

that lies on our road; but I cannot venture to make my way through it, unless I have your promise that you will remain silent; that you will not alarm the inhabitants by your cries, nor seek in any way to make your escape from us."

Judith looked scornfully at the man, but made no reply.

"I must have an answer," said the man. "I will have no other object in proposing this to you, than to save you a toilsome journey. Escape from us is now an impossibility."

"Villain!" replied the enraged Judith. "I will enter into no terms with you. Do your worst—I defy you; all I require is but to know the name of my cowardly oppressor, in order that I may vow eternal enmity against him."

"Foolish girl!" replied the man, with a scornful laugh, "think you I would have come to such a project as this, without securing the means for making you my own—mayhap my slave, not for a day nor a year, but for life. You have defied my enemy—Idiot! the time, I trust, will come when you shall be my loving mistress, and most dutiful wife."

"Oh! spirit of Pentheseia, look down upon me, pity me," said Murfey, who rode in front of Judith. "Compassionate a creature who is tied to such a man-eater; for had you, Amazonian Queen, been at all times so pitiously old-time, poets would never have imagined or fancied you could, under any circumstances, have become the mother of Cayster."

"Peace! babbling drunkard," added the excited Judith, "peace! you who have exchanged the pastoral care of the holy Prelate we have parted from to become the pander of a miscreant who fears to show his face to the help-seeking woman he has grossly injured. Peace! you, upon whose hot forehead rests the burning brand of an excommunication your own vices have provoked."

The bitter words of Judith told with a fearful effect upon the unhappy man, Murfey. A sickness, as of death, came upon him; his limbs trembled, and his head reeled, and he would have fallen from his horse, dragging his female companion along with him, had not her hands, so far free as to grasp him, held him tightly to his saddle.

"Here!" she exclaimed, "look to this drunken wretch. So far is he from being competent to take care of me, he is unable to hold himself straight on the animal he bestrides."

"Woman! woman!" cried Murfey, arousing himself as these opprobrious terms were applied to him; "what devil has possessed thee, thus to rouse up an evil spirit against thee? Oh! how true were the words of the wise man: 'The stroke of the whip maketh a lute mark, but the stroke of the tongue will break bones.' Woman, your foul language has made of me your mortal enemy for life."

"Wretch!" replied Judith, "you have profaned the holy words of Scripture by quoting them. Remember what the same Scripture says of you, and of persons like you: 'The man of lying men are without honor, and their confusion is with them without ceasing.' You have belied your promises to your God; and what can you hope for the remainder of your miserable existence, but reproach and contumely from men—from women as well as men, from children as from women. Drunken fools who have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, ponder upon these words of Scripture, when you threaten that you will be, for the future, a worse enemy of mine than you are at this moment, and when no word of mine had uttered to provoke your enmity—'As an arrow that sticketh in a man's thigh, so is a word in the heart of a fool.'"

"Reply not, Murfey, to our lovely, fascinating prisoner," said the man in the mask. "At present she is noddily excited; the time, however, will come, when she shall treat you as one of my most honoured guests, with a smiling face fill you flagon for you, and coax you to troll out a merry carol for her. Our present business is to carry her to her destined home. It is her own fault if she find the way longer and wearier than I would have it for her. Onward, my men, march."

The party proceeded in silence for four hours, and the darkness of night was beginning to yield to the first grey tints of morning, when Judith fancied that she could recognize in such portions of the landscape as were discernible, features that reminded her of the neighbourhood of Dublin. She would have felt certain she was correct in her surmise, but that she saw, or supposed she saw, a building in the distant gloom which resembled a small fort or castle; with two low that towers; and such a building was utterly unknown to her. Whilst her mind was thus occupied, her attention was excited by new sounds, that made her heart bound with hope and exultation. It was the regular tramp of a small body of cavalry, which seemed to be crossing directly at some distance the high road that her captors were travelling. Her hope was that her captors might be perceived by the commander of the cavalry, and that this circumstance might lead to her release, and the punishment of her aggressors. The hope thus entertained seemed to be on the point of being realized, for the cavalry had halted, and the persons who held Judith a prisoner challenged by them.

Judith observed the leader of her party at once ride forward toward the cavalry, and as he did so, she saw he had put off his mask, and drew forth a large piece of paper or parchment, and as he advanced, open it for the inspection of the officer.

Judith was unable to hear the following brief conversation which passed between the captor and the officer:—

"Who are you, sir?" said the commander to her captor, and he advanced, "and by what authority is there an armed band of men on the king's high road, at this hour of the night?"

"This, sir, is my authority—my name, office, and duties are explained in it," replied the captor.

"Bring hither the lantern, Sergeant," said the captain of the cavalry, as he took in his hand a long piece of parchment on which there was a large official seal.

"You are, sir, I presume, the person named in this document?"

"I am."

"I see this is an order in Council issued in England, and authorizing you to call upon the Irish government, magistrates, and all persons in civil or military authority here to aid you in the business for which you have been despatched to this country—in arresting prisoners, and collecting evidence with respect to the horrid Popish plot. Very well, sir, I have no right further to question you. I presume you have here a prisoner in custody. May I inquire the name?"

(To be continued.)

SCOTCH NEWS.

Five of the City of Glasgow Bank Directors, viz., Stewart, Wright, Taylor, Inglis and Salmon, were removed from Glasgow to Ayr Prison. Ayr Prison is considered to be healthier than the Glasgow jail.

Arrangements are in train for the rebuilding of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, in a style which will make it surpass in magnificence any establishment of the kind in the three kingdoms.

The Liberal graduates of the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen have recently been extremely active in making arrangements in view of a contest for the Parliamentary representation of these universities.

The Marquis of Bute is to take a tour in Egypt, accompanied by the Marchioness. The rebuilding of Mount Stuart House is, however, to be in no way delayed by the absence of His Lordship.

The Annan Town Council has resolved to increase the rents of the poke-nets which the burgh is proprietor of. This step was taken on account of the Solway Salmon Fishery Commissioners having reduced the number of nets which the burgh may fish.

The death is announced of Malcolm Macras, who was once the champion one-ox sculler of the Clyde. He was at one time ferryman between Cardross and Port-Glasgow, but latterly acted as gardener to a lady in Cardross. He was seventy-five years of age.

A man named Noble, a fish-dealer in Arbroath, on the 14th February wounded his wife and child, two years old—the latter dangerously—by discharging a pistol loaded with small shot at them. He afterwards shot himself in the head, but his wound is not expected to prove serious.

Prince Edward Island.

With a population of 95,000 souls and an area of 2,173 square miles, Prince Edward Island has a representative in the Cabinet, four Senators, six members of Parliament, a Lieutenant-Governor, an Executive Council of nine members, a Legislative Council with thirteen members, and a House of Assembly with twenty-nine members; a total governing body of sixty-three, besides county, town, township and village Councils. The Island judiciary includes over 600 justices of the peace, three Superior Court judges and two stipendiary magistrates, before whom a bar comprising forty-eight members is entitled to plead.

The National Policy.

It is generally understood that the tariff is already producing excellent effect. Rents in several parts of the city are already advancing in the certain expectation of the opening of Rodolph's sugar refinery at an early date—probably inside a month. One thousand men will be employed in connection with this industry either directly or indirectly, and ten thousand more will be benefited by its resumption one way or another. The iron trade is also looking up. Stacey's mill factory has taken in twenty extra hands, and will employ more by-and-by. We understand that De Castro & Co.'s sugar refinery, on King Street, will also resume business pretty soon.

Cure for Diphtheria.

We have been informed by Dr. Alloway, of Radegonde street, of the following simple cure for diphtheria, which is scouring our neighbouring towns and suburbs—Bull's bluish sulphate of lime, 2 oz.; water, 2 oz.; carbolic acid, 15 drops. Mix well and use as a mouth-wash three or four times a day. As an instance of the effect produced on a patient suffering from that dread disease in its worst stage, we mention the following—Dr. Alloway was called in to attend a young man and found, on examination, patches of fungi as large as a silver quarter covering his throat. He prescribed this treatment with most remarkable success, the patient having recovered sufficient to attend to business in the course of a few days.

Socialism in Germany.

Judging from the official statistics of its growth, the advance of Socialism in Germany during the last few years must have been amazingly rapid. It was not till after the close of the Franco-German war, in 1871, that it assumed the character of a distinct political organization, and yet there are already in Berlin alone, by Prince Bismarck's own admission, no fewer than 60,000 avowed Socialists, or very nearly 1-10 of the whole population. Forty-one journals are actively engaged in advocating and disseminating Socialist doctrines, the total number of their subscribers being rated at 200,000. A powerful Socialist committee, officiated by able and energetic leaders, exists in the capital itself, and it is asserted on good authority, that one in every twenty-five adult Germans is a professed Socialist.

Italian Emigration.

LONDON, March 18.—Despatches from Rome state that the proposed departure of Menotti Garibaldi with 3,000 Italians, to form a colony in New Guinea, excites some remark. It is stated this expedition has been encouraged by the Government in order to tempt some of the more dangerous revolutionary characters of the Kingdom to leave. But in Radical Republican circles the esteem hitherto felt for General Garibaldi and his sons has very generally died out. The acceptance by Garibaldi of a pension by the Government has weakened his influence with the revolutionary classes. The suffering among the workmen of Rome and other chief cities of Italy has in no degree diminished. Wages are low, the essential necessities are extremely scarce, and a state of bitter disappointment and exasperation exists.

A Word to Husbands.

If you would keep alive the affection of your wife serve her in little things. Let her see and know that she is always in your thoughts; that whether present or absent, at home or away at your business, she is verily a part of your life. You doubtless won her heart by kindness, by manly gentleness, by little simple acts of loving forethought—a consideration of her interests and her happiness before your own, by utter abnegation of self for her sake. Now retain her heart by the same means. Do not think that because you are married it is simply her duty to love you, and that therefore a lover's pleasing winning attentions are no longer necessary. You are making the mistake that thousands of men, in the blindness of arrogant manhood, have made before you, and are making every day, for while a true woman will not deviate from her allegiance to her husband, yet that does not exonerate you from any negligence towards her. We all know that a woman is pleased with little attentions, but so is a man. If you are but half a man your heart will glow with pleased satisfaction at every word or act on her part showing loving thought for you. She wants the same devoted exclusiveness of thought on your part for her, remembering always that that politeness and deference to her wishes which as a lover you deemed necessary to win her, is needed just as much from her husband now that she is won.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Belleville.

Having now been some time in Belleville, I would like before leaving to give you some of my impressions concerning this thriving city. Geographically, Belleville occupies one of the loveliest spots in Ontario, standing as it does on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, with the sinuous river Moira capering through its centre, thus affording no mean scenic aspect. Next, to its location, the youthful city is to be admired in the superior order of its buildings. Front street is the main business street. Fine stores of every description may be found here, and judging from the number of teams which crowd thither every day, business must be in a healthy condition. There are not a few wealthy tillers of the soil in this vicinity. Prince Edward county, which lies across the Bay, is considered one of the most important agricultural districts in Ontario. They speak of throwing a bridge over the Bay, which would ensure uninterrupted communication between the city and the country, and much benefit commercial operations.

The population of Belleville is about 12,000, the Catholics forming a large percentage thereof. There are no less than 18 or 19 churches in the city, an indication of the religious disposition of its inhabitants. St. Michael's (R. C. Church) is under the charge of the Very Rev. Vicar-General Farrelly, a zealous worker in the vineyard of his Master. Through his energetic efforts a beautiful convent was opened by the Ladies of Loretto, which promises to be one of the first educational establishments in the land. The other schools are all that could be desired. Albert College is a classical establishment of long standing which has turned out men who are a credit to their Alma Mater. The institution for the deaf and dumb is pleasantly located west of the city, is liberally supported by the Government, and is doing a noble work. Two well conducted dailies, *The Ontario* and *The Observer*, are published in this town; both are well supported.

The Clergy of 17th.

The Irishmen of this town celebrated their National Anniversary by a grand concert in the Opera House, under the auspices of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, which really deserved the name of grand, for it was in every respect a complete success. At a few minutes after 8 o'clock, the President and officers of the Society, accompanied by the civic dignitaries and the officers of sister societies marched on the stage, the brass band playing "Come Back to Erin." Mr. Eugene McMahon, the President of the Society, then stepped forward and delivered a splendid address in which he explained its objects and views, also its financial position, which reflected credit on the Irishmen of Belleville. Mr. McMahon is a rising young barrister, a fluent and effective speaker; his address riveted the attention and challenged the admiration of the large audience (composed as it was of all nationalities) that filled nearly every available seat in the house. The society spared no expense to make the celebration a success, and were rewarded by the attendance of the elite of Belleville in a stinging manner. The programme opened with a song by Mr. Costello, "Like Me Like a Soldier Fall," which was well rendered, followed by Miss O. Carroll with "Kilmarney," sung with good taste. Mr. Downs, a member of the society, then appeared with "The Bold Hibernian Boys," and received a hearty encore, and responded with "Patrick, Mind the Baby," which fairly brought down the house. Miss Moran, of Chicago, next sang a foreign composition, which showed to advantage her wonderful compass of voice; receiving a well-deserved encore, to which she responded with a Scotch song—"The Laird and the Lowland Lassie," which was better understood and appreciated by the audience. Mr. Egan, of Hamilton, next appeared with—"Erin, Home of My Childhood," and gave the "Cruiskeen Lawn" as an encore. Of Mr. Egan's singing, it is unnecessary to say much, as he is known all over Canada as the happy possessor of a rich baritone voice, well cultivated. Miss Murty, of Paris, next favored the audience with "The Nightingale." Receiving an encore she responded with "Terence's Farewell to Kathleen," which evidently touched the hearts of the audience. Prof. Dawson, of the High School, then delivered an address, when after congratulating the Society on their success, gave a clear, lucid and logical explanation of what Home Rule for Ireland meant. He showed how prosperous Ireland was when she had a native parliament, even while such a large proportion of her people labored under great disabilities, and he quoted Pitt to show that the object of the Union was to enrich England and impoverish Ireland; and wound up by giving it as his opinion that Home Rule for Ireland was the only reasonable solution of Ireland's difficulty. A large number in the audience were evidently sceptical on the question, and it was nothing unusual to see venerable heads tossed back with an incredulous air when the Professor laid bare to their gaze some scathing but wholesome truths. The second part of the programme opened with Mr. Crozier singing "Hail Away Boys," and gave "An Oribble Tale" as an encore. Miss O'Carroll then gave "The Harp that once," and was encored. Mr. Egan made his appearance and sang "The Sailor's Return," and was encored. Miss Moran again delighted the audience with "The Last Rose of Summer." Then followed the Messrs. Crozier with a duet, Miss Moran and Mr. Egan, duet, all well rendered. It is doubtful if throughout this wide Dominion there was a better or more enjoyable concert than that which took place in Belleville last evening.

I fear, Mr. Editor, that I have trespassed too much on your valuable space, but I am certain your numerous readers here will appreciate your kindness if you will kindly insert the enclosed, and oblige

A SCHUBERT.

Belleville, March 18, 1879.

Nicolet College.

As usual, the Irish students of Nicolet College did not lose the least opportunity in celebrating with pomp and solemnity the feast of their glorious and immortal St. Patrick. The programme was perfect in every manner, thanks to the great endeavours of the committee of arrangements, who were the following gentlemen: R. S. Burke, T. J. Murphy, J. J. McEvoy, J. White and T. P. Hannan. The doors were opened at 7 o'clock and soon the hall, which was decorated with mottoes and pictures of every description, witnessed a great number of people, among whom we remarked the Rev. Faculty of the College, the parish priest and several others from Three Rivers.

The overture was opened by a fine oration—"The day we celebrate"—delivered by T. J. Murphy, who did justice to his subject and by his noble eloquence and gestures received from the audience great applause. The other orators of the day were R. S. Burke, L. N. Bernard and Jos. Dubig, who were not less remarkable than the former, and elicited both attention and applause from their hearers. Space will not allow me to describe here the names of the plays or actors, but I cannot help mentioning Burke, Murphy, Dubig and McLaughlin, who, by their animation and flow

of spirit, were the leading characters, and kept the audience in raptures of laughter. During the evening the college band, under the direction of P. Manseau, ecclesiastic, played some beautiful pieces which called to the minds of those present the national airs of green Erin.

In a word, the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was a great success, in every way far superior to the preceding years.

The 17th of March, 1879, will be long remembered in the hearts of those who had the honour of being present at the entertainment, and the Irish students of Nicolet College may be proud of the day, for they did credit to themselves and especially to the patron of "dear old Ireland." As a few of us will be soon leaving our Alma Mater, we trust that those who will succeed us hereafter will not forget St. Patrick's Day, and that the 17th of March will always be celebrated with the same pomp and solemnity as of old times.

V. P. H.

Kingston.

"Though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Though thy name, loved Erin, shall live in our song;
Not even in the hour when the heart is not gay,
Shall I lose its remembrance of thee and thy wrong."

The anniversary of Ireland's glorious apostle was ushered in here by a furious storm of wind and snow; yet the enthusiastic and warm-hearted Irish celebrated the day in a manner that reflects credit on them. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed in the following order:—Union Jack Battery Band, Banner; J. O. B. V. Oldham's Band, Banner; Y.M.S.B.A. Banner, Portsmouth St. Patrick's Society; Flag; C. B. U. Portsmouth; Banner, Christian Brothers' School; Banner, St. Patrick's Society; Band, Banner, Committee; President; and marched along Ontario to Barrack, thence to Wellington, along to Johnson. A halt being made at the Cathedral, the procession entered, but owing to the repairs that are going on in the church, the ceremonies could not be carried out as fully as was anticipated. However, Father McWilliam celebrated High Mass on the Low Altar; the choir was in full force and sang Weber's Mass in excellent style. At the Grand Mass the choir sang the *Ave Maria* in beautiful style, and during the Offertory Miss O'Reilly sang *Qui Tollis* in beautiful style, displaying her fine soprano voice. After the Gospel Father Twohey delivered a most eloquent sermon from Ecclesiastes 3, dwelling principally on the virtues of St. Patrick.

Immediately after mass the procession reformed and marched through the principal streets to the City Hall, where addresses were made by Alderman McGuire and Mr. Landgeon. The marshalls of the day, Messrs. Quinn, I.C.R.T., Eaves, Y.M.S.B.A., McLaughlin, St. P. Mooney, Portsmouth, and Peter Powers, C.B.N., deserve special mention for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves. The Irishmen are likewise indebted to Mayer (Gilderleeve) for his gentlemanly conduct in placing the whole police force at their disposal. In the evening a grand concert was given in the Opera House, consisting of songs by Mrs. O'Reilly, Messrs. Heath and Daley, Miss Bates, Miss Burton, Mr. Weber, Mr. Walker, piano duet by Messrs. Strachan and McIntyre, flute solo by Mr. Stephens, comic songs by Messrs. Rogers and Kelley. The whole proceedings were brought to a close without any trouble whatsoever.

Yours, etc.

Kingston, March 18, 1879.

Parish of St. Andrews, Argentuil.

St. Patrick's Day passed off very satisfactorily here. High Mass was celebrated at the request of the Catholic Union. The Rev. Father Champron, our worthy pastor, officiated and preached, in both languages, a most eloquent sermon on the good life and works of Ireland's patron saint. He also spoke in flattering terms of the organization of the Catholic Union.

We are very much indebted to the good Nuns of Providence, who, I must say, deserve special praise for the manner in which they decorated the church for the occasion, not forgetting those who presided at the organ, as well as those who sang in the choir. After Mass the members of the Union partook of a sumptuous lunch. Speeches were made by Messrs. John Kelly, John Brophy, John Fitzgerald, Odele Landonier, and other prominent members of the society. The remainder of the day was spent in a very becoming manner, Union men and the "Dear little Shamrock" being very conspicuous.

Yours, &c.

Carrillon, March 17, 1879.

St. Patrick's Day in Great Britain and Ireland.

LONDON, March 18.—Despatches from Dublin state that the celebration of St. Patrick's Day throughout Ireland was observed in the usual manner, the churches being crowded. In London, and throughout England, there were scarcely any outdoor observances of the day, but the Catholic churches were very numerous attended, and sermons in praise of the Saint were delivered. In the evening there were the usual banquets of the Irish societies. No disturbances took place save in Belfast, where very serious riots occurred. The animosity between Catholics and Orangemen in Belfast has always been extremely bitter, and on many occasions the utmost exertions of the police have been unable to prevent deplorable bloodshed. This morning, however, the Nationalists got up a parade of their own, and from which a great portion of the Catholic population abstained. The police interfered and a collision occurred, in which a number of shots were fired and many of the Nationalists were wounded. There is considerable excitement in Belfast over the affair.

St. Patrick's Night at St. Gabriel's.

The night of the 17th the good people of St. Gabriel's parish set another gem in the brilliant crown of St. Patrick's Day celebration. In the morning the youth, beauty and strength of the happy Irish and sons and daughters for the grand city display of patriotism. Equally praiseworthy and gratifying was the clastic and pleasing entertainment of the evening. In the hall of their school-house, a fresh monument of pastoral zeal, fond parents and patrons of education, in goodly numbers, closed the great day in a manner at once profitable to themselves and pleasing to their Patron Saint.

At 8 o'clock, amid the strains of "St. Patrick's Day," Fathers Salmon, Beaubien, Cordier, and other reverend friends, were welcomed among the happy parishioners. Despite the inclement weather, the hall was filled to repletion. City friends vied with those of the village to honor the occasion. The programme, select and varied, was carried out exceedingly well. Miss Josie Amund, dressmaker of the children's choir; Messrs. Delahunt, Theriault and Shea; in their respective roles, acquitted themselves admirably. But the role, par excellence, was allotted the children, and their success was remarkable. "Merry little birds" they were, indeed.

Their happy, cheerful faces, kindled with joy, reflected the purity and innocence of childhood's heart. Priest, people and children merit hearty congratulations. By the pastor's request, Father Mitchell, of Brooklyn, U. S., was present; though fatigued from his great and eloquent effort of the morning at St. Patrick's, he ably sang the praises of Erin's faith and Erin's love.

Explanation of Archbishop Parnell's Difficulties.

CINCINNATI, O., March 20.—A letter to the public from Archbishop Parnell states that it can be safely said that not more than \$500,000 was money deposited; the rest is the result of compound interest. He cites instances, and says the indebtedness of the diocese in equity does not amount to over \$1,000,000 at the highest. He says:—"For twenty years no general collection has been taken up for the support of the diocesan seminary, the entire burden of educating priests falling upon the Archbishop. He also paid the expenses during the same period for ecclesiastical students at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, in France and Rome. In twenty years these expenses, which, in justice, the whole diocese should have borne, amounted to a vast sum. While in Europe, he bought a library of 16,000 volumes, with philosophic apparatus, which, with the sum spent in building the orphan asylum, cathedral and other buildings, finally swamped me." The Archbishop then reviews the situation, declaring that but for the generous sympathy of Catholics and Protestants alike, he would have sunk under his troubles. He then appeals to all Catholics and others who feel for others' woes to help him.

St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School.

Brother Arnold invited the friends of the pupils of this school on Sunday, 16th inst., to witness the distribution of gifts and prizes to the scholars for good conduct and general efficiency.

The Rev. Father Hogan occupied the chair, and amongst those present we observed the Rev. Fathers, O'Reilly and Dunnet, J. E. Curran, Q.C., Alderman Donovan, Anthony Brogan, N.P. The proceedings were of a very interesting nature, and were opened by the choir of the boys, who sang a beautiful hymn to St. Patrick. The following was the programme of the performances:—Recitation, "O'Wen, the Outlaw," by Lawrence McInerney; song, "Erin March," W. P. Clancy; recitation, "Brian before the Battle," Augustus Martin; "Let Erin remember the days of old," James Carroll; "Last Words of Emmet," by Master Clancy. Also, a very interesting little drama in which several of the pupils took part, illustrating the beauties of truthfulness. Where every one performed their parts so well it were invidious to particularize, but certainly the talent of the youthful performers was something remarkable. After the distribution of testimonials Master Thomas O'Neil read an address to the Rev. Father Hogan, who replied in suitable terms, urging them to persevere in their course, and telling them it was a good thing to be good Christians, but it was a still better thing to work for the land in which they lived, and be good Christians and good Irishmen at the same time. At the request of Brother Arnold, Mr. Curran, Q.C., delivered a brief address in his usual eloquent style.

To Professor Wilson must be ascribed the proficiency of the pupils in vocal ability. St. Ann's School, we may remark in conclusion, is becoming more popular every day.

The "Irish Canadian" on Vice-Chancellor Blake.

TORONTO, March 18.—The *Irish Canadian* makes some serious charges against Vice-Chancellor Blake, and demands that they be taken up in Parliament. It alleges that, in suits to which Roman Catholics are parties, he discriminates against them. It also says that Catholic lawyers having cases in Chambers try to bring them before other Judges than Mr. Blake, and, if they fail, they relinquish their briefs to their Protestant brethren rather than prejudice their clients. It mentions, as an instance of Vice-Chancellor's leniency, the following:—In a case we shall not name, lest we should fall into an inaccuracy, a summons brought into Vice-Chancellor Blake's Court, as a witness, a Mother Superior of the Ladies of St. Joseph—whether Mother de Chantal or Mother Louise, we are unable to say—but we are quite confident in stating that it was either of those devoted ladies who appeared before His Lordship in the witness-box. In no wise interested in the case, the Good Mother appeared in it in obedience to the law of the land, and without any reason whatever for placing her outside the protection of the Court, to the extent of, at all events, the proprieties observed ordinarily by gentlemen to ladies. When asked her name, the witness answered by giving, as usual, her name in religion. The Judge, a man supposed to be a gentleman, a dignitary supposed to move in an atmosphere above the passions of brutal ruffianism, gave point to his scorn for the answer by the remark that it was one of those fine Italian names employed in such cases as a disguise for a Bridget Mulvey. The *Canadian* hints that the matter will be brought up in Parliament by Mr. Costigan.

School Art.

LORD DUFFERIN ON THE ART OF IMPROMPTU SPEAKING.—At Belfast Lord Dufferin, who is a patron of the Literary and Scientific Society there, was presented with an address from that body. The Rev. Dr. Henry introduced the President of the Society. Lord Dufferin was enthusiastically received. His speech, as might have been expected under the circumstances, referred principally to matters connected with education, and in the course of it he made some very excellent remarks, especially with regard to the art of impromptu speaking. He said: "It must be some comfort to know that I believe no great speaker ever addressed a public assembly without feeling the greatest possible trepidation, and undergoing nervous tremors of which the uninitiated can have no idea. I myself have seen the legs of one of the most famous orators of the House of Lords, to whom that audience ever listened with continuous delight, tremble like an aspen leaf during the first moments of the delivery of his speech. I have seen a Lord Chancellor absolutely break down, and a Prime Minister lose the thread of his discourse. I will also let you into another secret. I believe that no good speech—no really good and excellent speech—has ever been made without a considerable amount of preparation. I don't mean to say that a speech should be learned by heart, but unless a person who is called upon for one of those important efforts should consciously saturate himself with his speech, carefully to think out, at all events, the skeleton of his discourse, and even in the solitude of his chamber, or perhaps, which is better still, amid the din and bustle of a crowded street, should well resolve in his mind the words with which his ideas are intended to be clothed, in all probability his effort will not be worth a very great amount of attention."

Archbishop Lynch on Separate Schools.

TORONTO, March 19.—Archbishop Lynch, on Sunday, denounced from the pulpit those who recently induced the Legislature to appoint a committee to inquire into separate school matters.

Free Trade Society.

A society under the name of "The Gladstone Free Trade Society" was formed last week, in Montreal, by a number of young men, for the purpose of furthering the progress of free trade principles in, and watching the influence of protection on the commerce of Canada. The membership of the society is limited to a certain number, and the higher offices in the society are to be held by the members in rotation.

The Montreal "Gazette" on the threat of the Times.

If the *Times* understood questions relating to Canadian affairs which it undertakes to discuss, it would not fall into the erroneous blindness it now commits. As to a deplorable result emanating from the National Policy, we are quite ready to risk the catastrophe, and the *Times*, should its prophecy come true, as no one for a moment imagines, will have the satisfaction of finding its animosity to this country gratified.

Home Rule.

(London Telegram.)

In politics one must not lay down principles of universal application, but take into consideration facts and circumstances. Eventually the Irish will, I am convinced, have some sort of Irish assembly which will regulate things exclusively Irish. It is the part of a wise statesman rather to regulate the mission of this assembly so that it does not conflict with imperial interests than to oppose a *fait accompli* which is inevitable.

The "Times" on Protection in Canada.

New York, March 18.—The *Times* says the only intelligible feature of the Protectionist policy of Canada is its unfriendly spirit towards the United States. Mr. Tilley explains that the general purpose is to discriminate against Americans in favor of Great Britain. All the time, of course, friendly words are employed and Mr. Tilley declares the Government believe in a reciprocity of tariff. "Now, measured by population, the *Times* continues, the markets of this country are as nine or ten to one of Canada. As applied to agricultural products, reciprocity is not worth talking about."

Canadian "Loyalty."

(Toronto Telegram.)

The notice of motion given by Sir George Campbell in the Imperial Commons as to the expediency of cutting Canadian aid if she persisted in following a protectionist policy, to the detriment of English manufacturing interests, has been freely commented upon by the Canadian press. The general feeling is that as the Canadians have been accorded self-government, and as they have to raise the taxes for the maintenance of the Government and the Governor-General, they must be allowed to raise these taxes in the way they think best. The talk about loyalty is trash. Canada is as loyal to Great Britain to-day as ever she was, but at the same time she cannot be expected to be disloyal to herself.

Obit.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. John McDonald. He died yesterday at Lancaster, Ont. The Rev. gentleman is to be buried to-morrow. He is well-known in Upper Canada, and was universally beloved. When he came to Canada there were few churches in Ontario, certainly there were none from Windsor to Kingston. The country was wild and unsettled, and to him perhaps as much as anyone else, is due the progress the Church has made in the sister province. He was nearly 100 years of age, and he had travelled most of Ontario at a time when the Mission Stations were few and far between. He was Vicar-General of the diocese of Kingston for years, but owing to old age and infirmities, had retired and was living with his nephew at Lancaster, at the time of his death. He was familiarly known as "Father John," and he delighted the Scotch by preaching in Gaelic. There were few men who ever came to this country more universally beloved, and his death will cause general mourning.

DISTURBANCE IN A CHURCH.

A Gentleman "Protests" Against the Sermon—A Strange Occurrence.

On Sunday, 16th inst., a certain Presbyterian Church in this city was the scene of a slight interruption of the services, which is not without its comical aspects. Shortly before the sermon a gentleman who had imbibed of the strong stuff, not only cheered but intoxicated, entered the Church in the expectation of listening to a first class sermon on "The Word." From the first chapter of St. John it was not long before he was soundly asleep. It so happened that the minister chose for his subject the parable of "Lazarus and the Rich Man." He had just got warmed up to his subject, and was speaking of the crumbs which fell from the table of Dives, the rich man, when the slumberer awoke, and became thoroughly disgusted with the change of subject. He rose to his feet, and exclaimed:—

"I protest against this sermon. I have been led here under false pretences, *namely* to hear the Word, and now you're telling me about the crumbs. I protest against the crumbs—I want no crumbs."

After this delivery, he resumed his seat, filled with disappointment and disgust. It is needless to state that the strange appearance of the disturber, and his wild talk, caused considerable commotion and amusement amongst the congregation. He was soon snoring again, and the sermon proceeded as if nothing had happened. The Rev. gentleman shortly after touched on the dogs licking the sores of Lazarus, and was