to have developed by the system of general manoeuvres as practised first in Germany, and now adopted universally on the continent and in England. The war that is surely coming may break out this fall or it may be delayed till spring, but that it is coming is as sure as anything that has not yet taken place.

*THE FRASER ESTATE.*

We have not yet heard the last of the Fraser Estate, a matter so often alluded to in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. Mr. John Fraser, the heir-at-law of the late Hugh Fraser, who donated property estimated at \$500,000 worth, is once more in the courts as applicant in review against Judge Johnson's decision, given last May the 31st, in which the applicant was then defendant and in which judgment was rendered against him with \$50 and costs, the plaintiff having been Edward Evans, accountant. As we have stated, the then defendant Mr. John Fraser, now brings the case to review, and his latest hope of obtaining a verdict lies in the production of the books of the late Hugh Fraser, by which, as he alleges in his *factum* of defendant, he can prove that there have been gross and numerous frauds practised by the executors of the estate, and the officials connected with the property, especially the accountants. From the statement, or *factum* of the defendant, we can easily imagine that the charges can be proven, and we can only express our surprise that the laws of this province are so ambiguous and complicated as to render so many suits necessary in the elucidation of what one would think is so very simple. There can be little doubt that there is something wrong with the management of Hugh Fraser's estate, and it should be the wish of every citizen, because every citizen is interested, that the vexatious suit should come to a close, and that justice should win in the contest. It is now more than ten years since the princely property was bequeathed to the city, and yet no Fraser Institute or Library has appeared. Why is it so? Mr. John Fraser waited a reasonable time for the first fruits, but he waited in vain, and it is no cause for surprise that he as direct heir, should make an effort to see the clauses in the will carried out. It was a letter which appeared in the Montreal EVENING POST of the 14th of January, 1879, which caused Mr. Menzies to bring an action against Mr. Fraser. This letter was addressed to Sir Hugh Allan, President of the Board of Executors, and in the action attending it the plaintiff, Mr. Menzies, demanded \$5,000 damages and the imprisonment of the defendant until paid. The letter in the POST contains the following words, which were the grounds of the action:—

"These accounts appear to have been made up by Mr. Menzies, and certified to as correct by Riddell and Evans, Public Accountants, which accounts purporting to be the cash receipts and the cash payments of the estate, I declare to be false! for the reason that there are large items of pretended cash transactions charged in the said accounts which do not appear and cannot be found in the cash-book of Hugh Fraser's estate."

I am prepared to meet the executors and trustees of the estate, and the governors of the Fraser Institute, *face to face, whenever and where they please*, and I shall prove to them that the citizens of Montreal, that the books and the accounts of Hugh Fraser's estate have been falsified."

We cannot help hoping and thinking that justice will ultimately prevail, but, whatever

happens, the city of Montreal will owe Mr. John Fraser a deep debt of gratitude for his energy, his consistency, and his determination in looking after their common interests.

FATHER STAFFORD AND PRINCIPAL  
MACVICAR.

President Macvicar is Principal of the Presbyterian college of Montreal. Every one knows Principal Macvicar, or at least has heard of his fierce bigotry, which he never misses an opportunity of airing before a disgusted world. He is so well known and appreciated in Montreal that its citizens take little notice of his utterances, which are as wild as they are monotonous. It is only when he seeks fair fields and pastures new that he falls into rough hands, whose owners imagine he is worth crushing, as for instance, into the hands of Father Stafford, of Lindsay, whose letter appeared in last week's TRUE WITNESS castigating the Principal and others like him in most unmerciful manner, indeed, too much so, considering the weakness of the chastised, or perhaps it would be more correct to say his eccentricity. The Montreal Professor delivered an address before the Ontario Teachers Association, in August, 1879, and Father Stafford's manly, well written, letter was a protest against it, against the insinuations it conveyed, the lies it contained, and against the address *per se*, which should not have been delivered before a non-sectarian institution supported by the state. If the association was Presbyterian, well and good, the Professor might go ahead glorifying John Knox, and vilifying the Catholic Church, but it is not, and the Rev. Mr. Macvicar had no right to launch forth his bigoted puerilities. It is time this thing should be stopped, and let us hope, how that Father Stafford has called the attention of the government and the county to it, it will be stopped. The vilification by such men as vice-Chancellor Blake and Principal Macvicar is becoming too common. It is men such as they who ruin a country by inciting internal discord, it is men like Father Stafford who save it if possible. The Babycæon Independent, a secular paper, says in this connection:—

The rev. gentleman cites other illustrations of the same practice, and dwells especially on the attack made by the Rev. Macvicar, the president of the Presbyterian College, Montreal. With these matters it is not necessary now to deal. Mr. Stafford disposes of Mr. Macvicar in a manner which must be unpleasant to that gentleman, and stamps upon him the brand of bigot in the most legible letters. But with this we have little to do. The matter which is important to the public is that our public schools should be preserved perfectly unsectarian. Whenever any attempt is made, such as that of Mr. Macvicar, to prejudice the teachers against any particular religious denomination it should at once be exposed and defeated. Mr. Macvicar is justly indignant at the measures pursued by these religious Commissions. Two-thirds of the Catholic children of this Province are educated in the public schools and for a convention to seek to prejudice teachers as a body against the Catholic religion is obviously unjust and improper, and can only be excused on the ground that the teachers as a body, including such men as Mr. Macvicar, though sufficiently well acquainted with their business, are profoundly ignorant of everything out of it. This journal is not expressing the opinions of only a few when it declares that it views the whole of the school system of this country with grave apprehension, and entertains serious misgivings whether the system is not cultivating exactly the wrong faculties. Modern education is absolutely Godless, and instead of developing the moral faculties and producing good men and virtuous women, it is devoting all its energy to the development of cleverness, and cuteness, and smartness,—qualities which, alas, develop so quickly, while the school system of the present system is intended only an experiment. We are testing the plan of educating our children and excluding morality and religion. Whilst this experiment is being made it would be a shameful injustice to permit any action to be taken calculated to prejudice the teachers against any particular sect or denomination. This Mr. MacVicar, and some others attempted, and Mr. Stafford comes down upon them with an ecclesiastical hersey which in his hands cuts pretty deeply.

It is consoling to find that if there are bigots in Canada, whose one object in life seems to be the stirring up of sectarian strife, those are papers like that we have quoted, the *Guelph Herald* and others, which, [although owned and edited by Protestants, are able and honest enough to strike bigotry on the head, whenever it dares present itself in this free Dominion.

Toronto and Rochester are two enterprising cities of nearly equal rank, one situated on the north and the other on the south side of Lake Ontario. Cities have friendships and enemies as well as individuals, witness Chicago and St. Louis for instance, and Toronto and Rochester are, or until very lately have been, fast friends. There was almost a continuous interchange of courtesies between them, the Rochester fire brigade would visit Toronto and the Toronto aldermen would take a trip to Rochester and be well and hospitably treated, and as for excursions they were passing Lake Ontario all the summer to one city or the other. Then again, to still further cement the union between Toronto and Rochester, a blood relationship was established by marriage, a number of young men belonging to the Canadian city taking their wives from the American, and *vice versa*. But as circumstances sometimes interve to separate the dearest friends and cause their love to grow cold so in like manner events intervene occasionally to snap the ties that bind cities.

Three years ago the Toronto City Council visited Rochester, and while there were treated almost royally by the aldermen of the garden city. Their hotel bills were paid, their cab fare was paid, aye, and even their liquor bills were liquidated at the expense of the enthusiastic hosts. The Toronto men were delighted and they felt they owed a debt of gratitude which they were intensely anxious to pay. The present exhibition

presented the long desired opportunity and the Rochester Board of Aldermen were accordingly invited. They came, they saw, and they dined and wined, but alas, at their own expense. Toronto forgot itself and allowed its guests to foot their own bills. We could not attempt to describe the feelings of the Americans at such base ingratitude, sufficient to say that they departed suddenly for their homes with outraged feelings. This is what a Toronto telegram says on the unfortunate affair:—

The most unhappy feature of the festival accompanying the exhibition was the withdrawal of the Rochester corporation. The withdrawing visitors from Rochester became impatient, and consequently they left for home on the 11 o'clock boat. About three years ago the Toronto corporation had been asked to withdraw from the guests of the city; not only were they asked to leave, but their liquor bills were liquidated; also; they were treated with the utmost consideration. It was natural that the Rochester. It was natural that the same suggestion suppose that they would be accorded the same generous treatment, and when they were asked to leave, the only company of the corporation of those versed in matters of this kind was withdrawn. The Mayor was on the Exhibition grounds, and he saw that the corporation had taken place. He and Ald. Close immediately went to the telegraph office and communicated with the Rossin House, where the visitors were staying, and as they had all taken their departure for the boat.

The matter is rather serious for the tie that bound two famous cities in links of well, let us say champagne—are rudely broken, and those who guzzled together shall guzzle no more. Toronto is angry and Rochester is, mad—indignant, effervescing—such base ingratitude; a city so lost to all sense of honor! When the first feeling of dismay had subsided in the breasts of the Toronto Legislators they began to defend themselves and one of the aldermen said: "what more can we do, they came here to be filled and we filled them." It is awkward but it cannot be helped. Revenge will come as sure as fate and if an American army ever crosses the border to invade this distracted country, we know what city will form the advanced guard and make treacherous Toronto to run with champagne.

Letter from Ottawa.

MYLES O'REGAN DOES THE EXHIBITION.

Ms. E10108.—The scene with the Gushings and my victorious encounter with the burglar, although adding to my fame and glory, in my own estimation, left my nerves in such a damaged condition that I was forced to request a week's leave of absence from the head of my department, who cheerfully gave it with the advice to take care of myself.

"Oh, I have a pet monkey at home trained for the purpose; he does the whole thing in five minutes, and receives a few nuts for the job. But don't you be discouraged on that account: he is a monkey of genius."

I concluded to go to the Montreal Exhibition, and started from Hull on Friday evening in company with a fellow clerk, whose chief business it is to draw cards for the use of his office. He is unequalled at the business, and if he took my advice would retire from the public service and obtain a princely living by giving lessons in cork drawing. It is his speciality, and it should pay. My experience tells me that if a man excels in any one particular department of science or art he can make a fortune, although the second best may starve. I once knew a man who net \$30 a night for balancing a poker on the tip of his ear, while a poet whose works are now selling pretty well received the salary of \$10 a week for reporting on a Montreal daily. But about the exhibition. When we arrived at the Mile End I was amazed at the town that had sprung up during my absence—a town composed of canvass, lumber, and flags unnumberable. Most of the new houses were places of refreshment, but after partaking of a lunch at one of them I did not feel a bit refreshed. The babies and confusion around those booths or places of refreshment were indescribable. Here was a refreshment of modern French to step in and see a fellow decapitated, or, as he elegantly phrased it, "Walk in ladies and gentlemen; here it is and see the wonderful performance of a man's head decapitated," and I guess he was about correct, for the man must have two heads to go successfully through such an operation. Next door was a benevolent gentleman with a wheel-of-fortune and a lot of silver, who explained to the entire satisfaction of Scooper, my fellow clerk, that by putting a quarter on a certain figure you were liable to win five dollars. Scooper threw down his quarter and won, not five dollars, but one, which so rejoiced him that he stayed there, and when I came round in an hour after his face was as long and his pocket "as empty as if the man in charge of the wheel-of-fortune were not half so benevolent as he looked.

"Well; Scooper, how have you got long?"

"My dear Myles, that man is a fraud; I don't know how it is, but his pockets are continually filling with silver, while those of mine and several others were being emptied. And yet the theory of the game seems all right."

gambling was evidently not Scooper's speciality, whatever may be said of cork drawing. Still further on was a man with a pile and a pile of money; over the way pool billiards was going on next door to a merry-ground, on which big galoots (to quote from Miss Gushington) who should have known better, were desporting themselves.

"It will never do," said I, to hang round these side shows; let us go and see the exhibition."

We did so, I, as Scooper was 'cleaned out, having to pay at the gate, for which I was very sorry.

I did not take much stock in the cattle and agricultural implements scattered about the grounds, but made for the Crystal Palace once. How shall I describe the sight that met my ravished eyes as I entered. I was dazzled, amazed, enchanted. Talk of the eastern Sultans and the Arabian Nights, the mines of Golconda. They would sink to insignificance beside the heaps of gold and wealth in front of me. What splendid silks, what magnificent furs, what rich and costly jewellery scattered around in seeming confusion, but all doubtless belonging to those who dared lay their hands upon a single thing. I hate policemen, Mr. Editor, in their presence spoils the most lovely picture in the world.

"Well," exclaimed Scooper, "that beats all I have ever seen, why the riches of the world are gathered here. Look at those