

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor.—My horse had disappeared, and to make matters worse, the rain poured down in torrents. I felt sad and weary, my spirits sank below zero, and I thought that my senses were leaving as fast as they could. I also felt that I needed quiet and rest in order to recuperate, for, you will admit, that I had gone through a good deal of misadventures since my arrival in the Island of Saints. I resolved, therefore, to put up at Cruise's Hotel, an aristocratic institution over which, as yet, the infernal Land League could have exercised no control, and lie-a-bed there for a week, eating nothing but dry toast and drinking nothing but chocolate, until my nerves were restored. In this frame of mind I walked along William street to my destination, with my coat buttoned up to my eyes, as I had no umbrella. On nearing the hotel I stumbled over some object lying on the ground and fell, when, to my surprise, a burly-looking ruffian sprang to his feet and swore at me in a ferocious manner. "Why can't you use your eyes, you blind Gitzab, and not walk over honest people taking a rest," said the man.

"Taking a rest! Why, who ever heard of a man sleeping on the sidewalk?" "And, pray, where else can a poor fellow sleep who has been evicted by his landlord. Eh, tell me that?" he roared out insolently. "This, surely, is a singular country. Hold on my good fellow and I'll give you a shilling to get you a supper and a bed," and, so saying, I pulled out my pocketbook, which, no sooner had I in my hand, than he snatched from me and made off with the speed of a fallow-deer. I pursued for awhile, and roared "police," but so saturated and heavy was my Ulster coat that I had to give up the chase.

Happily, Mr. Editor, is comparative. Here was I a moment ago thinking myself the most unfortunate wretch walking the earth's surface and yet having from nine hundred to a thousand pounds sterling in my pocket, while, now—I was alone, wet, cold, tired, hungry and penniless on the streets of a large city. How I wished that Sarsfield had blown Limerick and its inhabitants to the moon before he had surrendered it to the English, or that Ginckle had done so after the capitulation. But, where was the use in wishing? or where was the use in crying when the rain was already flowing down my cheeks and finding its way along my backbone over my neck? Upon arriving at the hotel I hesitated before going in, but recollected I had still my watch left, and so I ventured and stated my case to the bookkeeper.

"It is all very fine, my friend," said the bookkeeper, "but here is to-day's *Reporter*, which shows that seventeen bulleta have been lodged in the head of Sir Myles O'Regan, so that you cannot possibly be he."

"I'll leave it to your intelligence," said I, "whether I am Sir Myles or not. See here is my crooked nose, and here is a letter from the Under-Secretary for Ireland acknowledging the receipt of a communication from me."

"I can't help it; the rule is cash down when you have no baggage, watches not taken. As for the crooked nose any loafer can turn that organ aside for the sake of a dinner, and as for the letter from Dublin 'tis all in my eye. Here, porter, show this gentleman the exterior of the establishment."

I bowed to the decrees of fate and departed in peace. I saw nothing for it but the look-up or the night asylum. I enquired as to where the latter place was to be found from the porter, and he pointed to a fine building in the distance. When I got there I rang the bell and an official appeared with the airy question:

"Well, what do you want here at this hour of the night?"

"My name is Sir Myles O'Regan, and I want lodging for the night."

"Oh, your name is Sir Myles, is it; we have any amount of sirs and lords and even kings and emperors in this building, but I must say you are the first titled gentleman who has ever come here voluntarily and asked admission."

"Why, you must be mad, my friend, what business have kings and emperors in such a place as this?"

"What business! what then do you take it for?"

"Why, for refuge or night asylum."

"Ha, ha! by jupiter, if that ain't good; why, you thoroughbred idiot this is a lunatic asylum."

I fled from the gates in terror. No, no, I was not come to that yet, though if things continue this way much longer I don't know how soon I may become an inmate. There was then nothing left for me but to trudge back on foot to Killmallock and settle with my tenants; accept Griffith's valuation or any other, even that of Mike Connolly. Acting on this resolve I set my face against the rain and walked on for three hours, until becoming exhausted I could go no further. I looked round for some place of shelter wherein I might rest till morning, and espied an old deserted barn a little distance from the road, which I entered. It was bare and bleak and desolate enough, but to me it appeared a paradise. I stretched myself on the damp ground in a shelter corner, and before my head was properly settled down on its pillow of straw I was fast asleep. But, Mr. Editor, such a sleep and such dreams may I never sleep or dream again. Methought I lay in the centre of a blanket which could cover all Lachin and half the Tanneries, and at each corner of which was a giant, who was at the least, a mile in height, and who every now and then they gave me a toss which struck my head against the stars. Then the scene changed, and I found myself in a swell restaurant, with the choicest viands served before me. Here was a plate of ham and eggs smoking hot, there a juicy beefsteak cooked a little rare, while quail on toast, fried oysters, truffles, partridges stuffed with *pate de foie gras*, and in fact all the good things to which I am partial lay in front of me. Nor were the choicest wines wanting. There were vin de Lafitte, Burgundy, Champagne, Cleeve, and the imperial touch, which whetted me most was a jug of punch, which enthralled my senses. But unfortunately it was worse than the feast of the Barmecides, it reminded me of the Tantalus of the Greek poets, for whenever I stretched my hands out for any article of food it was seized by Mr. Parnell, whom all of a sudden and most unaccountably I found seated opposite me, and who said, while his eyes rolled fiercely, "touch it not O'Regan you are a crooked!" These provisions and those wines are not for you, they belong to the executive committee of the Land League." Then I saw (in my dream) one of the four giant fingers, around which he curled me like a corkerew, and bore me away to a large building, which I recognized as the lunatic asylum where I had been refused admission, my papers being found regular and correct signed as they were by the Chief Secretary for Ireland and countersigned by Colonel

Parness. Dreams are psychological phenomena which cannot be easily explained, and methought I lived in the mad house seven years, was at first considered dangerous, but by and by allowed a certain amount of liberty as being harmless. During the first two years I labored under the delusion that I was a pair of blackening brushes and nothing could prevent me from polishing every mortal thing with which I came in contact, even to the editorials in the *Montreal Star*. I was then changed into a pump and benefited the world by lifting my arms, one of which served as a handle and the other a spout through which water flowed freely where one of my brother lunatics (though I imagined him my servant), worked at the handle. I remained a pump three years after which I married the Princess Douglouki, the Czar's husband, having been assassinated by Mike Connolly. What other stupendous adventures I might have met with, I know not, when I was awakened by what appeared to me the short sharp crack of a rifle or revolver.

"Confound your stupidity," said a voice in the barn pretty close to me, "where are you firing, you have grazed my right ear."

"I am very sorry my lord but I couldn't help it, you lifted your lordship's head as my hand was on the trigger and the bullet flew out quite promiscuously like."

"You are a clumsy fellow at everything you take in hand. You sent that threatening letter last week to the wrong man, in fact to a confounded land leaguer, and now it is in the hands of the police who will trace it to you, that is to say, to my steward."

"Your lordship can make your mind easy on that point. The head constable is a friend of mine, many a swig of poteen we have together and I can twist him around my little finger."

"Well now try again and be very careful. I want to be shot precisely on the top of the ear so that the *London Times* can truthfully assert that it was a close shave. One must make a sacrifice to one's principles, and if another lord is shot at, wounded ever so slightly, up goes the *Habescus Corpus*."

I was now thoroughly awake and listened to the conversation just recorded with intense interest. I thought I heard the voice of the person styled "my lord" before, but where I could not recall.

"I think, my lord, that is a log of wood behind you and if so your lordship might sit down upon it, you are trembling all over and it will steady your nerves."

"I will; but mind Snooks, if you take away more than the bare skin I'll prosecute you for murder, I will at all events discharge you."

His lordship sat down upon the log of wood, which, Mr. Editor, was neither more nor less than your humble correspondent. It was then that unearthly shrieks following one another with lightning rapidity rent the very air through the holes in the roof. The first emanated from me when I found the danger I was in, the second from his lordship when he discovered he was sitting on a living being, which for aught he knew might be the devil, or a land leaguer, and the third was from Snooks, who shrieked because he heard others shriek, and then made for the door but in his terror stumbled over the threshold and fell.

"Oh, please Mr. devil," cried his lordship, whom I now recognized as one of my fellow-buzzards Lord Smalldubois, "oh please Mr. D. I beg your pardon, Mr. Bury of the Hill, let me go and I'll never trouble Ireland again, I'll turn Co-co-con-mun-ist and divide my lands among the widows and orphans."

Dear Mr. Editor, I shall have to hold over the rest of this remarkable adventure until next week as my nerves are all shattered. As, however, I may have, now that the League is supreme, to turn my attention to literature—a means of living, I must complain through your columns of the shameful manner in which the Irish papers steal my letters and poems without acknowledgment either to you or me, while Lord Beaconsfield is credited with everything that is his due.

Yours sincerely,
MYLES O'REGAN.
Limerick, Nov. 18, 1880.

UNDER THE BAN.

THE "WITNESS" A ROMAN CATHOLIC PAPER.

MONTREAL, November, 1880.

To the Proprietors of the "Montreal Witness":

GENTLEMEN.—At a meeting of the Orangemen of Montreal in County Lodge assembled, it was unanimously resolved, that, in consequence of the wanton and unprovoked attacks made by the *Montreal Witness* upon the Orange body, both here and in Ireland, as evidenced by its issues of the 12th and 13th inst., herewith enclosed.

"They withdraw all confidence from that paper, and shall use it hereafter as they would any other Roman Catholic organ, that is, when it suits their purpose."

ALEXANDER GRANT,
Secretary.

The following are the extracts referred to:

A thousand Orangemen undertake to make an armed invasion of Mayo, and ask Government for co-operation. Government says so far from co-operating it will treat such a movement as an illegal assembly, and makes immediate powerful preparations to avert the opening of a civil war. The Orangemen, how, as they always do, when their loyalty is not allowed to become militant, and the Connought men growl because whatever Government does they must growl at, and so Mr. Gladstone finds himself dangerously between the snapping jaws of the lion and the tiger, which he is manfully holding apart.—Nov. 12th.

The relief of Capt. Boycott has been effected and without any loss of life. The laborers from the Orange counties are represented as rather a sheepish looking lot of country men and not the blood-thirsty crew represented by New York despatches. They brought their own provisions and tents for shelter and have commenced the work of gathering Boycott's crop at once. They are, it is asserted, willing to remain and work for Boycott until the disturbances are over, but the latter is tired of strife and has announced his intention of pulling up stakes and departing. The people of the locality are greatly excited, and threaten the lives of all concerned in the relief. The officers of the Land League are, it is said, allowed to make themselves very officious, which must encourage the rabble who look upon them as leaders. While this is taking place in the west the south is also much disturbed. A land agent has been shot and killed in the County of Limerick. In Westmeath, a central county, two murderous outrages have taken place. It is not easy to see how the Government can avoid coercive measures much longer.—Nov. 13th.

NOTE.—This word is a misprint, having been written "growl" referring to the lordly voice of the lion. The compositor who printed it "howl" is evidently a Jesuit in disguise. But what puzzles us is what the *Witness* is going to do now. It has been cursed by bell, book and candle as an *orange-ist*, *fanatic*, and now it is to be used by Orangemen "like any other Roman Catholic organ as suits their purpose."

CITY NEWS.

OURT.—The news of the death of Mrs. McEvenue, wife of Mr. Bernard McEvenue, late of the Post Office Department here, will be regretted by many of our readers in this city, amongst whom she had numerous friends. The deceased lady had reached the sixtieth year of her age, expiring after a comparatively short illness. Her funeral, which took place on Monday last, was largely attended, the cortege including many of our most influential citizens. Mrs. McEvenue had been for years a resident of the city, gaining the universal respect and esteem of all who knew her. Her demise will leave destitute more than one of the poor of her parish, to whom she was always kind and charitable. She leaves considerable property to her heirs. May she rest in peace.

THE LAND LEAGUE.

At the regular weekly meeting the Land League yesterday afternoon in St. Patrick's Hall, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the Montreal Land League, to mark its approval and confidence in Parnell and his associates in their efforts to improve the condition of the people of Ireland, hereby authorize our President to cable the tender of the services of one of our ablest lawyers in Montreal or Canada, to assist the counsel for the defendants in the approaching State trials in Dublin." Mr. F. A. Quinn will communicate with some of the leading Irish citizens of Quebec and other places as to his visits for the purpose of establishing branches of the League.

VILLA MARIA CONVENT.

A GATHERING OF THE GRADUATES—A TRIDUUM OF PRAYER IN THE ALMA MATER.

On Saturday last innumerable sleighs were seen streaming towards the west end on Sherbrooke street; they were all vying their way to that fine and popular educational establishment Villa Maria Convent, which is situated on the western slope of the mountain. The good sisters who have charge of this institution, wake it a point of thoughtful affection and solicitude and consider it a sense of duty to never lose sight of those young ladies, whose youthful days they had once so tenderly guarded, but who are now left to walk the path of life alone as the world opens it up to them.

Of the many ways by which the graduates maintained their attachment to and perpetuate their relations with their Alma Mater, not the least pleasing and acceptable is that of the spiritual retreat which will last for a few days, and which never fails to gather an interesting number of old school-mates within its sheltering walls. Special invitations to attend were issued to all the graduates, except, of course, to those whose circumstances would keep away, and to those whose fate had encompassed them with the cares and responsibilities of domestic and wedded life. Nevertheless a large number responded to the kindness and solicitude of the good sisters, as was evidenced by the many arrivals at the Convent, which must have numbered over one hundred.

There was really a charm in the passing issue. The reception prior was rapidly becoming full. Each fresh arrival was the event of an affectionate greeting and a hearty welcome. The sisters seemed over-joyed on this meeting, after so long a parting. After a general salutation all around the graduates of each respective year would form themselves into a group, and then it was a matter of competition who could say the most and recall the most vivid pictures of the past. Some looked on the old walls and into the shady corners with fond recollection, others sallied forth through the building to see if the old was still the same. As the time of the opening services of the retreat was fast approaching each was shown and introduced to her room, or in convent parlance, cell, which are neatly but plainly furnished.

And now the old bell, the simple echo of which had often made them cease the most interesting and lively conversations a full into profound silence, now sounded again and announced that the time of prayer had arrived. An impressive change at once came over the scene; the hum of conversation ceased and all was silent. The world was shut out and forgotten. The spiritual directors and preachers during this triduum of prayer will be the Rev. Father Toupin and the Rev. Father Rousselet. It will terminate on Wednesday.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST AN ADVOCATE.

Mr. J. F. Keller, the well-known lawyer was arrested on Monday evening for alleged breach of trust. We herewith publish the deposition of Mr. Wm. K. Hepburn, the informant.

The complaint was laid before Mr. Desnoyers by Mr. Wm. Kerr Hepburn on the 20th of November, and set forth that on the 10th of October, 1879, Dame Eliza Maria Mitchell, of Stonehaven, Scotland, by her attorney, Henry A. Budden, gave to her complainant, Arthur Wm. Hepburn, of Picton, Ontario, and Francis John Keller, as trustees, the sum of £2,000 in trust for Miss Matilda Hepburn, her grand-daughter; £2,000 in trust for Miss Emily Hepburn, her second grand-daughter, and £1,000 for Miss Florence Hepburn, her third grand-daughter; which sums were to be invested in bank estate or mortgages on real estate. The interest on these sums was to be paid in part to the complainant for the education and the maintenance of the said three young ladies until they came of age or married. It was provided also that in case of the decease of any of them, the money should go to their issue if any; and in case of the decease of any of them without issue, that the money should go to the next of kin. It was provided also that none of the said trustees should be responsible for any of the defaults of the others. The complainant then set forth that the said Francis John Keller, on or about the 2nd of January, 1879, did, with intent to defraud, appropriate \$7,140.75 of the trust funds to his own purpose. In accordance with the law stated in section 81, 32, 33 Vic. chap. 21, the consent of the Attorney-General had to be obtained before proceedings could be instituted. The consent was given in following terms:—

I sanction the prosecution against Francis John Keller, Esquire, advocate of Montreal, for the reason alleged in the above written deposition in accordance with section 81 of 32-33 Vic. ch. 21.
Quebec, November 24th, 1880.
(Signed) L. O. LORANGER,
Attorney-General.

In consequence of this deposition a warrant was issued by Mr. Desnoyers, Police Magistrate, and Mr. Keller was taken into custody. He was brought before Mr. Desnoyers and released on bail, Mr. Milten, contractor, and Mr. James Atkin, insurance agent, being bondsmen to the amount of \$4,000, jointly and severally. Mr. Keller left the city yesterday morning by the early train, it is supposed for New York.

A WELCOME TO THE POST.

Once again in our homes do we greet you, Dear Friend of the fearless pen, Who championed the cause of the wronged and the weak. No matter where or when, Feeblest ally of the enfeebled's just Or the wealthy million's frown, Whose acts have shown 'tis a part of their creed To tread our people down.

We all have felt, whether Gael or Celt, That your silence, enforced, was wrong, But the poor man's means was limited, And the man whose purse was long, Closed with a bang his "Caffre Fort," Fearing his dollars might fly; "What mattered to him" the fate of THE POST, Whether 't would live or die.

But 'now that you've come, "success to you, Post," May the years as they come and go Find you still, as of old, defending the cause 'Gainst the outer and inner foe, Broadcast through our people your pages are met With a joy unmeasured and true, While a "Coade Mille Failthe" from grateful hearts Is tendered, dear Post, unto you.

AGNES BUIE.

Personal.

—General Garfield is in bad health.

—John Bright's speech has created a sensation in England.

—Mr. Frank Kellar is said to be in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

—The head master of Cambridge College gets \$30,000 a year.

—The Dean of Carlisle, aged 84, has just married a widow of 65.

—Gladstone advises the formation of an Italian Legion for Greece.

—The *Bygones* for December has an attack on Sir Francis Hicks.

—The Archbishop of Tuam has subscribed to the Parnell Defence Fund.

—Queen Victoria loves to dance at the Gillies ball in the Highlands.

—The English still keep poor Cetewayo imprisoned in an old castle at Capetown.

—Mr. Frank Kellar and his bondsmen have made default. The bonds were \$7,500.

—Ald. Thibault has been appointed Secretary to the Dominion Boundary Commission.

—Mr. Molloy and three other Irish members of Parliament have joined the Land League.

—Neither the Emperors of Russia, Germany nor Austria is considered a faithful husband.

—The French Government have expelled all the Jesuits, except the German. Wholesome fear.

—Justin M. Carthy is partial to the expression, "When we look back now on the past, &c."

—M. Molinari says that as an orator the Hon. Mr. Chapleau is equal to Thiers, Guizot or Gambetta.

—The Cornwall Repealer has appeared in a new dress, and looks quite juvenile and spicy. Long may it reign.

—A Catholic missionary in Uganda, West Africa, buys up little girls and boys from their parents and educates them.

—An enlightened Turk named Ali Effendi thinks he is not a bit worse than an Orangeman, and not half as bad as "Boycott Pasha."

—The English Lord Chancellor is said to be engaged framing a land bill which will enable tenants to gradually hold their lands in fee simple.

—Archbishop Croke sent £30 from Rome to the Parnell Defence Fund, £10 for himself and £10 from the Bishop of Limerick, and £5 each from the Bishops of Cloyne and Ross.

—Lord Devon, *alias* other grand names, has been arrested for swindling the wealthy but ignorant spoils of the United States. He has also been in Montreal and levied contributions on our snobs to the tune of \$1,000.

—The omniscient *London Times* congratulates the Right Hon. James Leith on his silence during the debate on the Irish Disturbance Bill, when everyone in the world, except the *Times* and Ayoub Khan, knows that Jimmy had no seat in Parliament during the debate.

—A threatening letter has been sent to Lord Morris Fitzgerald (at least he so alleges) telling him he will be certainly shot, but that nothing will be done to frighten Lady Adela, his wife. The *London Advertiser* thinks this is a fine Irish bull, but we cannot see the point. There are many Irish and English ladies who would not weep salt tears if their husbands went and joined the majority.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LONDON, December 6.—A despatch from Ragusa says the international fleet was disbanded on Sunday, the English fleet for Malta, the Russian for Naples and the French for Toulon. The *Agence Reuss*, of St. Petersburg, says the dispersal of the international fleet does not imply its dissolution or acting in concert should such action be necessary.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 6.—The International Military Commission have decided that Turkey shall retain San George.

ATHENS, December 6.—An animated debate has begun in the Chamber of Representatives, the opposition insisting that the Government should make a statement concerning the policy they proposed to pursue before the Chamber votes on a convention for a loan of 62,000,000 drachmas (about \$12,000,000) from the National Bank, and other measures. The matter is expected to become a Cabinet question.

VIENNA, December 4.—The Porte is preparing to address itself to the Powers, and while declaring its readiness to come to a fair compromise with Greece, will ask the Powers to use their influence to induce Greece to enter into direct negotiations.

A despatch from Constantinople says two Albanians have been hanged for murdering Turkish soldiers.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF DRINK.

TWO CHILDREN SUFFOCATED.—About nine o'clock this morning the police were notified that two children had been burned alive at the house of their mother, Mrs. Casey, in Kerr's lane in the west end of the city. On going to the place a fearful sight met the gaze of the officers. Lying on the floor of the house were the bodies of the children, one aged three years, and the other five months. The mother was found in a beastly state of intoxication, and could give any reliable information as to the cause of the tragedy. The room had evidently been on fire, which

originated from an overturned lamp. A large hole was burned in the floor, and in the wall adjoining. Strange to say, there were no indications that any attempt had been made to put out the fire, as the ashes were not disturbed. A dead cat lay close to the burned place. Miss Casey, sister-in-law of the mother of the children, states that Mrs. Casey had been drinking heavily for a month past. Last night at nine o'clock she was somewhat sober, and retired to bed. She must have brought liquor into the house with her, and during her debauch overturned the lamp, the smoke suffocating the little ones. On Miss Casey going into her sister-in-law's place this morning she saw them in bed, with the bodies of the two children dead and lying across their parent. About 18 months ago the Caseys lost two children by fire. At that time they were living on Adelaide street, and the little ones procuring matches set fire to the woodshed, and, with a companion, were burned alive. The father of the unfortunate family is said to be a hard-working, industrious man. He is at present out of the city, working for Mr. John Lathur, lumberman. The house was comfortably furnished, and apparently well provided for people of that class. Mrs. Casey was taken into custody. Counselor de la Houke was notified, and an inquest will be held this evening.

An inquest was opened by Coroner Johnson into the cause of the death of the Casey children. Their mother, who is under arrest, was too unwell to appear. Miss Casey, sister-in-law of the prisoner, was the only witness called. She told the story of the finding of the bodies in bed this morning. The mother of the little ones at that time appeared to be in a stupor, and was unable to speak, whether from the effects of whiskey or witness could not say. A post-mortem will be made to-morrow, and the enquiry was adjourned till the evening. The father of the little ones arrived home to-night. He has every appearance of being a sober, hard-working man, and is greatly prostrated over his latest affliction. Mrs. Casey was very sick to-night, and her husband had a doctor summoned. Later on she was removed to the jail, where she will receive medical assistance.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY ON THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT.

NEW YORK, December 1.—A special cablegram says the Marquis of Salisbury in a speech last night attacked the Gladstone Government. He traced the troubles in Ireland to the Gladstone Government of 1870, and said the only cure for Irish agitation was to suppress it with superior force. Speaking of Greek territorial claims and the Gladstone scheme of enforcing them, Salisbury said the best sentiments of England were utterly opposed to the menacing of Smyrna in order to compel the Porte to fulfil its Greek compacts.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

ADDRESS TO DR. LEPROHON

On the occasion of the retirement of Dr. Leprohon from the Professorship of Hygiene in the University of Bishop's College, he was presented by the students of the Medical Faculty with the following address. It was presented at his residence, St. Antoine street, by Mr. Heber Bishop, B.A.:

To Jean Labin Leprohon, Esq., A.M., M.D., C.M., Vice-Consul of Spain, Consulting Physician to Montreal Dispensary, &c.:

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, in medicine of the University of Bishop's College, upon this, the first occasion of our assembling since the announcement of your resignation of the chair of Hygiene, beg to express to you our deep regret that you have thus severed your connection with the Medical Faculty of this University, but trust that you will still retain an interest in its welfare and success. We therefore desire to convey to you our thanks for the gentlemanly courtesy and kindness which always characterized your intercourse with us. Your able teaching and the efficient manner in which you performed your duty in expounding the very important subject of Hygiene will ever be gratefully remembered.

Montreal, October 18th, 1880.

HUBERT BISHOP, B.A.,
R.H. WILSON,
NICHAN C. SKELEIE,
Committee of Students.

J. F. T. JENNINS, C.M., M.D., &c.,
M. A. KANSON, C.M., M.D.,
Committee of Graduates

Dr. Leprohon gave the following reply:—

MONTREAL, November, 1880.

Messrs. Bishop, B.A., N. C. Smittle, R. H. Wilson, &c.

GENTLEMEN.—It is needless for me to assure you with what pleasure I accept this address from the students of the Medical Faculty of the University of Bishop's College. It is an expression that my efforts in promoting its welfare have been appreciated by you all.

When some years ago this Faculty was organized our path was not a very bright one, and many difficulties in its way have since been overcome for the benefit of the medical student.

Hygiene being a branch of the medical service to which I always was particularly devoted, I gave it all possible attention, so as to teach it and impart the knowledge that I had acquired on it for years past, and I am profoundly rewarded to-day by your appreciation of the lectures that I delivered for so many years.

And now, finding that the foundation of the College was secure and that the institution was on a liberal basis, endowed with all the advantages of a first class medical school, I thought it time for me to withdraw and leave my place to junior workers in this field of science.

Although having resigned my chair, you may be sure that I will always take a great interest in the success of the Faculty and in the success of the medical students that belong to it.

With renewed thanks for your handsome address,

I remain
Yours most devoted
J. L. LEPROHON, M.D.

The address was very beautifully illuminated by Mr. J. F. T. Jenkins, assisted by Dr. Rowan, artist, and after its presentation the students were entertained at luncheon by Mr. and the Misses Leprohon.

M. Jules Amigues communicates to *Figaro* a document purporting to be an exact copy of a posthumous political programme of the Prince Imperial, written at Arenenberg (Switzerland) in 1877.

Pope Leo XIII. has entirely recovered from the indisposition engendered by his constant confinement in the Vatican during last summer. Before he was elected Pope it was his wont to perambulate the beautiful mountains around Perugia every summer and keep constantly in the fresh air.

Round the World.

—The first volume of Gambetta's speeches will appear this month.

—The quality of the tobacco crop grown this year is inferior to that of last year.

—Illinois is out of debt, having paid off eighteen millions in the last few years.

—A woman fell dead at Bloomington, Ill., when told that her daughter had eloped.

—Lord Oranmore and Brown has left Mayo for good, and still the heart of Mayo is not repentant.

—The autograph memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte (Prince Canino) have been found in the French Foreign Office.

—The Vienna *Tagblatt* asserts that the Czar has placed \$1,500,000 in Mendelssohn's bank at Berlin to the credit of his new wife.

—Only three wooden shanties now stand on the site of the little hamlet where Jefferson was born, near Charlottesville, Va.

—A correspondent at Rome hears that the Irish Land League has ordered all money from America to be sent to Paris instead of Dublin.

—The six Methodist churches of Detroit pooled their debts, amounting to \$35,000, and united in a successful effort to raise the money.