

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

LONDON, May 27.—A Times correspondent telegraphs from Paris that the Assembly will re-open without a message from President McMahon or announcement of policy by the Ministry.

PARIS, May 28.—Prince Napoleon has gone to England.

It is stated that at the next election the Bonapartists will considerably extend their operations. They intend to advance the candidature of the Duke of Padoue for the Department of Seine et Oise, the Duke de Mouchy for the Department of Oise, and Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Massina for the Department of Alps Maritimes; they will also contest the election for Maine et Loire and Calvados.

The Debats and L'Univers confirm the announcement of the intended candidacy of a German Prince for the throne of Spain. It is said that Don Carlos sent General Eleo to Versailles to inform the French Government in regard to the movement.

SPAIN.

LONDON, May 29.—A despatch to the Standard says General Concha has seized the heights near Artaban, and the roads leading from Biscay by way of Villa Real and Gumbao; the army of Don Carlos has consequently abandoned Durango and retired into Guipuscoa.

It is reported that the Carlists have received twenty Krupp steel cannon, and are reorganizing their forces.

Dysentery is said to be prevalent in Genl. Concha's army, incapacitating many of the soldiers.

ITALY.

ROME, May 28.—The health of the Pope is very much improved to-day; he is able to be about, but the physicians advise him not to go into the open air.

PARIS, May 12.—The Roman Official Gazette says it is authorized to declare that the assertions of The Times respecting the pretended conversation of the King of Italy with Prince Bismarck are devoid of all foundation. In spite of this contradiction and of others, which from the first moment were foreseen, the information given in the Paris letter in The Times of the 5th of May proceeds from a source of which the authenticity cannot be contested.—Times Cor.

GERMANY.

PRINCE BISMARCK.—LONDON, May 28.—A special from Berlin to the Daily News says Prince Bismarck has had a slight relapse of illness since his return to Varzin.

THE IMMORAL REINERS.—In the action taken by "Bishop" Reinens against the Reichszeitung, for accusing the old heretic leader of the results of profligacy, the verdict, in the appeal case which quashed the conviction, contained the following words:—"That the conduct of Mgr. Reinens in the matter, was not reconcilable with his status as either priest or professor."

RUSSIA.

THE ROYAL THEFT.—LONDON, May 27.—It now appears that the Russian Grand Duke Constantine Nicholas gave diamonds belonging to his mother to Miss Fenix or Phenix, a beautiful American. The circumstance of the theft, together with the fact that he had deposited large sums of money with his bankers to make provisions, as he says, against the necessities of old age, leads to the belief that he is insane.

THE MARTYRS OF POLAND.—CRACOVA, February 24, 1874.—"The entire province known as Podlachia was the scene of bloody enormities, wherein one heard but sobs, groans and lamentations, together with the shouts of the ferocious Muscovites engaged in pursuing the unhappy population, faithful to the belief of their ancestors. But it is in the Government of Siedlec that Russian bayonets and knouts rage in full glory. The Governor, Gramska, published an order to all those in authority to introduce everywhere the schism. One of the chief officers, Katanin, (district of Blask upon the Bug,) has sent to the village of Pratalia, to wrest from the peasants the keys of their church and to consign them to a schismatic priest. Arriving at his destination, Katanin found about 1800 men surrounding the church; he summoned them to yield up the keys to the priest named as their new pastor; then, as an honest and civilized man, he entreated them not to force the Government to have recourse to compulsory measures. The peasants humbly saluted the chief officer, but responded, that religion was in question and that they could not obey. Katanin could obtain nothing; he made his report and the Government sent thither three detachments of troops, who found the United Greeks in still greater numbers assembled before the church. The chief officer then enjoined them to retire to their homes. When he had finished speaking, the question resounded from all sides: 'What is your name?' 'Stein,' answered the officer. 'And of what religion are you?' 'I am Lutheran,' responded Stein. 'Well, then, first embrace the schismatic faith and we shall see what an apostate looks like,' shouted the peasants. 'I will fire upon you,' retorted the chief officer. 'Do so if you have received such an order,' exclaimed the people, wild with enthusiasm, 'we are quite ready to give our lives rather than to apostatize.' The chief officer, indignant at so sublime an answer, ordered his men to fire, and the troops took aim, thinking to terrify the people and to give them time to reconsider their determination, but the more aged amongst the crowd, tearing open their garments and pointing to their naked breasts, cried out: 'Fire, it is sweet to die for our faith.' The troops fired, 15 were killed and 40 wounded. The Russians finding it impossible to gain their end save by killing all present, to the last man, sounded a retreat, and the mothers rushed before them bearing their infants in their arms and shouting; 'fire upon us likewise, kill us, we will all perish, but we will not embrace the schism!'

SOME DETAILS RESPECTING THE POLISH EXILES.

"Amid the punishments imposed by Russia upon those Poles recognized as guilty, or merely suspected (this word was equivalent to innocent), but wealthy, influential powerful, and, above all, good Catholics, was deportation into Siberia. It is not by any means the rigid climate of Northern Asia, nor the uncouth manners of the natives of that land, which render the sojourn therein so intolerable; it is the style of deportation, the mode wherein the journey is affected, and the insults and chicanery of those placed in authority, which lead the victims to prefer death to that terrible trial of their endurance. To give a slight idea thereof we furnish the following sketch from an eye-witness, from a convict who passed many years in cruel exile, and whom special and powerful protection alone enabled to return to his native land, broken both in health and in spirits. He is too well known amongst us to permit me to cite his name, and he is far too worthy of faith to require from me the assurance that all he writes is true and by no means taxable with exaggeration. The forced journey to Siberia was equivalent to a prolonged martyrdom. The convict was previously attired in coarse wollen cloth, stamped upon the back with letters, as are the galley slaves at Toulon. Wealthy prisoners, thanks to large sums furnished by their families, are deported in little carriages, guarded night and day by gendarmes during more than a month, according to place of destination, and neither fatigue nor sickness in any case will move their pitiless companions whom it is useless to entreat or even bribe with money (secretly concealed in the boots or sewn in their gloves, or otherwise it would be seized by Government.) The best of them think anything

permissible towards a Pole, who is under the ban and considered as a pariah, a slave, whom it is well to put out of the way in any manner whatsoever. The non-privileged class are sent to Siberia on foot, frequently riveted together, two by two, a political prisoner and an assassin; in anywise one must be endowed with robust health, athletic strength, and invincible patience to endure in silence the thousand and one trials, vexations and brutal treatment the more barbarous that the officers give example thereof to their soldiers, encouraging them to every excess towards the convicts, quarrelling with them about nothing in order to wring from them a cry of despair, a murmur, which they may tax as revolt, and repress with blows of the scourge and other torments, if not by force of arms.

"Here are some traits well authenticated, of Russian barbarity: In 1864 a convoy from Ukraine, numbering sixty prisoners, shivering with cold and wet to the skin, had arrived on foot one evening at a small town of the Government of Varonez. They were made to wait more than an hour in the courtyard for the appearance of the chief officer of the district. Utterly exasperated, they took refuge within their so-called room, declaring they would come forth again once the chief should arrive, and that meanwhile they would endeavor to warm themselves. The subaltern made his report, representing this their course of action as an attempted revolt; the chief without at all examining the matter, summoned the entire population as also the civil authorities of the town, assembled the troops; and when the prisoners, guessing what was taking place, deputed three of their number who could speak Russian, to offer their excuses to the officer, the latter, who saw them then for the first, exclaimed; 'Behold the vanguard of the rebels, and ere they could open their lips, they were seized by the soldiers and dragged into the centre of the courtyard, whilst the officer sent in quest of rods. These three young men, academicians from Kijow, were beloved by all their comrades, who universally respected them for their judicious and dignified conduct. They well knew that all the prisoners would at once rush to their aid, and that in presence of that armed and half drunken crowd, resistance would be useless, and would prove the general ruin; they therefore addressed their companions, earnestly entreating them not to give the slightest reason to the injustice of the Russians, who otherwise might enter complaints against them, representing to them furthermore, that they would all perish in so unequal a struggle. Thereupon the prisoners were induced to return to their cabin, and the officer, having at his service the armed soldiery and the rods, ordered the three pretended culprits to be tied to the whipping posts, where, stripped of their clothing, he ordered his men to flog them to death. Although their blood flowed in torrents, and shreds of their flesh torn off by the scourge bespattered the executioners, none of the three victims uttered a groan, although each had received 200 blows; one had fainted under the torture. The Russian employee present at this bloody scene, represented to the officer that he was exceeding his authority, but the bestial rage of the latter hindered him from bearing reason; when it was fully satisfied he commanded them to be cut loose, they being in a state of utter exhaustion from loss of blood. They were dragged forcibly into the hut, where the care of their comrades afforded them some slight alleviation; but the following day they were forced to set out with the rest, though in a high fever, and only at the next station were they placed in the infirmary.

"The convoy made complaint to the Governor; the officer was transferred elsewhere, with an augmentation of grade and of pension, and the Russian employee, who so tardily interfered to hinder the crime, lost both places and rank, as having shown sympathy for Poles. A further instance of Muscovite brutality, in 1863, at Kasan: a convoy of convicts wished to await thither the arrival of the sick and weak of their number, who had tarried on the journey, and addressed a petition to that effect to the officer in charge; but this latter, indignant that no bribe accompanied the request, scolded at and insulted them in terms impossible to transcribe. One of the Poles, losing all patience, informed the officer that similar conduct might gain him a reprimand. The chief, without their parley, rushed at his interlocutor, and dealt him a severe blow, styling him at the same time an insurgent. Naturally the Pole returned the blow, and to such effect that the officer losing his equilibrium, rolled at full length upon the ground. Rising up, he stormed and raved like a madman, and rushed by the aid of his Cossacks, to murder the entire convoy, but clearly perceiving that the odds were against him, he postponed his cruel project, revenging himself meanwhile upon a poor Polish invalid, by rushing into the infirmary and ordering him 200 blows of the scourge. The next day the sick man expired from the effects.—Every convoy could cite examples of similar barbarity. Both officers and soldiers purposely sought to quarrel with the convicts, as an excuse for ill-treating them, to prove their zeal, and to obtain decorations and rewards from Government."—New York Freeman's Journal.

FEDERALISM V. REPEAL.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. P. J. SMYTH, M.P. To the Editor of the Dublin Irishman: Sir,—My personal respect and regard for Mr. Martin forbid that I should pass unnoted his letter published in your last issue. We differed once before on a subject of world-wide interest and transcendent importance, the civil war in America—the upholding the cause of Secession, I that of the Union. This is the first occasion on which a difference has arisen between us on a great Irish question. I, at least, have the consolation of knowing that I am now precisely what John Martin was when he joined the Repeal Association, when he stood on the platform of the Irish Confederation, and when he founded the National League. That is, I am a simple Repealer. Repeal and Federalism are totally different things. The one is the restitution of Ireland's own Constitution—the other an experimental innovation, without a sanction in Irish history, or in the Constitution of either Ireland or England. The one gives Ireland Legislative independence, and the rank of an independent State—the other gives her a vestry, and makes her the Alsace-Lorraine of a British Confederation. The one is attainable, because it is right—the other is unattainable, because it is false, unnatural, and absurd. Mr. Martin leaves untouched all my positions, and I do not see that he presents me with any argument with which to grapple. He gives his interpretation of the programme, which is wholly at variance with mine.—But I submit that the matter for the consideration of the people of Ireland, is not the interpretation of him or of me, or of any individual, but what is the meaning of this programme read by the light of reason and common sense. If Mr. Martin's interpretation were that put upon it by all its adherents, the fact would tell strongly in his favor; but Mr. Martin and I do not differ more widely about it than do Professor Galbraith and the Rev. Mr. Carroll, Mr. Butt and the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, the father of Federalism, and the first to introduce his scheme to the Irish people. Might I not stop here and ask—does not a programme which admits of so many and different interpretations stand ipso facto condemned? A nation's cause should be so clearly expressed that he who runs may read; why, if the cause be really meant, envelope it in a tissue of elaborate nonsense which no human ingenuity can unravel? What does Ireland want? Is it Legislative Independence? Then why, in the name of common sense, not say Legislative Independence and no more? What does Ireland want? Her own again. Then why not say, in one word, Repeal the Act which

robbed her of her own? Why these eight unintelligible resolutions? Why this ridiculous programme? That Mr. Martin himself, notwithstanding his confident interpretation, is dissatisfied with his position, his letter all too plainly reveals. The programme, he says, "proposes to arrange beforehand certain questions affecting the relations between the two countries, which Repeal would leave for settlement after the restoration of the Irish Parliament." Just so. What the "certain questions" are, or what business it is of ours to raise any questions at all, I do not understand; but I appeal to the intelligence of my countrymen to say, if such questions would not be settled more advantageously to Ireland, through the instrumentality of an Irish, than through that of a B. Parliament. In strange contradiction, as it seems to me, with himself, Mr. Martin proceeds to say that the "Irish Parliament restored would be willing to accept either such a relation as that of Norway to Sweden; or as that of Hungary to Austria; or that of Canada to England." But if all is settled "beforehand" through the instrumentality of the British Parliament; if Ireland gets what the programme asks—a local Parliament for local affairs—the position of a despised and outnumbered province in a British Confederation, Imperial representation, and Imperial taxation—if Ireland gets all for which this programme begs, where is the after settlement to come from—where is the power that will convert her into a Hungary, a Norway, or a Canada? An Irish Parliament restored through simple Repeal could do anything—alter, amend, enlarge, improve where necessary, of itself, by itself, for itself; but the settlement "beforehand" would be a British settlement made by and for Britain, and an effectual extinguisher on Ireland's nationality. There is a sentiment in Mr. Martin's letter which has my warmest concurrence—"let us all unite in an endeavor to do the best that we can in the circumstances." What is best? I answer in the words of the Marchioness of Queensbury, "first ascertain what is right, and let all else fit in and follow as it may." Union is strength, but it is the union that is based upon truth. Union in error is weakness multiplied. If we be a true people, the external difficulties in the way of "Home Rule" will vanish like shadows before the sun. All the difficulties are internal, of our own creation. We cry "unite," and yet are laboriously constructing a platform, to unite on which is a moral impossibility. We cry "dissension" while we fling into our midst a brand of infernal discord. With the simplest, the plainest and the most righteous cause in the world we so involve ourselves in theories and speculations that all the right disappears, and naught remains but a web of unintelligible jargon.

To persevere in the present course is ruin. It is never untimely to proclaim a truth, or stamp out a lie? "This should have been done at the Conference." Granted, for sake of argument, that it should have been, or that it could have been done, the question comes home to us all—what is Ireland's cause? The Irish nation in America speaks, and repudiates the programme. The intelligent patriotism of Ireland, albeit too passive and apathetic, gives plain manifestation of its dissatisfaction. A united Ireland on the basis of the programme is an absolute impossibility. Such a union—if it be possible to conceive it—would argue us to be a nation of monkeys, not men. Were we in earnest twenty-five years ago? Then let us look back to those days. A nation's cause is a sacred thing; if we of this generation cannot carry it to triumph, let us not suffer it at least to be dishonored. To surrender our birth-right for Imperial representation would be dishonor and ruin. Now is the opportune moment. If Ireland has the wisdom to fall back upon Right, and make that her demand, it is my conviction that the Minister himself may be forced, by the bold expression of an awakened public opinion, to make an offer of Home Rule which Ireland might more safely accept than that for which she now begs, and will beg in vain. If any man in the community be damaged by a verdict given against the weight of evidence, or by a judgment given under misapprehension, he obtains, as matter of course, a new trial, or the judgment is reversed. Surely a nation's cause is not less sacred than that of an individual man. Who will stand up and say the nation's cause must be sacrificed by the inviolability of a conference on the finality of a programme? "The great secret in politics is to be always in the right." Without conviction there is no courage, and without courage there cannot be success. Conviction comes of knowledge and understanding. How many of those who shout "Home Rule," know and understand the programme? Let there be free discussion. If the Federalists believe they are right, they should court free discussion, and thank the men who evoke it. If the programme be a truth, it will bear the light and live. If it be a falsity, it will shrink from the scrutiny beneath which it inevitably dies.

Yours, &c.,

P. J. SMYTH.

RELIGIOUS BUFFONERY.—THE "CHURCH" OF CHICAGO AND ITS MISSIONARIES.

There are at present floating about Scotland two Americans—by name Sankey and Moody—who are endeavoring to preach what they call "the Gospel according to the Church of Chicago." It seems that they go to halls, lecture-rooms and concert-halls, and even into churches, and give an entertainment, which is thus announced on the placards posted about the streets: "At 8.30 P. M. Mr. Moody will preach the Gospel and Mr. Sankey will sing the Gospel." The reason why these gentlemen visited Scotland is thus stated in their organ: "We came here because we thought that the Protestant Church needed the application of those brisker, livelier, more direct modes of appeal which are characteristic of America." Mr. Moody is thus described by himself: "I am not an educated man, by no means! I tell droll stories, and a spurt of humour pervades me; I do not preach to those who are in the kingdom of God—I appeal to those who ain't in it; I want them to come in through my winning ways."—Further on the organ informs us that "the Gospel is preached in the dialect of Chicago, and that Mr. Sankey's comic hymns are first rate." The "entertainment" is attended by thousands and is alternated by jokes, slang stories and "experiences." Mr. Moody makes the people cry and he "revives them," while Mr. Sankey makes them laugh. Mr. Moody has thousands of disciples, who call him the "lightning minister of the Lightning City." This extraordinary being, during his readings of the Gospel, sometimes pounces upon some one in the audience, and insists upon his telling how he was saved. The man refuses, and then Moody cries out, "You are damned," in such a way that the women faint and children are terrified into fits. The Saturday Review thus speaks about Moody and Protestant revivals in Edinburgh and Scotland. "It is a well-known fact that after a revival there is a scandalous increase in the Registrar General statistics of illegitimacy, and in the police reports of drunkenness." What will be thought of the following, by our Protestant contemporaries, who strangely deride our ancient miracle plays, which, when properly performed, as at Oberammergau three years ago, elicited applause and praise even from them? Mr. Moody states on his bills that he will give "a mock representation of the court of law for the trial of Jesus Christ. He asks of the congregation to consider itself a court, and nominates one of the ministers present to be usher whilst Mr. Moody examines the witnesses with Yankee jocularly." Pilate's wife is called "Mrs. Pilate," and amongst the witnesses are the apostles, angels and the Deity. "This sort of roaring fun goes beyond any thing on the stage," continues the Saturday Review: "It is hard to say whether the treatment of religion in this manner does most harm by bring-

ing sacred things into ridicule, by afflicting some feeble minds with idle agony, or by over balancing others with the inflation of conceit and self-righteous arrogance. There is not the faintest trace of educated intelligence or spiritual elevation in anything Mr. Moody does. His harangues are a mere gabble of texts, interspersed with grotesque and sensational anecdotes, and spiced with vulgar American slang. The most extraordinary feature of the agitation is that this exhibition should be commended and patronized by the Protestant clergy of Edinburgh and other towns. It is obvious that if Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are right in their mode of preaching the Gospel, and if the success which attends these performances is really the 'great awakening,' and the 'power of the Holy Ghost in Scotland,' the ordinary services of religion must be a melancholly farce indeed. Everybody who has been in Scotland must have been struck with the severe endurance and fortitude with which Scottish congregations sit out not only a long and weary sermon, but a series of prayers, which are the worst sort of sermons in disguise; and it is not surprising that the Scottish lady should be thankful for a little relaxation. But that the ministers themselves should come forward in this manner to proclaim publicly that their whole system is a failure and waste of time is really strange. It must be still more wonderful if, in supporting and recommending Messrs. Moody and Sankey they do not see that they are condemning themselves. Either a great awakening is good for their flocks or it is not; if it is why do they not take measures to bring it about of their own accord? The only justification which is offered for the eccentricities and buffooneries of this Yankee propaganda is simply that the end justifies the means, and that the great thing is to produce an impression on the public mind, no matter how. It would appear therefore that sermons had better be abandoned for singing and story telling; and there is no logical reason why the reform should stop here. The banjo and the bones might be occasionally used by Mr. Sankey in his sacro-comic songs which he could occasionally follow up by a Thoe Fantee Flip-Flap fandango. If it is to be understood that it is the business of Christian Churches to compete as the British Evangelists tell us with 'the theatre, opera and pantomime'—why is the competition left to those American gentlemen? It is stated that Messrs. Moody and Sankey may be shortly expected in London, but they will perhaps find that their line of business has already been pretty well done at Spurgeon's Tabernacle and elsewhere."—Catholic Review.

The statement that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh contemplate a visit to Ireland early in autumn derives substance from the fact communicated to us that a suite of apartments is being prepared for the reception of their Royal and Imperial Highnesses at Killarney House where they will be the guests of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare. According to the arrangement at present understood the illustrious pair will arrive in Dublin in August, and after a brief sojourn with the Lord Lieutenant, will proceed to Killarney, where it is expected they will remain some days. It is thought they will be accompanied on their southern trip by the Viceroy. A stag hunt in honour of the distinguished visitors is already spoken of as likely to take place in the region of the Lower Lake, at the base of the Toomies, where a similar fête was held in presence of the Queen and the Royal family thirteen years ago. We trust the Royal visit will be accomplished fact, for we have every confidence that the Duke, who is very popular in this country, and the fair and amiable Grand Duchess, will be delighted with experience of Ireland, both in the capital and among the enchanting scenery and warm hearted people of the Kerry fairy-land.—Freeman.

IRISH SALMON RIVERS.—A correspondent of the Globe writes: "The owners of water powers in Ireland complain that the act, as it now stands, compelling them to erect grating and maintain the same at their own expense, is unjust, inasmuch as the parties who receive the benefit of their doing so are the people of London and the fishery owners. When Mr. Pim, the then senior member for Dublin asked the Government if they would take any action in the matter, Mr. Fortescue's answer was, if I recollect correctly, that with mutual forbearance on the part of all concerned further legislation would be unnecessary, and so the matter now stands. The act so far as the clauses known as being introduced by the late Marquis of Clanricarde, may be classed as useless. What the mercantilists prayed for is just what is now wanted, viz., a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into and consolidate and amend the cumbrous and unintelligible acts now existing, and whilst legislating to increase salmon give due and proper right to mill-owners."

THE CROWN AND THE CORONERS AGAIN.—Mr. John Frost, coroner for East Clare, Ireland, held an inquest at Oatfield, on the 23rd ult., on the body of a boy named Pat. Egan, aged ten years, who was killed by a fragment of a stone striking him on the head. It appears that two men were blasting stones and, having applied a match to the blast just as the children were coming from school, the deceased, although at a distance of eighty yards, was unfortunately struck, and died in a very short time. The men had been arrested, but, in accordance with the recent order, they were not brought forward at the inquest. The coroner adjourned the inquest to April 30th, for the purpose of giving the men an opportunity of making application to the Court of Queen's Bench to enable them to be present, as it is manifestly unfair to carry on an inquiry which may interfere with the liberty of those men without their being present, or being represented by a lawyer. The deceased was the only son of a widowed mother.

Under the title of "An Athlete's Funeral," the London Sun publishes an account of the burial of Mr. Austin Holyoake, who died in the full faith of negation, and passed his last hours in drawing up an assertion of his continued disbelief in the existence of God. It is an astonishing calmly and sturdy statement, and referring to his own terrible sufferings and the tendency of most sceptics to announce their unbelief at the approach of death, he says "they who say they see the error of their previous belief, had never thought out the problem for themselves." Funeral orations were pronounced over his grave by Messrs. Watts and Bradnough. Both shrank instinctively from the assertion of their own gloomy beliefs, and could not over the grave of their friend, give utterance to their conviction that he was nothing but dust. Even on his tombstone there was an inscription under which the most devoted Christian might rest, and before which his loving friends might rest in joyful trust—"In memoriam. Gone before."

SUFFERINGS OF A SHEPHERDED CREW.—On Monday evening a telegram was received in Greenock intimating the wreck of the Greenock ship Renfrewshire on Anticosti Island, in October last, while on passage from Quebec to the Clyde. Captain Simm and the crew saved themselves, but communication with the mainland being cut off by ice remained on the island during the winter. The ship and crew were given up long since as lost, and some families went into mourning. The information created a great sensation in Greenock as the telegram has brought the dead to life.—Liverpool Albion.

The differences between the farmers and the labourers in the Eastern Counties are still unsettled, and the lock-out is extending. The Duke of Rutland has issued an address to the labourers, recommending a withdrawal from the Union, but the advice does not appear to be acceptable.—Eng. Paper.

THE WAY THE POOR ARE ROBBED.—Thirty-five South London tradesmen were this week summoned before the Newington magistrates for having unjust-

weights and measures in their possession. The list included eight chandlers, seven cheesemongers, five each of grocers and coaldealers, four butchers, and one respectively of beer retailers, publicans, green-grocers, fruiterers, buttermen and pork butchers. The fines amounted to £45 12s. 6d., and among the offenders were several who had previous convictions recorded against them.—South London Press.

Lord James Murray, uncle of the Duke of Athole, attempted suicide on Friday by throwing himself into the river from Westminster-bridge. He was rescued and was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital.

THE SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—I notice one striking change in Egypt. This is the astonishing spread of the English language within the last twenty years, resulting both from the numbers of English and American travelers who visit the East, and the use of the language by travelers of other nationalities. French, which until within the last few years was indispensable, has been slowly fading into the background, and is already less available than English for Italy and all the Orient. I was a little surprised in Rome at being accosted by a native boot-black with "Shine up your boots?" In Naples, every peddler of canes, coral, photographs, and shell-fish, knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt.—The bright-witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand, that the traveler no longer requires an interpreter. At the base of Pompey's pillar, to-day, a ragged and dirty little girl came out of a fellah hut and followed us, crying, "Give me ha' penny!" All the coachmen and most of the shopkeepers are familiar with the words necessary for their business, and prefer to use them, even after they see that you are acquainted with Italian or Arabic. The simple natural structure of the English language undoubtedly contributes also to its extension. It is already the leading language of the world, spoken by ninety millions of people (double the number of the French-speaking race), and so extending its conquests year by year that its practical value is in advance of that of any other tongue.—Bayard Taylor's Letters.

A Prof. Swing, of Chicago, is on trial for heresy! The heresy is against the Westminster Confession. The Professor seems to regard it as a good joke. Our city should not be outdone in enterprise. We would suggest to our Episcopalian friends, that they try Dr. Holland for heresy against the Prayer Book and the Thirty-Nine Articles. We will assume to prove that the Dr. is no more of an Episcopalian, than he is a Confucian. Then the Doctor can enjoy a joke as well as Prof. Swing.—St. Louis Western Watchman.

There is something remarkable, though not uncommon, in the vital statistics of Connecticut. There were 457 divorces granted last year in that State. The population has increased 4,265 over the preceding year; but the number of marriages has decreased by 182. More than half the marriages were between foreign-born persons, or one of the parties was foreign-born. It is not hard to foretell the fate of the Puritan element in Connecticut.—Boston Pilot.

LOVE AND MARRIAGES IN PERSIA.—When the Persians make love, they use many stratagems to convince their mistresses that they are faithful. In the ardor of their affections, they burn themselves on some part of their bodies, by setting fire to their clothes, and take care that the scorching be on a part that is visible, and in this state they present themselves to the object of their affections. If they accept them, the ladies are always careful to furnish these ardent lovers with filets and scarfs of silk to bind up the wounds which they have received in the wars of the "God of love;" and they are most esteemed who put themselves to the greatest pain. The Persians marry many wives, which they may part with; the nobility have as many as they please but the commonalty exceed not seven. When the day is appointed for the marriage of a great man the relations and friends meet at his house, dressed in his livery; if they are not particular friends they dress as they please, and always as fine as they can. When it is bedtime, two men conduct the bridegroom to the bride's chamber, she entering by another door. The company, in the meantime continue dancing. Should the man not be satisfied with his bride, he often rejects her in the presence of the company, after he has given her a sum of money, and her relations instantly depart with her.

STOP THAT BOY.—A cigar in his mouth, a swagger in his walk, impudence in his face, a care-nothingness in his manner. Judging from his demeanor he is older than his father, wiser than his teacher, more honored than the mayor of the town, higher than the president. Stop him, ere tobacco shatters his nerves, ere pride ruins his character, ere the loafer masters the man, ere good ambition and manly strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are legion, the shame of their families, the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves.

THE LOVE OF A GOOD BOY.—Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a good boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble—honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful, I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody, plainly, that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I knew never a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

TO KEEP AWAY THE MOON.—Before folding up and putting away your winter blankets, furs and other articles, sprinkle them, or smear them over with a few drops of the oil of turpentine, either alone or mixed with an equal bulk of spirits of wine. No stain will be left, and if spirits of wine be used, the odor is not disagreeable.

A gay youth, aged 70 years, recently applied to the town clerk of Yarmouth for a marriage license. Two days afterwards he re-appeared saying that the lady had backed out, but he wanted the name on the license altered, as he has found another and more willing damsel.

It is not by concealing what is wrong, that anything right can be accomplished.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRAPEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in Cassell's Household Guide.

JOHN HATCHETTE & CO.; LATE MOORE, SEMPLE & HATCHETTE, (SUCCESSORS TO FITZPATRICK & MOORE,) IMPORTERS AND GENERAL WHOLESALE GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, DOMINION BUILDINGS, MCGILL ST., MAY 1, '74. MONTREAL. [31-52]