

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

The vicar himself opens the door for Clara, and tells her Miss Broughton has arrived, and will not doubt be overjoyed to see her.

"What a fairy you have given us!" he says, laughing. "Such a bewitching child! all golden hair, and sweet dark eyes, and mourning-railments! We are perplexed—indeed, I may say, dazzled—at her appearance; because we have one and all fallen in love with her—hopelessly, irrevocably, and hardly know how to conduct ourselves toward her with the decorum that I have been taught to believe should be shown to the instructress of one's children. Now, the last young woman was so different, and—"

"Young," says Miss Peyton.

"Well, old, if you like it," she certainly, poor soul, did remind one of the 'ere and yellow.' But this child is all fire and life; and really," says the vicar, with a sigh that may be relief, "I think we all like it better; she is quite a breath upon our monotony."

"I am so glad you all like her!" says Clara, quite beaming with satisfaction. "She was such a dear little thing when last I saw her; so gentle, too—like a small mouse."

"Oh, was she?" says the vicar, anxiously. "She is changed a little, I think. To me she is rather terrifying. Now, for instance, this morning at breakfast, she asked me, before the children, if I didn't find writing sermons a bore. And when I said—as I was in duty bound to say, my dear Clara—that I did not, she laughed out quite merrily, and said she didn't believe me! Need I say the children were in raptures? But I could have borne that, only, when Mrs. Redmond took me and actually laughed too, I felt the end of all things was come. Clara," (severely), "do you hope I don't see you laughing, too?"

"Oh, no!—not much," says Miss Peyton, who is plainly enjoying the situation to its utmost. "It is very hard on you, of course."

"Well, it is," says the vicar, with his broad and rather handsome smile, that works such miracles in the parish and among the mining people, who look upon him as their own special property. "It is difficult for a man to hope to govern his own household when his nearest and dearest turn him into open ridicule. Your little friend is a witch. What shall we do with her?"

"Submit to her," says Clara. "Where is she? I want to see her."

"Clary will find her for you. I dare say they are together, unless your Madam Quick-silver, as I call her, has taken to herself wings and flown away."

He turns, as though to go with her.

"No, no," says Clara; "I shall easily find her by myself. Go, and do what you need to do before I stop you."

Moving away from him, she enters the hall and seeing a servant, is conducted by her to a small room literally strewn with work of all kinds. Books, too, lie here in profusion, and many pens, and numerous bottles of ink, and a paper basket that never saw better days than it sees now, when all the children pounce over it, and love it, and make much of it, as being their very own.

On this ancient friend a fairy-like girl is sitting, smiling sweetly at Clara Redmond, who is chattering to her gaily and is plainly enchanted at having come one of her own age to converse with.

"The lady is very lovely, with red-gold hair, and large luminous blue eyes, soft and dark, that can express all emotions, from deepest love to bitterest scorn. Her nose is pure Greek; her lips are tender and mobile; her skin is neither white nor brown, but clear and warm, and somewhat dusky of color. Her small head is covered with masses of wavy, luxuriant, discolored hair, that shines in the light like threads of living gold."

She is barely five feet in height, but is exquisitely moulded. Her hands and feet are a study, her pretty round waist a happy dream. She starts from the sofa to a standing position as Clara enters, and, with a low, intense little cry, that seems to come direct from her heart, runs to her and lays her arms gently round her neck.

Once again Clara finds herself in Brussels with her chosen besides her. She clasps George in a warm embrace; and then Clara Redmond, who is a thoroughly good sort, goes out of the room, leaving the new governess alone with her old companion.

"At last I see you," says Miss Broughton, moving back a little, and leaving her hands on Clara's shoulders that she may the more easily gaze at her. "I thought you would never come. All the morning I have been waiting, and watching, and longing for you!"

Her voice is peculiar, half childish, half petulant, and wholly sweet. She is not crying, but great tears are standing in her eyes as though eager to fall, and her lips are trembling.

"I didn't like to come earlier, says Clara, kissing her again. "It is only twelve now, you know; but I was longing every bit as much to see you, as you could be to see me. Oh, George, how glad I am to have you back! I and— you have not changed a little scrap."

She says this in a relieved tone.

"Neither have you," says George; "you are just the same. There is a great comfort in that thought. If I had found you changed, different in any way, what should I have done? I felt, when I saw you standing tall and slight in the doorway, as if time had rolled back, and we were together again at Madame Brochet's. Oh, how happy I was then! And now—"

The big tears in her pathetic eyes tremble to their fall; she covers her face with her hands.

"Tell me everything," says Clara, tenderly.

"What is there to tell?—except that I am alone in the world, and very desolate. It is more than a year ago now since—since— papa left me." "It seems like a long century. At first I was apathetic; it was despair I felt, I suppose; indeed, I was hardly conscious of the life I was leading when with my aunt. Afterward the reaction set in; then came the sudden desire for change, the intense longing for work of any kind; and then—"

"Then you thought of me," says Clara, pressing her hand.

"That is true. Then I thought of you, and how ready your sympathy had ever been. When—when, he died, he left me a hundred pounds. It was all he had to leave." She says this hastily, passionately, as though it must be gone forth, no matter how severe the pain that accompanies the telling of it. Clara, understanding, draws even closer to her. This gentle movement is enough. A heart, too full, breaks beneath affection's touch. George bursts into tears.

"It was all on earth he had to give," she sobs bitterly; "and I think he must have starved himself to leave me even that! Oh, shall I ever forget?"

"In time," whispers Clara, gently. "Be patient wait." Then, with a sigh, "How sad for some this sweet world can be!"

"I gave my aunt forty pounds," goes on the fair-haired beauty, glad to find somebody in whom she can safely confide and to whom her troubles may be made known. "I gave it to her because I had lived with her some

time, and she was not kind to me, and so I felt I should pay her something. And then I put a little white cross on his grave before I left him; but he should think himself quite forgotten. It was all I could do for him, concludes she, with another heavy sob that shakes her slight frame.

"How does it seem broken?" Clara, who by this time is dissolved in tears, places her arms round her neck, and presses her lips to her cheek.

"Try, try to be comforted," entreats she. "The world, they tell me, is full of sorrow. Others have suffered, too. And nurse used to tell me, long ago, that those who are unhappy in the beginning of their lives are lucky ever after. George it may be so with you."

"It may," says George, with a very faint smile; yet, somehow, she feels comforted.

"Do you think you will be content here?" asks Clara, presently, when some minutes have passed.

"I think so. I am sure of it. It is such a pretty place, and so unlike the horrid little smoky town from which I have come, and to which (with a heavy sigh), "let us hope, I shall never return."

"Never do," says Clara, giving her rich encouragement. "It is ever so much richer here." As she has never seen the smoky town in question, this is a somewhat gratuitous remark. "And the children are quite sweet, and very pretty, and the work won't be very much; and—and I am only just an easy walking-distance from you."

At this termination they both laugh.

George seems to have forgotten her tears of a moment since, and her passionate burst of grief. Her lovely face is smiling, radiant; her lips are parted; her great blue eyes are shining. She is a warm impulsive little creature, as prone to tears as to laughter, and with a heart capable of knowing a love almost too deep for happiness, and as surely capable of feeling a hatred strong and lasting.

The traces of her late emotion are still wet upon her cheeks. Perhaps she knows it not, but, like some dew-spangled flower, she shows more lovely in her tears. She and Clara are a wonderful contrast. Clara is slight, and tall and calm; she, all life and brightness, eager, excited and unmindful of the end.

Cissy Redmond, at this juncture, summons up sufficient courage to open the door and come in again. She ignores the fact of George's red eyes, and turns to Clara. She has Miss Peyton's small dog in her arms—the tiger, with the long and melancholy face, that goes by the name of Bill.

"Your dog," she says to Clara, "and such a pet. He has eaten seven legs of the table, and all my fingers. His appetite is a credit to him. How do you provide for him at Gowran? Do you have an extra roasted whole, occasionally, for his special benefit?"

"Bully come here, you little reprobate, and don't try to look as if you never did anything bad in your life. Cissy, I wish you and George and the children would all come up to Gowran to-morrow."

"We begin lessons to-morrow," says the new governess gravely, who looks always so utterly and absurdly unlike a governess, or anything but a baby or a water-pixie, when her yellow hair and gentle eyes. "It will be impossible for me to go."

"But lessons will be over at two o'clock," says Cissy, who likes going to Gowran, and regards Clara as "a thing of beauty."

"Why not walk up afterwards?"

"I shall expect you," says Clara, with decision; and then the two girls tell her they will go with her as far as the vicarage gate, as she must now go home.

There she bids them good by, and, passing through the gate goes up the road. Compelled to look back once again, by some power we all know at times, she sees George's small pale face pressed against the iron bars, gazing after her, with eyes full of lonely longing.

"Good-by, Clara," she says, a little sad, imploring cadence desolating her voice.

"Until to-morrow," replies Clara, with an attempt at gaiety, though in reality the child's mournful face is oppressing her. Then she touches the points lightly, and disappears up the road and round the corner, sitting bolt upright beside her.

The next morning is soft and warm, and, indeed, almost sultry for the time of year. Thin misty clouds, white and shadowy, envelop the fields and barren ghost-like trees and sweep across the distant hills. There is a sound as of coming rain—a rushing and a rustling in the naked woods. "A still wild music is abroad," as though a storm is impending, that shall rise at night and shake the land, the more fiercely because of its enforced silence all this day.

"But now, at noon, upon the southern side of the slant hills, And where the woods fence off the northern The season smiles, resigning all its rage, And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue, With hints of sunset, and without a speck. The dazling splendor of the scene being."

The frost has gone for the time being; no snow fell last night; scarcely does the wind blow. If, indeed, "there is in souls a sympathy with sounds," I fear George and Cissy and the children must be counted utterly soulless, as they fail to hear the sobbing of the coming storm, but with gay voices and gayer laughter come merrily over the road to Gowran. Upon the warm sullen air the children's tones ring like sweet silver bells.

As they enter the gates of Gowran, the youngest child, Amy, runs to the side of the new governess, and slips her hand through her arm.

"I am going to tell you about all the pretty things we've got," she says patronizingly, yet half shyly, rubbing her cheek against Miss Broughton's shoulder. "She is a tall, slender child, and to do this she has a strong little." "You fatty," she goes on, admiringly, encouraging perhaps by the fact that she is nearly as tall as her instructress; "you are just like Hans Andersen's tale. I don't know why."

"Amy! Miss Broughton won't like you to speak to her like that," says George, coloring.

"But George, she is," she says, giving the child a hand a reassuring pressure. "I am accustomed to being called that, and indeed, I rather like it now. I suppose I am very small. But," (turning anxiously to Cissy, and speaking quite as shyly as the child Amy had spoken a moment since), "there is a name to which I am not accustomed, and I hate it. It is 'Miss Broughton.' Won't you tell me 'George'?"

"Oh, are you sure you won't mind?" says the lively Cissy, with a deep and undisguised sigh of relief. "Well, that is a comfort! It is all I can do to manage your name. You don't look a bit like a Miss Anything, you know, and 'George' suits you down to the ground."

"Look, look! There is the tree where the fairies dance at night," cries Amy, eagerly, her little, thin, spiritual face lighting with earnestness, pointing to a magnificent old oak tree that stands apart from all the others, and looks as though it has for centuries defied time and storm, and proved itself indeed "sole king of forests all."

"Every night the fairies have a ball there,"

says Amy, in perfect good faith. "In spring there is a regular wreath of blue-bells all round it, and they show where the 'good folk' tread."

"How I should like to see them!" says George, gravely. "I think, in her secret soul, she is impressed by the child's solemnity, and would prefer to believe in the fairies rather than otherwise."

"Well, you ought to know all about them," says Amy, with a transient but meaning smile, "you belong to them, don't you? Well? (dreamily), "perhaps some night we shall go out hand in hand and meet them here, and dance with them all the way to fairy-land."

"Miss Broughton,"—there—through the trees! Do you see something gleaming white?" asked Ethel, the elder pupil. "Yes? Well, there, at that spot, is a marble statue of a woman, and underneath her is a spring. It went dry ever so many years ago, but when Clara's great-grandfather died the waters burst out again, and every one said the statue was crying for him, he was so good and noble, and so well loved."

To be Continued.

HAD SUFFERED MANY PHYSICIANS, and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after dismissing his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 60 he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery.

FROM HALIFAX. HALIFAX, N.S., Feb. 18.—Alexander McKay, one of the Representatives of Pictou County in the House of Assembly, died at his residence in West River to-day. He had been attending to his legislative duties a few days ago.

THE CENSUS. The total returns of the late census have just been presented to Parliament by the Minister of Agriculture. In regard to population the Dominion numbers 4,324,810.

The population by Provinces, is as follows:—

Prince Edward Island.....	108,891
Nova Scotia.....	440,572
New Brunswick.....	321,233
Quebec.....	1,359,027
Ontario.....	1,923,228
Manitoba.....	65,954
British Columbia.....	49,469
The Territories.....	56,446

The population of the chief cities of the Dominion, according to the revised returns, is as follows:—

Montreal.....	140,747
Toronto.....	86,415
Quebec.....	62,446
Halifax.....	36,100
Hamilton.....	35,961
Ottawa.....	27,412
St. John, N.B.....	26,127
London, Ont.....	19,746
Winnipeg.....	7,985
Guelph.....	8,890
Kingston.....	14,091
Belleville.....	9,516
St. Catharines.....	9,831
Brantford.....	9,616
St. Thomas.....	9,367
Victoria, B.C.....	7,301
Charlottetown, P.E.I.....	11,485

The following statement shows the population of the city of Montreal, by Wards:—

St. Ann's Ward.....	20,443
West Ward.....	842
Centre Ward.....	821
East Ward.....	2,968
St. Louis Ward.....	13,375
St. James Ward.....	22,738
St. Mary's Ward.....	22,738
St. Antoine Ward.....	38,846
St. Lawrence Ward.....	14,318

Total..... 140,747

THE FOUNDER OF THE UNION

GENERAL. The Union General, which has just come to grief, is as old in reality as the advent of Louis Philippe, and is the same idea secularized as that of M. Courdemanche. M. Courdemanche, its founder, occupied a small room. The stair was dark and rickety. The door was opened by a clerical-looking employee, and the director of the great enterprises himself was found seated on a straw chair before a common wooden writing table, with no further preparations for visitors than one extra wooden chair, which he offered to any stranger who sought his advice and counsel. M. Courdemanche was at that time not more than one or two and thirty years of age, and yet he was accounted the best living financial head, and the disposal of the many millions which passed through his hands every year one of the greatest miracles of the marvellous times in which he was entrusted with their control. His costume was that of a lay brother of the Tiers Order of St. Francis. His black serge robe was worn threadbare; his gray woollen stockings were darned above his thick solid shoes; his pocket handkerchief of blue cotton check lay, with his snuff box, before him on the desk, and when he was consulted on any difficult question of finance it was his custom to take a pinch of snuff from the one and use the other with a long report before answering. A heavy ebony crucifix hung over the desk, and this was the only ornament he possessed.

A MONK WHO WAS EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

A beautiful story is told of St. Henry, the second Emperor of the name, of Germany, away back in olden Catholic times. XI century. Being a most holy man, and becoming desirous to lead a more perfect life than he could live in the distractions of a court, he resolved, like many another great Catholic King and some Sovereign Pontiffs, to leave his throne and bury himself in a monastery. Reposing secretly to the religious house of St. Vaines in Verdun, he begged admission as a postulant. Abbot Richard solemnly assembled all his monks in Chapter and calling the royal applicant before him, demanded in a tone of authority: "Are you ready to obey even until death?" "I am," answered Henry. "And I hereby receive you," continued the abbot, "into the number of my religious. I will answer for the salvation of your soul if you promise to fulfill all I enjoin upon you."

"I swear obedience," interrupted the King. "Then," rejoined the abbot, "it is my will that you resume the government of the German Empire!" We know the sequel of this story.

St. Henry, however, is not the only royal monk or religious man put at the head of the Christian Kingdom in the ages of faith in every land. Most of the present Kingdoms of Europe were at one time or other, offered as fief to the grand abbot of Christendom, the Pope of Rome, Kings thinking it an honor to be counted among the vassals of the Father of Christians and Vicar of God.

THE SS. "BAHAMA."

New York, Feb. 16.—The steamer "Bahama," whose loss was reported last night, was valued at \$100,000. The cargo was worth the same. It is claimed that she was unseaworthy, and it also said that she was a blockade runner during the war. The vessel belonged to the Quebec and Gulf Ports S.S. Co. The following were lost: Astwood, Captain E. Field, Bermuda; Heyington, Chief Engineer, New York; Sutton James, Purser; Foster Robert, Foster Geo, George Thomas, McFarthy Patrick, Ryan John, Smith Chas, O'Brien William, Watterson Paul, Bickner G, Dubbe Felix, all of Quebec; Whitman from Porto Rico, belonging to Ottawa, Canada, name unknown; a passenger, colored man, native of Porto Rico, name unknown; passenger, Mullins John, Halifax; Charles and Peterson John, both of Sweden; Ferrell Jas. St. John, Nid—total, 20. There were only four passengers, two of whom were rescued. An unknown man from Porto Rico ran below to secure his clothing while his companions were leaving the sinking ship. He was undoubtedly washed overboard. Scarcely had the captain's boat rowed 20 yards from the sinking ship when a great wave overwhelmed it. The occupants of the other boat heard one awful shriek above the howling gale and then all was over. For a moment they saw the captain's boat floating, capsized here and there, a hand stretched appealingly for help. All were drowned but two. A sailor of herculean build fought the sea with the strength of despair until he reached the steamer. He dragged himself upon the deck, then with a wild glance in the direction of the second boat sprang into the waves to swim towards it. He was not seen again. Another of those in the captain's boat reached the steamer. He clung to the shrouds and his piteous appeal for help could be heard by the fast retreating boats above the fury of the storm. The persons in the second boat owe their lives to the skill of the second officer, Robert Ross. The boat was iron, only 13 feet in length. Thirteen people crowded into her, the gunwales were scarcely above the water. The sea ran mountains high. The survivors were exhausted and famished. It is barely possible that the men who remained on the "Bahama" were taken off by a passing barque.

New York, Feb. 16.—The British steam ship "Glenmorag," Captain Dawson, which arrived from Calcutta yesterday, had on board eleven men and boys of the crew and two passengers belonging to the steamship "Bahama" of Quebec, which was lost on Friday last in latitude 32.30 north and longitude 72.15 west. Captain Astwood, two second-class passengers, and seventeen members of the crew have probably been lost.

The following are the survivors:—Robert Williams, first officer, of North Wales; Robert Ross, second engineer, of Quebec; Geo. Sanson, third engineer, of Quebec; Geo. Thomsen, chief steward, of Quebec; John O'Brien, second officer, of New York; Malloy, seaman of Quebec; Emil Frank, fireman, of Quebec; Tremblay, first cook, of Quebec; Edmund Larrois, waiter, of Quebec; and Hubert Trumble, of Quebec; John Scott, of New York; one of the firm of Oatbridge & Co., of No. 2 Morris street, agents for the Quebec Steamship Co., passenger; H. J. Fear, of Savannah, passenger. Total, 13.

Captain Astwood was an experienced navigator, and was highly esteemed by the Company. He came from Quebec. The cargo consisted of molasses, sugar, coffee, hay, bay rum, etc., valued at about \$100,000. Several bags of mail matter were lost and about \$6,000 in gold and silver was in the purser's room. The Bahama was built at Stockton, England, in 1861. She was originally called "Bermuda," but the name was afterwards changed to General Wade, and again by the present owners to the "Bahama." The agents are uncertain about her value, and say her insurance is in Quebec. She was built of iron, was 214 feet long, 30 feet across beam, and 19 feet deep.

QUEBEC, Feb. 16.—A number of families in this city have been thrown into mourning through the foundering of the "Bahama." The Steamship Company's ship "Bahama" last Friday in mid-ocean on her way from Porto Rico to New York. The sad intelligence reached the Company's office in this city last evening, and it was not known amongst the distressed families until this morning. One woman loses three members of her family—a husband, son and son-in-law. The steamer underwent considerable alterations and repairs in the harbor last summer, and the directors and Mr. Moore, the manager, declare that the report that the steamer was unseaworthy is untrue. On leaving in the fall most of the men now lost engaged on her for the winter. The names of the twelve Quebecers who perished are as follows:—James Sutton, purser, formerly in the Stadacona Life Assurance office, and brother to Mr. Sutton, book-keeper in Mr. James Gross' office; Robert and George Foster, were residents of Champlain street; Thomas George, resided in Paul street; P. McCarthy, resided in Paul street; John Ryan, Paul street; Charles Smith, William O'Brien, formerly in the employ of Mr. Robert Borden, Peter street; Paul Watterson, G. Bickner, Felix Dube, Cape Blanc. Four of the drowned leave widows in very distressing circumstances. One Smith, who is drowned, was coachman last winter to Judge Meredith.

ORIGIN OF THE SCOTS.

North Britain, known as Scotland, was colonized by the Irish long before the introduction of Christianity; and in times of famine was often supported by the mother country. In customs, laws and language the people of Scotland very closely resemble the Irish. History states that at a very remote period, in the reign of Haremon, a people called Picts attempted to settle in Ireland, but the inhabitants refused to admit them. They permitted them, however, to take Irish wives, and then the Picts went to settle in North Britain. The Pictish leader was Cathlan, from whom his people and their descendants were called Cathlanians. The Picts became powerful, and during the reign of Niall of the Nine Hostages made war upon some Irish colonists who had settled in a more northern part of Britain. Niall subjugated the Picts, who then swore allegiance to the Kings of Ireland. Niall called that part of the country settled by the Irish Scotch Minor to distinguish it from the mother country, then called Scotia. Henceforth there was a constant intercourse between the two nations, and the Irish assisted the colonies in all their wars against the Romans. Towards the close of the reign of Concor the Great, his son Carle made a regular settlement in Argyre, and from him and his followers sprung some of the noblest families of Scotland. The Stewarts are said to be descended from Moine, the son of Corc, King of Munster, who distinguished himself fighting against the Romans in Britain, and gained large principalities there; he was surnamed Mac-More-Learnna, or the great steward. Raw silk underwear is much in use.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION TO THE HOLY FATHER LEO XIII.

The deplorable outrage committed in the Capital of the Catholic World last July 13th, on the occasion of the removal of the remains of the immortal Leo XIII. to their final resting-place, much as it has shocked the feelings of every Catholic, has naturally been far more nearly and keenly felt by our Holy Father Leo XIII. In order to make up, in some small degree, for this sorrow which the Supreme Pontiff has had to bear, the Editor of the *Letture Popolari* of Rome has determined to pay a new tribute of affection and filial devotion to the common Father of all the faithful, by offering him in conjunction with all such as may wish to concur in the gift, a Papal cross and chain.

With this view, the above-mentioned paper has opened a subscription list, and appeals to Catholics to embrace this opportunity of showing their love for the Holy Father.

We applaud the initiative taken by this Roman paper and gladly draw our readers' attention to its appeal, at the same time urging other Catholic journals to give it full publicity.

The cross is to be of gold, the face set with precious stones; the reverse will bear an appropriate inscription. The chain is also to be of gold.

The cross will be of the value of the amount collected, but if this do not reach 2,500 lire (nearly 2,100), the money will be given to the Holy Father as Peter's pence.

The names of subscribers with their respective subscriptions will be entered on a list to be presented to the Holy Father along with the cross.

An acknowledgment of sums received will be placed in Catholic papers of Rome, and the whole list will be handed in to the Cardinal Secretary of State.

Subscriptions should be sent in as soon as possible, and should be addressed to the "Direzione delle Letture Popolari in Roma."

TALMAGE ON THE SULLIVAN-RYAN PRIZE FIGHT.

Dr. Talmage, in his lecture on secular events, among other things said:

Many of the newspapers of this week, for two or three days, were largely occupied with reports of a pugilistic encounter which took place in Mississippi City with the whole country willingly or unwillingly looking on through the accounts given. All good people were shocked at the sight, but that encounter does not seem to me so objectionable as war on a larger scale. It is a bad thing to have one jaw broken and a few drops of blood shed; but is not that less distressing than to break a thousand jaws and cover miles of territory with the signs of carnage? If the world must fight, I prefer the fight of last week. Why not, instead of a Zulu war in which thousands of Englishmen and Zulus are put to death, compel a Disraeli, after he has instituted the war, to go forth to meet a responsible Zulu and have two battered and bruised men instead of ten thousand? Instead of France and Germany turning their empires into cemeteries and covering Europe with bereavement, have a champion Frenchman and a champion German some day go out like Sullivan and Ryan and decide the contest? That would be a great economy of bones and a great economy of blood and a great economy of tears and a great economy of heart aches and a great economy of sepulchres. Beside that, an encounter like that of this week develops more courage than a conflict in which the usual weaponry of international strife is employed. A man may be a successful general without much personal courage, for he can stand in a tower two miles from the fight and give orders, or may sit in a stone house incognito, smoking a cigar and receiving messages from a battlefield three miles away where hundreds of private soldiers are being sacrificed. There is not so much exposure in a contest in which Dalgren guns and howitzers and swamp angels and all weapons of long range are engaged as when two men with nothing but their own fists come close up and pound each other's faces into a jelly, obliterating the image in which God made them. Beside that, in the last style of combat there are no bereavements; at any rate there can be only two deaths, and what is that to an Antieritz or a Sedan, or a Gettysburg, leaving twenty or forty thousand homes in widowhood and orphanage? Mind you, I do not advocate pugilism like that of this week; but I labor it far less than those whose epic never ceases to sing and whose drums never cease to roll by as much as two mutilated men are less horrifying than thirty thousand stacked up corpses. The time will come—may the good Lord hasten it—when all individual quarrels will be settled by arbitration, and all international difference will be settled by treaty; but until then, I am in favor of compelling those who get up wars to do their own fighting. If in this country some great Northern man and some great Southern man shall by angry agitation bring on a war between the two sections, let those two men be compelled to be the champions, the Ryan and the Sullivan of the conflict, and meet on the banks of the Potomac and have it out in eight or ten rounds of patriotic pugilism, and if they should both expire under the bruising, the loss would not be much. How many lives and how much suffering would have been saved if Napoleon and Wellington in Franco-English war, and Moltke and McMahon in Franco-German war, and Grant and Lee in our civil war had fought out the battle alone. You say that in some cases the physical disparity might be too great. Then let the nations of the earth choose two champions sufficiently athletic. But it would not depend upon physical stature. A small man in the right is stronger than a large man in the wrong. You remember David and Goliath. While the world has made advances in arts of peace, I doubt whether it has made any advance beyond the old style of championship in war. The trouble is that those who get up the wars usually stay at home and make money out of government contracts, while the farmers and the mechanics, who had nothing to do in creating the trouble, have to leave their plows and their work benches and go forth to suffer. In the encounter of this week, two men were the sufferers. In the strife between nations two governments are the desperadoes.

AMERICAN CITIZENS IN BRITISH BASTILES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The House committee on foreign affairs adversely reported the resolution of Robinson (New York) to ask the Attorney-General for an opinion whether, if Joseph Warren Kiefer, Alonzo B. Cornell or Charles Carroll should be arrested in the British Empire without having committed a crime, the English Government, by suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, could lawfully detain him on an indefinite suspension, without trial or without right of the United States to demand release.

Robinson desired to debate the resolution, but the Speaker held it pending the motion to table it, it was not debatable. The resolution was tabled by 117 to 103. The same committee also reported adversely the resolution requesting the President to communicate

the correspondence with the British Government with reference to the case of D. H. O'Connor; an American citizen imprisoned in Ireland. Oth stated that the papers had already been asked for by a previous inquiry (Cox (New York) moved) to set in a few remarks in support of both these resolutions, declaring that there was, underlying the first, a great principle of American citizenship, and second, it was necessary to show that the State department of Congress was urgent in the matter. The House refused to table the resolution by 71 to 79. Cox (New York) offered an amendment requesting the President to obtain for O'Connor and other American citizens, imprisoned under suspension of the *habeas corpus* by the British Government without a speedy, fair trial or prompt release. Pound raised a point of order that amendment was not genuine. Kasson stated that the House had no official knowledge of the cases of other persons; when that knowledge was obtained and it was found they were illegally detained in prison, he would be glad to take steps toward release, but he did not think this mere become amounted to anything. The Speaker sustained the point in order. The amendment was not received. Mr. Robinson wanted to see any man, but in whose veins a drop of American blood coursed, stand up and vote to table the resolution. The man who were in English bastiles were the equals of any gentleman on this floor, and superior to some who did not go to the field of battle. These men had faced a gallant enemy, and fought for their country and the Union, but they were now rotting in jail, while here, in the House, men not so good as they were were willing to table a resolution of this kind. Was that Americanism? Was that the spirit of the flag? Was there American blood in the heart of any man who could stand on this floor without the indignation blood rushing to his head, and his arm rising to strike the man who would vote to table the resolution?

PENITENTIARIES.

The annual report of the Inspector of Penitentiaries states that the number of convicts in all the Penitentiaries of the Dominion on January 30th, 1881, was 1,218, against 1,270 at the corresponding period in 1880, a decrease of 52. In Kingston Penitentiary during the year, 235 males were received and 175 released, and 4 females were received and 4 discharged. In Montreal there was an increase of 14 convicts in the year, and in British Columbia an increase of 19. It is said that the fact of the decrease in our criminal population. This may be regarded as the sign of returning prosperity, whereby the industrial classes could more easily secure employment and many have been saved from crime. The decrease in the number of convicts is solely confined to the Province of Ontario. This may be seen by the fact that over 60 convicts were sent in the course of the year to Kingston from St. Vincent de Paul and Dorchester Penitentiaries.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The Inspector reports as follows on the discipline of this institution: "The discipline has improved very much from the conduct of half-witted convicts. During the year, the report book, during one of my visits of inspection, I found that, by far the greatest number of reports for violation of rule, inebriation, etc., had been rolled up, without being on the part of prisoners, nearly all of the class—'half-witted'—mentioned by the Acting Warden. It is a very difficult task to deal properly with such convicts. There are not so few convicts as warrant their being sent to the lunatic asylum; they are not sensible enough to hold them to strict observance of rules, and roll them up for violation. It would be well were there some asylum for imbeciles, other than the madhouse or penitentiary, where those unfortunate yanks could be cared for, without being on the one hand, forced to become the companions of raving maniacs, or on the other, of habitual and vicious criminals."

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT CHESTER, PA.

CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 17.—At eight o'clock this morning an explosion occurred at the Pyrotechnic works of Professor Jackson. The building was shattered and burned. At least 15, and probably more, lives were lost and many were dangerously wounded. The building is the old home of Admiral Porter.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED—CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 17.—At eight o'clock this morning an explosion occurred at the Pyrotechnic works of Professor Jackson. The building was shattered and burned. At least 15, and probably more, lives were lost and many were dangerously wounded. The building is the old home of Admiral Porter.

[LATER.]

A number of colored people lived in the Porter mansion. The building first took fire, and while the firemen were playing on the flames, and a large crowd surrounded them, the explosion occurred, scattering destruction far and wide. The number killed is between 15 and 20, and about 20 are dangerously and 50 are more or less seriously wounded. The dead are being laid in the City Hall, and the wounded cared for in the various drug stores, so that no accurate list can be obtained now. The town is one great excitement.

CHESTER, Pa., Feb. 17.—The following is a list of those known to be killed as far as ascertainable at present: John Lamphigh, Thomas Dollison, aged 22; Thomas Anderson, Alex. Phillips, John Pollick, married man; Joseph Kestner, James Doughty, Benj. Garfield, aged 25; George Taylor, Perry Williams, colored; Anthony Barber, ex-policeman; William Wood, fireman; John Daycasen, aged 13; Edward Strophshire. Total, 14.

The injured are Chief Dalton, fire department, about arms and body, by falling stones; Wm. McNeal, fatally; James Oaker, badly; Wm. Cowan, lower part of face torn off; Wm. Ward, son of Congressman, slightly; Miss Jane Roy, badly; Lewis McCullough, throat cut, internally injured; and many others. Miller did not know the explosion had taken place until he recovered consciousness. Anthony Barber, holding the nozzle of a hose, was blown several feet and frightfully mangled. Perry Williams was blown to the roof of a mansion and there lodged, and slowly scorched for half an hour. He was alive when lowered to the ground, but died some what of concussion of the brain. Three victims, 150 yards from the building, were killed by the shower of stone, brick, and timber. The shock of the explosion shattered the windows of a manufactory a mile distant.

It is thought that gas escaping from the stove ignited unfinished rockets. This caused the first explosion. The second and fatal explosion was caused by the detonation of colored stars used for filling up bonfire shells. An hour intervened between the two explosions. Much of the effects were removed by two attaches, who had a narrow escape. Loss, \$150,000. The coroner is holding an inquest.

SONS NOT SLOW.—People who have used Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil to get rid of pain find that it is sure but not slow. A cough, even of long standing, is speedily controlled and cured by it. Rheumatism, neuralgia, corns, lame back, and swollen neck rapidly disappear when it is used.

A last year's princess dress or polonaise may be made to look new and stylish by adding