

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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Notice to Correspondents.
Communications on all matters concerning Canada or interests are respectfully solicited, and will be cheerfully inserted, when written in conformity with the spirit of this Journal.
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions that may be expressed by correspondents.
Correspondence communicating Catholic news will be gladly received. We solicit the attention of our friends in the Dominion to this matter. We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For August, 1880.
THURSDAY, 6.—Dedication of St. Mary Major.
FRIDAY, 7.—Transfiguration of our Lord. St. Xystus II., Pope, and Companions, Martyrs.
SATURDAY, 8.—St. Crispian, Confessor. St. Dominus, Bishop and Martyr.
SUNDAY, 9.—Feast of the Pentecost. Epist. 2 Cor. iii. 4-8; Gosp. Luke x. 23-37.
MONDAY, 10.—St. Cyriacus and Companions, Martyrs (Lug. 9). St. Vincent, St. Laurence, St. Romanus, Martyrs. St. Verot, St. Augustine, died, 1875.
TUESDAY, 11.—St. Laurence, Martyr.
WEDNESDAY, 12.—Of the Crucifix. St. Fenwick, Boston, died, 1846.

CHARLES O'DONNELL, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, has kindly consented to act as our agent at Woodstock, Carleton, County New Brunswick.

We have the pleasure to announce that D. J. O'Donnell, Esq., of Brechin, has consented to act as agent for the TRUE WITNESS, and is authorized to enroll subscribers and receive money.

This is the way the Catholic Review puts it:—We have received from the Archbishop of Tana the following acknowledgement of some aims sent to him by us in behalf of our subscribers: "Unhappy Ireland, one would think that wert a dog."

We have received the second number of the Commonwealth, a weekly journal published at Toronto in the interests of labor. It is a national currency organ and is edited by Mr. A. W. Wright, a man rising into notice in this Dominion of Canada for his ability. We need scarcely say the Commonwealth is well written. We wish it success.

The Montreal Exhibition which will be held on the Exhibition grounds during the ten days between the 10th and the 24th September, is an excellent idea, and reflects credit on the originators. Montreal has been too long without an exhibition, but it is never too late to mend. There is a sum of \$20,000 to be given in premiums, so that Montreal will retain its character for magnificence as the leading city of Canada. There can be no doubt of its success.

The cry in Ireland now is "hold the harvest," justice has been denied the tenant in Parliament and henceforth he will have to depend upon himself for existence. The coming harvest is expected to be a generous one, and consequently the hungry eyes of the landlords, the shopkeepers, the banks and the "gombeen men" are fixed upon it with a vulture like stare. Though it is a good harvest it will not pay all the tenant's debts, and he is therefore advised to hold the harvest and to pay what he can without starving his family. Self preservation is the first law of nature.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, brother of the Duke of Rutland, is applying for the pension of £1000 a year, he is entitled to as an examiner of the Crown. It was this excellent nobleman who wrote the lines:
"Let trade and commerce, laws and learning die
But give us still our old nobility."

It is well for the noble poet that trade and commerce survive, as otherwise, his chance of a handsome pension would be small. But what is his ducal brother doing with his princely income?

The English papers are not yet tired of studying Mr. Parnell, whom they depict to be a dark, unfathomable, thoroughly dangerous man. The Spectator says no more about law than the Attorney-General, more of the rules of the House than the speaker, and of the military estimates than the

secretary of war. He is inscrutable and almost omniscient. He is essentially a revolutionist of the most dangerous character, possesses a dry, quiet exterior, with fire smouldering beneath. He is so practical that he disdains mere eloquence. He does not hate England, like the Yankee hates it, or like the Irishman, but with the intensity of the Irish American he is. He voted on the Bradlaugh question in a manner that he knew would not be pleasing to Irish Catholics, but he voted conscientiously, and if they do not like it, he will proudly retire into private life, rather than sacrifice his opinion. The foregoing is a summary of the Spectator's article on Parnell, and the Spectator is a pretty fair reflex of English liberal opinion.

The latest news from Europe, and of affairs, pertaining to Europe, all over the world, is decidedly of a warlike character. We are informed by cable that the Russians under Skobeloff are advancing upon Merv, that the Russians have a large fleet on the Chinese seas, that they have ordered 100 Krupp guns, and finally that they are directing the military affairs of Afghanistan. Turkey and all the European Powers are making hasty preparations for war, as also is Greece, while the allied fleet under the command of the English Admiral Seymour is about making a demonstration against Constantinople. What this demonstration may result in no one knows, but considerable anxiety is felt that it may end in disagreement and lead to a grand European war. That France seems to think so at all events is beyond a doubt, and she is consequently hedging, to use a sporting phrase. The European situation is not pleasant. As regards Afghanistan, the situation is gloomy in the extreme; the Afghans are more united than they have been since the days of Dost Mahomed, and even Abdurrahman Khan is beginning to doubt that a British alliance will be able to place him on the throne. He has done coquetting with the British and is looking towards Ayoub Khan as a possible friend, while the mountaineers are rising in all quarters, cutting off telegraph wires and doing mischief to the communications. It may be that England will have to reconquer the whole country, but the question is can she spare the necessary 100,000 men to enable her to do so without endangering her hold on India. Before the winter sets in we shall hear more of wars and rumors of wars.

Now that Dr. Tanner is drawing towards the close of his luxurious feast upon air and water, it is surprising that a number of cases parallel to his the American papers are dragging from the depths of obscurity. One tells of a little girl who ate nothing for three months, another of an old man who lived seven months on a turnip, and still another who for eleven years tasted nothing stronger or more nutritive than one medium sized apple per diem. There is one case, however which seems to be well authenticated, which is that of a Mrs. Elizabeth Belleville, of Wilmington, Delaware, who absolutely fasted for thirty-six days, not even taking a drink of water. A good many people enquire where is the use of all this fasting, Qui bono? Not perhaps a great deal, but still it may be of some ultimate benefit. It sometimes, for instance, occurs at sea that provisions and water run short and the sufferers come to their death more through terror and the effects arising from it, than through real thirst or starvation. Now, if they could realize that the stomach can do without food for even a week without their owner dying it would be something gained, for they would not entertain such mortal fear of death from starvation, and would not rush to leather and other substitutes for food which do more harm than good, but, would, keeping Dr. Tanner's example before their eyes, wait patiently for relief or for the inevitable. Armies too will hold the fort longer, though whether that will be of benefit to mankind in general is another thing. Science will at all events gain something from one well authenticated case of a forty days fast. It is well known that many operations can be performed with success, if the patient could be induced to remain a certain time without food, which may not be attempted.

THE CANDAHAR DISASTER.

The saying that it is the unexpected which always happens, acquires force from the late disaster to the British arms in Afghanistan. It was only last week the English newspapers were congratulating themselves and the country on the prospects of peace and a treaty with the puppet they had raised to the throne, by which all they had sought for had been attained, including British supremacy in Afghanistan, a scientific frontier for India, and the acquisition of the fine Province of Candahar. They grumbled, it is true, over the expenditure of a hundred million dollars or so, never thinking of the gallant lives they had lost, for on the whole it was a capital investment. Russia was checkmated and peace with honor was obtained. But it seems they reckoned without their host, who on this occasion was Ayoub Khan, fourth son of Shere Ali, brother of Yakob Khan, and grandson of the renowned Dost Mahomed. Ayoub Khan was counted the fool of the family, while his brother, the deposed Yakob, was considered its military genius. Yakob it was who, by a decisive victory won over his uncle, the father of Abdurrahman the Puppet, on the spot where Ayoub annihilated General Burroughs on the 17th of July last, established Shere Ali, his own father, on the throne, and great were the hopes entertained in him by the patriotic Afghans, hopes which we need not say were disappointed by the indecisive and vacillating policy which threw him into the hands of the British. In proportion as the star of Yakob waned did

that of the fool of the family rise above the horizon, and when the former was taken prisoner by the British invader the latter stepped from his obscurity and advanced claims to the vacant throne. He flew to Herat and took command of a disunited, disorganized army of Cabales and Heartese, who were so continually flying at the throats of one another as to give the British no real cause for alarm. Nevertheless, the young Ayoub wrought something like order out of this chaos. He was still organizing and putting things into shape for the future when Mahomed Jan drove the invader from Cabul in December last. It was at that time that the British commander wrote him an impertinent letter, directing that Herat be held for the British under pain of his displeasure. How much Ayoub thought of this displeasure must be gathered from his swoop down upon the unfortunate Burrows, and his brigade on the Helmund River on the 17th day of July. That bold stroke has made him an entity from a nonentity, and has brought him into prominence as the central figure in Afghan politics. It now remains to be seen if this bloody stroke of vengeance will look to him as their deliverer from bondage, as they looked to Dost Mahomed fifty years ago. It will be seen before long whether this new aspirant has anything in him, whether he will follow his victory and take Candahar by a coup de main before his defenders regain heart of grace, or, as Carlyle says, "Wander about in a most unmeaning manner" until he is devoured by a stronger force. But, no matter how matters turn out in the future, Ayoub Khan has made England understand, for the third or fourth time, that in dealing with Afghanistan she is not dealing with the effete millions of the plains of Madras and Bengal, whom a British brigade can strike terror into at any moment. England has already spent fifteen million pounds sterling trying to conquer Afghanistan, and has lost thousands of gallant lives, and yet to-day she owns no more land in the country than lies within the range of her guns. There are sixty thousand British troops and native auxiliaries in Afghanistan; they have failed to conquer, and so the number will be doubled, it is necessary, in order to preserve British prestige. But may not the intelligent natives of the peninsula reason thus (they are not all effete Bengalees). May they not put to themselves this sum in simple proportion:—If it takes 100,000 soldiers to keep down the Afghans, who are only five millions of a population, how many should it take to keep down two hundred millions?

DECLINE OF THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

On another page will be found a letter to the New York World from its clever London correspondent, Mr. Jennings, who, it may be said, prophesies like one who would wish to see his prophecies unfulfilled, for Mr. Jennings, in common with a good many intelligent Americans, has a kind of affection for the English Conservative party, which he thinks corresponds to the Democratic party in the United States. But whatever his predilections are he is a good correspondent, and writes not as he wishes things to be but as they actually are, or are likely to be, and Mr. Jennings is equalled in his knowledge of English affairs by few and surpassed by fewer still. But, leaving the opinions and ideas of this clever correspondent aside altogether and confining ourselves to the dry routine of Parliament, where the great legislative mill is grinding out changes, we are struck by the radical nature of the measures which rapidly succeed one another, none of them boding good to the prolonged existence of a privileged aristocracy in the British Empire. In examining this legislative mill closely and tracing its history backward no further than even a young man can remember, we realize that it was only in 1868, the handle began to be turned the right way and that that was exactly the time, when the Radicals of the Manchester School tried their hand at grinding out law. Since then we have had Irish Church disestablishment and vote by ballot and the fate of the Tory or super-aristocratic party has been sealed. It is true that party managed to get the running of the machine for seven years since, but all they could do was to keep it at a standstill, they could not turn it back, and the nation got tired of a lot of politicians which had nothing but a brilliant foreign policy to show, a policy which by the way now turns out not to have been brilliant at all. Gladstone was called back once more and he brought a whole lot of Radicals with him, a sign that the Whigs were about being discounted as well as their friends the Tories. When Mr. Gladstone formed his government, to the infinite disgust of Her Majesty the Queen, it was at once prophesied that the thing could not work for that the Whig section would bolt into a cave. And so in fact it has, and so much the worse for the Whig section which has lost the chance of checking the now triumphant Radicals. Gladstone is master of the situation and he knows it, let the Marquis of Hartington and Earl Granville and the Duke of Argyll gnash their teeth as gratingly as they dare. He can do without them.

THE PET OF THE WORLD.

Our drastic contemporary, the Montreal Witness of last Saturday, contained an editorial headed the "World's Pet," meaning Ireland, in which it called the Irish the spoiled children of the human race. We quote:—"The Irish are the most interesting race of people on the face of the whole earth. Their sorrows, their humor, their patriotism, their everlasting free fights with other people or among themselves, occupy more of the attention of the world than all the passions or emotions of the human race combined, that is if the Turks with their eastern question had no existence (sic). They are overgrown children, and, as somebody has said of children, 'their little vices are far more charming than any virtues.'" Before we proceed any further we may be permitted to say that no one ever before in this stupid world said anything half so stupid of children, their vices, or their virtues, but no matter. Immediately under the "pet of the world" article is another on Lord Dufferin, which begins: "Lord and Lady Dufferin are apparently the most interesting individuals of the most interesting race in the world, &c." Our impression is that the writer felt so heartily ashamed of the first article, and the malignity it conveyed towards people who are unfortunate enough to be spoken of in the manner quoted, and being unwilling or unable to cancel the former literary effort, threw in the second as a counterpoise or half apology. All nations, and races, and peoples are in turn called knaves or fools by their opponents, but, except when speaking of unsophisticated savages, with whom missionaries and other good English people are anxious to exchange bibles and gunpowder for gold and produce, it is not customary to consider them children. You hand a bible, for instance, to a Maori or a Zulu and you take his land or cattle in exchange, that is simply barter, and when the savage is happy, when, in fact, both are happy, it is no abuse of language to call one a child and the other a father or a deep thinker. Now, as the Irish never sold their lands for glass beads or bibles, or a piece of Manchester colored cotton, they cannot very properly be called children. It is true they want several things, among them being the land they till by the sweat of their brow. This land was taken from them by force and fraud and brutal penal laws after a desperate struggle which lasted through the centuries. They got nothing in exchange for it, not even glass beads, and now that the centuries have passed, and that a force called civilized public opinion has been called into existence, they think that through it and the strength of their race at home and abroad their hard condition may be softened somewhat. At least they ask that it may, and it undoubtedly will, and must, irrespective even of this public opinion, because the foreign Government is beginning to realize that they are not

children, unlike our drastic contemporary the Witness. In fact, we humbly suggest that though the Irish in times past, like other foolish people, did act like children in their insane intestine divisions, the English it is who are playing that role to-day. By a marvellous combination of fortunate circumstances, and on account of their own insular position and the jealousies and wars among the European nations, they managed to acquire an immense colonial empire. Success made them so rash that they knew not where to stop, and one of the most cunning of England's adopted children—my Lord Beaconsfield, K. G.—put his hand out lately to seize Afghanistan, a free country in the mountains with brave hardy children. We ask of our cheerful contemporary if this was not childishly childish? The small army Beaconsfield sent there has been mostly gobbled up, commanders have been changed, reinforcements of forty or fifty thousand men have been sent out, which reinforcements Ayoub Khan is now engaged in beating over the head, and, behold, the Governor-General of India still calls loudly for more (like Oliver Twist) to follow the example of the Witness in quoting. In this crisis what do the English people at home? Do they act like men of nerve and common sense? Indeed they do no such thing, but like fat children they cry out in their distress for a commander who can fight those bold head-beating Afghans. And whom do they call for? Is it His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K. G., and colonel of any amount of regiments? No. Is it for Field Marshal the Prince of Wales, leader of the British world? Not at all. Do they shout in their distress for H. R. H. General the Duke of Connaught to put down the followers of Ayoub Khan? No, sir. Do they wait upon the scarred hero of a hundred bloody fights, the Prince of Teck? By no means. The English people in their agony ask for none of these, but they loudly demand that the Irishman, Garnet Wolsey, be sent to supersede the Scotchman, Douglas Stewart just as they sent Lord Dufferin, the other Irishman, to try by his wit and talent to keep on good terms with the Russians; just as in times past they sent Wellington to measure himself against Napoleon in the field, and Castlereagh against his statesmen in diplomacy. It is not likely the Witness will take our friendly advice and confine itself to its mission, which is retailing small scraps of hot gossip, but if it does it is that it will leave questions of politics and ethnology alone, for, most assuredly, when it attempts to handle them it becomes very, very ridiculous.

UNITED IRISHMEN.

A Short Address to the Men and Women of the Irish Race From the Directory Elected at the Philadelphia Convention.
Men and Women of the Irish race:—
If our people have any mission on earth, second to the one of preparing for Heaven, it is the mission of laboring to rid Ireland of English rule. That English rule scatters us broadcast over the world. It robs us in our native land of the fruit of our toil, it uses all its arts to degrade and debase us, and then brands us as an inferior race of people. It forges the tightest fetters to hold us in subjection and fashions its laws to prevent us from acquiring all knowledge that is necessary to be acquired by all peoples who would raise themselves from slavery to independence. England avails herself of all new inventions in war material, and holds them in readiness to be used for our destruction, if we show any resistance to her schemes of robbery. She endeavors to instill into our minds that it is possible for us to get all we want by peaceful and constitutional parliamentary agitation; and, while the mind of the people is kept running in that groove, all the liberty of speech that the most loud-mouthed agitators require is generously granted to them. England cares not how loudly we roar, so long as she has liberty to rifle our pockets with impunity. The Irishmen who met in Convention lately at Philadelphia have chosen us to give practical direction to their aims towards Ireland's independence. Our hearts are in the work, and we undertake the responsibility given us. We will do all in our power to assist the Irish people to arrive at political independence. Even if the Irish people would, or could become contented in Ireland,—a thing we believe impossible while England governs it—we would consider ourselves below the common standard of manhood, if we did not do something to make the enemy feel a return of that "vengeance" with which she some time ago exulted at the apparent annihilation of our race. Froude says "England must be beaten by her knees before she will give up Ireland." Let us beat her to her knees. The Irish race can do it if they will only fight England with England's weapons of warfare. Father Bonke expects to see Ireland free when he sees the New Zealander standing on that bridge the broken arch in London; let us hunt up that New Zealander if it be absolutely necessary for Ireland's freedom, that there be broken arches in London bridges. Irish men and women, scattered the world over—we ask a small share of your confidence and support. There have been failures and disappointments, and mistakes in every generation of our country's existence for seven hundred years. Had there not been, the old land would have been a free and fitting home for the Irish race long ago. We would be unworthy of our fathers if we refused to carry on the right bequeathed to us by those who fell in the effort to unchain us. Let us then renew the struggle; but let us do it earnestly and determinedly, and even desperately—so desperately, that the enemy will be made to feel, that wherever—outside of this country—the English flag floats, the Irish "vengeance" can be felt. JOHN BRENNAN, Sioux City, Iowa; PATRICK W. CROWE, Peoria, Ill.; THOMAS H. DWYER, South Water street, Chicago, Ill.; P. M. WINTERS, Memphis, Tenn.; GEORGE SPEARMAN, 295 Third avenue, New York;

merely experimenting on Ireland, making it a vile corpus as they did in the disestablishment of the Irish Church for the benefit of the empire. No sooner is the Compensation Bill off their hands than the Radical party, or as Mr. Jennings says it chooses to call itself, the Democracy, looks round for new abuses and it pitches at once upon a glaring one, which it proceeds to do away with. We refer to the honorary colonel business. To most of our readers we need not explain that, including horse, foot and artillery, there are in the British regular army about one hundred and eighty regiments which are nominally commanded by their colonels, but in reality by their lieutenant-colonels. The colonelcies are held by old soldiers who seldom or ever see their regiments, which they are supposed to command, and never accompany them to active service. The colonels are partly old generals who draw the salaries, as a reward for distinguished service, and partly by the aristocracy who hold them as sinecures. The Duke of Cambridge is, for instance, colonel of seven different regiments, though His Royal Highness never saw a shot fired in anger, except at a distance during his short bungling mismanagement of a division in the Crimea; the Prince of Wales is colonel of a few others, and we all know His Royal Highness is neither as far worn nor scarred a veteran as Hannibal. Prince Arthur is another, and so on extending downwards to the other branches of the aristocracy until £150,000 are annually swept out of the treasury. This kind of thing is now to be done away with. The next blow at the aristocracy is intended by a royal commission appointed to enquire into the management of the livery companies of the city of London. Most of our readers have heard of the costermongers, the fishmongers, the merchant tailors, the grocers, and such names, and how fond they are of admitting royal princes into their guilds with pompous formality. Those companies during several centuries obtained charters and privileges from English monarchs on certain conditions, among others, to pay certain sums to charitable institutions. As time rolled over they forgot the conditions, but held fast to the privileges by which they obtained enormous wealth in land, in Ireland especially where seven companies are landlords of 153,000 acres. Need we say that they are essentially aristocratic. The Prince of Wales is not only a fishmonger, but he is also a haberdasher. Among the fishmongers the heir to the throne counts in the list of his distinguished associates the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge, Lord Sherbrooke and Mr. Gladstone. The Marquis of Lorne is a grocer, Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Moses Montefiore are merchant tailors, Sir Stafford Northcote is a bellmaker, Mr. Ayrton is a leather seller, Mr. Goschen is a spectacle maker, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir William Armstrong and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts are turners, Sir Richard Wallace is a coachmaker and Lord Selbourne a mercer. These gentry will have to follow the Irish Church and the colonels into honorable retirement or Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright will know the reason why. It is indeed time that the privileges of the proudest and most pampered aristocracy the world has ever seen should be cut off—an aristocracy which grew rich on the spoils of the Catholic Church and the lands she held in trust for the poor. Other changes are yet to come.

ST. BRIDGET'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.
The following resolutions were unanimously passed at the meeting of the above Society held on Sunday, the 28th July:—
Moved by Mr. T. Hefferman and seconded by Mr. C. O'Brien.—That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby tendered to L. O. Tallon, Esq., M.P., for taking charge of and securing in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, during the late session of that Parliament, the passage of the bill of amendment to our Act of Incorporation, which was successfully carried through the Legislative Assembly of Quebec during the last session, by L. O. Tallon, Esq., M.P.
And it was further:—
Moved by Mr. T. J. Finn, and seconded by Mr. James Meek.—That the thanks of this Society are due and are hereby tendered to J. J. Curran, Q.C., for his generosity in giving his professional services, free of charge, in preparing the bill of amendment to our Act of Incorporation, which was successfully carried through the Legislative Assembly of Quebec during the last session, by L. O. Tallon, Esq., M.P.

CANADA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The half-yearly meeting of this Company was held at their office on Thursday last, when, we learn, a most satisfactory statement of its affairs was laid before the Directors, showing a large increase in the Company's surplus for the last six months, which must be very gratifying to the shareholders and the public generally. The confidence and popularity which this Company enjoys among the insuring public is proved by the large increase in premium receipts, amounting to several thousands of dollars every month over the same period of any previous year. When Mr. C. Cameron, Managing Director, received the position he has proved himself well qualified to fill, we did not think it possible for him to show such satisfactory results in the short period of six months; it is, however, another evidence of the wisdom of selecting men for important positions of trust for which they are qualified from business experience. From this, coupled with the honorable and straightforward dealing of the Company with its patrons for which it is noted, it must continue to increase in public favor and popularity. —Hamilton Spectator.

Incidentally the best means of relieving the nausea to which married ladies are at times subject, is MILK OF MAGNESIA, the most agreeable, prompt and wholesome pacifier of the stomach in existence. Children are also greatly benefited by it. This valuable medicine is endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians and should be used in every family.

Personal.

—Sir Richard Cartwright has arrived in Canada.
—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is sweet sixty-five.
—Each English naval cadet costs his country \$1,250 a year.
—The Carlists are subscribing for a new golden fleece for Don Carlos.
—Sitting Bull still considers himself to be the Bismarck of the sage brush.
—Rouhefort is, says the French papers, less dangerous in Paris than in Geneva.
—The Princess Louise and suite sailed for England on Saturday in the Polynesian.
—Mr. Patrick Hartly, of Kingston, has been appointed Inspector of Lighthouses.
—Englishmen have little imagination, and they attend only to the business in hand.
—The London Echo cries out loudly against any increased allowance to the Prince of Wales.
—Sir John Macdonald was entertained at a grand banquet in London, England, on Friday night.
—Archbishop Taschereau consecrated the new church of the Sacred Heart at Emmerson on Tuesday.
—Rev. Ed. Savage, of the Salvation Army, has eloped with one of the lady captains. There is more to follow.
—Bishop Rocine, of Obocoutini, administered the Sacrament to 79 Indians at Lake St. John, P. Q., on Tuesday.
—A Mr. Wright, editor of the Guelph Herald, will contest West Toronto in the National Currency interest.
—Father Thomas Farrell, of New York, has left \$5,000 in his will for the building of a Catholic church for colored people.
—General Todleben says now that peace and order is re-established in Russia, the trial of prisoners will be transferred to the Civil Courts.
—Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, having been challenged to fight a duel, caused his would-be shooter to insert an apology in the London papers instead.
—Vanity Fair says the manner in which English ladies of rank gamble for high stakes reminds one of the times immediately before the French revolution.
—It is said the Queen will never again set her foot in Westminster Abbey because of the Parliament's refusal to allow the Prince Imperial's statue to be erected there.
—Certain parties having expressed their intention of preferring charges against Mr. Mathew Ryan, Stipendiary Magistrate for the Northwest, the residents of Rapid city, including the Protestant clergymen, are ready to testify in his favor. Mr. Ryan lost his son lately by death.
—Mr. J. H. Parnell, of West Point, Georgia, is said to have the largest peach farm in the United States. He has already begun his shipments to Northern markets, and had shipped four crates to New York and other Northern cities as early as the 31st of May. He expects to make only about one-fifth of a crop this year, owing to the unfavorable spring. He is a brother to C. S. Parnell, the great Irish land agitator, but has been a resident of West Point for many years.