

QUEBEC.

By His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne.

O fortress city, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Beneath the shadow of the cross,
In founding the new Empire's pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in the shade,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet content grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock,
Montcalm rushed on, and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with banner brown,
And girt with bayonet and lock,
No loveliness of summer's crown.

Quaint hamlet-alley, bordered filled
With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
Where fills the yellow bird, and fall
The deep green shadows, there when tilted
The peasant's head, and golden bell,
He rests content, if o'er his head
From silver spires the Church bells call
To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
The simple honest lives of all.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
The loops of plunging foam that beat
The rocks at Montmorency's feet,
Slab the deep gloom with moon-light rays;
Or from the fortress saw the streams
Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams,
White shone the rocks, and anchored fleet,
To the grassy slopes the battle in dreams
Faint hosts of sleeping Marguerite.

Or when the dazzling Fort King melted,
Fast leaping to the snowy wall,
She died, and where her rainbows bled
Her freedom, painting all her home,
We climbed her spray-built palace dome,
Shot down the radiant glassy wall,
Until we reached the snow-drift foam,
As shoots to waves some meteor ball.

Then homeward, hearing song or tale,
With chiming of harness bells we sped
Above the frozen river bed,
The city, through a misty veil,
Gleamed from her capes, and sunset fire
Touched Loyola and the cathedral spire,
Bathed in and snow a rosy red,
So beautiful that men's desire
For May-time's rival wonders fled.

The glory of a gracious land,
Fit home for many a hardy race,
Where liberty has broadened base,
And labor honors every hand,
Throughout her trip's thousand miles
The sun upon each season's face,
And every man his hope and space,
And kindness from a strand to strand,
Alone is born to right of place!

Such were our memories. May they yet
Be shared by others sent to see
Signs of the union of the free,
And kindred people and a set
O'er famous lakes and fertile zones
Of continents. Or if new thrives
And mighty seas and river flows,
Whose potent land you river flows,
Smooth their great waters shrouded sea!

OUR ANGLO-IRISH LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The Parnellites are before long likely to revolutionize the entire subject of Parliamentary procedure. Mr. Gladstone is about to introduce the *closure*, or, as somebody called it, "the shut up," for the sole purpose of stopping the tongues of the terrible Irishmen who might at night keep honorable members from their clubs, and the fashionable resorts which many of those profound legislators patronize.

The Prime Minister may pass his gagging bill but it will never work, and members of his party who may vote for it, in many cases, have to reckon with their constituents. The people of England will consent to

CORRUPTION IN IRELAND.

but they will not allow it in their own country. An ordinary Englishman believes in his heart that he is the shining light of the world, and points with pride to his excellent Government. He talks about free speech, a free press; the right of a man to be innocent until found guilty, and many other wonderful things; and now, in the latter end of the Nineteenth Century, for the people's William to bring in a gagging bill is a contradiction of all the tall talk in which Englishmen will indulge. When he was coming into power he promised a bill to assimilate the borough and county franchise, but those terrible Irish fellows have so clogged the wheels of legislation that really at present there is appearance of extending political power to Hodge. To try, however, to do something for that slow-going son of toil, our Prime Minister is about to use coercion in Parliament—remedy which, indeed, England has applied pretty extensively, and often against her own borders. Mr. Gladstone is a hard fix, for he dare not go to the country, because, in all probability, Ireland would return a majority of Parnellites, and possibly the Irish vote in England would be neutral or cast for the Tories; and now, in the House, there is likely to be a coalition against the gagging bill.

BIGGER.

is in his element when things are pretty well mixed. It matters not to him what honorable members have to say about the dignity of the House. A night or two ago he said that if Mr. Forster had paid as much attention to his duty as Chief Secretary for Ireland as he did to a certain gambling-house on Stephens' Green, Dublin, Irish affairs would be different. That was a hard knock at the Quaker Chief Secretary, who in his hankerings was got up to reply, but before managing to do so the House was ringing with cries of "Withdraw, withdraw." The little man for Cavan, however, was equal to the occasion, for in the most innocent manner possible he asked which it was they wanted him to withdraw, the Chief Secretary or the gambling house? Mr. Forster then told the assembled legislators that the gambling-house alluded to was the St. Stephens' Club, and matters began to cool down when Joe again got on his feet and informed the British Parliament that Mr. Gladstone's young hopeful, Hobbs, was for a while superintendent of evictions in Ireland. Here was the cause of another uproar. To think that the only member of the Gladstone family in any way likely to rise above obscurity should be called a young, hopeful and a superintendent of evictions, by a Parnellite, was almost unbearable, and brought the Prime Minister to his feet. He spoke of his son as the honorable member for Leeds, and characterized the speech of Mr. Biggar as coarse and undignified, but the more angry he got, the more Cavan's representative grinned and rubbed his hands with glee, the rumpus he had created putting two Cabinet Ministers hors de combat in one night was no joke, but it was a short man of about forty-five years of age, he is a little deformed in the shoulders, probably the result of an accident in childhood, his face is a study, it is a compound of humor, frankness, ability and firmness, he is hard-headed to a remarkable degree, and, as a rule, says what he thinks. Mr. Biggar is an orator, but he is a thorough master of sarcasm, and can at the spur of the moment fire a most telling shot at an opponent. No man is more accessible or more amiable, and in the lobby of the House is always ready to show a stranger round as do a friend.

of the Irish party will consent more readily to attend Irish meetings or is more popular with the Irishmen of London and indeed with a very large portion of the Radicals. When by some powerful random shot he has disturbed the equilibrium of the House and a number of honorables are all denouncing him he wears a serene smile. Others of his party may occasionally manufacture a shot, but Biggar will fire them and take a splendid delight in the result. He is rich but not at all ostentatious, and it is said that he has given at one time or another considerable sums to keep up the Land League agitation. By all accounts he simply idolizes Parnell; whom he considers the greatest Irishman of the century, as I am happy to say, does the majority of his countrymen. Mr. Biggar is a pork and provision merchant in Belfast, but as there is a Lord Lieutenant's warrant in Ireland for his arrest he has not been in that country since September.

REMUNERATION OF MEMBERS.

There is a movement now in Ireland to pay the members from the constituencies three hundred pounds each per annum. This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, because it will keep out the miserable sycophants who, up to the era of the Land League, were Ireland's representatives in the British Parliament. Organizations are about to be formed in every constituency to collect money for this purpose, and to select suitable candidates. The Dublin *Nation* of last week says that one of the qualifications might be travel or residence in England or America, and an exertion of brain power for a livelihood. What a change since the time when a drunken orgie to the wire-pullers at a hotel, a dinner at the County Club, and a few pounds in so-called charity to the schools, were in Ireland the passports to the halls of Parliament. The most significant thing of all is the necessity of being acquainted with England and America. This is acknowledging the advantage of foreign travel to the men, who, in the future, are to fight the Irish cause in London. Under the present system it is very difficult for even a man of moderate means to attend Parliament for seven or eight months without fee or reward of any kind, indeed so much was this felt that going to the House of Commons was considered more of an honor than of a political and national necessity, with the result of good men reaching Parliament being a mere chance. The people paying their servants will effect a marvelous change, because poor, but active-minded and intelligent men will rapidly come to the front. Eighty members of three hundred pounds each would require twenty-four thousand pounds per year, and the proposition is to raise this sum by a special fund from among the farmers in proportion to the benefits they have derived from the Anti-Landlord Movement.

THE REASON WHY

the Irish party in Parliament and the Irish electors in Northampton so bitterly opposed Bradlaugh may be found in the fact that to the Coercion Bill he voted twenty-eight times with the Government. A portion of the Radicals are angry with the Irish members for voting against this man taking his seat, but Bradlaugh, on an occasion in New York, said that he would at any time fight against an Irish Republic. Then why should Irishmen help him to get what he values more than eternal salvation, namely, a seat in Parliament? Besides the money he is making on lecturing he owns and edits the *National Reformer*, and is also proprietor of the Free Thought Publishing House, so that by no means he is not a poor man.

MR. DESCH JONES.

the notorious South of Ireland landlord, has at last been ground to powder between the Land League and the Land Court. When the agitation first started he published a book entitled "The Experience of a Landlord who tried to do his Duty." In this volume he pictured himself as a most exemplary man, and the Irish a terribly ungrateful people. He called attention to his model farming at Liselane, three miles from Clonakilty. Many of the English papers favorably reviewed his book and commended the steps he took to tame the unruly people by whom he was surrounded. Just then the Land League came along and ordered him to be boycotted, and boycotted he was to his heart's content. In Clonakilty, where he previously ruled, he could not get a loaf of bread or even a drink of water. He had fallen so low that no one would do him honors. In this terrible crisis he went for the emergency man, but he had to pay each of them five shillings per day, besides expenses, which were enormous, as everything had to be brought from Cork and Dublin. He was fairly now trying his strength against the Land League, but, alas, he was most woefully beaten. Throughout Ireland everything belonging to him was banned, and even in Liverpool the brand of Olan was put on his cattle. To crown his troubles, Father John O'Leary, of Clonakilty, published a scathing article on him in the *Contemporary Review*, one of the most important magazines in the English language. He was now beaten and had to shut up his beautiful mansion of Liselane, and take himself off to London. In September a meeting was held at Clonakilty, to which the Land League sent a deputation, and, as the gentleman who attended was a newspaper man, he went over the Bence Jones property, examined the unfortunate tenants, interviewed Father O'Leary, and then gave the result to the world; both through the English and Irish press. As soon as the Land Act became law some of the tenants put this model landlord into the court, and at a recent sitting of the Commission in Bandon, Richard Holland's rent was reduced from £236 to £282, and Joseph Nicholson's from £236 to £280; and several leases were, by order of the Commission, set aside to be broken and adjudicated upon the next sitting. What

A LESSON

this Bence Jones affair teaches, it shows how one man, aided by law and custom, could tyrannize over a multitude, and on the other hand, it demonstrates the power of a people when driven by oppression and outrage to fury and madness. Had the aristocracy of France relaxed even a little the unbearable burthens they placed upon their fellowmen on whom those privileged orders looked, as they did on the beasts of the field, the revolution would in all probability have taken place, but when those down-trodden serfs arose in their might, kings and thrones, nobles and courtiers and gypsies, went down like chaff before the wind. Exactly the same, but on a smaller scale in Ireland. Feudal landlordism has been made to tremble by the united efforts of a people, who have by a wicked system been robbed and enslaved.

MR. STOREY.

Radical member for Sunderland, made a speech in the House of Commons on the Irish Constabulary estimates, which, if delivered by an Irish member, would have sent him to Kilmainham. The police, he said, were used to evict the people; whether the eviction was right or wrong. He charged the Government with encouraging crime, and the calling of the Irish Constabulary by their secret circular, and

that the Radicals of England were woefully mistaken in Mr. Gladstone and his policy. Vernon Harcourt, Secretary of State, was quizzed as the heavy weight of the Cabinet, no doubt alluding to Mr. Harcourt's size, which is rather gigantic. Altogether, Mr. Storey's speech was a very telling one, and as an avowed Liberal and lover of fair play, does him credit. In Sunderland the Irish vote is strong, and let us hope that at the next election Mr. Storey will not be forgotten.

ANNO-CENT.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.—Provide yourselves with a bottle of Pain-Killer at this season of the year, when summer complaints are so prevalent; it is a prompt, safe and sure cure. It may save you days of sickness, and you will find it is more valuable than gold. Be sure you buy the genuine Perry Davis' Pain-Killer and take no other mixture.

EMBRACING A SPIRIT FORM.

MRS. HULL, THE MEDIUM, IN THE GHOST'S CLOTHES, AND A FANNALE DUMMY IN MRS. HULL'S.

"You may quote me as saying that I saw the pretended materializing medium, Mrs. Hull, exposed as a fraud on Sunday night last," said the theatrical manager, J. H. McVicker, yesterday, when a Sun reporter asked him a version of an occurrence that has created a good deal of remark among believers in spiritualism. "The way it occurred was this," continued Mr. McVicker. "A company gathered at a private house by invitation to see some marvelous materializing phenomena to be produced by Mrs. Hull, who has been for some time astonishing many visitors at the house of Mr. Hatch in Astoria. The only gentlemen visitors present were Mr. J. B. Sammis, Secretary of the Rubber Cushman Axle Company; Dr. Collins, and myself. There were eleven ladies. Most of the party were spiritualists and believers in materializing manifestations. I was invited by Mr. Sammis, and so far as I know, there was no intention to attempt any exposure. Mrs. Hull was accompanied by her husband, a very gentlemanly person. I am free to say that I had not much faith in Mrs. Hull's ability to produce materialized spirits."

"The seance was held at the house of a lady who was not suspected of any collusion. The spectators sat in a front parlor, and a curtain was stretched across a doorway leading to a small back room which was a lounge. It was pretended that Mrs. Hull would lie on this lounge while the materialized spirits appeared outside the curtain. When the seance commenced, the materialized forms were those of females. A lady present said she recognized one of the materialized forms as that of Mrs. Hull with a set of false teeth taken out. Some of us noted a suspicious reappearance of the same piece of Hinson worked with cottonwood that partly concealed the table. Others stated that the gloves and other attributes of the different spirits were similar."

Finally one of the spirits beckoned to Dr. Collins who was sitting in the most distant part of the room. What followed the appearance of Dr. Collins is related by Mr. Sammis as follows: "The medium made no objection to our sitting quite near and approaching the spirit. Dr. Collins advanced closely as others had done. When he got near enough to see he became satisfied that the 'spirit' was Mrs. Hull. He reached out his arm to embrace the spirit, and as soon as he got a firm hold of her waist, he whirled her out into the middle of the room amid the astonished spectators. Mrs. Hull screamed, and her husband, who had been sitting beside the curtains, apparently taking no part in the performance, suddenly sprang forward and grappled with Dr. Collins, seeking to release Mrs. Hull, but the Doctor is a strong young fellow and held on until the lights were turned up.

"You don't understand the laws governing these things," shouted Mr. Hull, as he peppered the Doctor. "We understand that this is a fraud," replied the doctor, holding Mrs. Hull tight in one arm while he defended himself as well as he could with the other. The struggle was brief, and Mrs. Hull soon got free and ran for her quarters behind the curtains. But I intercepted her, and called upon some of the ladies to go and see what was on the lounge. They did so, and found that, instead of Mrs. Hull, there was a neat dummy made of the blankets supplied to her to prevent her from catching cold while she was in her alleged trance. There also they found a large part of the spirits, including the illusion veil, the ectone, and other familiar attachments. The exposure was perfect, and from beginning to end Mrs. Hull had nothing to say. She was pale, nervous and frightened. Mr. Hull was panting and excited, and vigorously insisted that the company did not know the laws governing this thing. Mrs. Hull is about 48 years old, of medium height and slight build, and has dark eyes and a pale face. She has been noted for her materializations, and has made many seances at Astoria. Some of her exhibitions were given before Henry Ward Beecher. She is apparently in ill health, and after the exposure was the picture of desolation and despair."

At an agricultural meeting last December an Essex County English gentleman said: "I know of three owners of land in this county who have no less—I am speaking carefully—than 5,000 acres for which they can find no tenants." Common laborers are getting from \$2.75 to \$3.25 a week. Essex is one of the "home counties," as counties round London are called.

A CURE FOR CROUP.

Apply fannal saturated with Haysard's Yellow Oil and administer the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Obilicula, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers supply it, price, 25 cents.

A verdict of \$300 has been found by a jury against Edmund Yates of the London World for a libel on Mr. Pitt-Rivers, a veterinary surgeon.

SCOBELLEFF.

FRENCH OPINION OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN MENACE AGAINST GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

All Parisians interested in art-matters will remember having noticed and admired the paintings of M. Basil Vershagin exhibited in the Rue Volney a few years ago. One of those short harangues which he possesses the master-secret of, and whose *imperia brevitas* does not prevent them from being vehemently eloquent. The artist had admirably presented the brilliant chief in his character of youthful hero, just as popular imagination figures him. For with us Scobelleff is a popular personage, about whom legends already gather; his recent ringing speech, officially disavowed but secretly approved, makes him the man of the day, the mouth-piece and idol of the Slavophile party—the party which, if we may believe well-informed persons, is destined before very long to exercise an unrivaled influence upon the politics of the present reign.

It was the war of 1877 which made the glory of this young general, toward whom the attention of Europe has just been so strongly directed. It was then that Scobelleff obtained among his soldier's reputation of being invulnerable and invincible. Traits of chivalric rashness are related of him that recall those told of the brilliant cavalry generals of the First Empire—Lasalle or Murat.

After the war there was much talk about a national subscription for the purpose of raising a statue to him. It was said that he would be made a prince and a field-marshal. Since then, in his Asiatic campaign, he has displayed the same terrible energy, the same terrible audacity. They say that no officer has yet been known to remain Scobelleff's aide-de-camp for any length of time—that he himself alone has been able to escape those extraordinary perils to which he never tires of exposing his own person and the persons of his staff.

Like almost all famous generals who have been worshipped by their soldiers Scobelleff is a remarkably severe and pitiless commander; he is spoken of as inexorable. If the soldiers love him it is because he is as hard upon himself as upon others—because he is the first to brave dangers, cold and suffering. In his conduct he resembles the great Roman general, that Cato, who also conducted a terrible campaign in Asia, and whom Tacitus represents as being so austere, quick to inflict punishment, but sharing all dangers and labors with his men, and mingling with them in spite of the bitter cold, thinly clad and bare-headed, *culta levi, capite intecto*.

The general has been reproached with having terminated his discourse by a peroration too incoherent; in other words, having lighted too much Bengal fire at the end of his harangue. Another passage also deserves special notice, that in which the general spoke of the influence of Russia in eastern Asia, and the decisive ascendancy Russia is now gaining in that part of the world. Nor are the general's statements in this particular at all exaggerated. At this very moment, policy is fashioning what military skill commenced. Only to cite one example, let me tell you that Russian influence is now all paramount in Persia, and I need not dwell upon the vast importance of that country in case of a collision with England.

This fact Bonaparte long since observed; and Bonaparte meditated more deeply than any other man upon the means of annihilating British empire in Asia. He sought every method possible to obtain influence in Persia, and afterward said in his own peculiar way, while examining a map of Persia—*Je Pouvais bien judicieusement justice*.

PIOTR. MERSEOFF.

[Le Figaro, February 20.]

The hero of Plevna is not unknown to readers of the *Figaro*. The general has not changed during the last four years. He is now thirty-seven, or thereabouts. His very tall, so tall that in campaigning time he cannot stand upright in his tent. His face is exceedingly intelligent, his eyes blue and keen, and quick, his forehead bald, and his beard brightly blond; at the very first glance his person reveals the energetic and loyal soldier, ready to dare all and sacrifice everything.

The history of the campaign in the Balkans abounds in legends relating to him—beautiful legends, too, but veritable facts as well. It is said that he never remained a single day without fighting. When it was not his turn to go under fire, he would always find some means to evade orders and advance under any circumstances. On a retreat he always left his place at the head of his forces, got down from horseback, and walked on foot the last of all the rear-guard. Whether conqueror or conquered he never left a field of battle without carrying off every single wounded soldier to a place of safety. Never did he lie down without having himself called the roll, and written his report to the commander-in-chief—telling the exploits and brave actions of every deserving man, boasting of the courage of all, and forgetful only of himself.

Deeply and sincerely religious he never once failed to be present at the evening prayer, with head uncovered in front of all. "It is not easy to go to death," he remarked, "if one does not believe in God, and does not hope for another life beyond the grave."

[Moscow Letter to Le Figaro, February 22.]

Behold General Scobelleff at Paris, the most anti-Germanic capital in the world; receiving the very day after his arrival a deputation of Serbian students, to whom the terrible general loudly proclaims that all Slavs are brothers, and that the German is their common enemy.

"What does all this mean?" cry Berlin and Vienna. "We must have an explanation. What does it mean, dear sir?"—I shall tell you exactly what it means.

It means that you may swallow up as many Hanoverians and Saxons as you like; but that Russia will not allow you to lay a heavy hand in your customary cowardly fashion, upon the Slavs of the South—protected as they are by eighty millions of Russian hearts, by the honor of the house of Romanoff, and by our national flag.

It means that Alexander III., the supreme chief of the Russian nation, about whom we are all gladly willing to die for the fatherland, graciously deigns to warn you by the mouth of his aide-de-camp General, that you need no longer rely upon national indifference as a lucky run in your political gambling.

It means that you shall respect the religion, the language, the liberty of the Herzegovinians and Bosnians, or else Russia will call you out.

Neither more nor less than that!

General Scobelleff, my dear sir, is not

merely the hero of Plevna and Lock Tappe. He is also—do not forget it—allied to the house of Romanoff, for his sister married Prince Eugene de Leuchtenberg, cousin-german of Alexander III.

Therefore, when he speaks at Paris you may feel assured, without the least hope of being mistaken, that he is not acting merely upon his own impulses, and that he is not in open revolt against his sovereign.

You are warned, gentlemen, clearly, sharply, and now if you wish to set all Europe on fire, go ahead, and much good may it do you. Sincerely,

SORE THROAT.

Apply Haysard's Yellow Oil and take inwardly according to directions. Yellow Oil is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, Frost Bites and all lameness, inflammation and pain. No household should be without it.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

MONSIEUR DE ST. VALIER ET L'HOPITAL GENERAL DE QUEBEC.

Our thanks are due to Mr. C. Darveau, of Quebec, the publisher, for sending us a copy of the life of the second Bishop of Quebec and of the history of the General Hospital, which he founded and which he cherished with most affectionate charity until the last, as shown by the holy Bishop's constant injunction to the good Sisters in charge of the hospital: My daughters, you may forget me, but never forget my beloved poor. The history begins in 1885 and extends almost to our day.

There is a fascination about the early history of Canada which has won the hearts of all Catholics and Protestants alike who have ever written upon the subject.

The singleness of purpose, the self-denial, the courage and heroism of the early settlers, be they churchmen, soldiers or colonists, were indeed worthy of admiration and unbounded praise. Not men alone in those days were heroes, but women, of high and low degree, ladies who had left the luxuries of the French courts, as well as the humble wives of the colonists, braved dangers which would appal the stoutest hearts; if the *Jeune de Breton*, in the midst of atrocious tortures inflicted upon him by the Indians, the cruellest of the Indian tribes, excited by his noble bearing and unflinching constancy, the admiration and envy of those fierce warriors. Marguerite Bourgeoys did not hesitate, at the call of the Bishop, to leave Montreal in the early spring and proceed to Quebec, despite melting snows and the breaking up of the ice, passing through a country in which no roads had been made, where she could find no shelter the greater part of the time but under the protecting branches of the pine trees, where she would lie down at night, to recover, by fitful snatches of sleep, the strength to endure the monsoons' hardships.

Monsieur de St. Valier had been a court chaplain, a personal favorite of Louis XIV., yet when named Bishop of Quebec, he no sooner arrived there, than, after a short visit to Montreal, he proceeded, also in the spring time, to visit the missionary stations on the Lower St. Lawrence. His luxurious habits were thrown aside at the call of duty, and the hard road, the long tramps through the snow, the bivouac in the woods, the battling with the waves and winds in frail canoes, replaced for him the *fetes*, the ease, the music and the glorious magnificence of the court of Louis the Magnificent. His administration of the business of his immense diocese was wise and firm. Like bishops of our days, he was often misunderstood, thwarted in his designs, calumniated, and the victim of fierce opposition. Yet he bore against them all with calmness and charity, and conquered in the end.

His most cherished work was the foundation of the General Hospital, still existing under the rules which he gave it. The history of the hospital, given at great length and with most interesting details, is an epitome of the history of Canada. After the battle of the Plains of Abraham the good Sisters nursed the followers of Wolfe as well as those of Montcalm; charity could not distinguish who was an enemy, who was a friend; and when the heroic Montgomery laid down his life at the gates of Quebec, his faithful comrades received the hospitality of those true followers of the meek and lowly Christ, side by side with the men whom they had wounded unto death.

When the typhus fever worked such havoc among our own people, the faithful Irish, as they were then called, the Sisters with all classes in tending to the weak and afflicted, a number of the Sisters sealed with their life's blood their devotion to their mission. The description given in these pages of the sufferings of the poor immigrants is truly heart-rending; the only relief one can find for his pent-up feelings in reading of these scenes and deeds is the thought that the consolations of religion were abundantly supplied to the sick by devoted priests who held their lives in their hands, and that other thought that the whole French Canadian people displayed a heroism of charity worthy of the commendations given by Christ Himself to deeds of mercy. The debt of gratitude which Irishmen owe to Canadian bishops, Canadian priests, Canadian nuns, Canadian laymen, of town and country, can never be paid, and never should be forgotten. The French-Canadian people consecrated on the altar of Christian charity the love which they felt for the kindred Celtic race, and that union of the two races which began on Grose Isle should be perpetuated with the utmost solicitude by Irishmen of the present time, if they wish that their children should be worthy of the martyrs who, in the sad days of 1846, in the midst of cruellest suffering, in the throes of a torturing death, edified by their faith and patience, those Christian friends, fearless of death, praying at their side.

We cannot too earnestly recommend this work to all who have the advantage of knowing the French language, especially to Irishmen and Irishwomen. The work is well written, most interesting and most edifying. No one will leave it down without feeling in his heart a truer sense of duty and a firmer will to perform it, and what better work can a book accomplish? What better motive to read it?

Holloway's Ointment.—Sore, wounds, ulcers, and other diseases affecting the skin, are amenable by this cooling and healing ointment. It has called forth the loudest praise from persons who have suffered for years from bad legs, abscesses, and chronic ulcers, after every hope of cure has long passed away. None but those who have experienced the soothing effect of this Ointment can form an idea of the comfort it bestows, by restraining inflammation and allaying pain. Whenever this Ointment has been once used, it has established its own worth; and has again been eagerly sought for, as the easiest and safest remedy for all ulcers and complaints. In neuralgia, rheumatism, and gout, the same application, properly used, gives wonderful relief.

A GOOD OBJECT.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP BROCK.

THE PALACE, Montreal, Feb. 20th., 1882.

My Dear Sister M. Francis Clare,
I have been thinking of writing to you ever since you left Kenmare, both to welcome you, as I do most heartily, to far-famed Knock, and to bid you God-speed on the lines of the new departure, which, with the blessing and the full concurrence of your friends and spiritual superiors, and under the fatherly and protective patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, you have so bravely, and, I trust, so advantageously entered on.

But, as you have been recalled to my memory in a special manner this morning, by the receipt of your "Cloister Songs," I do not see that I can with any decency defer writing to you any longer, if only to thank you for this last, though not the least token of your good will towards myself personally, as well as of your unabated energy in the sacred cause of sound religious and historic literature.

It is, indeed, quite a puzzle to me, as it must be to thousands of your readers likewise, how you have managed to compose so many weighty and valuable works on such a variety of subjects as you have dealt with, some of them being unusually abstruse and even complicated, and especially how you succeeded in doing so, without having laid yourself open to any serious charge of inaccuracy in historic, or of grave error in theological matters. The more so, indeed, as you have been always understood to have been most faithful and even assiduous in the discharge of the substantial duties of your sacred calling, besides attending to the supply and distribution of the large funds, which, owing to your great popularity, were from time to time committed to you for charitable purposes by your admirers, both in the old and the new world.

As a matter of course, and indeed as might have been anticipated, so prominent a religious, so voluminous and varied a writer, and so pronounced a Hibernian as you are known to be, could not have always escaped the sharp and even unfriendly criticism of literary or political purists, to say nothing whatever of the sneers and snarling of such men as that Saxon cleric appears to be, who so bitterly assailed you the other day in the pages of the *Weekly Register*.

But you may abundantly console yourself with the thought that your countrymen at large, and your countrywomen as well, whether at home or in exile, appreciate to the full your great and disinterested labours in the cause of creed and country, and that the name of the good and gifted "NUN OF KENMARE" will continue to be what it is to-day, a real household word, to be cherished as such, amongst the genuine lovers of our country for many generations yet to come.

I enclose you a cheque for £10, my subscription towards your contemplated new *Convent* at Knock, and wishing you health, happiness and success,
I remain,
My dear Sister, M. FRANCIS CLARE,
Your very faithful friend,
T. W. O'Connell,
Archbishop of Cashel.

To SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,
Knock, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo.

H. F. McCarthy, wholesale and retail druggist, Ottawa, writes: "I was afflicted with Chronic Bronchitis for some years, but have been completely cured by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in doses of five drops on sugar. I have also previously recommended it as an embrocation for external use."

Of the 108 dead bodies picked up in the River Thames last year, ninety-four were males and fourteen were females, and in most cases they were not recovered until so long after death that their identification was difficult, if not impossible.

New Advertisements

N. H. DOWNS'
Vegetable Balsamic
ELIXIR!

This valuable medicine is purely vegetable, the discovery of which was the result of many years' close study, in order to discover the cause, the symptoms and the cure—viz.,

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and every species of oppression of the Chest and Lungs. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered its efficacy has been invariably manifested, curing the most inveterate cases.

It is not incurable, if properly attended to. Consumption, at its commencement, is but a slight irritation of the membrane, which, if neglected, will become inflammation, when the cough is more observable, but trifling; then becomes cough, and the patient more restless, and the inflammation of the lungs more common. This Elixir cures the above complaints, operates so as to remove all inflammation from the lungs, and finally expels them from the system. It facilitates expectoration, and relieves the cough and makes the breath easy. It restores the strength at the same time, and reduces the fever. Its free use creates appetite and assures the patient in great danger of destroying the patient, whereas this medicine never does this, and the patient, by using the cure, generally destroys the hectic fever, which is entirely cured. Consumption, at its commencement, is but a slight irritation of the membrane, which, if neglected, will become inflammation, when the cough is more observable, but trifling; then becomes cough, and the patient more restless, and the inflammation of the lungs more common. This Elixir cures the above complaints, operates so as to remove all inflammation from the lungs, and finally expels them from the system. It facilitates expectoration, and relieves the cough and makes the breath easy. It restores the strength at the same time, and reduces the fever. Its free use creates appetite and assures the patient in great danger of destroying the patient, whereas this medicine never does this, and the patient, by using the cure, generally destroys the hectic fever, which is entirely cured.

IT HEALS THE ULCERATED SURFACES, and relieves the cough and makes the breath easy. It restores the strength at the same time, and reduces the fever. Its free use creates appetite and assures the patient in great danger of destroying the patient, whereas this medicine never does this, and the patient, by using the cure, generally destroys the hectic fever, which is entirely cured.

Prepared by **HENRY JOHNSONS & CO., Proprietors, MONTREAL, P. Q.**

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

District of Arthabaska.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

HENRY J. FAUCHER,
Plaintiff.
AND
SAMUEL HALL,
Defendant.

I hereby declare that I am willing and disposed to settle this case; that I regret sincerely having had any difference with my neighbor—the Plaintiff. That I recognize him with pleasure for a good neighbor, a perfect, honest man, and a true gentleman in all respects. That I find I was under a wrong impression when I accused him of murder, etc., before the Magistrate at L'Angevin, in October last; all matters being explained to my mutual satisfaction. I sincerely regret my proceedings, make now a full and