

"So you have at length come. I was beginning to doubt that my message had reached you."

The old rustic turned round for an instant, cast one glance at the person thus addressed, and then pulling up around his face the collar of his coarse, outside cloak, he looked away from the company, and more directly at the wall than he had done before.

Such was the haste with which the rustic had turned round, that he did not remark that the new-comer had been followed by a stranger, a man in a plain brown suit of clothes, but wearing a sword, who slid unperceived by the person who had preceded him, into a vacant box adjoining that in which the man with the long black peruke was seated.

"So you have at length come. I was beginning to doubt that my message had reached you."

Such was the salutation again repeated by the man in the black peruke.

"Had I known it to be a profane drinking booth you had invited me, I would not have come at all," was the surly reply of the stranger, a gaunt, grey-faced old man, with close-cropped grey hair, and whose great height was marred by one of his legs being shorter than the other.

"Nay, nay, Ebenezer, find no fault with a place in which the liquor is faultless. I invited you to partake of a stoup of wine, where the claret is super-excellent. King Charles, or the Duke of York, or old Oliver himself, never had finer wines in their cellars than the Cock of Cook-street can justly boast of."

"The wine is good," said the stranger, sitting down, and at once draught emptying the jugon before him. "I find no fault with the wine, but I do with the place in which I am imbibing it. You know well, Edward, it was not to drink wine you asked me hither, but it was to talk on matters of serious import. And what a place is this to talk in! With babblers on one side of you, and for aught you can tell, eaves-droppers on the other. Let me see who are your neighbors. Ah! on your right hand there are roysters, biting followers for Ormond, and on the other a gentleman in a brown suit, a tippler, I presume, for he has fallen asleep with his wine half drunk before him. And who is that old toy opposite, whose face is turned away from us? I suspect from his smooth shaven face, and his rustic garb, that he is a Popish priest or prelate in disguise—perhaps a Jesuit; if so, I shall test him before he leaves that spot, or I quit this tavern."

With these observations the old man re-seated himself, and then added: "Now, Edward, speak out your mind. What new scheme have you on hand for increasing your wealth, in which my services may be useful to you?"

"In all my dealings with you hitherto," said the man who had been addressed as Edward, "have you not found me scrupulously exact in the performance of all my promises?"

"Assuredly, yes," replied the old man; "and for very good reason too—first, you could not have carried on your plots without me; and next, you are quite certain that if you had deceived me, I would have pistolled you with as little remorse as if you were a sparrow, instead of being what you are—the nephew of the bravest and best soldier of the Commonwealth—Lieutenant-General Ludlow."

"Hush! hush! Ebenezer," said the terrified Ludlow, "the times are sadly changed, and the less there is now said of my connexion with General Ludlow, one of the late king's judges, the better for my safety and security, both of person and property in this country. My family history is no more to be boasted of than the injury which has lamed you for life, and which you may remember was inflicted by one who was as anxious to keep the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick in Ireland, as you and I were to have him transported."

"Withered like a bramble be the accursed hand that inflicted that wound," said the enraged Lawson, as his pale, harsh, rugged features were suddenly overspread with the red flush of indignation. "Accursed, for ever cursed, be the villain who inflicted so many injuries in a single night, first basely and coward-like gagging my mouth as I stood on the Castle rampart, then flinging a rope around my neck and dragging me as if I were a dog, down the wall, and through the waters of the ditch, and then binding me neck and heels together, so as to be a conspicuous object for the musketry of the Castle to fire at, making my body a target for the weapons of my friends, and so causing the wound that has lamed me for life."

"Oh, but I trust, I hope, I may yet encounter the wretch who thus wronged me. There is not a day in the long, long years that have since passed away, that I have not asked of the Lord, that I have not prayed to the God of vengeance, I might be permitted to meet again, and living, the scoundrel who so tortured and afflicted me. Oh! that I might but once again meet him face to face, once again look in his bery black eyes, the glare of which can never pass away from my memory."

Lawson was interrupted in his denunciation of his unknown aggressor by a loud burst of jeering laughter, so loud and so prolonged, that persons stopped to listen to it; and, as is usual upon occasions where men meet for festive purposes, the sounds of merriment are contagious, and there was a shout, an actual chorus of laughter from all parts of the coffee-room.

The one Cromwellian stopped, confounded and amazed by this outburst. At length he resumed by saying, "That poor drunken creature in the next compartment to us has set the example to idiots like himself, and they have imitated his folly; but every beast loveth its like; so also every man him that is nearest to himself."

"Ebenezer," said Ludlow, a public tavern in Cook street, a place so near to the Castle walls, is not a fitting spot on which we should either boast of, or even refer to our former exploits. We have outlived the times of the Commonwealth, and the reign of the republicans, and we must now give way to cavaliers, and king's friends, and Tories, and, if we can retain in peace what we have won in war."

"And is it to utter such bold nonsense as that you have invited me hither?" asked Lawson, whose angry passions, excited by the recollection of former transactions, had not yet subsided.

"Not at all," answered Ludlow; "I have invited you hither, because, you living in the east, and I in the south of Ireland, wished to confer with you on a matter in which we are alike interested. I mean the retention of the Fitzpatrick estates. I need not tell you how sorely weakened is our claim to hold them, by that claim being united with the valiant Axtel, who suffered as a traitor for obeying the commands of Parliament, but who, believe me, was exempted from the Bill of Indemnity, in consequence of the manoeuvres of the Irish Papists and rebels, who wished, as I believe, first to take the Fitzpatrick estates from his grasp, and next to revenge the death of the old woman, the Colonel's mother, and the many other mischiefs he did to the Irish race, when he was Governor of Kilkenny?"

"I hope you have not summoned me from Drogheda to a wine-shop in Dublin, to tell me that my old Colonel was executed a quarter of a century since, at Tyburn," said Lawson, his irritation not yet abated.

"I summoned you," replied Ludlow, "as a man who would prefer the consideration of present dangers to the useless reflections upon past grievances and by-gone offences. I wanted to speak to you of your pecuniary interests and not of your personal sufferings."

"Then you should have commenced with that topic which you yourself deemed to be of the most importance. It was you, not I, who first alluded to the events of that hateful night, which resulted in maiming me for life," said Lawson, somewhat soothed in manner.

"You forget this hideous scar will not permit the events of that night to pass for one hour from my mind," continued Ludlow. "The same hand that maimed your body, has rendered my face hideous. But to turn now to that which is possible."

"Vengeance is possible to him who has the firm will to execute it," interrupted Lawson. "I live but to revenge! and that revenge I assure I shall yet inflict upon my aggressor. But go on; wherefore have you wished to speak with me?"

"I have been assured," said Ludlow, "that there are now three persons living, who may claim to be owners of the lands you and I have, since the death of Axtel, divided amongst us."

"A strange division!" observed Lawson; "for every acre of land I have, you possess three."

There was a pause for a few minutes when Lawson made this remark. The thin features of Ludlow quivered, and the red scar in his cheek assumed a purple hue, as his trembling left hand grasped the hilt of his sword. Whatever were his emotions, they were too strong for utterance, and could not without an exertion be fully mastered. At last he appeared to gulp down the words he was on the point of uttering, and filling out a draught of wine, he hastily swallowed it, and then stretching his right hand across the table to his companion, he said—

"Pardon me, Ebenezer, if in all our dealings hitherto on this matter, I have only looked at the shares of land as they were originally apportioned by Cromwellian Commissioners between two men, one of whom was a captain as well as nephew of the Commander-in-Chief, and the other who was nothing more than a private soldier in the army. Times have greatly altered since then, and so should be our treatment of each other. Henceforth we shall have share and share alike."

"If I am to be united with you in any plans for the future, that regulation must apply to the Fitzpatrick lands. I should have as much of them as you, as I have equally suffered for them like you," remarked Lawson.

"And so you shall. Let us but see that the other claimants are put out of the way, that my rights are secured, and from that instant the land or the profits of the land shall be equally divided between you and me. To this promise I bind myself, and pledge my honour as a soldier my truth as a gentleman, and my faith as a Christian."

"But first duly enrolled in a formal deed, with all necessary guards, conditions, and provisions, such as the skill and learning of our good friend, Tom Edwards, the scrivener of Exchequer-street, can devise," added the cautious Lawson.

"Of course, of course," said Ludlow, in a hurried, stammering voice. "If you cannot, with all your many years' experience of me, rely upon my word, you shall have my bond."

"Life is short. I do not expect to live for ever, and therefore, I prefer your written deed to your spoken word," said Lawson. "I have a daughter—an only child; Judith, Captain Ludlow, is her name. I hope to see her yet wedded to one who is like her father, a true friend to the old cause. If I die to-day, she would have but a small part of the Fitzpatrick lands to inherit. Endowed by your deed she will be the richest republican heiress in Ireland."

"You forget," said Ludlow, "what I have been but this moment saying to you, that between the inheritance which you wish to bequeath to your daughter, Judith, there are now three claimants, and all, I fear, living; and it is to devise with you the best means of defeating those claims that I have sought this interview with you."

"Proceed," said Lawson. "Now that you have agreed to my terms, I am an attentive listener. I feel that we have but one common interest to promote, to maintain, and to defend."

"The first of the claimants who is said to be living," continued Ludlow, "is the original owner, Colonel Fitzpatrick. He, in consequence of an agreement made with my uncle, the general, and those who then represented the English government in Ireland, passed with his Irish regiment from the service of Charles Stuart to that of the King of Spain. It was supposed that he had been slain in Africa by the Moors; but within the last few months a rumor has been going through the South of Ireland, that the Colonel, who must now be a very old man, was captured and made a slave, and has lately been restored to liberty, and was on his way back to his native country. If that report should prove to be correct—if he once lands in safety in this country, he will, of course, get back, from Charles II. the lands he lost fighting in defence of the crown of Charles I. You and I must then devise the means of preventing the Colonel being publicly recognized in Ireland."

"I understand you," said Lawson, with a grim smile, as he grasped the hilt of his sword. "There is one sure means of disposing of his claims; but they do not appear to me to be so formidable as you fancy. The Colonel is a Catholic. If he returns he can be charged with being a participator in the massacre of Protestants in 1641; and he like many hundreds of the Irish Papists, may be so deprived of estates, which are applied to the use and advantage of English loyalists, like you and myself. Though the King is restored to the throne, and the next heir to the crown is an avowed Papist, we have fallen upon times too touchy and too perilous for the King or Duke of York to attempt exacting justice for Irish Romanists. Let me then hear who is the next claimant. As regards the Colonel, I am, in my estimation, by no means formidable—he can be easily got rid of—either by the law, as it is now administered in Ireland; or, if that fails, with still less trouble—by an inch of steel or an ounce of lead. Who is the second claimant?"

"The second claimant," observed Ludlow, "is one, on whose account you and I have already endured insufferable rebuffs and everlasting injuries. It is the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick."

"What?" exclaimed Lawson, "that boy still living to cross my path? I thought he had been got rid of twenty years ago. Have you deceived me respecting him? I believed what you told me concerning him, namely, that, despite of the adherents of his family, he had been tracked out to his hiding-place in the caves of Clara; there, with his nurse and foster-sister, laid hold of, and transported to Jamaica, where, you were assured by a

letter from the Commonwealth governor in that island, he and his nurse had both died within a few months of their being placed within the influence of such a pestilential climate."

"I told you as a truth that which I myself believed to be a fact," replied Ludlow; "but events of which I have lately heard, induce me to suppose that I was wilfully deceived—and that, too, by a person on whose fidelity I supposed I might calculate. The governor of Jamaica was Major Sedgewick—a stout, sincere republican—a man who was persuaded that the late Oliver Cromwell was an inspired and heaven-ordained prophet and warrior; but Sedgewick with all his republicanism and fanaticism, was like your former comrade, John Elliott, a very tender-hearted fool; and it is believed, that he took pity on the boy, preserved him from the fate which he had been doomed, and sent him and his nurse to one of the English colonies on the continent of America, upon condition that they should never return to Ireland as long as he, Sedgewick, lived. Sedgewick has died within the last twelve months; and some of the older tenants in the Queen's County have been heard to declare that they had seen and recognized the son of the Colonel, and were prepared to support him once he openly claimed a restoration to his rights."

Lawson remained for a few minutes silent, resting his elbows upon the table, and leaning his head between both his hands, and he paused in profound meditation. At length, raising himself up and casting himself back in his seat, he poured out a fresh draught of wine, and quaffing it off, he spoke, as if in communion with himself, rather than addressing his companion.

"The boy that I thought dead and gone—alive and in the flesh! All that I have suffered—my distorted limb, my crushed body—cheaply suffered, as I fancied, because rewarded with his death—of no avail! Vincent Fitzpatrick, a grown man, in Ireland, coming to claim from King and Parliament the great fields which for years I have been treading upon as mine own! My toil, my thrift, my watchings, and my wounds to be productive, not of good to myself, but to another—who comes, as it were, out of the grave in which I supposed I had buried him—who comes here to bid me and my child return to England as poor and as despised as the first day I landed—an humble, moneyless, obscure trooper in the army of the Parliament. He comes to claim from me what is dearer to me than life. What mean you, Edward Ludlow, to do with such an adversary? I ask you the question, believing you will respond to it, as I mean to do—with my right arm and my sword."

"I have already remarked to you," said Ludlow, "that in this matter our interests are the same, and we must unite together in defending them. I have not said that the boy was positively living; I have only told you the rumors respecting him."

"They are true," replied Lawson, "depend upon it they are true. No one could have invented such a fiction. They are consistent with the character of Sedgewick. I knew him well, as well as I did John Elliott, to whom you have referred, and of whom I have lost sight for a long time. Know you what has become of him?"

"John Elliott is not only alive," replied Ludlow, "but is now one of the richest citizens of Dublin. The house in which we are sitting is his property; and he has lately become the purchaser of my uncle's splendid old mansion and park at Monkstown; but why think of him when we have matters of deeper import to engage our attention? I have mentioned the report that prevails respecting Vincent Fitzpatrick, because it was my duty, having heard it, not to conceal it from you; but, at the same time, I must add that I am not disposed to attach much credit to it. The people of this country are fond of circulating wild legends and improbable stories, and this is perchance one of them; or it may be one of the deliberate inventions of the archvillain, Redmond O'Hanlon, and set afoot, like so many other tales concocted by him, for the purpose of annoying those republican holders of land, whom he cannot assail by his gang, and whose persons and properties are beyond the sphere in which he carries on his aggressions."

"The Rapparees, be sure of it," said Lawson "have nothing to do with these rumours of the reappearance of Vincent Fitzpatrick. It is, I am sure, a truth, and all we have to do is to render the claim against us abortive, and I can see but one way to put an end to the difficulty, and that is by the sword."

"Be it so," added Ludlow. "Let it be as you say, by the sword, or if you prefer it, the pistol."

Lawson smiled, and winked at his companion.

"But," continued Ludlow, "before you can use either, you must know the haunts of the person to be assailed, what are his means of defence, by whom he is sustained, and by whom protected."

(To be continued.)

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

BLESSING A BELL.—A new 2250-pound bell was recently blessed at the Church of St. Mary, St. Clair, Quebec.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The new edifice of St. Mary's Church, Greenwich, Conn., is rapidly approaching completion.

By the appointment of Archbishop Henni, Rev. Father Donahue, of the Cathedral Parish of Milwaukee, assumes the duties of Vicar General.

It is reported that Archbishop Purcell is in a fair way to get out of his present financial difficulties, through help from the whole Catholic Church in America.

ANOTHER CONVERT.—Mr. Egber Cluaves, formerly an Episcopalian minister, has been received into the Catholic Church by Very Rev. Father Gallagher, V. G. of Columbus, Ohio.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.—St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore, Md., will be solemnly consecrated on March 25th, by Archbishop Gibbons. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., will preach.

WELCOME HOME.—Right Rev. Bishop Ryan and Father Cronin, of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived in that city Tuesday morning, Feb. 25, from their trip to the Old World.

C. T. A. U. OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Much interest is manifested in the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Massachusetts, to take place next month at Lawrence. The temperance society of Saint Francis de Sales parish, Bunker Hill district, has voted to leave the Union.

RECEPTION TO BISHOP RYAN.—On the occasion of the recent reception to Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, N. Y., tendered him by his clergy, addresses were made to him in English, Latin, French, German, and Italian. Bishop Ryan surprised his auditors by replying to each of the addresses in the tongue in which it was addressed to him.

THE FRIDAYS IN LENT.—At all the masses of the Fridays in Lent special commemoration is made of subjects connected with the crucifixion. On the Friday after Quinquagesima Sunday, the theme is the Crown of Thorns; after the first Sunday in Lent, the Spear and Nails; after the second Sunday, the Holy Winding Sheet; after the third Sunday, the Five Sacred Wounds; after the fourth Sunday, the Precious Blood; after Passion Sunday, the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

Pope Leo to his Cardinals.

On the anniversary of his election to the Supreme See, the Cardinals, through their Dean, Cardinal de Pietro, presented their felicitations to the Holy Father. He replied as follows:

The good wishes and congratulations which you offer us, in the name of the Sacred College, on this anniversary of our elevation to the Pontificate, are extremely agreeable to us. Lord Cardinal, in receiving them, with feelings of the warmest gratitude, it is pleasant for us to be able to express to the Sacred College our satisfaction at the numerous proofs of attachment and respect which it has given us in the course of this year, and for the aid which it has afforded us in the duties of the government of the Church. From the moment that it pleased the Lord to raise us to the august chair of St. Peter, when our heart deeply moved and penetrated with the thought of the heavy burden imposed on our weakness, felt almost appalled, the most efficacious encouragement we received was from the certainty that we would find in the Sacred College a powerful support, and from the assured hopes that Divine Providence, which in such tempestuous times called on us to rule over the Church, would never be wanting to us with its merciful aid. Animated with that confidence, and fully aware of the evils and necessities of society at present; and moreover, intimately convinced of the power of the Church to effect their removal and cure, nothing was dearer to our heart than to show the world the beneficent nature and salutary influence of the Church, so as to bring back to her the princes and people, as well as to re-establish her in that noble state of liberty which is hers by Divine ordinance. If our solicitude and our words, received with respect and obedience by the faithful of the universe, have served to re-awaken amongst some of them a love for the Church, and to render others of them less hostile in their feelings towards her, that result will be solely due to Him who has made the nations capable of being healed; to Him who has given efficacy to our words, and also to the inestimable treasures of light, truth, and beauty with which the Church is enriched. But in rendering to God the acts of thanksgiving which are due to Him, we know how difficult and hard is the way we have to traverse, for in fact, the ever-increasing propensity to evil which is afflicting society, the arrogant designs of many men whose audacity is increasing by unexpected triumphs, the disloyal warfare which in all parts of the world is being waged against the Church and the Papacy, give pre-eminence of darker and more terrible terrors. However, with the aid of God, neither adverse events nor the menaces nor the deceitful flatteries of our enemies, will prevent us from doing our duty, and we shall ever apply ourselves to follow in the glorious footsteps of our most illustrious predecessors. Always ready to extend a friendly hand to those who, in good faith and with repentance, come back to the Church and cease to persecute her, we will continue to combat those who make war on her, and we will persevere with constancy and firmness in the defence of her rights, her independence, and her freedom. Our confidence rests in Him from whom, however unworthy, we hold our place on earth; in Him who gives to the combatant strength and victory; in Him who has said, "Have confidence I have overcome the world, and who has overcome it by means apparently humble and despicable, and with a wisdom which in the eyes of the world seems but folly. We have therefore confidence. It is a pleasure to us to repeat, in the wise and enlightened assistance of the Sacred College, certain that it will never fail us as long as it may please the Lord to prolong our days. With these feelings, then, and in sympathy with the felicitations and good wishes for our welfare which you have just expressed, we grant to all the Sacred College from the bottom of our heart and as a pledge of our especial affection the Apostolic Benediction. *Benedictio Dei, &c.*

European Jottings.

A few weeks since a manufactory was started in Manchester, England, for the making of "Mellin's coffee." A seizure was made of the product of the factory, and it was found to consist of coffee, chicory and date stones, the last being a new adulteration for such a purpose.

Peace the phenomenal murderer, loved music, and to obtain the money necessary for his defence, sold his three violins for nearly £27, a piano for £23, and a grand piano for £15. He wrote to him that she had no money to spare but hoped to meet him in heaven, has applied for the £100 reward for his conviction.

Mr. Francis Bar, a princely merchant of Milan, was in his room counting some money which he had just received, when his barber was announced. That personage appeared and commenced operations, when suddenly he threw his razor on the floor and ran out of the room. He caught him and asked an explanation. "Well," he confessed at last, "the sight of the gold was too much for me. If I had not run away I would have cut Mr. Bar's throat and robbed him." Mr. Bar presented the barber with 100 francs.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

France.

London, March 12.—Correspondence from Paris says that the impeachment motion is likely to have the result which its authors do not contemplate, namely, the beginning of a crusade to put down noisy demagogues, who aim at reverting government impossible under every regime, and who are now adopting against the Republic manoeuvres which they adopted against the Empire and Monarchy of July. Gambetta's two papers take different sides. The *Securite*, edited by Brisson, author of the impeachment report, is opposed to the measure on the ground that it would involve a Ministerial crisis.

London, March 14.—A Paris correspondent says that the chief interest of yesterday's vote in the Chamber of Deputies, was whether the Government would be supported by a majority of the Left. On this point all reasonable expectations have been fulfilled, as the Government, on the rejection of impeachment, obtained a majority of 40 in the Moderate Left against the Extreme Left. Such majority leaves the Ministry open to a defeat by coalition between the Extreme Left and the Left. The order of the day, pure and simple, was moved by Clemenceau, on the ground that the Chamber, having refused to impeach incriminated persons, had no right to censure them, was rejected by 225 of the Left to 287 of the Extreme Left and Right.

England.

London, March 14.—The Blackburn Weavers' Association and Wages Committee, of North and Northeast Lancashire, have declined to accept the invitation to send a deputation to the Masters' meeting at Manchester to-day, because the Masters previously passed a resolution refusing ever again to confer with the Weavers' Secretaries. A conference of representatives of the operatives of all districts meet at Blackburn on Saturday.

Russia.

London, March 13.—A correspondent at St. Petersburg confirms the statement that recent accounts of dissensions in the Imperial palace are entire fabrications. He also says the police discovered two secret printing presses there yesterday; two arrests have been made in connection therewith. Prokofij, who it was stated, had the plague and died, is convalescent.

Advices from Russia report that Colonel Knoop of the *Genaranie* has been strangled by the nihilists.

Turkey.

Constantinople, March 12.—The withdrawal of the British fleet has been delayed in consequence of the desire of the Sultan to give a banquet in honor of Admiral Hornby.

Tunsova, March 12.—A violent speech was made in the Bulgarian Assembly to-day in favor of the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to Prince Dondonkoff Karsakoff.

Constantinople, March 13.—The British fleet has left Ismid for Gallipoli on its way to Besika Bay.

London, March 13.—A despatch from Tirnova says there is every indication of a speedy evacuation of Bulgaria by the Russians. A despatch from Constantinople says there are symptoms of much more conciliatory disposition towards Greece.

London, March 13.—Despatches from Tirnova say that a premature uprising of the Turks near Osman Bazar was purposely brought to a head by the Government, which had received information of extensive preparations for an outbreak. The Government is confident of its ability to repress further agitation.

London, March 14.—A Pesh special says that the Roumanian Senate and Chamber have resolved to conform to amend the Constitution and to conform to the laws concerning Jews, and to the requirements of the Treaty of Berlin. The question will now be submitted to the popular vote.

Much excitement prevails at Limassol, in the Island of Cyprus. All shops are closed, and traffic suspended, in consequence of Sir Garnet Wolseley's monetary regulations. The inhabitants have telegraphed to the Queen, appealing against Sir Garnet's decree.

Germany.

Berlin, March 13.—The Alsatian Parliamentary Committee unanimously adopted a resolution expressing the hope that Alsace and Lorraine may obtain a separate constitution as a federal state, having its seat of government at Strasbourg, and a representative in the Federal Council. The Lorraine members refused to adhere to this resolution, unless it was further stipulated that there should be no Prince or Governor of the new State. As this amendment was not taken into consideration, the Lorrainers left the room prior to the vote.

London, March 13.—A correspondent at Berlin says that Bismarck proposed to give Alsace and Lorraine a special cabinet, and make the vote of the Provincial Assembly decisive instead of merely consultative. The Government Tobacco Bill proposes a duty of 70 marks on foreign, and an excise tax of 50 marks on native tobacco.

A Berlin special states that the tariff Commission has resolved to increase the duties upon rice and meat, which are now 12 marks for each, to 2 marks for rice, and 3 marks for meat. The duty on meat is increased with a view to restricting American imports. The Imperial Government has proposed a duty of 5 pfennings per hundred-weight on coal. It will probably be adopted, as it is considered sufficient to close Germany against British coal.

Berlin, March 13.—The commission to revise the customs tariff recommend raising the import duty on meat to three marks, in order to restrict importation from the United States.

Africa.

London, March 13.—Upon the petition of the consular delegates at Whydat, a Portuguese man-of-war blockaded that port in consequence of the arrest of Portuguese subjects by the King of Dahomey. The King blockaded the roads leading into the interior.

Austria-Hungary.

Pesth, March 12.—Latest telegrams announce that the flood, with a terrific roar, is rushing from two sides over Szegedin. The horrors of the situation baffle all description, and the town is in fact destroyed. Two-thirds of it are now submerged, including citadel and post and telegraph offices, whole rows of houses falling, orphanage destroyed, and all the inmates are buried in the ruins and two manufactories on fire. The inhabitants are flying to New Szegedin, and more elevated parts of the town and municipality of Pesth are making every effort to send assistance to Szegedin. Relief trains have already started, and accom-

modation for fugitives has been provided in barracks and public buildings of Pesth.

London, March 12.—A despatch from Pesth says that a hundred square miles in the neighborhood of Szegedin are flooded. The crops in this district are lost. The Government has sent 40,000 florins for the relief of the inhabitants. The Radicals in the Diet to-day violently attacked the Government for neglecting to take precautions to prevent the calamity.

Venice, March 13.—The Hungarian Minister of Finance left for Szegedin with 200,000 florins to be distributed among the sufferers by inundation.

The misery is increasing. Rescuing boats continually strike ruins, so that in many cases the rescue of sufferers is impossible. A violent storm is raging, and the flood is continually rising and is now two feet above the level of the Theiss. The submerged area has been reduced to 600 square metres, which continually decreases. After the first irruption of the waters 35 soldiers were drowned. It is stated that the railways carried gratuitously 10,000 fugitives yesterday.

London, March 14.—A large portion of the suburbs of Szegedin are below the ordinary level of the river Theiss. Instead of five or six hours, which it was calculated the flood would take to spread through the town, scarcely an hour and a half passed. Some hope is entertained that on account of the timely alarm, the loss of life has not been very great, but the victims must be numbered by hundreds, if not thousands, nor is the havoc yet complete. All Wednesday dull sounds were heard in all directions, indicating the fall of successive buildings. The poorer classes were extremely unwilling to abandon their homes, in many cases forced back by each other in scolding provisions, and opening their houses to the refugees. Comparatively few avail themselves of the latter offer. The working classes especially prefer abiding by the nearest safe spot in the town; thus thousands are encamped on a high embankment. To let the water from above and behind the town run into the river in front could be only imperfectly carried out.

Pesth, March 14.—The Emperor Francis Joseph will forego his intended visit here to receive the congratulations on the occasion of his silver wedding. He desires that the money intended for the festivities be distributed among the sufferers by the flood. The Emperor and Empress also give 49,000 florins.

General News.

—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that the total arrivals of Chinese at that port in 1878 were 6,773, and the departures 6,971.

—Since Paris opened her first horse butchery 122,133 horses, 1,870 asses, and 203 mules have been eaten there. In the country they eat less of such viands.

—A Virginia correspondent says that owing to the fact that white Protestants shun the negroes, the latter in large numbers are becoming subject to Catholic influences.

—In Berlin the silk trade has nearly died out by reason of French competition, while at Lyons it is exceedingly depressed by reason of the greatly reduced demand from this country.

—A negro boy in Eliza, Ga., (believed to take care of the baby. His mother left it with him, however, although he declared that he would kill it, and when she returned he had basted it to death.

—Horton Rouge boys started a pedestrian exhibition (admission two cents), and a nine-year-old walker stuck to the track till he fell from exhaustion. He has since been dangerously ill.

—The coal industry of Pennsylvania has reached enormous proportions, the annual product being valued at fifty million dollars. The first coal mined, amounting to a few hundred tons, was sold in Philadelphia in 1811; for twenty-one dollars a ton.

—The debt of the city of Paris is now nearly \$100,000,000, and the interest about \$20,000,000 a year. The credit of the city, however, is, if possible, even higher than that of the country. The municipal taxation is nearly \$22.50 per head of population.

—A bachelor who lately died in Manchester, England, left his property to the thirty women who had refused his matrimonial offers. He said in his will that to their refusal he owed the peace he had enjoyed during life and that he felt himself their debtor.

—The London *Times* says the Duke of Argyll's pamphlet on the Eastern question recalls the good old-fashioned pamphlets in which it was deemed a mark of weakness to confess that an opponent could have anything to say for himself. Lord Lytton is denounced in terms usually reserved for persons who stand in the pillory of history.

—Lord Dufferin has already more orders of knighthood than any English civilian—K.P., G.C.M.G. (Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George), and K.C.B., and it is quite on the cards that he will be Governor-General of India, and add the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Star of India to the rest. Five English prime Ministers (Pit, Peel, Canning and Gladstone), in the present century never had any kind of decoration.

—The Philadelphia *Spiritualist* paper, *Mind and Matter*, employed a medium named James to run a message department. Communications from the most famous of dead men were furnished week after week. At length James was exposed as a personator of materialized spirits in a *séance*, and for several weeks none of his work appeared in *Mind and Matter*; but now he is at it again, with a profane confession that he only resorted to deception when the spirits failed him.

—A Baptist clergyman living near Rochester (his local newspapers do not give his name) has been caught thieving, but his crime is attributed to kleptomania. He saw a pair of cases in a store, liked them excessively, and carried one off under his coat. He was not suspected, although the case was soon missed; but a few days later he made a second visit, and was seen to slip the other piece of china into his travelling bag. An officer followed and arrested him. He fainted, and has been ill ever since.

—In his lecture on Claude Bernard, M. Paul Bert narrated a singular stratagem which was invented by Bernard during the Franco-German war, and might be utilized without difficulty, under similar circumstances. It was proposed to revictual Paris, which was strictly blockaded by German forces. A large number of cattle had been collected, waiting for an opportunity to cross the German lines. But a difficulty was to silence these animals, as their cries would attract the attention of the enemy. Claude Bernard proposed to practice upon them the section of the nerve which enables them to emit their usual cries. The operation is so easy that it could be executed in a few seconds by an ordinary butcher. None of the animals appeared to suffer in any way by the mutilation which had made them mute. But the military movement proved a failure, and other causes the revictualing could not take place.