The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero cognomen."—"Christian is my name, but Catholic my surname."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

VOL. 1. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY MARCH 21, 1879. NO. 25

N. WILSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FINE

WOOLLENS,

BEST GOODS,

MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS,

LOW PRICES.

CARD.

Bothwell, January 25th, 1879.

Dear Sir,—I have lately built two brick churches in my parish, viz.: one at Wardsville and one at Alvinston, and have yet another to build in Bothwell next summer, otherwise His Lordship the Bishop of London has declared his intention to interdict the present building on the first of March unless operations are commenced by that date.

In Bothwell there are only 32 families, in Wardsville 30 families, and in Alvinston 16 families. I am, therefore, forced by sheer necessity to appeal to all good Catholics to assist me in this great undertaking. There are very few who cannot by a little exertion sell one or more books of tickets, and they will be assisting in the glorious work of building churches dedicated to Almighty God, where the people are both too poor and too few in number to bear the whole cost themselves. I appeal with confidence to you my friend to assist me by disposing of this book of tickets, and relieve me of much hard toil by so doing.

A Mass will be offered up on the first Monday of every month for three years, for the benefactors and all those who buy even a single ticket.

In addition, all those who dispose of a book of tickets will be remembered in a special memento at the Holy Sacrifice every day I say Mass, for the term of three years.

M. McGRATH, P. P.,
Bothwell.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

March, 1879.

Sunday, 23—Fourth Sunday of Lent, Epistle (Galatians iv. 22-31), Gospel (John vi. 1-15).
Monday, 24—Office of the feria.
Tuesday, 25—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary double, 2nd class.
Wednesday, 26—Office of the feria.
Thursday, 27—Office of the feria.
Friday, 28—Feast of the most precious blood of our Lord, Jesus Christ.
Saturday, 29—Office of the feria.

ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

St. Peter's Palace,
London, Ontario, Nov. 13, '78.

Walter Locke, Esq.—

Dear Sir,—On the 22nd of September we approved of the project of the publication of a Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with pleasure that you have successfully carried into execution this project, in the publication of the Catholic Record. The Record is edited with marked ability, and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it will continue to be stamped with these characteristics. Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially recommend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity of our diocese.

I am yours,
Sincerely in Christ,
† John Walsh,
Bishop of London.

LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINNON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

Diocese of Hamilton,
Nov. 5th, 1878.

Walter Locke, Esq.—

Dear Sir,—Your agent called on me yesterday to procure my recommendation for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper is well written, and contains a great amount of Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes a truly Catholic spirit; so desireable in these days when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so rampant. I am glad that you are free from all political parties, and therefore in a position to approve of wise legislation and to condemn the contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive circulation,

I remain, dear sir,
Yours very faithfully,
† P. F. Crinnon,
Bishop of Hamilton.

Children for Adoption.—There are at the present time nearly two hundred children, boys and girls, of from four to eleven years of age, in the home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, whom the Directors desire to place in good Catholic families who will care for the little ones. Persons wishing to adopt any of these children are required to furnish a certificate from their parish priest that they will give the children good homes and educations. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing James W. Dunphy, president of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, Mass.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

GRAND DEMONSTRATION OF IRISH UNITY IN LONDON.

UNITED THEY STAND.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE.

The feast of Ireland's great apostle was celebrated with grand and becoming ceremonies in St. Peters' Cathedral, on Monday 17th inst. His Lordship Rt. Rev. John Walsh, D.D., assisted in full pontificals. The high Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Bruyere; with Rev. Father Dillon as deacon, Mr. O'Loane as sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Tiernan as Master-of-Ceremonies. At the proper time, Rev. M. J. Tiernan ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent and soul-stirring sermon on "The Life and labors of St. Partrick." St. Patrick, he said was born in France, at an early age he was taken captive by the chief monarch of Ireland and sold as a slave to one of the princes. Six years our Saint remained in slavery, and during this time his only supports were the Christian faith and hope which he had received from pious parents, in his native land. But these were true supports, and so finally St. Patrick succeeds in making his estape to his own native land. How dear to him must have been the well remembered scenes of his childhood, and how precious the joy of his aged mother on receiving him back after so many years of captivity. Surely he will not leave her again, surely he will not be eager to return to that land which has for him nothing but bitter memories—memories of captivity and slavery! Yet strange to say, St. Patrick longed to return to Ireland again. The ardent desire of converting Ireland and leading that noble people to the light of the true Gospel filled his soul. Nearly thirty years Patrick spent in preparations for his mission, and was then commissioned, by Pope Celestine, to return to Ireland as the ambassador of the Most High. It was difficult to describe the varied emotions which must have filled his soul as he gazed on the green shores of Erin. How his heart must have exalted at the sight of the glorious field of his future labor. What a change has been wrought in his destiny since a few years before; when as a poor simple shepherd boy and a slave, he led his flocks to lonely mountain tops and gazed undisturbed on the beauties of nature, and on the goodness and wisdom of God as they lay outstretched before him. Now he comes to the land of his masters to bring them the true liberty of the children of God. He landed in Ireland, he preached the Gospel, he taught the Irish people, from the King upon his throne to the humblest peasant in the land, the lesson of God's love for man, and of their own vileness. And, be it told to the eternal praise of the Irish people, they rose and welcomed Patrick, they took the message from his lips, and impressed it upon their hearts and lives. His simplest words fell upon their hearts like a refreshing dew upon a parched soil. The seed of the Divine Word, which he had sown, fell upon a good ground, upon a rich and fertile soil. It soon took root and bore fruit a hundred fold. Such is the brief history of St. Patrick's labors. And the strangest, the brightest page on the history of God's Church to-day is the page that records the almost miraculous suddenness of the conversion of the Irish people. Here the reverend gentleman dealt at some length with the labors of St Patrick, and how, when his time of death was at hand, he blessed Ireland and prayed that she would never loose her ancient faith. Nearly fifteen hundred years have passed away, and yet, notwithstanding the storms of successive persecution, she has held that ancient faith, and it is now as pure, as vigorous and as fragrant as in the days of St. Patrick himself.

Ireland in her unparalleled devotion to that faith could not have been influenced by any worldy motive. The world offered everything if they would only abandon and forswear it. In its defence they suffered contempt, ridicule, spoliation, and martyrdom. They simply believed and through "ages of bondage and slaughter" they sealed their faith with their blood. Nothing is more common in the history of the Christian world, than to see men and nations in time of trial and difficulty abandon their ancient faith. The nations of the East, the very birth-place of Chistianity itself, lost their faith. The nations of Europe have thought very little from time to time of changing their faith. But Ireland, alone amid the nations of the world, has firmly adhered to her ancient faith; Ireland more than any other nation of the world has been put to the test of suffering and thus proves that God never had a more faithful people than the Irish race.

In conclusion the rev. gentlemen exhorted his hearers to imitate the constancy of their forefathers in their unexampled devotion to the faith of Christ, which our Saint planted in Ireland that faith which has always been the distinctive glory of Irishmen, and which I trust will be handed down to the last descendants of our race to be prized by them above everything the world can give or take away.

The music and singing on this occasion could not be excelled. Mrs. Cruickshanks presided at the organ, ably assisted by a well trained and efficient choir. Several Irish national airs were played, both before and after Mass, and as the clergy entered the sanctuary the soul stirring strains of "St. Patrick's day" greeted their ears. The Mass was St. Clair's, which was well rendered.

THE CONCERT.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated ast night by the St. Patrick and Irish Benevolent Societies of this city by a grand concert in the Machanics' Hall. The spacious building was crowded to the doors by a fashionable and appreciative audience. After the installation of the President-elect, the Rev. Mr. Ballard, Episcopal Minister, of St. Thomas, was introduced as the lecturer of the evening, and heartily received. After the applause had subsided, he said he accepted the honor of being speaker at this annual entertainment in commemoration of St. Patrick upon the grounds of being a clergyman of the Irish Church, and not only Irish by birth and education, but thoroughly Irish temperament and attachment. He felt that the Irish Benevolent Society had done him a very great honor in giving him the opportunity of addressing an audience so largely made up of Irish element as the one before him evidently was. It also afforded him much satisfaction to have learned that the St. Patrick's Society had united with the Irish Benevolent upon this occasion. He was sure he should not be overstepping the bounds of liberty yielded to him to-night if, in the name of the Irish Benevolent Society, he said to the members of St. Patrick's Society, we hail you as brother Irishmen, and wish you to know that we desire that you should all be, in the true acceptation of the term United Irishmen. The world, and with the world our Irish race, is moving upwards into clear light, into a more heavenly atmosphere and into higher altitudes, when, without compromising in the slightest our individual convictions upon the questions of religion which we all hold dear to us, an assembly of Irish Catholics and Protestants can meet to commaingle brotherly sentiments and cultivate real friendship and to recognize our common nationality. Unity of brotherhood does not necessitate uniformity of religion. The day has surely come in this nineteenth century when in a country like this the public sentiment shall decide that creeds shall not separate citizens. It is time, and this is a country in which bigotry which engenders hatred of our fellow men because he chooses to differ in religion, ought to be branded as a foul serpent which threatens to poison the life-blood of society and a bigot or pest to the community. Brother Irishmen, we are separated when we bow at the altars where we were taught in youth to pray, but when we turn from them to engage in the duties and callings of this world, it is but honoring the great Founder of Christianity whom we all profoundly worship to exhibit the common grace attainable through the cross from whatever side we may approach by a hearty obedience to the one great law of Christianity—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." If we cannot mingle round a common altar, let us mingle at our hearths and homes. This is a fitting time, when it should be asked are we, as Irishmen in Canada, to encourage in this country the deplorable scenes which we have again and again witnessed in Ulster? I forsee nothing but calamity to result from any affirmative answer. Our respect among our fellowmen of other nations, as well as our loyalty to Ireland, ought to lead all moderate men who are growing in number and influence at home and abroad, to utter the firm and uncompromising answer—"No." The limited time which the interests of this entertainment placed at his dispesal did not admit of his doing more than briefly touching upon some of the many "Links that should bind us" in solid unity. First, he would refer to "Our Common Race." The Celtic race, as the classic writers call it, or the Gaelic race, as they called themselves, is the oldest of Western Europe. Its sweet-toned and persuasive language is the oldest spoken language in Europe to-day. German and French scholars at the present time are alive to its importance as a key to philologigal and ethnological science, and reside in Irish speaking districts to familiarize themselves to the use of it on that account. After alluding to the specimens of the stone, and bronze and iron weapons with which our forefathers fought, and which are preserved in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin, and to the silver ornaments, manuscripts, works of art, etc., the lecturer proceeded to say that this race was ever warlike, and its warrior kings at times carried offensive arms into Gual with good success. The soil of Ireland was never subdued by Rome, nor did a Roman Eagle ever rest upon our land. Centuries have not served to exhaust the heroic from Celtic blood. The Connaught Rangers still tell how the Celt can fight and conquer for sacred rights. Wolseley and Roberts show how England recognizes in the Celt successors to her warriors of old. Dufferin and Lorne prove to us that among the Gaelic race, if we have no crowned Kings, there has ever been till now a succession of Irishmen whom God made kingly, men who could with becoming dignity wear a crown. This race is ours, and let us be united who belong to it. The lecturer then recited the "Salutation" of the late Thos. D'Arcy McGee in fine style, and went on to speak of "The Memory of the Life and Labors of Ireland's Patron Saint." There is not a chapter in history which redounds more to the glory of Christianity than the one which describes St. Patrick's self-devotion, his unwearied and self-denying labors, his single-handed attack upon the Paganism of Ireland and his marvellous success. The rev. gentleman then sketched the captivity of the Patron Saint, his removal to Ireland when yet a youth, his seven years' servitude as a shepherd boy, and while following this humble calling, he received the physical training and moral endowments which fitted him for his after life of service as a Chief Shepherd of the Church of God. During the years of captivity he observed the spiritual destitution of Pagan Erin, and saw the effects of her being ruled by Pagan kings. He saw her noble people deluded by the worship of fire, by veneration for the mystic wand, and by the offering of human victims on their hillside altars and by other Pagan rites. The soul of the Christian youth was touched by pity for the people who had been his captors—a pity that grew with his growth, and intensified as years increased into an enthusiasm of devotion for the salvation of Erin to the Christian faith. It was years afterwards, when he had returned to his native country, that he resolved to hearken to the cry, which he had never ceased to hear, swelling into plaintive and irresistible tones from the Pagan nation across the sea. He returned to Erin to plant the cross upon her hills and amid her valleys; by her lakes and along her rivers; in her cities and in the hamlets by the sea. It was a heroic enterprise. It was undertaken in the spirit of Christian heroism. It was only terminated by his death. His mission was unaccompanied by brute force. The Gospel at his lips was not dishonored by his holding sword or musket in his hand. A religion that has to resort to such expedients for success is stamped by the act as unworthy a nation's acceptance. Alas! that such an error should ever have been perpetrated under the name of Christianity. St. Patrick's life is graven in the topography of Ireland. Before the harp of Tara had ceased to discourse sweet music his voice was heard within her walls. Trembling with emotion, but firm as a rock 'mid ocean, the apostle preaches to King Leary, his Druids, bards, princesses and assembled people. In the fastnesses of the West, choosing some central point and mounting an elevated rock, he tells the attracted crowds of Erin's pagan peasantry of the mystery of heaven's boundless mercy. From Armagh in the North, where he built the Cathedral, the ruins of which he had often seen, to Cashel in the South, from Dublin and Tara in the East to Killaloe and Croagh Patrick in the West, he pursued on foot his untiring labors. The Pagan nation bows before the power of the Cross. After a brief reference to the wells at which the converts were baptised, the lecturer described St. Patrick's monogram—a cross within a circle—which is to be found graven on many stones in the ruins of ancient edifices to-day, and then alluded to the life, labors, and successes of St. Patrick. Through them Ireland had a golden age. In the sixth century European nations were on the decline in light and civilization. The Franks ruled the Netherlands. The Saxons usurped power in South Britain. Clovis had led his countrymen across the Rhine into Gaul. The Vandal had established themselves in Spain. The Ostrogoths were supreme in Italy. The empire of barbarism had succeeded to the empire of Polytheism. Darkness covered the semi-Christian countries of the old Roman Empire. But as light was vanishing in the East light had risen in the Western Isle which was destined to spread its ministry eastward and shine upon Saxon, Frankish and German darkness. From Erin went forth St. Columba to establish the famed schools of that centre to evanglize Scotland. From Iona went forth St. Aidan to evangelize Northumbria. St. Columbanus went forth as another Irish missionary to evangelize Eastern France. St. Gall, a disciple of St. Columbanus, preached Christianity amid the valleys of Switzerland. Europe was then dependent upon the Isle in the Western Sea; the Saxon Prince Alfred resorted to Armagh to be educated and prepared to grace his throne; and Ireland rejoiced in the title given to her without grudging or jealousy, viz., "The Island of Saints." If we have little left us to-day of the former golden age, save some hoary manuscripts, sculptured crosses and desolate ruins of Glendalough and Clonmacnoise, we have in these silent mementoes of the past a testimony as regards the future. They bear witness that if Ireland is to rise in the respect of nations and perpetuate the influence of the past it can only be accomplished under the benign influence of religion. This anniversary held in commemoration of such a man as St. Patrick is a fitting day to stimulate each other to purify our religion from party animosity. Shame! to change the cross which was intended to be the harbinger of peace into a rallying point for strife and ill-will. I hail the existence of such Societies as the two represented here to-night, and their mutual fellowship upon this occasion as an omen that in this Province at least we are resolved to let the dead past bury its dead and to contribute as far as possible to a mutual good-will which should ever exist between fellow-citizen, fellow-Irishmen, and fellow-Christians. The third point touched upon by the rev. lecturer was "Patriotism." The Celtic love of home has no parallel, save captive Israel's for Jerusalem. It grows stronger through distance, keener through absence, deeper through exile. From many a squatter's leg cabin in the bush, as well as from the princely mansions in the city, the heart is felt like the Israelite in Babylon—"By the rivers in Babylon," etc. No matter what our creed may be, the true welfare of Ireland is equally dear to us all. Ireland has suffered from evil legislation, and been the scene of bloodshed, for which both parties engaged were to be blamed. I cannot but wonder what Ireland would be to-day had she been governed and nourished as Canada has been! Well, it is cause for gratitude for all of us that a silent and resistless revolution is going on in her midst under the blessing of a loving God. As I have seen amid the hills of Mayo the gloomy heather mountain lighted with dazzling glory and covered as by a many-shadowed purple carpet by the sunshine from behind a dense black cloud, making the gloom of the valley and the place more visible, so Ireland is getting mountain-tops in her history, already bright with coming prosperity—a brightness which serves to show how much is yet to follow. I believe the sentiment of the British people and Government and sovereign is at present "Fair Play to Ireland." A golden age of prosperity will never dawn upon Erin again until Erin's sons cease from mutual animosity on account of religious differences. We in Canada can injure or bless Ireland, according to the course we take in this matter. They at home are quick to receive impressions from those who have gone beyond the Atlantic. Shall we tempt them at home to vie with us in piece or strife? If we show the people at home and the British Government that the freedom of government which we enjoy here fans the flames of bigotry we bequeath a curse upon our country. But if we show that with freedom of government we learn to yield to each other freedom of conscience and respect for each other's opinions, then we set Ireland an example she will not be slow to imitate, and the British Government a model after which to shape Irish legislation. I have faith, sir, in a golden era for my country again. During the past thirty years she has passed through trials which would have exterminated many a more pretenious people. The famine and the pestilence have swept over her, carrying either to the grave or to foreign shores millions of the flower of her people. Feelings of animosity to the owners of the land, of disloyalty to British rule, have been engendered in those who remember the scenes of 1848-49, both of those who remained in Ireland and of those who crossed the sea. These led to the formation of illegal societies and conspiracies, which failed to accomplish any real good for the country which would not have been attained by legitimate means, and by unsettling public confidence crippled commerce and destroyed the hope of manufacture. Yet, notwithstanding all this, during all this period Ireland has continued to rise from her ruins, as the fabled Phœnix from its own ashes. If we as Irishmen, all over the world, be united in our wise patriotism, we shall be gladdened to hear music from her harp again. Though her ancient bards are silent in the dust, and Moore and Goldsmith and Carolan no longer live to utter inspiring song, yet there is music still in her antiquated rivers, her limpid streams, in the murmur of the Shannon, the Boyne, the Barrow, the Nore, and Suir; in the Wicklow hills and the Connemara Mountains, with their countless glens and valleys picturesque as paradise, in their inlands lakes and their sea-board cliffs. When from those songful scenes with which nature has richly dowered our country, there shall arise to heaven the melody of song from the hearts of a united and prosperous people, when the words shall be fulfilled to Erin—"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Then may her harp be taken from off the willows, where it has too long been hung, and its chords swept by a united people in an anthem of praise to God.

During the delivery of the address the reverend gentleman was frequently applauded, and at the conclusion received the hearty thands of the large audience, on motion of Mr. Hugh Macmahon, Q. C. seconded by Mr. D. Regan.

The Concert which was under the able direction of Mr. G. B. Sippi, proved highly satisfactory to the large audience.

HAMILTON.

In Hamilton, by the advice of Bishop Crinnon there was no parade, but the day was celebrated in a becoming manner. His Lordship intended to be present at the concert and lecture of the I. P. B. S. but was prevented, as the following letter to the *Times* will explain.

BISHOP CRINNON AND THE I. P. B. S.

A LAUDABLE EXAMPLE.

The following letter, addressed by his Lordship Bishop Crinnon, to Mr. Geo. Ross, Secretary of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, speaks for itself:

Diocese of Hamilton,
Hamilton, March 18, 1878.

My Dear Mr. Ross,—I intended to accept your invitation to be present last night at the concert and lecture to show my good will to my Protestant fellow-countrymen. A pressing call of duty prevented my doing so. I herewith enclose my mite for the laudable object for which the concert was given. I remain, my dear Mr. Ross, yours very faithfully,

† P. F. Crinnon
Bp. of Hamilton.

ST. THOMAS.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated here by High Mass and a sermon in the morning, and a grand concert and lecture in the evening. Father Flannery preached an eloquent sermon on the "Life and Labors of the Apostle of Ireland." The rev. gentleman in comparing the faith of the Irish with that of other nationalities, paid a glowing tribute to the supernatureal resistance, which they have ever offered to every onslought that has been made upon that glorious faith which Saint Patrick implanted, not only in the hearts of the people, but in the very soil of Ireland itself. We regret that extreme pressure upon our space prevents us giving a more extended report of the sermon. In the evening the Opera House was crowded to hear the concert and lecture, both of which proved highly gratifying to the large audience. It may be thought invidious to say anything with regard to the singing of any one in particular, but we think Mr. and Mrs. Creighton of St. Thomas, Miss Graham of Hamilton, and Mrs Cantillon of Brighton, deserve special mention. Mr. Kennedy in his comic character songs, created roars of laughter. The lecture on "Tom Moore" was highly appreciated, as was evinced by the frequent bursts of applause, which greeted the rev. lecturer. Altogether the day was observed in a manner that reflected credit upon the Irish residents of St. Thomas, and their worthy pastor Rev. Father Flannery.

Montreal, March 17.—The celebration of St. Patrick's Day passed off satisfactorily. An eloquent sermon was preached in St. Patrick's Church by Rev. Father Mitchell, a Scotchman, whose subject was, "Ireland the defender of the Roman Catholic faith." He explained that the two great enemies of the propagation of the faith was indifferentism and socialism. The streets through which the procession passed were tastefully decorated with evergreens and bunting. There was no disorder of any kind, and good feeling was manifested on all sides. The proceedings have been wound up with a concert in the Mechanics' Hall, which is largely attended.

Sarnia, Ont., March 17.—St. Patrick's day was celebrated here by a supper.

Brantford, Ont., March 17.—No public celebration. In the evening a concert was given.

Paris, Ont., March 17.—The day was observed here by a dinner.

St. Catharines, March 17.—No outside demonstration of any kind. In the evening a dramatic entertainment was given in the Opera House under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Temperance Society.

Simcoe, Ont., March 17.—Religious services were conducted in the morning and a banquet held in the evening.

The ravages of the Phylloxera are again attracting serious attention in the vine-growing countries. The commission of the Academie des Sciences is to be revived, and a very earnest inquiry instituted. M. Cartes maintains that the Phylloxera is not the cause of the death of the vine, but a fungus which plants itself on the wound made by the animal. A strong feeling now prevails that by over production the soil of the vineyards has become improverished, and that the alarming increasing spread of the Phylloxera is due to the discreased state of the vines, produced by the want of healthful nourishment and consequent low life of the plant.

Remarkable Eruptions from a Well.—Last Autumn the Vacuum Oil Company of this city began the work of drilling for salt at Le Roy. State geologists had given the opinion that there was a vein, and several hundred dollars (about $1,500, it is said) were raised in that village to assist the Rochester parties, it being expected that the same vein would be reached there as had been reached in Wyoming, only much nearer the surface. On Friday, about 3½ o'clock in the afternoon, when the well had bored to a depth of about 450 feet, a strong vein of gas was struck, which blew the tools out of the well, and rushed out with such force as to extend to the fire in the coal about ten feet distant from the mouth of the well. The house in which the men were working took fire, and the destruction of the derrick seemed inevitable, when the rush of the gas from the well gave way to a gush of water, which put the fire out, and was so strongly impregnated with sulphur that it could be smelled a distance of nearly half a mile. For some time afterward there were alternate rushes of gas and gushes of water from the well, each holding its own for about a minute and a half. About six o'clock the water was spouting to the height of about sixty feet in the air, and was strongly impregnated with salt; while at 7½ o'clock it had reached an altitude of 110 feet. The bore of the well is eight inches, but the casing takes up about an inch, thus leaving an opening of about seven inches, from which the water still gushes with such force that a large blacksmith's anvil, placed over the hole, was blown entirely out.—*Rochester Express, February 22.*