

Major to the Chief Secretary's. The friends took leave, embracing, and all parted; Don Antonio, Miles and Major Sirr, following in a chaise the route of the escort, so as to be ready on the spot to receive and welcome the object of their solicitude when his interview with the potentate had resulted according to the expectation they would persist in cherishing.

"The Robespierre of Ireland," sleek, smooth, and smiling, arrayed yet in silken morning gown and slippers, and lounging in a well-combed chair at his ease, perusing the daily journal, extended two begemmed fingers in welcome, as Father Fitzpatrick, deigned to be the custody of Major Sirr, passed into that of Claudius Baresford and Lord Carhampton, and was by them ushered into the presence of the Chief Secretary, where he remained standing, while they seated themselves beside another individual, Lord Castlereagh's private secretary, who was writing at a desk convenient.

"Glad to see you, Fitzpatrick," said his lordship, with that oily suavity of accent and bland affability of mien with which the world leaguers its votaries to stimulate the golden virtues of benignity; "sorry to hear you got into trouble about those United Irish rebels. Why did you not sooner appeal to me? But you have a fine opportunity of retaliating now, and showing the knaves that you stand on the side of loyalty with us, and all the supporters and friends of Government, sit down, and tell me what we can do for you. Is it pension or an appointment you would prefer?" The wily statesman fixed his cold, sinister eye upon the young man, and shot a furtive glance, which did not escape his observation, at his colleagues.

With collected self-possession, he made reply: "My lord, I ask is simply my liberty. Upon a false charge, by whom preferred, I know not, of being a member of the United Irishmen's Society, and without trial to prove it, I have been incarcerated within the walls of Newgate, cut off from the world, and debarred the exercise of my priestly functions. I demand of your justice either immediate enfranchisement or an early trial."

"Then you deny the impeachment charged against you, and are ready and willing to afford satisfactory evidence of your non-sympathy with rebellion, and your promptitude to co-operate with our measures for the benefit of the State," returned the insidious diplomat, artfully angling to snare the prey, while the secretary, pen in hand, awaited to note down each successful cast of the line to capture the beguiled victim.

"Lord Castlereagh," answered the priest, as he spoke he fixed his aspect, and met the gaze of the Chief Secretary with the heart, firm stolidity of one who felt he had encased himself in armour of proof; "it were idle in me to feign ignorance or to profess that I do not fathom the depth and drift of your subtle speech; forbear, therefore, the hope to inveigle me in meshes of diplomacy. It is true I deny—not that I condemn, or am ashamed of it, but for the sake of truth—I deny having been in any way connected with the society of United Irishmen, the charge upon which I was arrested; but with the unfortunate people, outraged in their peaceful homes, massacred by thousands without a pretext, goaded and maddened from a state of peaceful submission to seek refuge and respite in wild fury of rebellion against unnatural tyranny, I sympathize heart and soul, and would hold myself abhorred, as man degraded from all the nobility of divine nature which alone ennoble him as a being in whom every celestial spark of soul was quenched, could I co-operate with your nefarious policy and become the partisan of a government whose life, like that of the vampire, is nurtured by blood drawn from the veins of my country. But hear me for yourself, Castlereagh; for there is an omen in your darkened brow and clouded eye that tells me we two shall meet no more, that this interview, a last; and not as suppliant, but as prophet armed with divine authority, do I stand before you now to deliver the message with which I am inspired.

Castlereagh, you have climbed by miry paths to a giddy pinnacle, but the cry of the afflicted has gone before you; the blood of the persecuted and the tears of the widow and the orphan are loud in the ear of God, saying: 'How long, O Lord, how long! A gulf is yawning beneath your feet; will you retrace your course before the thunder crashes, and the bolt smites and hurls you into the abyss from whence no aid from scepter hand of earthly potentate will reach you? No, you will not; you will not cease that derisive laugh. I behold you already straining in your mad career to the last fatal step; I hear the plunge into the gulf of one around whose throat a millstone is hung; I hear the choking in blood, crying out in hollow murmur of such ages of thousands years, and would, and would that I could see no more!" The priest faltered into silence, great beads of dew oozed upon his forehead, and he looked as one newly to awaken, till the voice of Claudius Baresford fell upon his ear, saying:

"By Jove! the priest is an adept in his trade; Castlereagh looks like one scared of his wits, and more ready to turn barefooted friar and give his shoulders to the discipline than to grapple with no Jesuit and fling him back to preach to the sinners in Newgate."

Thus taunted, Castlereagh, who certainly looked awed and impressed, roused himself, shook off the incubus of conscience creeping oppressively over him, and said sternly:

"Enough, Fitzpatrick, if you only sought our presence to intimidate with lecture, you are not to be lambazoned by words. If you came seeking our grace, you took the wrong way to it. I can do nothing for you since you demur to give security for your loyal principles."

"No, but flatly disavows his loyalty, and makes vaunt of his sympathy with rebellion," cried Lord Carhampton. "Sirrah, what do you charge rebel for passport to heaven? 'Pon my honor, Baresford, I think a few lashes would be of use to cure his madness."

"I had thought of that, and shall prescribe them," said Claudius Baresford, graciously. "Priest, do ye hear, we are going to make a martyr of you, and put you in the way of a crown of glory. What say? Of course you have no objection."

The priest made response in accents nervous, sonorous, and measured; his brow and cheek were flushed, but in his eye there was an unwavering light, and an expression that told a spirit in arms, and prepared to enter upon the lists to fight the light it would never relinquish till the red wreath of victory twined its crown of immortality.

"Tououtit," he said, "little, if among so many more worthy than I who have suffered and still suffer persecution for justice's sake, I be desired to give my blood to nurture the flowers of our island garden, and my mother Church, to commingle my last breath with that of the multitude waited by the angel of increase to the throne of the Most High in supplication for the land of their loved. Would that the strong voice of our united invocation might avail to sound the trumpet of thy resurrection, O Erin! and roll back the stone of oppression from the apertures that binds thee in trance and darkness, extinct and voiceless among the nations."

Effie suddenly cried: "I know what it is now. It's the French *bons-bons* Lady Allie's gave her name of, and when she went: Alphonse gave a fore to me, and I shared mine with Nelly. They were very nice to eat, but we were both sick, and had such a nasty taste on our mouth after. We did nothing but drink water for two days."

"Oh, yes, I think that must be it; I had forgotten it," articulated Alphonse, with faint voice. "I am glad to know it, for I had feared I was getting fever." And she wearily closed her glassy eye, and leaned her head upon Maurice's shoulder.

"Don Antonio, send at once for a physician," said Miles, going himself over to ring the bell, which servant promptly answered. "Send for Doctor Adrians," cried Don Antonio, in alarm, as Alphonse sunk fainting down, and Maurice bore her to the sofa, while Miles ran to fetch a glass of water, and Effie flew down for Nelly, who was in the housekeeper's room, learning to make jolly and tart.

All was confusion and distress, for Alphonse did not soon revive; and in the midst the physician arrived, felt the patient's pulse, examined her tongue, asked some questions, shook his head gravely, and turning to Don Antonio, pronounced the ominous word: "Poison!"

"Is she beyond hope?" demanded Don Antonio, with the desperate composure of one confronting an evil from whence there is no escape; while Maurice, like a stone petrification, sat mute and rigid, awaiting the response.

"I fear so. I should have been called in earlier; the virus has worked into the system. It is a grave case—very. Meanwhile, we shall do our best while there is life. Let the patient be put to bed, and kept quiet, while I order a prescription."

While confusion and dismay prevailed in the mansion of Don Antonio MacMahon, and Maurice, distracted, ran to fetch his mother, and Don Antonio sent for a clergyman; and Effie and Nelly believing themselves involved in the fate of Alphonse, and ready to give up the ghost—a fate from which their more vigorous constitution and smaller participation in the sweetmeats saved them—greedily swallowed doses of physic, and dolefully prepared for their end; and Alphonse, partially restored by strong stimulants and antispasmodics, showed symptoms of delirium, and raved at intervals, Miles, the only one who had not forgotten Father Fitzpatrick, and his urgent need of a patron in this hour of trial, to shield him from the power of his enemies, bethought of Florence Esmond, and without a moment's delay, snatching up his hat, he hurried off to Harcourt street, to see and engage her to interest her brothers and friends in favor of the defenceless prisoner. Shaken from his centre by the scene he had just witnessed, deploring the sudden calamity that had befallen his friends with one fell stroke, smiling at once so many, and wondering could it indeed have been through the medium of the *bons-bons*, or by any other yet unascertained agency, Alphonse had unconsciously swallowed the baneful infusion—for an idea that the event was more than accidental catastrophe had not as yet possessed any mind, and none would countenance the idea of a fatal termination to it—he arrived at the house and was ushered into the drawing-room, where he waited some time, impatiently, before the door opened, and entered, not Florence, but Marmion Esmond, with his brother Percy. With haughty formality each hurried to Miles, who, retaining a sense of the mission on which he had come, and willing to conciliate those whom he anticipated would ere long stand in nearer relationship to him, courteously returned the greeting and said: "I am glad to see you, my friends, for though I had asked for Miss Esmond, you are more to my present purpose, since I have need to sue your favor in a case of deep emergency, confident that I shall not appeal in vain to the generous magnanimity of your nature, and the potency of your influential interest to confer the boon I crave."

"Sir," loftily returned Marmion Esmond, "any boon compatible with our honor, dignity, and social status, we shall be happy, if in our power, to accord to your suit; but, before you proceed further, having an inkling of its nature from my sister, Miss Esmond, who no later than yesterday surprised us by stating that you, presumptuously aspiring to her hand, had so far forgotten our relative positions as to propose for an alliance with our family—now, sir, if you give your good sense fair play, upon cool reflection you must admit that any connexion between our wealthy and aristocratic family, and an impoverished Popish family, more than being a disgrace to yourself, not least conspicuously—have signalled themselves as standard-bearers in the cause of insurrection—would be derogatory and obnoxious to the last degree, and shall never have our consent or sanction."

"Captain Esmond," responded Miles, throwing back his stately figure, and fixing upon the other an austere aspect, beneath whose strong expression of concentrated scorn and majestic dignity he appeared to dwindle and shrink away. "I thank you for the opportunity you have given me of acquainting you with your own antecedents, and the light in which I am my family regard you and yours. Far other theme had I come hither this day to broach, but since you have coerced me into another subject, and flung in my face a gaudle, I take it up, and thus retort your audacious challenge:—Marmion Esmond, in the year 1825 my family was in possession of the extensive territorial possessions of its ancestors, which had been restored by letters patent from Elizabeth and James I. Lord Esmond, your progenitor, an unjust and rapacious invader, confederated with Sir Richard Graham, Sir William Parsons, and I regret to add, Sir Piers Fitzgibbon, by foul, violence, and suborning false witnesses, to wrest from us and partition among them our fathers' heritage from immemorial time. They succeeded in their nefarious scheme of plunder, and several members of our ruined family migrated to France, where they served in the brigades, among them my grandfather; while others of them, who yet clung to fatherland, engaged in various commercial pursuits, and in time acquired, despite penal restrictions on Catholic industry and enterprise, wealth and honor, the remnant of the once princely heritage of Tiesh Mac Aodh, the last of the independent Wicklow toparchs, our forefather, being now vested in the hands of Robert Byrne, of Cambridge, whose kinsman I stand here to demand restitution of that usurped property of ours, upon which, pluming your nakedness with stolen feathers, you arrogantly claim as yours that to which you are a false pretender; and to make bold assertion to your teeth that I, Miles O'Byrne, your equal—nay, more, your peer—honors you by offer of an alliance which you will not decline. Let me see Miss Esmond, whose pleasure I consult, not yours; the question rests between us alone & settle."

"The grand vizier has spoken," said Marmion Esmond, bowing low in mockery, and addressing his brother: "Let Miss Esmond come, and hear from the lips of her natural guardian and protectors what she must have to expect if she will persist in the mad whim of degrading her family, and baiting herself with an Irish fortune-hunter, whose highest boast is that he is come of a very ancient savage pedigree, and that the wild glebe they once tilled has passed into better hands."

"You loved me, Florence, you said" he cried, looking earnestly into the depth of her clear, dewy eyes.

"Yes, Miles," she faltered; "I have disclosed, as you wished, to my friends our mutual attachment."

"You did well. Now, say, dearest, what was the one object which I told you alone disputed pre-eminence with even your dear love for empire of my bosom?" She blushed and was silent. He raised himself, and accosted Marmion: "When the tempter suggested that ours should be a clandestine love, secured by secret flight, the voice of honor spoke aloud to my heart, and bade me spurn the unworthy wot. That same voice again issues his imperious mandate, which I cannot choose but obey, while the white it sounds the knell of my doom. Florence, I loved, I love, shall ever love you; and had not fate stepped between us, perhaps ours had been a happy married love; but the dream, like a happy dream of my life, is broken." She fixed her eyes pensively on his storm-tossed countenance, while passionately he proceeded: "Had you been a dowdier maid, wood and won, not in Percy's nor in Marmion's power had it been to suffer from my hand the treasure I would have yielded only with my life. But never, never shall it be theirs to say that Miles O'Byrne, an Irish fortune-hunter, a Popish rebel, carried off their wealthy sister to mend his fortune with her gold. Farewell, sweet Florence, best of your race!—farewell and pray for the plighted pariah, whose rejected friendship might yet be estimated at cost more precious than the dross against which it is weighed."

"Stay!—oh, stay! Come back, oh Miles!" screamed Florence, waking from her bewildered trance, and flying to the door in pursuit of the wildly retreating Miles. Marmion threw himself between them.

"Back, Florence!—back! By Jove! I didn't think the fellow had so much spirit. So much the better for you, my dear Lady. Let me see your flighty conduct; expulsion from your family, probrum, degradation, poverty; for think not we would have suffered without litigation your money to go into such hands, whom, probably, the end would see transported for a swindler, and yourself locked up in an asylum as one demented. There, do as all young ladies do, baulked of their first love—play the tragedy queen, sigh, and shed sentimental tears. Here's Ethel come to comfort you. Come Percy, let us be off; Carhampton awaits us at the Castle."

There are natures, soft, warm, impressionable, whose inflammatory emotions, kindled by sharp friction of pain, explode like a rocket or a magazine into which a spark has fallen, and subside in hushed gloom amid the heart-wreck they have wrought over the grave of their bright hopes and extinguished life-lights. Florence Esmond did not belong to this class; she was rather one of those who might be compared to a lofty tower risen by a thunderbolt to its very foundation, yet which proudly stands the shock, which, nevertheless, as surely dooms it to desolation and decay, gradual and irreparable. As one frozen and congealed she sat, mute, tearless, listening to Ethel's entreaties to speak and tell her what had happened, with dull, cold air, still thinking over and over to herself the one thought: "I loved him so truly, and he is gone, gone for ever! I know him; and Marmion and Percy have wrought this woe!" And in this train she mused on, while the object of her thoughts, chafing with the memory of Esmond's galling taunts and rebuff, fiercely wrestling with the agony of his spirit, and priding himself upon his Spartan manhood that could, with unrelenting hand, dash the cup of bliss from his own lip, paced along with loudly strides, looking to neither right nor left, but vainly striving to banish from his mind the image of Florence Esmond, and replace it with a crowd of other occupants.

(To be continued.)

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable and these little pills cure both.

A BODY IN A TRUNK. ST. LOUIS, April 14.—A sensation was caused in the Southern hotel to-day by the discovery of the horribly mutilated body of a man packed in a trunk, which was taken out of a room. The register shows that on March 30th a gentleman registered as "Walter H. Lennox Maxwell, M.D., from London," and was assigned that room. On opening the trunk it was found that the head of the man had been severed from the body. Written on a paper inside the trunk were the words: "So perish all traitors to a great cause." Shortly after Maxwell arrived, a gentleman who had previously ascertained by telegraph that he was at the hotel registered as "G. Arthur Preller, London, England." He and Maxwell occupied the same room and appeared to be quite intimate. Maxwell left a week ago Sunday, and no suspicion attached to his absence until a horrible stench from the room led to the opening of the trunk and finding of the mutilated body inside, which was literally forced into the trunk. Detectives believe the dead man is Preller, and that he was killed by Maxwell, but the motive for the murder is a mystery. The body also gives evidence of death from poison. A partially emptied bottle of chloroform was found in Maxwell's trunk. All the circumstances tend to a belief that Maxwell chloroformed and killed Preller on Sunday, April 5th, and disappeared on the 6th.

ST. LOUIS, April 16.—Police now claim to be certain that Maxwell murdered Preller on Easter Sunday. Maxwell has been traced to San Francisco and it is believed he sailed for New Zealand on the steamer City of Sydney, under the name of J. C. Duquier. If he lands at Honolulu he may escape, but should he reach New Zealand he will be apprehended. Preller's body has been embalmed. There is a theory held by some that Maxwell is a woman, and his effeminate appearance would give it a certain basis.

SKIRMISHING IN TONGKIN. PARIS, April 16.—General De Mello telegraphs from Hanoi, April 15th, that two thousand Chinese troops, unaware of the conclusion of peace, attacked Kep on the 14th instant, and were repulsed beyond Baclo. The French lost one killed and seven wounded. The garrison at Honghoa made a sortie and dispersed a Chinese detachment which attacked the French gunboats conveying the envoys to Honghoa to give notice of the cessation of hostilities. Admiral Courbet reported that before he received notice of peace the French cruiser De Estaing had captured a Chinese vessel with 750 men and three mandarins.

A Minister of the Gospel at York, Maine, advertises: "Marriages a specialty; acceptable at all hours; strangers particularly invited."

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS. The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drag out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipient stage. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, and the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The safest and most effective remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Fockington, York, October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise anyone suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) R. THOMER. Seigel's Operating Pills are the best family physic that has ever been discovered. They cleanse the bowels from all irritating substances, and leave them in a healthy condition. They cure costiveness, PETERBOROUGH, St. Mary street, Peterborough, November 29th, 1884.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly, Mr. A. J. White. William Brent, Hensingham, Whitehaven, Oct. 16th, 1882.

Mr. A. J. White.—Dear Sir—I was for some time afflicted with piles, and was advised to give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, which I did. I am now happy to state that it has restored me to complete health.—I remain, yours respectfully, (Signed) John H. Lightfoot. 15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and declares Mother Seigel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly, (Signed) N. Webb, Chemist, Calne, September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues; one customer describes it as "Gold and silver to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours, (Signed) Vincent A. Willis, Chemist, Dentist, To Mr. A. J. White, Merthyr Tydvil, Preston, Sept 21st, 1883.

My Dear Sir,—Your Syrup and Pills are still very popular with my customers, many saying they are the best family medicines possible.

The other day a customer came for two bottles of Syrup and said "Mother Seigel" had saved the life of his wife, and he added, "one of these bottles I am sending fifteen miles away to a friend who is very ill. I have much faith in it."

The sale keeps up wonderfully, in fact, one would fancy almost that the people were beginning to breakfast, dine, and sup on Mother Seigel's Syrup, the demand is so constant and the satisfaction so great.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, (Signed) W. BOWKER. To A. J. White, Esq. A. J. WHITE, (limited) 67 St. James street, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White (limited), 67 St. James street, city.

A RASCALLY BUILDER. NEW YORK, April 14.—The record of the board of health show that twenty-three suits have been brought against the "skin" building contractor Buddenick in the past eight years. Buddenick was arrested only once and then escaped on a technicality. No more bodies have been recovered from the ruins. The building superintendent says all the workmen have been accounted for. A row of five brick buildings westward from the ruins fronting on 11th avenue, which were also put up by a rascally contractor, are in such a dangerous condition that they will have to be torn down. The building department is charged with gross criminal negligence and it is intimated that certain officials were in collusion with the contractor. Buddenick was a friend of Ferdinand Ward and had many dealings with Grant and Ward. A number of bricks taken from the fallen structures were exhibited at the building bureau to-day. None of them showed the slightest evidence of ever having been laid in mortar. The only substance attached to them was small chunks of loam which crumbled to dust when pressed.

ENQUIRY INTO THE RIOT REFUSED. LONDON, April 16.—In the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. Baumerman, in reply to a question by Mr. Parrell, as to the government's attitude concerning the attack by the police upon an Irish member of parliament at Mallow, said the government justified the police in what they did. Mr. Parrell asked for a government inquiry under oath into the affair. Mr. Baumerman said the government declined to order such enquiry.

A MYSTERY OF PARIS. PARIS, April 16.—A horrible tragedy was discovered here to-day. A wealthy lady, wife of an extensive manufacturer of dyed cotton yarn and cloths, was found murdered and mutilated in her bedroom this morning. Her husband has been away for a year conducting a cotton dyeing factory at Pondicherry, India, in which he employs 8,000 hands. The lady, who was reported to be immensely wealthy, lived in retirement in Paris, with one female and one male servant. When the maid went to awaken her mistress this morning she found the lady remains dressed in a night-gown lying on the floor. The head was completely severed from the body and the victim had also been stabbed in the lower part of the abdomen. There were evidences of a desperate struggle. The male servant, who is believed to be the murderer, fled.

EXAGGERATED REPORTS. CORK, April 16.—The streets are quiet and there is scarcely any trace of last night's riot. The people dispersed rapidly after midnight. As far as can be ascertained there were only a few broken heads and several slight wounds and injuries received by not more than a dozen persons. The damage to buildings is small.

The total number of recognized species of Australian fishes now reaches 1,291.

OUR CANADIAN TROOPS. WHAT A UNITED STATES OFFICER SAYS—MORE CAVALRY WANTED. In our daily papers we see regiment after regiment of volunteers ordered to the front; but a military man will at once look at what branches of the services these men belong. The greater part are infantry, a few cavalry, not many guns, and some engineers. However, they represent the whole of the military disposition of Canada; but one would think that our higher military authorities would be more au fait with prairie fighting and have learned a lesson from some of the United States defeats. Custer, a splendid cavalry officer, with nearly his whole command, was annihilated by the prairie fighters, and there is little doubt now that cavalry men should be predominant in our forces advancing against Kiel and his well trained free fighters. Captain Ellis, an United States cavalry man, was to-day in London, and speaking to him relative to what he thought of our Canadian command that goes to fight Kiel, he said: "You ought to have much more cavalry; an Indian, a perfect horse-man and well up in the use of firearms. In fact they are born soldiers, and an army of cowboys, miners and prospectors of our Western States would, from their training and life of roughing it, more than favorably compare with any body of men that could be raised at the present day." In speaking of the cavalry of the United States he says they are now second to none for prairie and Indian fighting. In this he is unmistakably correct, as they have nothing but such enemies to contend with and naturally train their men for such warfare. The war which now rages in the North-West demands experienced troops to quell the troubles, and it remains to be proved whether the Dominion Government have selected the trained troops. The peculiar services of the Indian frontier has been thoroughly studied by the United States military authorities, and his followers as far as military tactics are concerned, equal United States officers after long experience find that cavalry are the men to show a front to such warriors. In Canada we have very few cavalry corps, and this is to be regretted, as there is no doubt that not only in prairie warfare, but the fighting of the coming days, cavalry will play the most prominent part. American cavalrymen now rank well, and the revolution which is now taking place in the great armies of Europe, in the organization and use of mounted troops, is largely based upon the experience gained by the Americans in their last great struggle. Captain Ellis is the particular friend of Major Arnold, who now commands the 6th Regiment of United States Cavalry, an old West Pointer, and who has served with much distinction in the Indian country and with the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. He was at one time instructor of cavalry tactics at the Military Academy of West Point, and has, together with Capt. Ellis, published several works upon the military use and training of the horse. Capt. Ellis says that Major Arnold has taken a new departure in the matter of cavalry training which cannot help to add to the value of his arm of the service as an independent fighting force. Major Arnold, together with the men under his command at Fort Bayard, New Mexico, has succeeded in three months to train the horses of his regiment to be drawn at the will of their riders and allowed themselves to be fired over. The horses will drop at once by touching the near foreleg, and they will permit the men to climb all over them and fire close to their bodies, remaining motionless until ordered to rise. Captain Ellis, who has written some very excellent military articles in the United States papers, says that Russia alone, of the great military powers, seems to have grasped the full import of American experience, and within a year or two has organized her entire mounted force, twenty-one divisions of 73,000 men and horses and 250 field guns, upon the American plan, and now the aristocratic dragon of St. Petersburg finds himself compelled to study the methods of the phibian Cosack of the Steppes. After Russia Germany comes next in order. Her efforts to develop her cavalry on a modern plan, Captain Ellis says he thinks England may be put in the third line as to cavalry progress, but he says there are no better material in the world for cavalry officers than the gallant Britons who headed the troops in England, he says, has made a few changes in her cavalry instruction, and is now considering over the propriety of further progress, but her continental neighbors have dropped sentiment and accepted Allied's tardy action. It will be shortly seen that cavalry or mounted infantry will be the choice troop, and now, in most of the European cavalry establishments, much care is taken in the training of horses as well as the men. They are brought up through gradual steps to familiarity with warlike sights and sounds, to swim wide and deep streams, make forced marches, and undergo the exposure of the elements. Our city volunteers are no doubt an excellent body of men, but a sprinkling of a few more cavalry in the Montreal brigade would do no harm.

ENQUIRY INTO THE RIOT REFUSED. LONDON, April 16.—In the House of Commons this afternoon, Mr. Baumerman, in reply to a question by Mr. Parrell, as to the government's attitude concerning the attack by the police upon an Irish member of parliament at Mallow, said the government justified the police in what they did. Mr. Parrell asked for a government inquiry under oath into the affair. Mr. Baumerman said the government declined to order such enquiry.

A MYSTERY OF PARIS. PARIS, April 16.—A horrible tragedy was discovered here to-day. A wealthy lady, wife of an extensive manufacturer of dyed cotton yarn and cloths, was found murdered and mutilated in her bedroom this morning. Her husband has been away for a year conducting a cotton dyeing factory at Pondicherry, India, in which he employs 8,000 hands. The lady, who was reported to be immensely wealthy, lived in retirement in Paris, with one female and one male servant. When the maid went to awaken her mistress this morning she found the lady remains dressed in a night-gown lying on the floor. The head was completely severed from the body and the victim had also been stabbed in the lower part of the abdomen. There were evidences of a desperate struggle. The male servant, who is believed to be the murderer, fled.

EXAGGERATED REPORTS. CORK, April 16.—The streets are quiet and there is scarcely any trace of last night's riot. The people dispersed rapidly after midnight. As far as can be ascertained there were only a few broken heads and several slight wounds and injuries received by not more than a dozen persons. The damage to buildings is small.

The total number of recognized species of Australian fishes now reaches 1,291.