

through certain forms before they could depart.

Without this precaution some Russian more or less implicated in the Tartar movement would have been able in a disguise to pass the frontier—just those whom the order wished to prevent going.

The strangers were sent away, but still had to gain permission to go. Mountebanks, gypsies, Teiganes, Zingaris, mingled with merchants from Persia, Turkey, India, Turkestan, China, filled the court and offices of the police station.

Every one was in a hurry, for the means of transport would be much sought after among this crowd of banished people, and those who did not set about it soon ran a great risk of not being able to leave the town in the prescribed time, which would expose them to some brutal treatment from the Governor's agents.

Owing to the strength of his elbows, Michael Strogoff was able to cross the court. But to get into the office and up to the clerk's little window was a much more difficult business. However, a word into an inspector's ear and a few judiciously given roubles were powerful enough to gain him a passage.

The man, after taking him into the waiting-room, went to call an upper clerk.

Michael Strogoff would not be long in making everything right with the police and being free in his movements.

While waiting he looked about him, and what did he see! There, fallen rather than seated, on a bench, was a girl, a prey to silent despair, although her face could scarcely be seen, the profile alone being visible against the wall.

Michael Strogoff could not be mistaken. He instantly recognized the young Livonian. Not knowing the Governor's orders, she had come to the police office to get her pass signed. They had refused to sign it. No doubt she was authorized to go to Irkutsk, but the order was peremptory—it annulled all previous authorizations, and the routes to Siberia were closed to her. Michael delighted at having found her again, approached the girl.

She looked up for a moment and her face brightened on recognizing her traveling companion. She instinctively rose, and like a drowning man who clutches at a spar, she was about to ask for help. At that moment the agent touched Michael on the shoulder.

"The head of police will see you," he said.

"Good!" returned Michael. And without saying a word to her for whom he had been searching all day, without reassuring her by even a gesture which might compromise either her or himself, he followed the man through the crowd.

The young Livonian, seeing the only being to whom she could look for help disappear, fell back again on her bench.

Three minutes had not passed before Michael Strogoff reappeared, accompanied by the agent. In his hand he held his podgorjins, which threw open the roads to Siberia for him. He again approached the young Livonian, and, holding out his hand—"Sister," said he.

She understood. She rose as if some sudden inspiration prevented her from hesitating a moment.

"Sister," repeated Michael Strogoff, "we are authorized to continue our journey to Irkutsk. Will you come?"

"I will follow you, brother," replied the girl, putting her hand into that of Michael Strogoff. And together they left the police station.

CHAPTER VII.

A little before midday the steambot's bell drew to the wharf, on the Volga, an unusually large concourse of people, for not only were those about to embark who had intended to go, but the many who were compelled to go contrary to their wishes. The boilers of the Caucasus were under full pressure; a slight smoke issued from its chimney, while the ends of the escape pipe and the lids of the valves were crowned with white vapor. It is needless to say that the police kept a close watch over the departure of the Caucasus, and showed themselves pitiless to those travelers who did not satisfactorily answer the questions.

Numerous Cossacks came and went on the quay, ready to assist the agents, but they did not interfere, as no one offered the slightest resistance to their orders. Exactly at the hour the last clang of the bell sounded, the warps were cast off, the powerful wheels of the steambot began to turn, and the Caucasus passed rapidly between the two towns of which Nijni-Novgorod is composed.

Michael Strogoff and the young Livonian had taken a passage on board the Caucasus. Their embarkation was made without any difficulty. As is known, the podgorjins, drawn up in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, authorized this merchant to be accompanied on his journey to Siberia. They appeared, therefore, to be a brother and sister traveling under the protection of the imperial police. Both seated together at the stern, gazed at the receding town, so disturbed by the Governor's order Michael had yet said nothing to the girl; he had not even questioned her. He waited until she should speak to him, whenever that was necessary. She had been anxious to leave that town, in which, but for the providential intervention of this unexpected protector, she would have remained imprisoned. She said nothing, but her looks spoke her thanks.

The Volga, the Rha of the ancients, is considered to be the largest river in all Europe, and is not less than four thousand versts in length. Its waters, rather unwholesome in its upper part, are improved at Nijni-Novgorod by those of the Oka, a rapid affluent, issuing from the central provinces of Russia.

The system of Russian canals and rivers has been justly compared to a gigantic tree whose branches spread over every part of the empire. The Volga forms the trunk of this tree, and it has for roots seventy mouths opening into the Caspian Sea. It is navigable as far as Rjef, a town in the Government of Tver, that is, along the greater part of its course.

The steambots plying between Perm and Nijni-Novgorod rapidly perform the three hundred and fifty versts which separate this town from the town of Kasan. It is true that these boats have only to descend the Volga, which adds nearly two miles of current per hour to their own speed; but on arriving at the confluence of the Kama, a little below Kasan, they are obliged to quit the Volga for the smaller river, up which they ascend to Perm. Powerful as were their machines the Caucasus could not thus, after entering the Kama, make against the current more than sixteen versts an hour. Including an hour's stoppage at Kasan, the voyage from Nijni-Novgorod to Perm would take from sixty to sixty-two hours.

The steamer was very well arranged, and the passengers, according to their condition or resources, occupied three distinct classes on board. Michael Strogoff had taken care to engage two first-class cabins, so that his young companion might retire into hers and be quiet whenever she liked.

The Caucasus was loaded with passengers of every description. A number of Asiatic traders had thought it best to leave Nijni-Novgorod immediately. In that part of the steamer reserved for the first-class might be seen Armenians in long robes and a sort of mitre on their heads; Jews known by their

conical caps; rich Chinese in their traditional costume, a very wide blue, violet, or black robe, open in front and at the back, and covered by a second robe with wide sleeves, the cut of which recalls that of the popes; Turks, wearing the national turban; Hindus, with square caps and a simple string for a girdle, some of whom, more especially designated under the name of Shikarpuris, hold in their hands all the traffic of Central Asia; and lastly, Tartars, wearing boots ornamented with many colored braids, and the breast a mass of embroidery. All these merchants had been obliged to pile up their numerous bales and chests in the hold and on the deck; and the transport of their baggage would cost them dear, for, according to the regulations, each person had only a right to twenty pounds weight.

In the bows of the Caucasus were more numerous groups of passengers, not only foreigners, but also Russians, who were not forbidden by order to go back to the towns in the province.

There were mujiks with caps on their heads, wearing checked shirts under their wide pelisses; peasants of the Volga with blue trousers, stuffed into their boots, rose-colored cotton shirts, drawn in by a cord, felt caps; a few women, habited in flowery-patterned cotton dresses, gay-colored aprons, and bright handkerchiefs on their heads. These were principally third-class passengers, who were, happily, not troubled by the prospect of a long return voyage. In short, this part of the deck was crowded. The cabin passengers did not venture among these mixed groups, whose place was marked beyond the paddle-boxes.

In the meantime the Caucasus was rapidly plying her paddles between the banks of the Volga. She passed numerous boats, being towed up the stream, carrying all sorts of merchandise to Nijni-Novgorod. Then passed rafts of wood, as long as those interminable masses of weed, found in a part of the Atlantic known as the Sargasso Sea, and barges loaded up to the gunwale, and nearly sinking under water. A bootless voyage they were making, since the fair had been abruptly broken up at its outset.

The waves caused by the steamer splashed on the banks, covered with flocks of wild duck, who flew away uttering doleful cries. A little farther, on the dry fields bordered with alders, willows and aspens, were scattered a few dark-red cows, flocks of brown-leeced sheep, and herds of black and white pigs of all sizes. Fields, sown with thin buckwheat and rye, stretched away to a background of half-cultivated hills, but offering no remarkable prospect. The pencil of an artist in quest of some picturesque scene would have found nothing to reproduce in this monotonous landscape.

The Caucasus had been steaming on for about two hours, when the young Livonian addressing herself to Michael Strogoff, said: "Are you going to Irkutsk, brother?"

"Yes, sister," answered the young man.

"We are both going the same way. Consequently, wherever I go you shall go."

"To-morrow, brother, you shall know why I left the shores of the Baltic to go beyond the Ural Mountains."

"I ask you nothing, sister."

"You shall know all," replied the girl with a faint smile. "A sister should hide nothing from her brother. But I cannot to-day. Fatigue and sorrow have broken me down."

"Will you go and rest in your cabin?" asked Michael.

"Yes—yes; and to-morrow—"

"Come then."

He hesitated to finish his sentence, as if he had wished to end by the name of his companion, of which he was still ignorant.

"Nadia," said she, holding out her hand.

"Come, Nadia," answered Michael, "and make what use you like of your brother Nicholas Korpanoff." And he led the girl to the cabin engaged for her off the saloon.

Michael Strogoff returned on deck, and eager for any news which might bear on his journey, he mingled in the groups of passengers, though without taking any part in the conversation. Should he by any chance be questioned and obliged to reply, he would announce himself as the merchant Nicholas Korpanoff, going back to the frontier in the Caucasus, for he did not wish it to be suspected that a special permission authorized him to travel to Siberia.

The foreigners in the steamer could not speak of nothing but the occurrences of the day, of the order and its consequences. These poor people, scarcely recovered from the fatigue of a journey across Central Asia, found themselves obliged to return, and if they did not give loud vent to their anger and despair, it was because they dared not. Fear, mingled with respect, restrained them. It was possible that inspectors of police, charged with watching the passengers, had secretly embarked on board the Caucasus, and it was just as well to keep silence; expulsion, after all, was a good deal preferable to imprisonment in a fortress. Therefore the men were either silent, or remarks were exchanged with so much caution that it was scarcely possible to get any useful information from them.

Michael Strogoff thus could learn nothing here; but if mouths were often shut at his approach—for they did not know him—his ears were soon struck by the sound of one voice, which cared little whether it was heard or not.

(To be continued.)

General James Shields, ex-United States Senator.

General James Shields, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly at Ottumwa, Iowa, at half-past ten o'clock Sunday night. He had appeared in his usual health in the morning and ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, after which he wrote several letters, but just before retiring he complained of a pain in his chest, and shortly afterward said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired sitting in his chair, remaining conscious to the last.

He first saw the light in the old stronghold of Owen Roe O'Neill, in the county Tyrone, in the year 1810. At sixteen years of age he crossed the Atlantic, completed his classical studies here and finally established himself in the village of Kaskaskia, Illinois. After three years' service in that body he became auditor of the State, his election taking place in 1839.

From State Auditor Shields advanced to the dignity of Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, which position he held until 1845, when he received from President Polk the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office. He then took up his residence at the national capital.

The year following brought with it the Mexican war, and gave Shields an opportunity of proving his devotion to his adopted country, which had conferred so many distinguished marks of favor on him. President Polk, who recognized in Shields the brilliant qualities and dash that constitute a great soldier, appointed him a brigadier-general of United States volunteers. His commission was dated July 1, 1846. At the siege of Vera Cruz General Shields distinguished himself, and gave good promise of other ample deeds. This promise was amply fulfilled at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and at the storming of Chapultepec. At the former battle his deeds of valor seem more like the details of Roland at Roncesvalles or Ney at Borodino than the plain narrative of the conduct of "one of Polk's new generals," as the opposition styled him when appointed.

At Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded while leading his men, but he refused to quit the field. He advanced to the charge, when he was struck in the chest by a copper grape-shot that passed through his lungs. He fell into the arms of Oglesby, at present United States Senator, from Illinois, and was carried from the battle field to all appearances lifeless. Obituary notices appeared afterward in nearly all the papers of the country, so convinced was his brother officers of the impossibility of his surviving such a terrible wound. For weeks he lay at the brink of death in the neighborhood of the battle field, and his cure seems little short of a miracle. The army surgeon said he would live if he would let him remove the coagulated blood from the wound. Shields, as a silk handkerchief was worked in and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood, when daylight could be seen through the hole. He lived to be a hale and hearty man, free from disease or any inconvenience from his wound, which was considered at that time mortal.

For his gallant services on this occasion he was brevetted Major-General, and his commanding officers—Generals Twiggs and Scott—both mentioned him in most laudatory terms in their official reports. Four months afterwards he led the celebrated charge of the brave "Palmettos," of South Carolina, and the gallant New York volunteers at the Churubusco, where the Mexicans, according to the official account of Santa Anna, lost one-third of their army. On the 13th of September he was in the thick of the fight at Chapultepec. His horse having been shot under him, Gen. Shields fought on foot, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, leading his brigade, sword in hand, with a bravery that has made his name imperishable in American history.

The war being ended General Shields laid down the sword and assumed once more his place in civil life. He met with a brilliant reception everywhere on his return, the story of his achievements being in every one's mouth. In 1849 he was elected United States Senator from Illinois to fill the position vacated by Mr. Breeze.

When the sound of the cannon at Sumter found an echo in every heart throughout the North it was not likely that it would be unheeded by such a true patriot as General Shields.

The death of the gallant General Lander left his division without a commander, and General Shields was appointed his successor. His division formed part of the corps of Major General Banks. He distinguished himself particularly in the Shenandoah Valley, where he met and defeated the famous Stonewall Jackson, thus inflicting the only defeat that ever the great Southern general suffered. The noble sentiments that actuated the brave veterans at that time may be gleaned from the remarks made by him at a banquet given by the Irish Brigade on the Potomac, commanded by General Meagher:—

"I was in New Mexico when I first heard of the battle of Bull Run. I read the account in a Spanish paper and I wouldn't believe it. I felt it must be an invention of our enemies, for I knew that the Spanish were most persistent haters of everything American. I had fought in Mexico alongside of Northern men and Southern men, and I knew that both were brave. I did not believe that either would run away, and if any man had dared to tell me that the account was true I would have knocked him down. But shortly after I read the account in our own papers, and I felt humiliated. I determined at once to come and offer my services to the government, to be employed in any way in which I could be the most useful. I had not desired to agitate the field of conflict. I had suffered great privations in a soldier's life; and I desired to spend the short remainder of my life in peaceful associations, and had you been successful I should have done so. But when I saw that you were defeated; when I saw that the government which had so long protected me and from which me and mine had received such great kindness was in danger of being overturned by the hands of traitors, I determined at once to leave my home in the far West and devote what little fortune was left in me and my family to the service of my country. For the future, until this war is ended and the rebellion overcome, I have no political feelings or preferences. Let us, I beg of you, during this conflict have no Democrats, no Republicans, but one party, and that for the whole country in all its integrity."

One of the last acts of General Shields' was to pen the following letter to the committee on Orators and Poetry, of the Moore Centenary Association of Newark, N. J.:

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, Mo., May 16, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret that I cannot unite with you in celebrating Thomas Moore's centenary. The Irish race owes an unspeakable debt to his memory. He found the Irish music, like the Irish language, perishing, and saved it for the world by embalming it in immortal verse. The exquisite airs of his own land were the wings upon which he floated his matchless melodies, and these wings carried his songs, burning with Irish

patriotism, through all the homes and halls of the refined, enlightened and liberal society of the Christian world. The effect of this at the time upon Irish life, Irish character, and even Irish politics, was prodigious. Herein Thomas Moore is an example of what one man of fine and exquisite genius can do to exalt the reputation of a whole people. This example should stimulate young and gifted sons of the same land to save the reputation of their race from the imputations of inferiority in any field of human effort to any other race on earth.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES SHIELDS.

Religious Liberalism.

I may note another curious instance of religious liberalism. One afternoon this week the daughter of the Duke of Argyll was married in a Presbyterian chapel at Kensington by the resident minister, with the assistance of the Dean of Westminster. The sister-in-law of Princess Louise, daughter of the head of the Anglican Church, aided by the Anglican Dean Stanley, actually contracted marriage in a dissenting Convention! What will our High Church people say to such a proceeding. It seems fortunate for the parties to it that the Canons Ecclesiastical no longer have any legal validity.—*Freeman's London Correspondent.*

Lieut. Wiseman.

A nephew of the late Cardinal-Archbishop Wiseman, a most gallant soldier, has fallen in the Afghan war. Lieut. Wiseman, of the 17th Regt. of Foot, took part in the skirmish of the 2nd ult. at Puteabud. It was his business, with his company, to sustain the front of one of the Afghan attacks; and on the order being given to charge with the bayonet, Wiseman distanced his men in the run, made straight for the enemy's standard-bearer, whom he slew, and captured the flag. There was a furious struggle on the spot, and the brave officer, being left without support, and retreating only three or four of the most daring of his soldiers, fell with several wounds. It is thus that Catholic blood is poured out prodigally on every field where the honour of the country is at stake.—*Catholic Times.*

How "Facts" are Manufactured.

A pupil in a French school became irritated because a class-fellow surpassed him. The teaching religious tried to soothe him in a cheerful way, and while doing so playfully wound a pointer, or baton, through the boy's hair. The lad was sulky and pulled away his head so peevishly that a few hairs came out, not from violence but from a recent illness which affected the security of the *chevelure*. The incident was mentioned by the boy to his parents, who made enquiries and were perfectly satisfied; but some radicals got hold of it, represented it as a brutal outrage, and called for redress. Nay, a newspaper, improving matters, reported that a savage of a brother had lifted the boy from the ground by the hair. The prefect held an investigation and learned the truth, but he was so glad to have an excuse for "zeal" that he declared the religious must give up the school. Thus are occasions manufactured for the execution of the sinister policy of the State.

Prussian Persecution.

Priests are still the outcasts in Prussia, and may, with perfect impunity, be ill-treated in a way which no one else would stand. As an instance, our contemporary, the *Germania*, relates the case of Father Benjamin, of Neuburg, in Western Prussia, who, about a fortnight ago, was suddenly arrested and sent to prison without any reason for it being assigned. After being kept in jail for nearly a week, without so much as knowing what he was charged with, he was taken before a police magistrate, and accused of complicity in a crime of which he had not the remotest idea. It was soon found out that this was a case of mistaken identity, and the magistrate, upon Father Benjamin being brought up on remand, coolly told him, "You may go; you are not the man I want." In this way the poor priest was kept in close confinement for ten days, and the only redress open to him is an application to the Minister of Justice, who will probably do nothing but ask the magistrate to be a little more careful another time.—*London Univers.*

"Parole"

When Englishmen criticized Mr. Lorillard's colors—cherry and black—they scarcely imagined that "Parole" would carry them to the front five times in a single season. The magnificent victory of this magnificent horse yesterday in winning the Epsom Gold Cup places "Parole" high on the list of famous modern racers. Starting six times since April 16, this American horse has secured no less than five important prizes, viz.:—The Newmarket Handicap, the City and Suburban Handicap, the Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Great Chebrier Handicap and the Epsom Gold Cup—truly a great record to achieve in seven weeks. No wonder that Americans abroad are in ecstasies over the success of "Parole," for his victories are national ones, and deserve all the enthusiasm displayed by our people across the ocean. Great as already is the record of "Parole," we may confidently expect to see it extended, for he is entered for the Ascot Stakes, which race takes place on June 10, and for the Great Challenge Stakes at Newmarket in October. Should "Parole" win only one of these two great contests, he will stand without a peer in England, though it is well known that we still have better horses at home.—*New York Herald.*

HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE.

Betting 100 to 50 on Hanlan—Great Excitement Over the Coming Struggle.

LONDON, June 3.—The great international race between Wm. Elliott, of Puckwood, champion of Great Britain, and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the American champion, which is to be rowed over the Tyne on the 16th inst., is attracting great interest, and never before was there so much betting done on a boat race or such long odds offered as the Americans are giving on their champion. Elliott has found that Hanlan's style of rowing is a failure, and has resumed his own style, thinking he can make better time. The heavy betting still continues, and Elliott's backers and admirers readily accept all offers of £100 to £50 offered by Messrs. Ward, Davis, Bonwick and Hanlan's American admirers. Both oarsmen are in steady training on the Tyne. Elliott appears to be in the best condition, and he rows over the course daily, and takes little exercise on land. Hanlan seldom rows the full course, owing to the fact that Elliott's friends and the bookmakers watch his practice to find out how fast he can row. Hanlan is only a few pounds heavier than when he rowed Hanlon, but he is in better condition. At the clubs at London several wagers have been laid on the race. Ward, of Windsor, Canada, recently laid £500 to £270, and a noted American gentleman wagered £200 to £100 three times that Hanlan would win. Elliott is reported to have made wonderful time over

the course, which has made his backers confident that he would win. After the race there is an indication of another great match. John Higgins, the noted Thames oarsman, has issued a challenge to row the winner of the Elliott-Hanlan boat race over the Tyne championship. It is understood that should the Canadian win, he will not accept the challenge without Higgins will fix the date of the race early in July, as he is eager to return to America.

Ticket Scalpers.

Those pests of railway companies, ticket scalpers, are meeting with their just deserts in Pennsylvania. The other day two of the fraternity were convicted at Harrisburg of nefariously trafficking in tickets, and were sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars on each indictment, defray the costs of the prosecution, and give bond in \$500 for three years not to resume the practice. If there is no law in Canada that will reach these scamps, the sooner there is the better.

The Zulu War.

A military correspondent of the *Daily News* with the army on the Zulu frontier writes: "We are still committing our old error of dividing our forces, and struggling about over the country. It is highly necessary that some one in whom officers and men have confidence should take command. Our horses are beginning to die on all sides. It mounts are impossible to find. The difficulties of transport are enormous. We cannot get little hopes of the campaign ending shortly, unless Cetywayo comes to a violent end. The volunteers are already petitioning to go home."

Divorce.

A recent letter from Cape Cod gives a startling account of the demand for divorces in that ancient home of the Puritans. During the ten days of the session of the Supreme Court at Barnstable, its time was entirely occupied with the hearing of divorce cases, of which there were thirty. In all the applications but two the ground on which divorce was sought was desertion for three years; and of the thirty unhappy marriages which the court was asked to dissolve, only two had been of longer duration than nine years. The complainants in most cases were young women, many of them under twenty, who had been deserted by their lords almost as soon as the honeymoon was over.

The Policy of Leo XIII.

Including the ten new Cardinals recently created, the Sacred College numbers sixty-four members, thirty-two of whom are Italians and thirty-two foreigners—namely, ten Frenchmen, one Corsican, three Englishmen, one American of the United States, four Austrians, three Hungarians, one Belgian, one Pole, two Portuguese, one German, four Spaniards, and one Bavarian. Leo XIII. has restored the college to exactly the same number it counted at the time of his election, but in doing so he has increased the foreign element to an almost, if not altogether, unprecedented extent, and given to the college a European as distinguished from an Italian character it never before possessed.

The Russian March to Siberia.

(From Le Soleil.)

The deportation of the prisoners in Moscow condemned to Siberia under the new ukase of the Czar, began on the 5th of May, when three hundred persons were sent there by way of Nijni-Novgorod from the Moscow Central Prison. The second division of prisoners, 400 strong, are to be deported on the 12th of May; the third division, 600 strong, are to follow on the 20th, and the fourth division on the 26th. The Moscow prisons hold more than eleven thousand persons waiting for transportation to Siberia. All the prisoners condemned to exile are gathered from the prisons throughout Russia, and concentrated in Moscow before their departure for Siberia.

Notable Printers.

The Russian police have at length discovered the printing press of the revolutionary journal, *Land and Liberty*. On the 7th instant they entered a house in the Yonakoffsky Polk, St. Petersburg, and seized 7,000 copies of the last number of the paper, which had not yet been published. The discovery was made in consequence of the previous number having been printed with type which was recognised as being of a special make and sold only by one firm. On applying to this firm the police were informed that the last purchaser of type of the kind as that with which the paper was printed were the managers of the printing for the Ministry of Communications; and it was then found on inquiry that several of the compositors employed by that department were Nihilists, and had used the type for printing the revolutionary journal.

An Aristocratic Nihilist Lady at Home.

Our correspondent, writing from St. Petersburg on the 30th of April, says:—"A great number of arrests have taken place during the last week. The prisoners are overcrowded with people detained on suspicion of being culpable in the revolution. Others, who are really culpable, are nevertheless left at liberty. The heroine of Kiev, the young Countess Rianin, who was compromised in the murder of Prince Krapotkine, is still at liberty. That lady is the daughter of one of the favorite ladies of honor of the Empress, and therefore she is allowed to remain in the country seat at Kiev as before. Strict regulations have been elaborated for the Russian high schools and universities, but these places are no longer regarded, even in official spheres, as hotbeds of revolutionary intrigue. The eyes of the police are turned now to the higher circles of society, especially to capitalists and officials employed in the government ministries. It is known that the most compromising papers have been found in the drawers of the ministerial offices.—*New York Herald.*"

Lighting by Electricity.

A Parliamentary Committee is in session in England on the subject of lighting by means of electricity. It was explained that the light on the Holborn Viaduct had not been so successful as that on the Thames Embankment, owing to the French workmen who were employed to look after it having given way to habits of intemperance. He described the experiments which had been made with the electric light in Paris, and stated that the number of Jablockhoff lights burning in Paris was 500, the number in foreign countries, including England, Germany, Spain, Portugal and America, 800. Even His Majesty the Shah of Persia is using it. The cost of a candle in England is 5d. per hour, but in Paris it is only 5s., and a larger profit is made out of the 3d. In Paris than in the 5d. in England. Mr. Shodred & Co., Tottenham-court-road, deprecates the Jablockhoff candle as more advantageous over gas in such an establishment as his. He was burning 200 electric candles, they having replaced 250 gas-burners, most of them argand burners.

The advantages were that colors could be seen at night, the ceilings and goods were not damaged, the atmosphere was not heated, and there was no danger from fire. There were some disadvantages—for instance, on one occasion all the lights went out—but, on the whole, the advantages outweighed the disadvantages.

New Diamond.

Mr. Streeter and the jeweller and geologists of the metropolis are greatly engrossed with the accounts of a green diamond which is alleged to have been discovered in South Africa. It is in the possession of a gentleman who has been importuned to part with it for large sums of money. The stone is described as simply unequalled in the history of gems. It is about the size of an ordinary pen, and has not yet been cut.

Revolvers in Cavalry Charges.

An account of the battle of Puteabud states that in a cavalry charge revolvers were found to be of little use. An officer of the Hussars shot a man twice, but the bullets seemed to have no effect; he therefore threw his revolver at the man, and while the latter was staggering from the blow cut him down with his sabre. A very narrow escape occurred to Captain Holmes of the 45th Sikhs. A ball rebounded from a rock on to his revolver, attached to his belt, glanced off into his watch pocket, destroying the works of his repeater, but not penetrating the outer case, and fell into his pocket.

Skepticism in Germany.

The spread of skepticism in Germany has had the effect of diminishing the number of aspirants to the Protestant clerical profession in that empire. In Upper Hesse, for instance, out of 190 places for Protestant clerical aspirants, 30 are vacant; in Rhineish Hesse, out of 88 places 12 are vacant, and in the province of Sturkenberg, out of 132 places 52 are vacant. There are 38 out of 93 curacies vacant, and it is impossible to find candidates. In the University of Giessen there are at present only seven divinity students, so that the future looks no brighter than the present.

An Elephant's Thinker.

A few days ago Wombwell's menagerie visited Tenbury in England. Among the animals is a very fine female elephant, "Lizzie." This animal was attacked with a violent fit of colic. A local apothecary of considerable skill as an animal doctor was called into the menagerie when the life of the animal was all but despaired of. By his vigorous efforts and skillful treatment the valuable beast was saved. The elephant "Lizzie" did not forget her doctor, for on the procession coming down some street, three days later she immediately recognized the chemist at the door of his shop, and going to him, gracefully placed her trunk in his hand. The chemist visited the exhibition at night, and met with an unexpected reception from his former patient. Getting serious the "doctor" with her trunk, the elephant encircled him with it, to the terror of the audience, who expected to see him crushed to death. It was some time before the animal could be induced to go away from the doctor.

A Strange Story.

(From the Boston Herald.)

A story which has every semblance of truth has just come to light in Maine, showing how an innocent man was convicted and incarcerated in prison for wife murder in that State. Late in 1875 James A. Lowell was convicted at Lewiston for the murder of his wife Lizzie, whose supposed skeleton, a short time previously, had been found in the woods. The defense was that Mrs. Lowell had not been murdered, but had run away with a member of a travelling circus. Nevertheless Lowell was convicted, and, after being sentenced to be hanged, was sent for life to the Maine State Prison, where he is still confined. Last year a man named David Stevens was committed to the prison for adultery, and, since his advent there, he learned of Lowell's case. Stevens now claims that Lowell is an innocent man, and says that, in 1873, he saw a woman, who was undoubtedly Mrs. Lowell, living as the wife of a man named Spalding, in Sagadahoc, Mich. He learned that the woman came from Maine, where she had a husband living. In 1876 Stevens says he met Spalding and the woman at a beer garden in a Western city, and that, upon this occasion, Spalding and the woman quarrelled. Spalding called her "Liz Lowell," and told her she had better return to her husband in the Maine State Prison, for she could stay no longer with him. The woman acknowledged herself as "Liz Lowell," and denied nothing said by Spalding. Stevens' description of the woman he saw agrees perfectly with that of Mrs. Lowell, and he has furnished the names of reliable Western people who will confirm what he says. Lowell is now in hopes of finding his wife and getting a speedy release.

Isaac Butt.

It is well known that Isaac Butt inclined towards Catholicism. He wrote an article on the death of Pius IX. which has been quoted as evidencing decided Catholic views. The Dublin correspondent of the *New York Catholic Review* says:—

(Kind-hearted, genial and largely Irish in his nature, it was impossible to know Isaac Butt in private and social life and not to love him. A cultured scholar, one of the most gifted pleaders, and one of the most profound lawyers at the Irish bar, second only in oratory to a few men in the British Empire, yet Isaac Butt displayed the utmost humility in all his social intercourse, and had the singular charm of seeming to raise his inferiors to his own exalted level. Upon one subject I am amazed, and that is that he did not demand to be admitted into the Catholic Church, which can be accounted for only on the grounds of mental incapacity. It is, however, said that his many friends amongst the Catholic clergy who called to see him during his illness, denied access, on the ground of his infirmity. I am able to state, from my own personal knowledge and repeated conversations with Mr. Butt that the whole cast of his mind was eminently Catholic. He declared his belief in the divine authority and mission of the Church, in Apostolic succession, and in the sacraments—especially penance and the Blessed Eucharist—and cherished exalted reverence for the Blessed Virgin. I have known him to attend in the pro-cathedral, Marlborough street, on Holy Thursday, as a devout worshiper of the Blessed Sacrament, and to attend there frequently for prayer. That he had frequent Masses offered for special intentions, and that he wore on his person for years Catholic medals and crosses, are facts beyond doubt. In earlier life much moral laxity is imputed to him, but for many years back his conduct has been faultless, and even exemplary. All the sympathies of his higher nature for the latter half of his life were truly Catholic; hence my surprise that he did not demand, as I often heard him express a hope, to be admitted into the Catholic Church.)

"Widow's" Denounced in the House of Commons.

Mr. O'Donnell asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether it is true that recently serious excitement and rioting were caused at Dundee, by the appearance on public platforms of a person representing himself to be an ex-priest of the Catholic Church engaged in exposing the misconduct of the Catholic clergy; whether the person in question was in the habit of mimicking in the most offensive manner the most sacred rites of the Catholic religion, such as the ceremony of the Mass as performed by the officiating priest; whether, after much bad feeling had been excited, it was not discovered that the pseudo ex-priest had never belonged to any Catholic ministry, but was an ex-convict, whose some years previously had been found guilty in Canada of a disgraceful offence? And whether, to prevent such abuse of the rights of religious discussion, some provisions would be introduced, as in the Indian penal code, against gross and scandalous insults to the religious beliefs entertained by large sections of Her Majesty's subjects?

The Lord Advocate—I have to inform the hon. gentleman that I have made inquiries, and I regret to find that there did take place in Dundee an exhibition of the disgraceful kind referred to by the hon. gentleman. The chief actor described himself as an ex-priest of the Catholic Church. I do not believe that he ever was a priest, and I have it on his own admission that he was convicted in Canada recently of an attempt at a disgraceful offence. I think that the law of Scotland, now that he is made aware of his proceedings, is quite sufficient to reach the party, and I trust to be able to give such instructions as will prevent the repetition of any such scandal, (cheers).

General James Shields, ex-United States Senator.

General James Shields, late United States Senator from Missouri, died suddenly at Ottumwa, Iowa, at half-past ten o'clock Sunday night. He had appeared in his usual health in the morning and ate a hearty supper at six o'clock, after which he wrote several letters, but just before retiring he complained of a pain in his chest, and shortly afterward said to his niece that he was dying, and in thirty minutes expired sitting in his chair, remaining conscious to the last.

He first saw the light in the old stronghold of Owen Roe O'Neill, in the county Tyrone, in the year 1810. At sixteen years of age he crossed the Atlantic, completed his classical studies here and finally established himself in the village of Kaskaskia, Illinois. After three years' service in that body he became auditor of the State, his election taking place in 1839.

From State Auditor Shields advanced to the dignity of Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, which position he held until 1845, when he received from President Polk the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office. He then took up his residence at the national capital.

The year following brought with it the Mexican war, and gave Shields an opportunity of proving his devotion to his adopted country, which had conferred so many distinguished marks of favor on him. President Polk, who recognized in Shields the brilliant qualities and dash that constitute a great soldier, appointed him a brigadier-general of United States volunteers. His commission was dated July 1, 1846. At the siege of Vera Cruz General Shields distinguished himself, and gave good promise of other ample deeds. This promise was amply fulfilled at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and at the storming of Chapultepec. At the former battle his deeds of valor seem more like the details of Roland at Roncesvalles or Ney at Borodino than the plain narrative of the conduct of "one of Polk's new generals," as the opposition styled him when appointed.

At Cerro Gordo he was severely wounded while leading his men, but he refused to quit the field. He advanced to the charge, when he was struck in the chest by a copper grape-shot that passed through his lungs. He fell into the arms of Oglesby, at present United States Senator, from Illinois, and was carried from the battle field to all appearances lifeless. Obituary notices appeared afterward in nearly all the papers of the country, so convinced was his brother officers of the impossibility of his surviving such a terrible wound. For weeks he lay at the brink of death in the neighborhood of the battle field, and his cure seems little short of a miracle. The army surgeon said he would live if he would let him remove the coagulated blood from the wound. Shields, as a silk handkerchief was worked in and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood, when daylight could be seen through the hole. He lived to be a hale and hearty man, free from disease or any inconvenience from his wound, which was considered at that time mortal.

For his gallant services on this occasion he was brevetted Major-General, and his commanding officers—Generals Twiggs and Scott—both mentioned him in most laudatory terms in their official reports. Four months afterwards he led the celebrated charge of the brave "Palmettos," of South Carolina, and the gallant New York volunteers at the Churubusco, where the Mexicans, according to the official account of Santa Anna, lost one-third of their army. On the 13th of September he was in the thick of the fight at Chapultepec. His horse having been shot under him, Gen. Shields fought on foot, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, leading his brigade, sword in hand, with a bravery that has made his name imperishable in American history.

The war being ended General Shields laid down the sword and assumed once more his place in civil life. He met with a brilliant reception everywhere on his return, the story of his achievements being in every one's mouth. In 1849 he was elected United States Senator from Illinois to fill the position vacated by Mr. Breeze.

When the sound of the cannon at Sumter found an echo in every heart throughout the North it was not likely that it would be unheeded by such a true patriot as General Shields.

The death of the gallant General Lander left his division without a commander, and General Shields was appointed his successor. His division formed part of the corps of Major General Banks. He distinguished himself particularly in the Shenandoah Valley, where he met and defeated the famous Stonewall Jackson, thus inflicting the only defeat that ever the great Southern general suffered. The noble sentiments that actuated the brave veterans at that time may be gleaned from the remarks made by him at a banquet given by the Irish Brigade on the Potomac, commanded by General Meagher:—

"I was in New Mexico when I first heard of the battle of Bull Run. I read the account in a Spanish paper and I wouldn't believe it. I felt it must be an invention of our enemies, for I knew that the Spanish were most persistent haters of everything American. I had fought in Mexico alongside of Northern men and Southern men, and I knew that both were brave. I did not believe that either would run away, and if any man had dared to tell me that the account was true I would have knocked him down. But shortly after I read the account in our own papers, and I felt humiliated. I determined at once to come and offer my services to the government, to be employed in any way in which I could be the most useful. I had not desired to agitate the field of conflict. I had suffered great privations in a soldier's life; and I desired to spend the short remainder of my life in peaceful associations, and had you been successful I should have done so. But when I saw that you were defeated; when I saw that the government which had so long protected me and from which me and mine had received such great kindness was in danger of being overturned by the hands of traitors, I determined at once to leave my home in the far West and devote what little fortune was left in me and my family to the service of my country. For the future, until this war is ended and the rebellion overcome, I have no political feelings or preferences. Let us, I beg of you, during this conflict have no Democrats, no Republicans, but one party, and that for the whole country in all its integrity."

One of the last acts of General Shields' was to pen the following letter to the committee on Orators and Poetry, of the Moore Centenary Association of Newark, N. J.:

CARROLLTON, CARROLL COUNTY, Mo., May 16, 1879.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret that I cannot unite with you in celebrating Thomas Moore's centenary. The Irish race owes an unspeakable debt to his memory. He found the Irish music, like the Irish language, perishing, and saved it for the world by embalming it in immortal verse. The exquisite airs of his own land were the wings upon which he floated his matchless melodies, and these wings carried his songs, burning with Irish