

clusion, and every day's experience justifies my first conviction, that of all I ever met, conversed with, heard, or read about, he is, before all and beyond all, the most thorough-paced scoundrel; competent to invent any falsehood, and capable of committing any wickedness to attain whatever purpose he aimed at. I had not seen him three times when I took a fancy to study him; because it is not easy in a century to meet with such a perfect specimen of a rascal. And yet, entertaining this opinion of him, and desiring to comprehend him fully in all his varieties of villainy, I must admit that I find it most difficult, if not impossible, to give a categorical answer to all your questions. Perhaps you would dispense with any row not to taste another drop for six hours, and let me take another drop at the usquebaugh, just to give me a flavor, strength, and richness to the epithets I desire to apply to a miscreant, who is like to St. Januarius, because his will is wickedness: *Neque sciant voluntas, nisi scelere queratulari.*

"Not another drop, if you please, Murfey. The questions I ask respecting that terrible old man deeply affect me," observed Fitzgerald.

"Deeply affect you, and me, too: aye, and that proud, dull, dry Cromwellian, Captain Ludlow, who rides behind us, and thinks himself too proud to hold conversation with us; even he," observed Murfey, "for aught I know, may be, like ourselves, nothing more than the instrument of that scoundrel Geraghty in going upon this expedition."

"Oh! that is an absurd supposition of yours, Murfey. There cannot possibly be any bond of union between the rich Ludlow and the poor Geraghty. I have some reason for supposing they have never seen each other."

"Mine is only a supposition, I admit," replied Murfey, "but your suggestion is no answer to it. What did you know of Geraghty when a message from him brought you to listen to his lying stories about Miss Lawson? and what did I know of Geraghty, when I first quarrelled with my bishop? And yet he found me out; and supporting, or rather getting support for me, so incited me to carry on the war against the bishop, until he became worse, and at last I was excommunicated; and then, to revenge myself, became a witness, and now am on my way to see the man who was once kind as a father to me, arrested like a felon. The Lord forgive me!"

"True—true—most true," said Fitzgerald, sighing; "it was true," he suggested to me what evidence I was to give as a witness, in order that I might, as a witness, have the means at my disposal of effecting my marriage through an abduction. But why has a man in Geraghty's condition all this influence and power, and why is he using both for some personal purpose of his own?"

"Why did you and I grasp at influence and power, and then seek to employ both for purposes of our own; you, to promote your marriage with a rich young woman; I, to gratify my hatred and revenge against my Archbishop? The puzzle to me is," said Murfey, "not that Geraghty should employ the influence he has obtained and the power he wields, for the attainment of his own personal ends, but that these ends can be there. I confess to you, I am completely baffled. How he has gained influence is easily seen. He is one of the agents in this country of that party in England, who have resolved *per fas aut nefas*, to keep the Duke of York from the throne; and, as I think, setting that Duke aside, either to establish a republic, or what will be the same as a republic, retaining all the powers of government in their hands, putting upon the throne the Duke of Monmouth, giving to him the name of 'King,' and so through him, and in his name, ruling over the three kingdoms. Now, I think that Geraghty is a trusted agent of that party—the same party that have got up the Popish plot. It is through Geraghty—his very obscurity rendering him unsuspected—that Lord Shaftesbury and his lordship's agent, Hetherington, are stirring up a Popish plot in Ireland. If I am right, and I am pretty sure I am, in this conjecture, then you have at once the reason given to you for Geraghty's power and influence, the motives for his aiding to entrap me, the motive for his trying to entrap you. That he is more astute than both of us he has already proved by his suggestion to me, if any attempt was made to rescue Miss Lawson when you seized her, to declare she was a party in the Popish plot."

"But then, why keep the girl in custody?" impatiently asked Fitzgerald. "The purpose has been accomplished for which the outrage was committed upon her. Why not restore her to her father?"

"Well," added Murfey, "if you will force a reason from me, whether I will or not, I must endeavor to give one. None of us are so wise as to foresee all the consequences of our own acts, and Geraghty, with all his cleverness, may be in that position with Miss Lawson. She may be a burden upon his hands, and he does not know how to get rid of her. Either he may fear the consequences of sending her back to her father, for her father, you will observe, is no more a Papist than yourself, and, therefore, to commit an outrage upon a member of an English Protestant family may be a far more serious matter in these times, than if the girl and her relatives were Papists. You may be sure Ebenezer Lawson would punish with the law, or if the law would not do, with his own sword, the man who had acted even for an hour, as the jailer of his daughter; or, the reason why Geraghty had her seized, and so befouled you into taking part in her capture, was with an ultimate view to the making money of her; that is, of getting a large ransom for her release. Avarice is the common vice of old men, and this may have been the great motive, beyond all others, for his conduct with respect to that young woman, whose tongue I can say, from experience, is as sharp as her arm is strong, and who, if you had married her, I had not the slightest doubt, would have led you the life of a dog."

The observations of the sage and sober Murfey were interrupted by a loud whistle, and before its shrill sound had ceased to vibrate on the ear, or a word could be spoken to inquire the cause, he was surprised to find that the horse which he rode had been seized by the bridle, and that a man without a hat on his head, or shoes on his feet, had grasped the wrist of his right hand.

Upon looking at his companion, Fitzgerald, he saw that he was placed in the same predicament, his bridle-rein seized, and the wrist of his right hand grasped; and on looking back he observed his leader, Captain Ludlow, arrested in the same manner; and on looking before him, he perceived the few of his party who were in view had in the same manner been detained by wild, savage-looking, half-naked men, who wore long knives in their belts.

The captors and the captives were alike silent.

The captives were silent, for they were horror-stricken at the suddenness of the surprise, and the consciousness that the men who held them could by a single movement plunge their long knives, that had not yet been unsheathed, into their bodies.

The captors were silent, because they acted under the orders of a strict commander.

This terror-inspiring silence lasted for full five minutes, when it was interrupted by the

following words, spoken in a tone of command: "Remove the prisoners right and left from the centre of the road, in order that their number may be ascertained."

No sooner had this order been obeyed than Murfey and his companions heard the noise made by an advancing body of horsemen. A portion of them appeared to be halted in front; and then they saw a gentleman in a rich, green, military uniform, with cuirass and helmet, advancing, and at a few yards behind him thirty well-mounted and fully armed horsemen, who passed to the rear, and there halted.

"May I never sin," whispered Murfey to his companion, "but we are surrounded on all sides—back, front, sides, and rear. We are caught as completely as a fox in a trap, a fish in a net, or a fly in a bottle."

"If you want a knife put into you, before I'm ordered to do it, you will dare to speak another word," whispered the rough-haired man who held Murfey's wrist.

"Who is in command of the prisoners? Who is their leader?" asked the commander of the captors.

"I am," announced Ludlow.

"Bring the gentleman forward," said the commander. "Now release him. I wish to speak with him alone."

The prisoners were withdrawn on one side, and the cavalry of the captors fell back about a hundred paces on the other.

The following conversation then passed between the two leaders:—

"Your name and rank, Sir?"

"Edward Ludlow, formerly a captain in the army."

"In the Cromwellian army?"

"Yes."

"And nephew to Lieutenant-General Ludlow?"

"The same."

"Look at me well, Mr. Edward Ludlow; for there are reasons you should never forget me."

"I have seen you before, I am sure, but where I do not recollect."

"I will remind you. I once stood upon the ramparts of Dublin Castle; that was the first time we met. A second time I stood before you in a coffee-room in Dublin."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ludlow with a yell of frantic rage, "I do remember you—well—well—oh! how well. It was your accursed hand inflicted upon me this horrid wound in my face. It was you who dashed a wine glass at me, and sought to provoke me to a tavern brawl. Yes, miscreant, I do remember you."

"Moderate your language, Mr. Ludlow, unless you are prepared to abide on the spot the consequences of your own words. Once we met as strangers, a second time we met as enemies, a third time we met as mortal foes. We are now here face to face. If you have the courage of a man, and the spirit of a soldier, draw, I say, draw at once. You are challenged to combat by Redmond O'Hanlon."

"Redmond O'Hanlon!" said Ludlow, and as he repeated the words, his lips trembled with terror at that fearful name, although he did his utmost to conceal his apprehensions by a blustering tone. "Redmond O'Hanlon! a Rapparee! a tory! a highway robber! a cattle-stealer! challenges an English gentleman to fight a duel with him! You may assassinate me with your Rapparee's knife if you so please, but never shall you be able to boast that a man of my birth, rank, and position met you as his equal."

"Oh! I see," replied O'Hanlon. "Mr. Edward Ludlow is fastidious on the point of honour. He compares his life with mine, and he finds his past career so pure, and mine so dishonoured, that he will not cross swords with me! Come, Mr. Ludlow, we must see which of the two can best boast himself to be a gentleman. I have the time to spare to do so, for I own I have sought this interview with the purpose of fastening a quarrel upon you, of compelling you to meet me as a mortal foe; having it in my own power, by a word to rid the world of such a base villain, but still preferring to do so by my own hand, because encountering you on equal terms, with equal weapons, and with no undue advantage on either side."

"You have," said O'Hanlon, sheathing his sword as he spoke, "chosen to apply various opprobrious epithets to me, and you have in the same breath boasted of your birth, your rank, and your position. If you know anything of my past career, and I believe you do, then you must be well aware my birth is equal to your own. As to your rank, you have been an officer in the service of a foreign sovereign, as well as the over-faithful adherent of my king, whether that king was a prisoner, a victim, an exile, or on the throne; and for my services I have been honored with the title of a count. And now as to your position in society. What is it? In what respect is it superior to my own? The estate of my ancestors—that which should be mine, as it was theirs—was taken away, not on account of any vice or crime on their part, or mine, but by a band of rebels and of robbers, who, gaining possession of the government for the time, took from us our lands, because we were loyal to our sovereign and true to our God. And what have I done? and wherefore is it that you brand me as a Rapparee, a tory, and a cow-stealer? For no other reason than this: that I will not tamely and patiently submit to the wrong that has been done, that I will not allow the thieves who are the receivers of stolen goods, who hold possession of our lands, to have quiet and undisturbed enjoyment of the produce of those lands; that where I can, and when I can, I take that produce from them of which they have not the honesty to make restitution, nor the courage to defend. That I wage a war of life and death against these spoliators of our property; and that as long as I have life I will, with my own right hand, and my sword, vindicate our rights and punish our wrong-doers. Is it because I do this, you and your republican gang of invaders apply injurious and opprobrious epithets to us? but, at the same time, in your craven fear, and in the hope of being allowed to retain a portion of the spoil you have unjustly gained, you are forced to pay me tribute, and although you have what you call law courts in Dublin, still, in the midst of your abuse, you tremble at my name, aye, and shrink from a conflict with me. You abuse me privately, though you dare not denounce me openly; and since I am, that if you find the opportunity of destroying me, the wicked purpose will be attained by base means, and the hand of an assassin effect what the sword of a soldier would not venture to attempt, nor the arm of a partial and unjust Government have the power to execute."

"I seek, by open, undisguised war to recover what is my own; to punish transgressors, to avenge the helpless, and to protect the weak, and for doing this you call me a Rapparee, a tory, and a cow-stealer."

"You know that you are telling falsehoods of me, but these falsehoods your party purposely circulate to disguise from the world their own iniquitous spoliations, and as a palliation for cruelties which innately cowardice urges you and them to perpetrate."

"This, then, is my position; by open hostility I am seeking to recover what is my own."

(To be continued.)

THE KAFFIR WAR.

The Kwaio Garrison Safe Out of Zululand—King Cetewayo's Retreat—Prince Imperial at the Front—An Advance to be Made on the King's Kraal—Troublesome Boers—A Visit to the Field of Isandula.

CAPETOWN, April 8.—The Kwaio garrison reached Tugela yesterday. Lord Chelmsford and staff are on their way to Durban. It is stated that the Zulus now occupy Ekowe, but King Cetewayo himself has retired beyond the Black Umvolosi River. The rumor that the Boers intended to detain Sir Bartle Frere is unfounded.

New York, April 29.—A despatch to the Standard from Capetown, April 8th says the Zulus appear to have recovered very rapidly from their defeat at Gingelova, as large numbers are reported in the neighborhood of Ekowe. Sickness is reported more or less prevalent among the British forces.

A despatch to the News from Capetown, dated 8th instant, says a strong British force will be dispatched in a fortnight from Tugela to fight its way to Cetewayo's Kraal at Ulundi.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON

was at the relief of Ekowe with the Artillery, and behaved gallantly.

It is stated from Pretoria that 4,000 Boers have assembled near that place, and that hostilities between them and the British may rise at any moment. They seem anxious to avoid firing the first shot. Col. Rowlands, of the 80th Regiment, who commands the column in that vicinity, has made ample preparations to give the Boers a thrashing when they are so disposed. Col. Wood's column holds its position on the Kambula Hill, acting strictly on the defensive. Thousands of Zulus of Umbelini's command are in the neighborhood, but since their last assault on the camp they have shown no inclination to repeat it. Their losses were enormous, and their slain still lies unburied.

On the 4th of March (says the Daily News correspondent) a party, consisting of four officers of the 24th Regiment, twelve officers and non-commissioned officers of the Natal native contingent, and eleven of the Natal native police, the whole under command of Major Black, of the 24th Regiment, proceeded at 7 a.m. from the camp to the Buffalo River, and crossed into Zululand to reconnoitre. Fires have been observed burning the previous night. After crossing, Captain Symons pushed forward with the police to examine the valley at the foot of Bashee Height. Finding none of the enemy there, the whole party advanced at a smart pace, the Natal native contingent in front and the police in the rear, and proceeded in close order along the valley, their destination being Isandula. At the river which runs at the bottom of the ascent leading to the camp they saw three Zulus a considerable distance ahead. "On seeing us (says the narrative of one of the party) they ran to the right and watched us at a safe distance under a tree. One more good pull of our horses, and we were in the neck between the two koppies. The scene that struck on our view at this spot was awful. Before us lay the camping ground, of those who fell. Wagons were standing in every direction, many having moved a considerable distance from their original position. Some stood as they were left when the oxen were outspanned. All had been emptied of their contents, which were lying thick on the ground. Tinned fish, meat, jam, milk, &c., were in abundance, but the tins in many cases were pierced by assegais. Letters, papers and photographs were mixed up with brushes and boots of every description. Saddle bags and saddlery of all sorts were lying about, generally cut well to pieces. Scarcely a square foot of tent canvas was to be seen, and only one water-proof wagon cover was left. The stench from the carcasses of the horses, mules, oxen, and the remains of the poor fellows who fell was fearful. In most cases we were able to distinguish what branch of the service the men had belonged to from the uniforms, but they were

made to throw up earthworks. The river continued to flow for several days, and on the 11th it was reported by native wagon drivers that the Zulus were collecting in the immediate neighborhood an intention of which no notice appears to have been taken beyond one solitary sentry posted at fifteen yards from the camp formed on the Derby side. When warned, Captain Moriaty gave orders for his men to stand to their arms. The alertness seems, however, to have been of no long duration, for at half-past five, when the Zulu attack was made, our men were surprised and

BUTCHERED IN THEIR TENTS.

Ten only were saved out of Captain Moriaty's party, himself, with Civil Surgeon Cobbin, being among the slain. The men, who escaped by swimming the stream, were covered by Lieutenant Harward's party, and the whole number then fell back upon Luneberg, from which place the two companies of the 80th went out and buried their fallen comrades, and recovered the rocks, powder, guns, and ammunition. The cattle, Major Tucker's report of the disaster on the Intombi river has now been received. It states that Captain Moriaty's party left Luneberg on the 7th for the purpose of bringing two from Derby the wagons, variously loaded, with which he had then arrived at the Drift. Owing to the state of the river it was found impossible to get the wagons over the bar, and the party was obliged to return to the camp. The camp was taken by surprise, and Major Tucker is of opinion that the result would have been the same if

"Bridget Maloney."

We must do justice to foe as well as to friend. Here is what the Kingston Daily News says of the "Bridget Maloney" incident:—

V. C. BLAKE.

THE EVENING POST suggests that the brother of "Bridget Maloney" horsewhip Vice-Chancellor Blake, who, it says, should be made to "dance an Irish jig to well-applied music of a cow-hide" on account of the expressions used by him in the Mercer trial, at which a nun gave evidence. It is charged that when the lady in question was on the stand about to give evidence she was asked her name. She gave that which is applied to her as a nun, when the Vice-Chancellor made the remark that "it was one of those high sounding Italian titles to cover a Bridget Maloney." If the Vice-Chancellor did so he was guilty of a very discourteous and ungentlemanly act—an act unworthy of one occupying his judicial position. We do not know what the law is in regard to religious ladies giving evidence; but be it what it may, if the Vice-Chancellor used the expression attributed to him, his conduct was as undignified as it was insulting and unmanly.

NATURALIST'S PORTFOLIO.

THE CAUSE OF NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.—It is stated as a peculiar fact that myopia or near-sightedness is exclusively an attendant of civilization, never being found among savages, and rarely among the peasantry of any country. Investigation shows that the region of the macula lutea, or "yellow spot," opposite the pupil of the eye has the greatest percipient power but is peculiarly liable to disease, and that in myopic persons this part of the eye may become congested, resulting perhaps in partial or even total blindness.

WILD OLIVES IN BERMAH.—Groves of wild olives have been discovered in British Burmah, the trees flourishing with particular luxuriance in many parts of the new district of Phawady. The Burmese olive appears to be for more rapid growth than its Italian contemporary, as it bears fruit after three years' existence, while the Italian olive takes from ten to fifteen years to arrive at maturity. Moreover the Indian plant seems especially hardy as its situation in the plains near Thongrai is exposed to the heavy monsoon rains and the great heats of March and April.

THE DEPENDERS HAD BEEN DOUBT their actual number. There were no mounted men at Luneberg, and on the next being brought in by Lieutenant Harward the officers' horses were saddled, and a small party left for the scene of the disaster, but before they had proceeded far the Zulus were observed retreating when Major Tucker arrived at the river, which was not crossed until the powder, guns, and ammunition, however, was then found to be completely wrecked. The bodies of the killed upon our side were brought over the river and at once interred. Twenty mounted men of the river had been brought to the attacking party, which also included some of Major Tucker's men. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister, had been asked to let his men take part in the attack, but he refused. Major Tucker states that it was only due to the fact that a portion of Moriaty's men were upon the wagons, and that the rest of the party had escaped. Major Tucker has saved rockets, gun ammunition and powder, but the cattle were carried off, and the wagons, with much of the contents, still remain on the scene of the disaster.

Reward for Their Gallantry.

LONDON, May 3.—Lieut. J. B. Chard, of the Royal Engineers, and Lieut. Broadhead, of the 24th Regiment Foot, who defended the post at Korke's Drift so successfully against the Zulus on January 23rd, have received the Order of the Victoria Cross.

A Greenhorn's Dilemma.

One of the many hardy sons of toil who daily till and cultivate the rocky soil of this Province without any greater success than obtaining a daily supply was seized with a fit of reading lately. He subscribed to several agricultural magazines, and plodded through them carefully. One prominent feature of these journals was to describe at length the great farms, and their lavish adornments, common to Minnesota. The verdant youth longed to be "one of them," and after months of hoarding succeeded in massing sufficient of the "filthy" to transport him to his West. He also induced several of his neighbors to embark their fortunes in the same. As prime mover of the scheme, which would so suddenly enrich them all, the stricken youth was entrusted with the care of their tickets. After the usual farewells and conventional partings, the combined forces departed for Montreal by the Eastern train, which arrived here on the night of April 30. They refreshed themselves with sundry drinks and viands, and then prepared to take passage by the Western train for their "Eden of the West." After entering the cars "Verdant" searched his pockets for the tickets, but without producing any. Hastily he dived into his pants' pockets, ransacked his coat, and thinking they might, through some unaccountable means, have entered his valise, he instituted a search, but still without revealing the interesting objects. It was only at this moment that the thought fitted across his mind that he had been the subject of a robbery. With blanched face and trembling hands he staggered up to a Grand Trunk policeman and announced his loss, which amounted to \$150. Being unable to give any clue which would lead to the nearest of the pickpocket, he was told that it was beyond the power of the police to redress his grievance.

St. Bridget's.

From an early hour Thursday, May morning, crowds of sturdy workmen were to be seen wending their way with picks, axes, shovels and carts, in answer to the appeal of their worthy pastor, Rev. Father Lonergan, their object being to commence the excavation of the new St. Bridget's Church, corner of Craig and Janet streets. At 9 o'clock the Rev. Father arrived on the ground and opened the work, making a few short, but eloquent remarks. He immediately proceeded to give the customary blessing to the place already marked out by His Lordship for an Irish Church; then taking a spade, decorated for the occasion, with the skill and dexterity of a professional digger, raised the first spilt. His example was followed by his assistant clergymen, five in number, by the committee of management, the contractor and other prominent parishioners, several of whom, by way of compensation for the earth dug out, threw in bank notes, till at last a wag requested to be allowed a shovelful and very ardently raised up a spadeful of notes worth \$50. We noticed that several women insisted on using the spade and giving their mite.

The English speaking Catholics of the East End are very jubilant over the prospects of their new church, and feel a legitimate gratitude towards their zealous pastor for his unwearied efforts in surmounting so many almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of getting them the church which they have been trying to obtain for over twenty years. The plan of the new building is original and very beautiful, and the edifice, when finished, will be one of the handsomest in the city, and will, we hope, supply the want so long felt in these suburbs.

Physicians having Consumptive patients, and having failed to cure them by their own prescriptions, should not hesitate to prescribe Allen's Lung Balm. It has cured cases where all other remedies have failed. It is harmless to the most delicate child.

From the easy expectation, increased respiratory power of the Lungs, and the removal of irritation, manifest from cessation of Cough and other alarming symptoms, after using Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, it is clear that the formation of tuberculous matter is not only stopped, but that already deposited is being carried away.

CHINESE OYSTERS.—Like so many peculiar things in the Celestial Empire, the system of breeding the above named bivalve differs widely from that pursued in Europe and America. In the southern part of China "collectors" of bamboo are placed in the oyster-beds, which during the same fashion as the elaborate tiles and "bricks" employed in France. These oyster-catchers are, however, prepared in a curious manner. The crabs are exposed for about two months in the rays of the sun, and then placed for a similar period in salt water, after which they are again dried for several days, the object being to preserve them from decay and prevent the twisting or warping of the bamboo. Notches are then cut in the crabs, into which empty oyster shells are fixed like so many cups, and thus prepared they are driven to the sea-shore between high and low water mark, and left standing to catch the young spat. These localities are considered the best where the rise and fall of the tide is the greatest, so that the bivalves may be alternately covered by the flood and exposed to air on the ebb. There the young oysters thrive well and develop rapidly, and are quite ready for the market when they are two years old. A large trade is carried on by the persons who pursue the calling, and who have many thousands of these collectors planted in favourable situations, and some successful breeders have been known to realize large fortunes.

EXTINCT ILLUMINATIONS.—I find a field for the seekers of science, says a Hickey Valley, Tenn., letter. In this yard are numerous little graves about twenty inches long. They are lined at the sides and ends with flat rocks, set up edgewise. Many years after the house was built, they were discovered by the dirt wearing and exposing the rocks. Most of them have been examined. They find in them diminutive skeletons, but they show to have been full grown people, having a full set of teeth and mature proportions. These graves are found in various places in the country. Who they were or in what age they lived I have been unable to learn; history gives no account of such a race. They must have been a superstitious people, from their mode of burial; perhaps believing they would be transmitted into another existence. In the graves are found various earthen vessels of singular shape and material, also numerous shells and ornaments. Shells that have been taken out—one, a large seashell, with pictures and peculiar designs carved on it, supposed to mean something if anyone was able to decipher them; they show ingenuity and mechanism. This place is at the foot of Millsick mountain. The mountain is some fifteen or twenty miles in circumference, and surrounded by a comparatively level country. It has an altitude of many hundred feet above the level of the country, and can only be ascended with difficulty by footmen. I was one of the number to scale the summit; found it pretty steep and rugged. On top there is two or three acres of level land; from here you have a splendid view and pleasant breeze.

FATHER RYAN'S LECTURE.

The Dignity of Labor.

The Rev. Father Ryan lectured on "The Dignity of Labor" Thursday night to a select audience in St. Gabriel's school house. There were present on the platform the Rev. Fathers Hogan, Brown and Salmon, Alderman McShane and several of the Presidents of the Irish Catholic Societies, as well as the President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. Father Salmon occupied the chair, and introduced the reverend lecturer by saying that it was Father Ryan's first appearance in the lecturing field; but the audience would have reason to conclude, before the lecture was over, that they had listened to an eloquent and learned gentleman.

THE STRONGHOLD OF UMBELINI.

the famous Swazi renegade, to dislodge whom several attempts had failed. Captain Moriaty's camp had its back to the river, but was dominated by the 17th, whose position was very strong, and was surrounded by long grass and weeds. The wagons were loosely packed, but no attempt was

King Alfonso and the Archduchess Marie Christine.

MADRID, May 1.—It is reported that a matrimonial alliance is contemplated between Christine, a young lady whose full name and title is Archduchess Marie Christine Desree Henriette Felicité Reviere, is daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand, of Austria. She is now nearly twenty-one years of age, having been born July 21st, 1858. The young Archduchess is said to have many personal and mental attractions.

—A dual between the editor and the publisher, in which both were wounded, was recently fought in the editorial rooms of a newspaper, at Pesh.

"May it please your honour" said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought the prisoner from the jail on a *habere corpus*."

"Well," said a farmer in an undertone, who stood at the back of the court, "those lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door."

DRAPERY.—An organ has been erected in London quite recently which is said to have a hundred and twenty stops. This beats all the other organs out and out—even the organ of speech in woman, which, by the way, has no stop at all.

An interesting military ceremony took place at Dundee on the 23rd ult., the occasion being the presentation of silver medals from Her Majesty for long service and good conduct by Colonel Erskine Paterson, of Linlathen, to Sergeant-Major Ponton, Sergeant Rufol, and Sergeant Kemp.