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IRISH NEWS.

A home for wandering dogs is to be provided for out of the city rates in Dublin. The Oblate Fathers from Inchicore opened a mission on Sunday at St. John's Cathedral, Limerick.

The Lord Lieutenant, by an order published in the Dublin Gazette, has revoked the license of the well-known Belfast solicitor, Mr. John Bea, to carry on his arms.

A preliminary meeting was held at the Gresham Hotel to consider a project for introducing into Ireland the American system of preparing condensed peat fuel.

Mr. Sullivan's Saturday Closing Bill proposes that in the five towns of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford all public houses shall close at 6 p. m. on Saturdays, and in all other towns at 8 p. m.

The Registrar-General still records Dublin as the most unhealthy city in the kingdom, the death-rate for the past week being returned as 43 per 1,000, exceedingly by 9 that of Manchester, which shows the highest mortality in Great Britain.

A Leeds correspondent writes on Tuesday night:—Father Kirby, O.M.I., of Inchicore, is conducting a very successful mission at Mount St. Mary's, Leeds. On Sunday evening, when the mission opened, the magnificent church of the Oblate Fathers, situated on Richmond Hill, Leeds, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The tenants on the estate of John Maguire, Esq., of Fintona, held their farms under a lease at almost nominal rents. The last life expired a few months ago, and arbitrators were appointed to fix the rents. The arbitration gave satisfaction to all concerned, but Mr. Maguire struck off from 10 to 15 per cent. of the rents settled by it.

At the meeting of the Limerick Rural Sanitary Board, the chairman gave a very distressing account of the misery prevailing in certain districts of the county. He said there were some 1,500 people living in the locality over which St. Luke Bog extended. The place was a sort of lagoon. At times the waters which flooded it became stagnant, and the most offensive odours prevailed; and owing to the distress which existed the people of the locality were dying by the dozen.

The Congregation of the Mission has sustained a severe loss in the Rev. James Dixon, who died at one o'clock on Monday morning, to the inexpressible grief of his attached community and a wide circle of friends. Father Dixon, brother of the late Primate, the saintly Dr. Dixon, was born in the year 1816, near Dungannon, in the historic county of Tyrone. On the death of the Rev. Michael Burke he was appointed Superior of the important missionary house of St. Peter, Philadelphia.

The Empress of Austria hunted with the Meath hounds recently. The meet took place at Mr. Thompson's of Holywood Park. The Duchess of Marlborough was present, and Earl Spencer took part in the hunt. On Saturday her majesty hunted with the Kildare hounds which met at Donadea Courthouse. With the Empress were Prince Liechtenstein, Lord Spencer, Captain Middleton, Major Kearney, &c., on Monday the Empress was out with the "Wards." She rode Mr. Morogh's famous mount, Ward Union, and was in front from find to finish.

By the death of the Rev. Father Pacificus, which occurred at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, the Church has lost one of her most zealous sons amongst the missionary priesthood. Rev. Father Farrell (in religion Father Pacificus, of the Congregation of the Cross and Passion) was born in Dublin about 1838. He was at first engaged in commercial pursuits, but showed his devotion to the Holy See by volunteering as a Papal Zouave and fighting at Castelfidardo. In 1867 he entered the Congregation of the Cross and Passion at their house in Worcester, and was ordained a priest in 1873. His life since then has been a record of missions and hard work.

Railways in the United Kingdom. The British Board of Trade shows the total mileage of railways in the United Kingdom to be 17,077 miles, of which 12,098 miles are in England, 3,776 in Scotland and 2,203 in Ireland. There was an increase of 205 miles over 1876. The total amount of nominal capital was \$3,370,295,240.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. NEVER FAIL TO KEEP A BOX OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges in the house, and when Johnny or Mary drops a little, or picks his or her nose, or has a bad breath, give him or her one, and watch the result. If they have worms, out they will and must come; for the two don't keep company together.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS MAY BE CORRECTED either in early or later stages, by the use of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA or Family Linctant. It is strange that people will postpone buying a medicine so necessary to health as the above until sickness attacks them. It should ever be in the house. HEADACHES.—Spring and early summer are the seasons of the year at which most persons suffer from headaches, produced almost invariably by a sluggish and disorganized liver. Dr. Harvey's Anti-Bilious and Purgative Pills have been compounded with especial reference to the correcting and toning up of that most wonderful organ—the liver.

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.—Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the only thing that mothers can rely upon for their children. It corrects acidity of the stomach, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. During the process of teething, its value is incalculable. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain, thereby giving rest to the child, and comfort to mother.

A MAD SOLDIER IN A CHURCH.

Extraordinary Scene—Attacking the Altar with a Sword. (Catholic Times March 7th.)

It is hardly possible to conceive the sensation excited in Warrington last Sunday when it became known that one of the sergeants of the Militia Staff, by name John Smith, had drawn his sword in St. Alban's Catholic Church, and attempted to destroy the altar. The unfortunate man attended the last Mass, which was celebrated by Father Cody, O.S.B. When Mass was over the priest retired to the vestry, and the congregation began to pour out of the church. At this moment Smith, who is a man of mature age, drew his sword, rushed up to the altar, and began to slash about with all the fury of a maniac. He attracted instant attention, of course; but the spectators were paralysed at the sight. They could not realise it immediately, and paused. The priest, brief as he was, facilitated Smith's object, for he cut as vigorously and as rapidly as he was able. Then there was a rush to arrest him. He turned around, swinging his sword, and the first that approached narrowly escaped a cut aimed directly at him. But Colour-Sergeant Burns, who was one of the foremost of those that ran to the rescue, seized him from behind and disarmed him. Father Cody was in the meantime receding from the vestry by the clamour, and he laboured to subdue the dangerous excitement of the people. Constable Brown, who had been at Mass, and witnessed the incident, took Smith in custody, and sent for more police. The prisoner was got safely into the vestry, where he was kept till the arrival of several constables, and then he was removed to the workhouse. It transpired subsequently that he was labouring under various delusions, one of which was that the Roman Church ought to be destroyed. For some time he had occupied himself with writing on political and other subjects, and inditing letters to leading men. But before last Sunday there was apparently nothing in his conduct so outrageous as to call for action on the part of his superiors. The feeling aroused through the town when the intelligence spread was very strong, especially amongst the Catholics, but the general consciousness that he was the victim of insanity softened irritation.

He was brought before the Magistrate on Monday following, and a constable testified that, were it not for the kindness of the priest, the congregation would have killed Smith. Major Godfrey, who appeared in court to watch the case, said he was quite of Mr. Moore's opinion that the man was not responsible for his actions. But he wished to state that the man's condition was not the result of drunkenness. A more steady man could not be found. The letter which he would hand to the bench was written before he committed this act, and he believed there were other letters too which he had written of a similar kind, which would go to show the state of his mind. Major Godfrey then handed up to the bench a letter dated Warrington, March 1, and addressed to the colonel of the regiment. The following is an extract from the letter:—

"Now's the day and now's the hour Here approach the Roman power, See the front of battle lower— Pophish chains and slavery. Who so base as be a slave? Who will fill the coward's grave? Let him turn and flee."

I have set myself the task of pulling down the Roman Church, and of crushing the Pope and all his satellites under foot, and mean to succeed. What Luther and his associates failed in I will accomplish."

Mr. Moore—He has written to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and done all kinds of things. Father Cody—It is not our wish to punish this poor man. There is only this. We think, looking at the matter calmly, that he is certainly not a fit subject to be at large. I have read the letter which is before the bench, and on reading that I may say that I have never read a more incoherent document in my life. You will see he has made statements—ridiculous statements—there which no man in sound mind could possibly make. He is a man, I believe, in no way given to drink.

Major Godfrey—I cannot speak too highly of the man. The Mayor—Have you nothing to say? Defendant—Yes, sir. I have a lot of papers here which are of the greatest importance to the world at large (addressing to a drawer which was in court, containing a number of foolscap sheets of paper, on which there seemed to be some writing. His sword was placed on the top of them. Defendant continuing: The papers I have here will lead up to it. The thing has been meditated for a long time. A life-sized thing was laid outside the chapel like a corpse, and—

The Mayor (interrupting him)—We cannot listen to this. Defendant—And the figure of the dead Christ—(defendant was here prevented saying any more). The Mayor—We remand you till Friday. He was then put down.

Shorthand Made Easy —A reporting machine at the Paris Exposition, known as "La machine Stenographique Michela," the latter being the name of its inventor, attracted much attention. The claims made respecting it are, that after a fortnight's practice, any person can take down in shorthand characters a speech however rapidly delivered. It is a small instrument, piano-like in form, with twenty-two keys, white and black, and the stenographic characters are small and impressed on slips of paper. Signor Michela claims to have classified all the sounds which the human organs are capable of producing, and to have so constructed his machine that it shall report with unerring fidelity whatever is said in German, French, Italian, Spanish and English. The machine is highly ingenious, and seems to have stood several practical tests satisfactorily.

Chinamen and Their Queues.

There is an ordinance in San Francisco that requires the Sheriff to cut off the queues of Chinamen who are sent to the county jail. One prisoner, who was thus treated, sued the Sheriff after regaining his liberty; he denied the constitutionality of the ordinance, and the question thus raised has been under consideration by a United States Judge for some time. Meanwhile, the sheriff continues to cut them off as fast as he gets jurisdiction over them, and the Chinamen are bringing so many suits against him for reparation, that the Board of Supervisors have found it necessary to provide extra counsel for his defence.

A Welcome for Grant.

A letter received at the headquarters of the Union Pacific Railroad details a plan for a grand excursion from Washington to San Francisco, about the 1st of August next, to receive and welcome ex-President Grant on his return from the Orient. The writer states he has spent some weeks at Washington, conversed with leading Senators and Representatives, and that many favor the project enthusiastically. Particulars of a trip through Indiana, correspondence with Kellogg and Pitkin in Louisiana, and other details are given which indicate that from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand persons would join in the excursion. Preparations for such an excursion would require much time, and the letter is written to secure reduced rates previous to any public announcement. It is stated that every State in the Union will be represented, and the excursion will require from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five trains of ten cars each.—New York Herald.

The Afghans.

(Z. B. Gustafson, in Harper's for March.) The Afghans are tall, of large and well-knit frames, muscular and hardy. Their strong heavy features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—their lids tinged with white and with a gleam of fire, so that their swiftness and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from the forehead to the top of the head, the rest falling in black, thick masses to the shoulders. The dress of the people is of cotton, or of cloth called burka, made of camel's hair, and is worn in two long and very full robes, the material used by the wealthy classes being of silk or cambric; blue or white turbans and slippers complete the costume. The garments of the young chiefs are often quite gay with gold lace or gold thread embroidery. This ornamentation is done by the women in the harems, who are very skilful with the needle. Comte de Gobineau, in his "Lomances of the East," thus describes a young Afghan chief, whose name was Moshen, meaning beautiful: "His complexion was richly tawny, like the skin of fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a sweeping and rather long sliken moustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was cleanly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-backed. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the pure Afghan blood flowed in his veins." The beauty of young Afghans is often spoken of by eastern writers, but it would seem from the very nature of things as though this glowing description must be overdrawn; just as the handsome, pensive young Uncas of our well-beloved West Indian romance, recognized in the modern Modoc. Still, abundant testimony claims a dark and hardy beauty for the Afghan in his prime.

Charles Reade's War Letter.

(London Telegraph.)

It is not necessary to be outwitted by the Zulus. People that go to war should immediately rub up their wits. If they have to encounter savages superior in numbers and knowledge of the ground, and armed no longer with stone arrows and bone spears, but guns and rifles, the very first question they should ask themselves is this: Does all our superior science furnish us with no engine of war to turn the scale? Now we do possess an engine of modern warfare that ought to have been in that unlucky camp, since no German nor French army would have invaded even a strange and wooden country without it. I mean a balloon à la corde. A very small one would have raised a man 1,000 feet and shown him in a moment the shallow secrets of Zulu strategy. Lateral ambuscades, though in jungle, are no ambuscades to a scout looking down vertically with a powerful binocular and sweeping thirty miles at a glance. The nation therefore will feel obliged to the War Office if it will send out not a great many more soldiers to be knocked on the head, but a few more soldiers, more ammunition, more balloons, more gasometers, more binoculars and—more brains. Paris, for her amusement, raised twenty-five people in a balloon 2,400 feet several times every day. Cannot England raise one drummer boy or one gallant little officer—"Ingentes animos augusto peroto versans"—1,200 feet to protect her chivalry from silly slaughter? No doubt it is much harder to generate gas in a camp than in a city, but it has been done in camp, and therefore can be done again and ought to be done, though a jury of inventors should have to be convoked. When civilized nations meet in battle, glory may be gained though life is lost; but those who send our heroes to fight with savages should attack defensively, and cudgel their brains a bit, grudging so base an enemy the life of a single British soldier, and the tears of those who mourn him. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES READE.

No 10 Albert Gate, Knightsbridge.

Albo-Carbon.

In the absence of the promised electric light of Edison, it seems that the albo-carbon light is destined to be that of the future. It derives its title from the use of small cylinders of almost pure white carbon in connection with the ordinary gas now in use. The apparatus, in the case of single lights, consists of a metallic chamber of spheroidal form, fixed at a small distance from the burner. In this the albo-carbon is placed, it becomes liquefied by the heat, and gives off an odorless vapour which mingles with the gas, and so enriches it as to produce a light of great power and brilliancy. Its use involves no changes in the ordinary system of gas supply, and the simple machinery required to adapt the albo-carbon to an ordinary gas burner can be adjusted by any one skilful enough to trim and fill an ordinary oil lamp. It was tried at the Royal Westminster Aquarium with results so very good that it has taken the place of the usual gas light in the building. At Dundee also the tests revealed its excellent qualities, and there is little doubt that it will be soon extensively used.

Escape of a Drunken Montreuil in New York.

A strange looking individual, badly afflicted with the walking mania, who gave his name as Rufus Sly, and who said he was from Montreal, was brought before Justice O'terbourg yesterday, in the Tombs Police Court, charged with disorderly conduct. The previous evening an officer saw Sly, wearing only his pantaloons and carrying his coat on his arm, walking down Broadway in hot haste, followed by a large and howling crowd. Sly being bare from the hips up, it was the general opinion he was a lunatic just escaped from Gilmore's Garden, and the officer, out of kind regard and for the gentleman's own protection, took him into custody, Justice O'terbourg asked Sly several questions, and from his answers, which showed him to be possessed of a very high opinion of himself as a pedestrian, the magistrate concluded that his mind was deranged, and committed him for examination by the prison physician. The latter made a diagnosis of Mr. Sly's case, and pronounced him not insane, but suffering from alcoholism. Sly, in speaking to a Times reporter, said his proper name was Purly, and that in Great Britain he was looked upon as a pedestrian of note. He claimed to have given exhibitions in Liverpool, Glasgow, London, and various other places. For the past three years he has been employed as a forist in Montreal. His desire to prove to the world his abilities as a pedestrian led him to come to New York to participate in the international walking match, but as he failed to find any backers, and as he was roughly handled by Captain Williams on Sunday night, when the outside crowd was going to tear down Gilmore's Garden, his brightest hopes were dispelled, and feeling sad over his disappointment and the "indignities" which he was subjected to, he drowned his sorrow in a prolonged spree, which culminated in his arrest as an alleged lunatic.—New York Times, March 14th.

Entertainment—St. Patrick's School, Alexander Street.

On Saturday, the 15th instant, we had the pleasure of being present at a literary and musical entertainment, given by the pupils of St. Patrick's School, Alexander street, as a tribute of affection to their esteemed and venerated pastor, the Rev. Father Dowd. On the platform we noticed the following gentlemen:—Rev. Father Dowd, patron of the school, in the chair; Rev. Fathers Hogan, St. Ann's; Lenoir, St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Arnold, Director St. Ann's School, and Prof. McKay. The programme, which was exceedingly select and admirably executed, consisted of music, songs and dialogues, at once evincing the high standard of education imparted in this institution. The piece de resistance was a motrical cantata entitled, "Red Riding Hood," in which the Misses McShane performed their respective parts with an accomplishment and grace calculated to give this institution a name second to none under the charge of the Sisters of the Congregation. Miss McCaffrey, a blooming child of nine summers, as Red Riding Hood, showed signs of careful training and marked ability, but why particularize where all did well? An original song entitled the "School Girls' Chorus," written by one of our finest musical critics, deserves particular mention, not only for its intrinsic value of the words, but for its beautiful musical setting, and its charming rendition by the choir. On concluding the programme, the Rev. Father Dowd addressed the pupils in language singularly beautiful and appropriate—language well calculated to fill their hearts with the love of virtue; to enrich their minds with the gifts of knowledge, and to enable their souls to perform their duties here, and to stand on high vantage ground when they leave this cradle of their being, for an eternal existence beyond the grave. The good Sisters of St. Patrick's School are to be congratulated on the success attending their efforts. They realize and act upon the fact that next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education; that whatever is great, or good, or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds; that religion, however, loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education, and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids.

The Little Paper.

Our little contemporary, the Berlin Daily News, complains because the Post called it a "little paper." Our contemporary appears to have misunderstood us. We referred to mind more than matter, to quality more than quantity.

Hard Times.

The hard times are telling even on the English landed gentry. The number of country seats now advertised to let is greater than has been the case for many years, and it is said that among those which are likely to receive a new tenant is Drayton Manor, the residence of Sir R. Peel.

George Augustus Sala.

Mr. G. A. Sala, writing in the Illustrated London News of the "higher education of women," holds that if clever girls were "taught to point on porcelain, to model in clay and wax, to carve, and especially to draw on wood, they would be a hundred times better employed and fifty times nearer the possibility of earning from three to ten pounds sterling a week than in 'spanking' the piano."

Tom Moore.

Lord O'Hagan has consented to deliver the oration on the hundredth anniversary of Thomas Moore's birth-day and D. Florence McCarthy has consented to write the ode. Says a patriotic Irishman:—"While a note of Ireland's unrivalled music lives, Moore's poetry will not cease to delight mankind. Ireland might well, indeed, be accounted dead to every sentiment of pride and patriotism if she did not make an effort worthily to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth in Aungier street of the author of the imperishable 'Melodies.'"

Storms.

Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, lectured recently at the London Institution on "Storms." Our knowledge of the rate of the movement of storms was still but small. Some have been known to travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and this, too, was known—that the rate of movement had no necessary connection with violence. For example, the violent West India hurricanes move at from ten, fifteen or twenty miles an hour at the greatest. As regards the distance storms travelled, the longest recorded was in August, 1873; it was traced for nearly a fortnight.

Great Warriors.

(Pecora Journal.) The greatest military geniuses of modern times have their headquarters in newspaper offices. Seated upon the editorial tripod they fight heavy campaigns and wage in gore—on paper. The moment a general in the field is unsuccessful, these home warriors simultaneously wave their glittering pens and shout for his recall. The English press are now howling themselves hoarse in urging the government to supersede Lord Chelmsford, commanding the troops in Zululand. How so many able and warlike chieftains became editors is a mystery, unless it be they early realized that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Beating the Lion in His Den.

An Englishman writes to the London Standard a wonderful letter upon the invasion of the British markets by American manufacturers. He found in his travels that American calicoes and cotton had superseded the same sorts of English goods on the Continent. Coming home he found his ironmonger selling American spades, saws, chisels, hammers and axes, and other dealers with stocks of American locks, bolts, stoves and lamps. American leather is sent to England to be made up into shoes. English carriages are built out of materials which have crossed the Atlantic. States are now quarried in the United States to roof English homes. "My procer, my butterman, and probably my butcher," says this writer, "deal largely in American goods of all kinds; even the cigarette which he smokes are made in Richmond, Va., and the pen with which he writes comes not from Birmingham, but from an American manufactory."

DEATH OF A JESUIT FATHER.

The Funeral Service—A Solemn and Impositing Ceremony.

On Saturday morning, the 22nd instant, in the Church of the Gesù, the last rites of the Catholic Church were performed over the remains of the late Father Hudon, Society of Jesus. The edifice was heavily draped in mourning, the catafalque being placed within the sanctuary rails. A large congregation assembled to assist at the Mass for the dead, amongst whom was the father of the deceased. The ceremony commenced by a procession of acolytes and chorists, bearing lighted tapers preceding the coffin, which was borne by four senior members of the Order, the whole taking their places in the sanctuary, and presenting a grandly solemn spectacle. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass then proceeded, His Lordship Bishop Fabre officiating, assisted by four deacons, the Office of the Dead being chanted by the Rev. Father Lory. After the conclusion of the Mass, the remains were disrobed of their sacerdotal garments, and conveyed by the Order to the hearse for interment at the Noviciate, Sault au Recollet. The funeral was attended by all the college students, who seemed deeply affected by the loss of one who had, in life, always been a father and a favorite amongst them.

The Rev. Father Hudon was the eldest son of Mr. Victor Hudon, of this city, and was born on the 10th of March, 1838. He received his education at the Jesuit's College, and when only eighteen, by his superior intelligence and sincere piety, was admitted to the Order of Compagnie de Jesus. In life he possessed a vivacious and joyous temperament. His appearance being always hailed with pleasure by the students with whom he was a decided favorite. Possessing great musical abilities he established the College choir, which under his instruction greatly prospered. His memory will be ever green in the hearts of those who knew him.—Requiescat in pace.

More About the Passion Play in Quebec.

Thirty-three years ago a representation of the "Passion Play" was enacted at Quebec before an immense audience. It was looked upon by the entire community as sacrilegious and blasphemous; but, nevertheless, the theatre was crowded to repletion. In the crucifixion scene, wherein the Saviour was nailed to the cross, the stage appliances and curtains caught fire, and a general stampede occurred. Upward of fifty were burned or trampled to death. This, at the time, was looked upon as a special interposition of Divine Providence because of the profane character of the play, and, to this day, the singular conflagration is talked of with only shuddering thoughts. No "Passion Play" has been attempted in this country since that time.

The Deepest Mine in the World.

The deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adhabet lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,837. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridges in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in the same country is the Yellow Jacket of the Conestock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface of the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,293 feet below the Gould & Curry workings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third, both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

The Alaska Dilemma.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 18.—A gentleman recently arrived from Sitka says the present threatened danger in Alaska is greatly exaggerated; that every person acquainted with the facts sees nothing but trouble arising from whiskey, and the mixing of white men with the savages, which will unfortunately be intensified by Indian remembrance of gross outrages endured at the hands of the military in the past. The first trouble there was the result of military murder, which the Government should now investigate, and, if possible, punish the perpetrators. General Davis might be induced to tell before a Court of Inquiry who gave the first whiskey to the Indian chief, and the trouble that followed by drunken officers in command neglecting to withdraw previous orders. On one occasion three Indians were shot and killed by a soldier on duty. From that evening, ten years ago, to the recent killing of Brown, the Indians have been wonderfully forbearing.

Russia's Two Plagues.

LONDON, March 4, 1879.—A strange charge is now made against the Russian Nihilists. The correspondent of the London Daily News says that the belief prevails in St. Petersburg that they are interested in spreading reports concerning the plague. It is said that two of Professor Botkin's assistants are leading Nihilists. The day before the bulletin was issued concerning the death of St. Petersburg, exultingly declaring that Professor Botkin had a case of the plague in his hospital. This story must be taken for what it is worth. At Kiel, the St. Petersburg Official Messenger says, the police have discovered a secret printing press. On entering the apartment the police and gendarmes were met by a storm of bullets. One officer of the gendarmes was wounded. Eleven men and five women were arrested. Four of the former were dangerously wounded. On the premises upon which the gendarmes made the descent were found and seized printing material, counterfeit seals of public departments, forged documents, revolutionary pamphlets and a number of revolvers and poniards. Inquiry into the affair is in progress.

Home Rule for Alsace.

BERLIN, March 22.—In the debate in the Reichstag, last night, on a motion for the establishment of an autonomous government for Alsace and Lorraine, representatives of those provinces desired an independent administration with a Governor to reside in Strasbourg, and a Landtag with the right of initiative and representation in the Bundesrath. Schneegans said that under the present system they did not feel themselves to be citizens of a well ordered State, but of an occupied country. Give them but independence and they would become, not a bone of contention but bonds of union between two civilized people, a bridge by which the benefits of both might be exchanged and a means of international reconciliation. Bismarck's speech was distinguished by its moderation and spirit of concession. He said the remarks Herr Schneegans made a favorable impression upon him, which would have been better had not his purport contained an appeal to Paris, which could find no echo in Berlin, and an appeal which pictured Alsace-Lorraine as neutral territory to which the claims of France would be as justifiable as those of Germany. Bismarck said in all that we conceded in the way of autonomy we must consider the safety of the empire not only in quiet times like the present, but also in the less peaceful. The question as to the separation of Alsace from Lorraine should remain open. Perhaps Alsace would be more rapidly and solidly organized if it did not remain homogeneous with Lorraine. Finally, the good sense of the population of Alsace would work against the Parisians, between whom and Frenchmen there is a wide distinction among those who remain in the province. If Germany was quiet and had patience, this German oak, formerly pulled down by the French and now propped up by the Germans, would regain its strength. Let us see that it does. The speech was loudly applauded throughout the house.

The Shamrock From Home.

The following was received in a letter, which contained some shamrocks, from Ireland—

Do you think of the land, with its beauty so rare, with its high mountain peaks, and its valleys so fair, where the birds sing so sweetly, on bush and on tree, I remember you said they spoke over of me. Do you think of the days that are now past and gone, like the bright morning light, when the evening comes on, to recall our fond love, and where'er you may roam, I send you a dear little Shamrock from home.

CHORUS. There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

I know well that though wandering your heart will be true, that there is not a land but old Ireland for you. And I know that you think of the days that are past. While your heart beats I know your fond memory will flash on you, you will wear those sweet leaves on your heart. And, in thought, on St. Patrick's day take a There is no leaf in the world, where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

CHORUS. There is no leaf in the world where'er you may roam, so fair as the dear little Shamrock from home.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical Story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Ludlow did not at first reply to this question. His haggard features were distorted, and his thin, long, bony fingers trembled as they clasped the stem of the goblet before him. "The third," said he, in a low, hoarse voice, "is the most formidable of them all."

"How is that possible?" asked Lawson, astonished, not less at the assertion, than the agitation of the weak, deformed, and withered object before him. "How can there possibly be a more formidable claimant to the land than the original owner, or the rightful heir to that owner?"

"False pleas and fictitious statements may defeat the Colonel and his son," replied Ludlow. "The false plea of the Irish mass-mercers may serve as a bar to the one, false testimony as to the birth and education of the other may brand the heir as an impostor, and so deprive him of his rights, whilst the truthful allegation, which neither will attempt to deny, that they are Papists, will be sufficient to prejudice the Irish law courts, the Castle, and the English Parliament against them. Such, however, is not the case with Kathleen Fitzpatrick."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick?" cried Lawson, "a woman! who is she? I never heard of her before."

"Kathleen Fitzpatrick," replied Ludlow, "is the niece of him whose lands we occupy. She is the daughter of a younger brother. She has been educated in the religion of her mother—a Church of England Episcopalian. She is, I have heard, the protegee of the Duke of Ormond, and by that powerful nobleman, it is said, her claim to her uncle's estate will be maintained. If these reports be true, our hold upon her uncle's lands is not worth a year's purchase."

"You have devised a scheme for rendering that claim of no avail," said Lawson, with an ominous frown: "let me know what it is, that I may aid it: for here, I admit my will is at fault."

"I have, as you say, devised such a scheme," replied Ludlow, "and it is comprised in a single word—marriage."

"Marriage! Marriage!" cried the astonished Lawson. "Marriage with whom?"

Ludlow made no reply in words, but laying his hand on his heart, nodded to his companion.

"Marriage with you!" added Lawson, unable to suppress his feelings of surprise. "What age is the maiden?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she in any way deformed?"

"She is as straight as a rush, fair as a lily, fresh as a half-blown rose."

"And you propose to unite yourself in marriage with all these perfections?"

"I do."

"And how think you, Edward,—do not mean to offend you,—but how do you suppose will your personal defects, your gashed face, your—I cannot refrain from saying such a hideous appearance be received by such a young beauty? How can you hope your proposals will be favourably regarded. How can you imagine you will be accepted?"

"I mean to wed, not to woo her," replied Ludlow, whose changing colour showed how keenly he felt the remarks of Lawson upon his personal defects.

"Oh! I perceive," said Lawson, "you contemplate a forced marriage, you're thinking of that which is a frequent practice in this country,—the forcible abduction of an heiress."

"Precisely so," answered Ludlow, "and there are numberless instances to show in Ireland, that many an unwilling bride has in a short time become a dutiful, a loving, and an obedient wife. Be you ready, whenever I may require your presence, with twenty armed horsemen to aid me, and in less than a week afterwards I shall be the husband of the fairest girl and the greatest fortune in Ireland,—of no less a personage than the Lady Kathleen Fitzpatrick, of Gowran Castle."

"Hush! Edward," said Lawson hastily, "you forget you are in a public room; and you speak so loudly you can be overheard. I have, for instance, remarked, that ever since you mentioned the name of a certain fair lady, that smooth-faced, antiquated knave in the compartment opposite to us, has been listening to every word you said. If he has heard all, he bears with him a secret which we cannot allow him to carry out of this room. I will therefore fasten a quarrel upon him."

As Lawson spoke, he filled out a cup of wine, and then bearing it in one hand, and his sword in the other, he approached the seat where the old rustic was apparently still engaged with his dinner, and thus addressed him—

"Good sir, I perceive you drink beer and not wine. I have, then, to request of you to drink this wine, and at the same time to give us a toast: 'A plague upon Pope and Popery, priests, pagns, nuns, and friars!'"

"Sir, I do not know you," replied the old man, dressed as a rustic. "I seldom drink wine; I never do so with strangers; and the sentiments I express are my own, and never dictated to me by another."

"Good sir," sneeringly remarked Lawson, "I suspect you are a Popish priest; I believe you have been playing the spy upon me and my companion, and therefore I propose this toast as a test of your sincerity and loyalty."

New mark what I say to you, If you refuse the wine, I shall scatter it over your person; and if you decline the toast in the very words I have uttered, I shall inflict upon you the bastinado.

"Sir, you thus insult me," meekly replied the rustic, "because you see that I am a man of peace, that I am old, and that I wear no sword."

"But," I do said the stranger, dressed in a brown suit, as he stepped from the box in which he had been seated, "and I not only know how to handle it, but also how to use the wine goblet, which this tavern brawler has tendered to you."

As the stranger thus spoke, he snatched the goblet from the hands of Lawson, and flinging the contents in his face, he cast the goblet itself at Ludlow, striking him on the forehead, and as he did so drew his sword, and thus addressed them.

"Ruffians, kidnappers, and scoundrels! I know you both. I have heard you both mention in a public tavern the name of a lady with whose family I have the honour to be acquainted. Come on, therefore, one or both—that I may punish you on the spot where such an outrage on a lady's fair name was perpetrated."

Whilst the stranger was still speaking, the huge hanger of Lawson was uplifted, and aimed with a giant's force at the head, in the hope of breaking his guard, and cutting him down; but the blow so aimed was not only vigorously parried, but the keen blade of the stranger slid like lightning along the sword fingers of his right hand, and with a roar of agony the huge sword was relaxed from the ruffian's grasp, and fell useless to the earth.

Ludlow, in his confusion, was unable to draw his sword before the persons assembled in the coffee-room rushed between the combatants.

"What means this scandalous riot in my orderly house?" inquired the burly, fat, contented, red-faced landlord, as he rushed into the midst of the crowd who separated the stranger and Ludlow, who now stood with drawn swords, glaring at each other.

"Honest John Elliott," said the stranger in the brown suit, pointing at the infuriated Ludlow, and the enraged Lawson, "there are the disturbers of the peace,—there are the shameless brawlers. The old tall man was for forcing one of your peaceful guests to drink wine he did not like, and to propose a toast of which he did not approve; whilst the other, that pale, ugly, ill-looking catfif yonder, had the presumption to speak in terms of disparagement of a fair lady, who, if not known, is, I am sure, highly respected by you. In your absence, John Elliott, I was punishing those vile and scandalous disturbers of the peace."

"Good Master Brown, I am much indebted to you for your volunteer services on my behalf; but where is the peaceable, wine-hating guest for whose protection you interfered?"

"Where is he?" "A catfif," replied the man in brown, "I cannot tell, John Elliott; but here he sat, and here he has deposited a piece of gold to defray the expenses of his dinner, and whatever other refreshment you may have supplied him with."

"I call to witness, then," added the landlord, "that I stand indebted to that stranger many shillings; but go your ways, good Master Brown, it is not safe your tarring longer under this roof. A man named 'Fidge' has but this instant called to say he would wish to speak with you at nine, beneath the arch of Danie's gate. I was on the way to deliver you that message when I heard the clash of your swords."

"Thanks! Master Elliott, but look to that vile old Cromwellian yonder. Be assured that good food and rich wine were never wasted on two greater villains than himself and his associate,—the fellow with the scarred face. Farewell!"

"Farewell—farewell," said honest John Elliott, as he looked with admiration at the tall figure and vigorous form of the man in brown, as he bounded out of the room.

"That Master Lawson," continued the landlord, as he advanced to the seat on which the wounded man was now resting, and vainly endeavoring to stop the blood which poured out from his hand. "Good Master Lawson, I am grieved to see you so suffering. What an ugly wound it is! permit me to bind it up for you. Ha!" added Elliott, as he examined the gashed fingers, "this is a very awkward wound, indeed! It is to be hoped you may not lose the use of your right hand. How came you to hold your weapon so awry? What a swordsman that Master Brown is! I think he must have learned to fence in Paris; for he has cuts, and thrusts, and parries utterly unknown to us, Lawson, when we were learning the sword exercise. I am now convinced there is no such swordsman in the King's dominions as Master Brown."

"You know this Master Brown, then," remarked Lawson, as he winced with the pain caused by binding up his wounded fingers.

"I know," answered Elliott, "that he is Master Brown; but I am not quite sure that I know anything more about him. I suspect, however, more than I know; but I will injure no man by expressing my suspicions."

"Be he who he may, I hope I may once more encounter him. If I do, one or other will be, before many minutes, no longer a living man," said Lawson.

"And I," added Ludlow, "promise, wherever I again meet him, see him, come in contact with him—were it at the altar itself—my sword shall revel in his heart's blood."

"Pshaw," said Elliott, "to bed both of you—you talk like men overcome with drink: I do not know who Master Brown is; but I strongly suspect you have both seen him before to-day. You have, I believe, encountered him, not once, but twice. Take care of a third combat with the same foe—it may be fatal to both."

CHAPTER III.

"I am afraid, Hannah, we shall never reach home before night. We do not travel more than two miles an hour on these rough and broken roads. Even my good steed Adolphus lags in his pace, although he cannot be more eager for food and rest than I am to be within the shelter of my father's strong-walled mansion, when darkness has succeeded to day."

"I have far less fear, mistress, of the perils of the road, than I have of the evil wayfarers to be found on them."

"And so have I, Hannah, and therefore I am for hurrying onward with all speed: for I own to you, I have more confidence in my own courage and your determination, than in the bravery and trustworthiness of the two knaves behind us, whom my father has ordered me always to take as an escort."

The speakers were two young women, apparently a lady and her attendant, such was the contrast in their outward habiliments. The first was in the full bloom of womanhood, her age something between twenty-five and thirty years, her skin brown, her hair of dark blackness, and her eyes, large, full, and raven, shone with a brilliant light which the long, black eye-lashes could not conceal, though they sometimes served to moderate its fierceness of expression. When her full red lips relaxed into a smile, which they seldom did, they were withdrawn to exhibit large, even, and brilliant white teeth, firmly

locked together. But that which was the most remarkable characteristic of this young female was her height, and breadth, and bearing; for although she exhibited all the perfections of the female form in her figure, still there were combined with all the muscular power and free, unembarrassed action of a man five feet nine inches in height. Her dress was in accordance with her appearance. Her riding habit, of the finest venery, was looped upon one side with a rich, short, thick chain of massive gold, and from the hat dangled a long wavy plume of black feathers. Her riding dress confined at the waist with a thick girdle of gold, from which depended a short gold-hilted hunting knife, was in other respects like the military dress of an officer, for around the collar was a thick band of gold lace, which also ran down the front of the entire dress, and the wide sleeves were turned up at the wrist, with broad lace bands, and so displayed the hands covered with white gloves fringed with gold, and the seams on the back worked with gold lace. This proud-looking, haughty-looking, almost manlike dame, rode a heavy, black war-horse, and whilst she checked his speed with a hand well accustomed to the rein, she also held, as if with a slight wand, a thick riding whip, the handle of which was heavy with a thick knot of lead, covered over with a shining ball of gold.

The attendant upon this rich, proud-looking young lady, was a plainly-dressed, timid young Englishwoman, who was now living for a twelvemonth in Ireland, and who, having come to the country with a conviction that all its inhabitants were wild animals, was in a constant state of astonishment that she had not yet seen any of them, and was labouring under a perpetual apprehension that the moment she should come in contact with them, she would be murdered.

Behind these two women, and at the distance of about two hundred paces from them, rode two serving men, armed with swords and muskets, and from whose manner, their eager looks, and their timid whispers, as they saw the night closing around them, the young lady seemed fully justified in the remark she had made as to the little reliance to be placed upon them in a moment of danger.

"How like you living in Ireland, Hannah? What think you of to-day's sport?" asked the young lady, wishing to occupy the attention of her attendant, and to relieve, if she could, by conversation, the tedium of their slow and toilsome journey.

"Oh! mistress, I like Ireland so little, that I would wish to be back once more safe in quiet England," replied Hannah. "All the people here seem to hate each other. I do not understand what they are always quarrelling about. We have Roundheads and Cavaliers in England; they have done to one another a world of mischief; but now that the mischief is at an end, and the King has, as they say, got his own again, neighbours do not fight with neighbours. It is not so in this country; they are always squabbling about something or nothing. Even the two men that ride behind us—John Norris and James Brophy—I have seen them draw their knives upon each other in your father's kitchen, and all because Norris maintained that Sir Charles Coote was an inch taller, and a better general than Lord Inchiquin. And then, mistress, as to this day's sport, the horse racing which you wished me to see, I have no taste for such diversions. I do not understand what can be the pleasure in seeing poor brutes whipped, and spurred, and urged to run beyond their speed. I did, indeed, derive pleasure from one thing—it was to witness the admiration you excited, to see so many young lords and brave gallants paying court to you."

A heavy lash from the whip, applied with a vigorous hand to the slow-paced Adolphus, made him bound forward impatiently, and as a strong wrist checked his rein at the same time, he came rearing up close to the side of Hannah's steed, whilst the impatient mistress said in an angry tone—

"Silence, Hannah; never so speak to me again. Think you that I am a foolish girl in her teens, and that I do not know how to estimate, at its proper value, the buzzing of such gaddies and blood-suckers. I saw rosters and gamblers, debauchees, fools and fops, and fortune-hunters, on the race-course, but not one true, honest man, that would prize me for myself, or who would care one pin for me if they fancied I was as poor as you. Nay, of the two of us, you are the better looking woman—fairer, younger than I am, and yet there was not one of these noxious and brave gallants, as you call them, to be commonly civil to you, whilst all their attentions were bestowed on me. And wherefore? Not merely because there was gold on my garments—though that, I have no doubt, was an attraction to spendthrifts—but because it is well known that my father is rich, and that I am the sole inheritor of all he possesses. Were I as destitute of fortune as you are, Hannah, then be certain that those who bowed the knee before me to-day, would scow up their lips with scorn at me as the low-born daughter of Ebenezer Lawson, the Cromwellian trooper."

"I am not well skilled in the ways of the world," replied Hannah; "but still I cannot but think that the admiration to which you are justly entitled was honestly and sincerely given to you to-day. As to me, I know my position in life too well not to have felt rejoiced, that the slightest notice was not taken of me. A compliment from any of the group of your admirers, would have been, to a person in my lowly condition, an insult."

"And it is no less an insult to me, Hannah," observed Judith Lawson. "What right had anyone of those persons, from the son of the Lord Lieutenant to the meanest and poorest ensign in the garrison of Dublin, to intrude upon me with his unmeaning compliments? If they respected the daughter of the trooper, as they would the daughter of a duke, why not treat the one with the same deference which they would feel compelled to treat the other? What right had any one of them to approach me, but that they knew I was Lawson's daughter, and that I was on the race-course alone, and unprotected? Surely, if I were the child of a lord, or of a gentleman by birth, I would have been allowed to look safe from intrusion, upon the days sport; I would not be, as I have been, persecuted with attentions I did my utmost to repel; and this I am quite sure of, that I should not have endured the dishonor of having a wretch, like the infamous David Fitzgerald of Limerick, pursuing me with his noisome flatteries for hours."

"Is the person you call David Fitzgerald of Limerick," asked Hannah, "the tall man with the florid face, flaxen hair, and light blue eyes, and who was so constantly by your side during the whole day?"

"It is—the wretch!" said Judith, indignantly. "I desired Norris to inquire who and what he was; and, according to my man's statement, this Fitzgerald, it appears, is a most infamous character. He has, then, young, wasted his fortune on his vices. He has now the reputation of being in high favor with the Lord Lieutenant of Ormonde; for he pretends, or declares, he has discovered a plot amongst the Papists and the patriots in England, for the purpose of devising the best means of bringing the conspirators to justice."

Meanwhile, he would improve his fortune, by seeking for the hand of Judith Lawson! Am I not right, Hannah, then, in considering myself as degraded, when a wretch so base and vile as Fitzgerald, can, for a moment, seriously believe he is in a position to become my suitor?"

Before Hannah had time to reply to the question of her angry and excited mistress, the voice of one of the men behind them, was heard exclaiming—

"Hurry!—hurry!—hurry onward, mistress; there are horsemen following us at full speed. The Lord have mercy on us all, if they are Rapparees, and Redmond O'Hanlon in command of them!"

Despite her natural courage, a chill of terror ran through the frame of Judith Lawson, when the awful name of Redmond O'Hanlon was pronounced; for she remembered to have heard her father a hundred times speak of him as the most merciless foe to every one of English birth and descent that had settled and acquired lands in Ireland. Her belief of that well-known, and then most formidable chieftain, was that his delight was in shedding the blood of men, women, and children; destroying the English farms, tumbling down English-built houses, and sparing neither age nor sex when they were purely English.

The mere mention of the name Redmond O'Hanlon was alone sufficient to paralyze all the energies of the young Englishwoman, Hannah; and she would have fallen from her steed to the earth had not Judith caught the fainting girl in her arms, and as she did so she cried out—

"Here, Norris, take this poor girl and place her in the saddle before you. Do you, Brophy, hold the rein of her horse, and guide it with your own—let both follow me wherever I lead."

Judith having seen these directions acted upon, then turned round in order that she might, with her own eyes, determine whether there was just cause for that alarm which had been given to her and her companions.

Four horsemen were seen advancing at full speed towards the travellers; and a second glance was not necessary to convince the cool and courageous Judith that they were robbers by profession. The nags they rode were rough, wild-looking animals. The dresses of three of the riders were old and ragged; whilst the fourth, who wore a short, red cloak, and had a feather in his hat, was, like his companions, armed with a long gun. The face of the man with the red cloak was covered with a black mask, whilst his companions had thick mustachios and long beards.

"The purposes of the pursuers could not be for a moment doubtful, because even whilst Judith turned round to look at them, she saw one of the men stop, deliberately unloose his gun, take a steady aim at her, and discharge his piece."

At the same instant she heard the sound of the shot, and saw Hannah's horse tumble on the earth, and then struggling in the agonies of death.

"Whatever may befall us," said the gallant Judith, "these villains shall be made to feel we do not fear them. Give me your gun, Norris, and I shall try and unmask the villain yonder."

"For heaven's sake, mistress," said the terrified Norris, "do not shoot at them, or we shall be all massacred."

"Give me your gun, sirrah," cried the enraged Judith, "or I will stab you with my hunting knife."

"Oh! here—take it, take it, and God send you hit nobody. Above all things don't fire at the man with the mask; for I am quite sure it is Redmond O'Hanlon himself," said the trembling Norris.

"If it were Redmond O'Hanlon a thousand times over," said Judith, "I will do my best to unhorse him. It is a poor revenge to kill an Irish garron for the good steed of my father's he has slain."

As Judith spoke, she directed the musket with a fixed and deadly aim at the person who appeared to be commander of the pursuers, and a shout of joy burst from her lips as the smoke from the piece cleared away, and she perceived that her shot had been followed by the fall of a man and horse.

"I am sure I have slain the horse and spared the rider," remarked Judith.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried Norris. "We are all as one as dead men," added Brophy.

"Here, Brophy, load Norris's gun for him, and give me yours to make use of, if I need it," said Judith. "Fools and cowards as you are—do you not perceive these fellows are not in such a hurry following us as they were a few minutes ago. They, like ourselves, have now but three horses at their command; and they will not be so eager to fire upon us when they find we can reply to them with effect."

"Alas! madam," cried Norris, "whimpering and trembling, you are only bringing down on yourself and us the vengeance of men who know not what it is to feel pity for another."

"Then, if such be our assailants," added Judith, "let us at least sell our lives as dearly as we can. The butcher does not spare the lamb, though it licks the hand raised to kill it; but the butcher he knows will, if he makes one false step, read him to pieces. Have you loaded Norris's gun, Brophy?"

"Yes, madam," said Brophy, winking at Norris, for the purpose of showing that he was deceiving his mistress, whose readiness to combat was no less a cause of anxiety to both than their terror of the gang, whose cruelty they feared would be provoked by her courage.

"Then, give me his musket and take back your own; his is the piece to which my hand is best accustomed, and with which I can take the surer aim."

"Alack! alack! this comes of firing shots to alarm the country!" exclaimed Norris, pointing to a narrow path which approached the high road at a right angle, and along which two furious and ragged fellows, armed with guns, were hurrying towards them on foot.

"The odds are against us!" exclaimed the dauntless Judith, whose courage seemed to rise as dangers increased around her. "All that we have now to do is to retreat as best we can; and our only place for making a last struggle is that little slated cabin on the hill-side yonder. Hasten on towards it both of you; I will take the post of danger in the rear."

These commands were at once acted upon. The attendants of Judith rode as men ride whose lives depended upon the swiftness and strength of their steeds. At once they quitted the road and paced along the green fields, and bounded over wide ditches, which an hour before they would not have ventured to look at but with surprise that any one would have the courage to cross them. The high breeding and the solid feeding of their horses saved them well on such an occasion; whilst, as impediments to their pursuers, was a long tract of swamp which lay along the road, and between it and the hill down to the very point where Judith and her companions had first quitted the road, so that the pursuers had to come down to the very point, from which she and her men had started, and then to follow as well as they could with their weak nags over the same fields and across the same ditches. Judith and her followers might by

the new course they had taken, have completely escaped, without stopping at the slated cabin, from their pursuers on horse-back, had not the assailants been aided by the robbers on foot, who kept at an uttering speed behind them.

"Knock at the door, ask for permission to enter, and save yourselves from those thieves and murderers," said Judith to Brophy.

Her commands were obeyed. The door was opened; and it was about to be again closed, when it was thrown wide open, and the person inside the cabin stepped into the air, and removing from his head a small black cap, he bowed low to Judith; and said—

"I pray your pardon, lady; I was alarmed by the appearance of an armed man knocking at such an hour at my humble door. The moment, however, that I perceived he was accompanied by a woman, I knew there was not only no danger to be apprehended, but, perchance, it might be within my poor means to afford relief. I pray you, madam, to enter, and to regard all that you see as your own, for all is at your command."

Judith listened to the words thus spoken to her, but was unable to reply to them. Her own perilous situation, and the danger that threatened her companions, were equally forgotten in the new sense of unmixt admiration for the noble-looking man who stood before her. A diligent reader of her Bible from her childhood upwards, she had never before seen any one in her father's home, in conventicle, or in society, that reminded her of those whom she had admired as patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. But here, and for the first time, she saw a living man, on whose ample forehead, flowing nut-brown hair, commingled with streaks of gray, whose large dove-like eyes, whose perfectly-moulded features, whose sweet smile, and meek look, and noble form, seemed to present him to his fellow-creatures as something more than mortal—as one, whose brows were already illuminated with the light of the pre-sanctified, and who seemed born for no other purpose than to praise God and to win sinners to repentance.

Judith felt, as she looked upon this venerable man, as if she could kneel to him, and entreat his blessing. She felt, as she stood before him, that she at last beheld a human being, whose pure soul had never been stained by one degrading passion, and who had the strength and the will to condemn the world, its wealth, its vanities, its riches, and its terrors.

Awe and wonder benumbed her faculties. She stood as if awaiting a repetition of his words; and she felt, for the moment, that she was unworthy of addressing him.

The old man looked first at her, then at her alarmed companions, and then at the fainting form of the still insensible Hannah, and casting his eyes on the space the fugitives had traversed, he perceived the wild horsemen and the eager pedestrians who were quickly advancing in pursuit. He cried in hurried accents—

"Alight, my children; at once alight from your horses, and seek the shelter of my roof. I see that you are beset by the wicked thieves that haunt this neighborhood. Hasten, in my children, that I may give you such security as well-barred doors and iron-fastened windows can afford."

"I am told, sir," said Judith, bounding from her steed, and aiding her men, as she spoke, in bringing Hannah inside the house. "I am told that the men who pursue us are robbers, and one of my servants assures me that the man in command of them is the notorious footpad, Redmond O'Hanlon."

"You have been misinformed, my child," replied the old man, as he bolted the windows and barred the door. "Redmond O'Hanlon is not a footpad, nor have I ever heard of his employing the men under his command as common highway robbers. The villains who pursue you are not, I am sure, the adherents or the friends of Redmond O'Hanlon."

The conversation of the old man and Judith was rendered inaudible by the loud shouts and exulting cries of the robbers, as they captured the horses of the travellers—a capture that was rendered particularly precious by the seizure of Judith's horse, with its silver bit, and velvet saddle-cloth fringed with a deep border of thick-worked heavy gold embroidery.

"I hope," said the old man, "that these unhappy men may be satisfied with the prize they have already taken; and that respect for me will induce them to leave you in peace within my dwelling."

"I fear them not, sir," replied Judith, "while I hold this gun and have strength to use my hunting-knife against them."

"Better to suffer wrong than to shed blood, daughter," said the old man. "Your strength and skill would be a poor defence against those savage men. My words may be of more avail than twenty swords. If these wicked men will not listen to me, then place your confidence in God, and be certain He will not desert you in the hour of need."

As the old man ceased from speaking, a shot was fired outside, and a loud clatter, caused by the beating of the butt ends of muskets, was heard at the door. This was followed by the cry of "The prisoners, the prisoners, we demand the delivery of the prisoners, their weapons, and their purses."

"Lie down, my children, on the ground, lest those men should fire in through door or window. I will, with this lady, proceed on stairs and parley with your assailants from an opening in the roof."

When the old man had thus addressed the trembling domestics, he led Judith, who still bore the musket with her, to the roof.

"Conceal yourself, my child," he said, "from their view. As to me, I fear no harm they can do me. If I am about to meet death, in trying to save life, then do not weep for me; but wish that you may one day partake of that happiness which is the sure reward of all who, for God's sake, lay down their lives for the benefit of their fellow-creatures."

"What would you?" said the old man, as he pushed aside the boards that concealed the opening on the roof, and stood full in view of the assailants. "What would you? or wherefore have you attacked this house, in which none are to be found but peaceful travellers?"

"Give up the prisoners, deliver our prisoners, we want their weapons and their purses," cried two or three persons in the same breath.

"Let one man speak for all," said Judith's venerable host. "I wish to hold parley with none but your leader."

"I am their leader," said the man with the mask, whom Judith had already unhorsed.

"I know you not, sir," said the old man.

"But I know you, most reverend sir," replied the masked man in an insolent tone of voice; "and it is probable that, before long, you will know more of me, and much more, than you would ever like to have heard."

"That I think, sir, is by no means improbable, should I ever hear anything at all about you," said the old man, with a gentle smile.

"At present I wish to know, why you have knocked at my door, and by what right you claim persons under my protection as your prisoners?"

"I claim them, most reverend sir, by the plainest, simplest, and most indubitable of rights—the right of the strong hand," answered the ruffian. "Mine is the stronger, and those you call your guests the weaker party. However, I am disposed to compromise this matter with you. All I ask for my guests; whilst, for myself, I shall be content with a single prisoner—the person who fired at Miss Judith Lawson."

"And that person," said Judith, trembling with rage when she heard her name thus publicly mentioned, "will die sooner than yield herself your prisoner. She fired at you once before, intending only to slay your horse; but now she aims at your heart, with the intention to rid the world of a base thief and a cowardly villain."

As she spoke these words the musket she held was directed at the man in the mask; but the lock snapped, and no report followed, and as Judith, in her vexation, was about to cast the useless weapon from her, she felt her arms clasped from behind, and a cool hand through them pinioned her elbows close together, and a broad, red-faced, fox-headed man, whose breath was fetid with the fumes of usquebaugh, grinned at her, as he bowed up in her flowing eyes.

"What a wicked, wilful Ponthesian! The rude captor cried, in a bantering tone. "Achilles wept because he had, unconsciously of her personal charms, slain a beautiful

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 have no other object in proposing this to you, than to save you a toilsome journey, to escape from us is now an impossibility."

"Villain!" replied the enraged Judith. "I will utter 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 commenced 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 enmity—Idiot! the time, I trust, will come when you shall be my loving mistress, and most dutiful wife."

"Oh! am your prisoner, sir?" observed Judith. "But the day and the hour may not be far distant, when we shall stand upon terms of equality with each other. Should that day ever arrive, then you shall be made to fear, not a woman's tongue, but a woman's hand; but until then I will not degrade myself by exchanging another word with you."

"Oh! spirit of Penthesilea, look down upon me with 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 pitilessly old-time, poets would never have figured or fancied you could, under any circumstances, have become the mother of Cæsar."

"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 helpless 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 blue 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 fool! 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 nudely 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 catch 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 friend, 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 a distance, and saw that 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.

"Who are you, sir?" said the commander of the cavalry, 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.)

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 Mountstuart 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.

With a population of 95,000 souls and an area of 2,175 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.

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 Rodpath'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.

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 bl-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.

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, officered 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.

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 extremely low, the essential necessities of life still remain dear, and a state of bitter disappointment and exasperation exists.

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 forgetfulness—a considering 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.

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 county, 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 Inquirer*, are published in this town; both are well supported.

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 number. The programme opened with Mr. Costello's "Like Me Like a Soldier Fall," which was well rendered, followed by Miss O. Carroll with "Killarney," sung with good taste. Mr. Downs, a member of the society, then appeared with "The Bold Hibernia 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 "Cruise-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 Orrible 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

Belleville, March 18, 1879.

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 by the audience great applause. The other orators of the day were R. S. Burke, L. N. Bernard and Jos. Duhig, 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, Duhig 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. Mansour, 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.

Kingston, March 18, 1879. Through glory be gone, and though hope fade away. Though thy name, loved Erin, shall live in our songs; Not even in the hour when the heart is not gay, Shall I lose thy remembrance of thee and thy woes.

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, Portmouth St. Patrick's Society; Flag, I. C. B. U. Portmouth; Banner, Christian Brothers' School; Banner, St. Patrick's Society; Band, Banner, Committee's; 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 rich 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.B.U., Hayes, Y.M.S.B.A., McLaughlin, St. P., Mooney, Portmouth, and Peter Powers, C.B.S., deserve special mention for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves. The Irishmen are likewise indebted to Mayer Gildersleeve 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, Argentini. Sunday, St. Patrick's Day passed off very satisfactorily here. High Mass was celebrated at the request of the Catholic Union. The Rev. Father Champon, 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, and 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, Odeh 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 out-door 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 their forces in the ranks of Ireland's old daughters for the grand city display of patriotism. Equally praiseworthy and gratifying was the classic 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. Delabuit, 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 Purcell's Difficulties. CHICAGO, O., March 20.—A letter to the public from Archbishop Purcell 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, which requires a large expenditure, 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 performance.—Invocation "O'Herby the Outlaw" by Lawrence McHenry; song "Erin MacDermot" W. P. Clancy; recitation "Brian before the Battle" Augustus Martin; "Let Erin remember the days of old," James Carroll; "Last Words of Emmett," 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 would be 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 scholars, it was a better thing to be good Christians, but it was 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 Chancery try to bring them before other Judges than Mr. Blake, and, if they fail, they relinquish their briefs to the Protestant lawyers rather than prejudice their clients. It mentions, as an instance of the 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 Chantel 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 Maloney. 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. D. 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 condescend to 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 principle 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 Canada adrift is the only one in following a protectionist policy, to the detriment of English manufactures, is best, 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.

Disturbance in a Church. 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 glass not only ebriated but intoxicated, entered the Church, and took a seat. He came to the services 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 heard here under false pretences, I want 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 about to elaborate on the subject, when the irrepressible gentleman again rose to his feet, and with outstretched arm exclaimed:—

"I protest against the Dogs. I call upon the Trustees of this church to put them out!"

The abrupt manner in which this was uttered caused numerous titterings amongst the worshippers, and the minister was forced to bring his discourse to an abrupt termination, which he did by announcing a "hymn," during the singing of which this irrepressible interruer was unceremoniously expelled by the trustees, and the remainder of the services were proceeded with.

The medical officers of the Russian army in Turkey have declared that there is no pestilence among the troops, and that there is no danger of their infecting the country through which they will have to pass on their way home. This declaration is intended, to allay apprehensions expressed by the Roumanian Government.

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To Our Friends West.

Our friends west of Belleville are respectfully informed that our general travelling agent, W. E. Mallin, will shortly call upon them in the interests of the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, when we bespeak for him a cordial reception at the hands of our generous patrons.

Independence in Politics.

Because Mr. Macdonald shows a spirit of Independence in the House of Commons he must be assailed by men who are not fit to hold a candle to him. He is not a party hack, and, therefore, he must be denounced.

Salaries.

We wonder why Sessional Clerks get \$1 a day? No special training is required for the position, and we see no reason why they should be paid so large a salary. The times are hard, economy is the order of the day, and the Government should cut down expenses by all means in its power.

Small-Pox in Quebec.

Our telegrams from Quebec tell us that Mr. Doucet died of small-pox, and it is thought he contracted the disease while driving in a sleigh that had carried a patient suffering from small-pox, and who was being brought to hospital. If this is so, the sanitary arrangements of Quebec must be in a bad condition.

The Police.

No member of a secret society can be a member of the Police Force. So say the regulations. Whether these regulations were wise or not, we will not say, but it is either better to enforce them or remove them altogether from the regulations. It weakens the power of the police force to have a rule upon its status at which the members snap their fingers.

"Our Irish Friends."

It is not long since a contemporary in a leading article alluded to St. Patrick as a "mythical personage." It ridiculed the pretensions of Irishmen, and seriously assured its readers that St. Patrick was a fiction.

Irishmen's eyes. It slaps the Irish people in the face one day, and the next it calls them "our Irish friends." After trying to hoodwink the people into the belief that representation in Canada was not given on the ground of nationality and religion, yet this contemporary of ours writes about "our Irish friends." After deprecating representation for Irish Catholics as Irish Catholics, yet this luminary oozes more coquetry with the Irish people, and, in effect, says: What does it matter, you can abuse an Irishman for years, but say one kind word to him and he forgives all the past. Well, the Irish people may forgive injury if they like, but they do not forget. As for our part we fear we are viciously inclined. We make no pretence to virtue of any kind—except this—that if we were authorized to speak for the Irish people, we would decline the proffered "friendships" of a snake in the grass, and tell it that we prefer its honest anger to its concealed poison.

Treason to Canada.

The Mail is right when it says "This abject loyalty to outside manufacturers is treason to Canada." What does it matter to Canadians if the whole world is commercially prosperous if Canada is commercially bankrupt? It is the duty of every man who lives in this country to look to the interests of his people, before he looks to the interest of the cotton, lords of Manchester, or the mine proprietors of Durham. Our interest is here, our home is here, and our duty calls upon us to be loyal to ourselves. It is "Treason to Canada" to say that the interests of Canadians is to be made subservient to the interests of any people on earth, and any Canadian who would place the commercial interests of America or England before the interests of Canada, is fit for a lunatic asylum. Canada is as loyal as ever it was to the Crown, but she cannot, and we hope, will not consent to be guilty of treason to herself.

The Afghan Question.

No one can tell where this Afghan business is going to land Great Britain. It appears now that there is a "Russian candidate for the Throne." To be sure this "Russian candidate" bears an Afghan name, Abdul Khan, and we learn that he "is returning to Cabul with many adherents." This news may be significant, or it may not, but we cannot forget that Russia favours the Afghans, no matter what her diplomatists say to the contrary. We cannot remove the suspicion of some under current being at work, and who knows but among the "many adherents" of this "Russian candidate" there may be Russian soldiers, who, under the name of "Volunteers," will attempt to re-enact the doings of their Serbian predecessors. We must, too, remember that the Afghan war is not yet over; that there were disquieting rumors of late, and that the most difficult part of the country—the Koor Cabul Pass—is yet between the British troops and Cabul.

The Hon. Mr. Huntington.

The Hon. Mr. Huntington was charged with having procured a private and confidential letter for electioneering purposes. This, it was said, he did when Postmaster-General. This charge, however, the Conservative party has not been able to establish; and the manner in which Mr. Huntington met the charge appears to have confounded his opponents. The fact is that, since the late Postmaster-General's famous speech at Argenteuil, his opponents appear willing to believe anything and everything about him. That speech was a mistake; but people who will not allow others to forget, must not wonder if their own mistakes are kept before the public eye. These things are all done for party purposes, and the very party men who would denounce the Hon. Mr. Huntington for his Argenteuil speech, would, if a similar speech was made by a political friend, excuse him. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that outside the one speech, the Hon. Mr. Huntington appears to have the best of his assailants.

How is it?

In his speech on the Tariff, the Hon. Mr. Tilley said that, in consequence of the Protection for the merchants was to obtain, "One gentleman had already sent £20,000 sterling to China for tea, to be imported direct." Now how could this gentleman know what the Tariff was to be? The Ministers are sworn to secrecy, and the first intimation of the Tariff should be made in the House of Commons. Whoever the "gentleman" to whom the Hon. Mr. Tilley referred is, he could not have known what the Tariff was to be at the time the Minister spoke, and yet he sent £20,000 sterling to China for tea to be imported direct." The Hon. Mr. Tilley could not have told this gentleman what the duty was to be; and by no amount of fair dealing that we can understand can we see how it is that he could have sent the £20,000 sterling, unless foul means were at work, and that no one will think the Hon. Mr. Tilley capable. We are satisfied that the incident could be satisfactorily explained if the Hon. Mr. Tilley took the trouble.

Protection.

The Conservative Party has raised Canada. It has faithfully fulfilled its promise to the country, and it is the duty of the country to see that it will not fritter away the Protective tariff, by "concessions" to all the little interests here, there, and everywhere. Mr. Tilley is besieged by deputations looking for favors, and in some cases, no doubt, modifications of the tariff will be found necessary. But we hope the Protective tariff that has inspired so much hope, and that has sent the thrill of commercial expectancy through the country, will not be cut down until little of it is left. Canada has but one hope of immediate commercial activity, and that one hope is in the Protection which the Conservative Government has given to the people, and the moment that Protection is made less rigid than it is, that moment confidence begins to wane. Already factories which were closed for some years are busy preparing to commence business again; the people are hopeful, and tampering too much with the cause of these cheerful symptoms would be to cause serious doubts to agitate minds which are now at ease. We hope that the Hon. Mr. Tilley will be firm under all outside pressure, and that he will not yield to the clamour of every individual who finds himself aggrieved. Modifications may, we repeat, be necessary, but the lower they are the better for the country at large. We are but at the commencement of this Tariff war, and the Government will yet, in all probability, have to meet the anger of the United States, and if the Government keeps on yielding to English merchants, and to the pressure from the Republic, we may see well return to the old tariff, or say 20 per cent. at once. The country wants immediate relief, and it is only by Protection that immediate relief can be granted. The future may be, but no doubt is, stormy, but Protection should put us all in good condition to face the anger of outsiders, and for this reason, we hope the tariff will not be too much tampered with.

Walking Matches.

We are promised a walking match in Montreal. Campana, who is known as "Sport," and some man named Tinnuchi, from Sheffield, England, are matched for a six days' walk to take place somewhere in this city. With the account of Harriman dragging himself around the track at Gilmore's Garden half dead; after hearing of Miss Sinclair falling fainting, and for a time it was thought almost dying, at Brooklyn; while another "walkist," Von Ness, has walked himself insane and fired at his trainers; while Benjamin Fowler, of Flushing, is said to be dying from the effects of a six days' walking match, is it not time for the public to look upon the grave side of these walking contests? Madness and exhaustion are the attendants of this war against nature. A year or two ago this evil consequence had not been fully developed, but now excess is the leading feature of these displays of "sport" in looking at the bleared eyes, or in watching the weary limbs, of half-dead men, who demoralize their surroundings and excite an unhealthily public feeling which does far more harm than good.

Irish Catholics in Quebec.

The last part of the earth in which an Irish Catholic should settle is the Province of Quebec. Chance or misfortune may bring Irish Catholics to this Province, and chance or misfortune may force them to stop here, but if chance or good luck would enable them to get up sticks and away, they would be lucky. Here the Irish Catholics are between two stools, and the proverbial all to the ground is their fate, whenever they venture on the athletic performance of occupying the two seats. The French Canadians do not passionately love the Irish Catholics because they are Irish, and the English Protestants do not passionately love them because they are Catholics, and so between the two—chaos. We do not propose to inquire into causes; the facts are enough. Unfortunately, sectional differences run high, and the Irish Catholics having but little power, must be content with little pickings. In this Province they count for little or nothing. In Ontario, fortunately, things are different. In most places in the sister Province, Protestants and Catholics are on good terms, and we hope they will long remain so. Of late, indeed, French Canadians are showing a better disposition towards Irish Catholics, but unless they improve more still we fear the Irish Catholics will have to look upon them as their worst enemies. In the election for Chief of Police, if the Irish Catholics produced the most qualified man in Canada, the chances are that he would be put aside; and now that there is a chance even of securing a place for a market clerk, we suppose it will be given to anyone but an Irish Catholic.

Post Offices.

It costs more to run the Post-office, Money Order, and Savings Bank in Montreal than it does in Toronto. This is somewhat odd, because the business transactions in the Toronto Bank are more extensive than in Montreal. Here are the figures:—

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Montreal 1873-74: Money Orders \$98,110.55, Savings Bank 103,541.82, Total \$201,652.37. Toronto Net Revenue \$84,450.00: Money Orders \$1,784,820, Savings Bank \$80,000.50, Total \$1,864,820.50.

This leaves a total excess of Toronto over Montreal of \$416,264.76, an amount which must surprise the people of this city. But the odd part of the business is the pay-list in Montreal amounts to \$77,842.34 per annum, while in Toronto the pay-list only amounts to \$54,874.33 per annum. It is strange, too, that in Toronto, where the largest business is done, the postmaster gets \$3,500 per annum, while here the postmaster gets \$4,000 per annum. In Toronto, too, we learn that there are only 94 employees, while here there are 110 employees. The cost of maintaining the post office in Montreal is \$22,068.10 more than the cost of maintaining the post office in Toronto, although the latter appears to do the more business. This, however, may be capable of explanation, but at present it looks as if Toronto had the advantage in its management.

"To the Victors Belong the Spoils."

A more vicious or demoralizing policy to pursue than that which is declared in the policy "To the victors belong the spoils" never disgraced a constitutionally governed country. The Hon. Mr. Huntington charged the Government with pursuing this vicious policy, and with too much truth. In justice to the Reform party we are bound to admit that their sins in this respect were not so numerous as those of the present Government have been. The Reformers discharged many of the political opponents; the Conservatives have discharged many. On the strength of a large majority the present Government has pursued a policy of vengeance. Every man in Canada who is not an expectant or a place hunter, cries shame at the high handed manner in which civil servants have been dismissed, and to tell the people of Canada that "To the victors belong the spoils," is to unsettle the confidence of the people in constitutional principle, and to say that Might is Right. On the other hand public officers should be made mind their own business, but this could be done without leaving men without homes, and all because their political opponents are in office. Two wrongs will never make a right, and if the Civil Servants made a political mistake, that is no reason why the Government of such a country as Canada—a country that boasts of its freedom—should stoop so low as to revenge itself upon men who are at its mercy.

"Canada First."

The Conservative papers are taking a very bold stand on the question of the threatened hostile attitude of Great Britain and the United States. The Mail virtually says that the Conservatives are Canadians above all, and the instant that the interest of Canada is injured by her connection with Great Britain, that instant Canada is prepared to stand alone. This is bold language, and it appears to find an echo in most of the Conservative press. It appears to us that Protection has developed the plans of the Canada First party, and, while many Protectionists do not desire separation from the Empire, yet it is evident that Protection has made the question of separation a point of issue in the not-far removed future. They tell us that loyalty is like love, and that when poverty comes in the door, loyalty flies out of the window. No doubt, however, the sentiment of loyalty is strong, and people justly think, that to be a part of a great Empire is something to be proud of. But when we come to hard facts it is as the Times said: "this loyalty would not stand the strain of views hostile to ourselves, and this

Protection Tariff has in some measure proved it. Touch the pockets of the people, and the sentiment of loyalty vanishes. Prove to Canadians that their commercial prosperity depends upon pursuing a course hostile to Great Britain, and behold that course is followed in face of every difficulty. The people are Canadians before they are anything, and while the most of them frankly and honestly desire to remain a part of British Empire, yet this Tariff business has proved that the dollar is just as Almighty in this Dominion as it is in any other part of the world. For our part we hope the day is far distant when Canada will be cut adrift from the Empire, yet we cannot refrain from expressing a strong inclination to consider the interests of Canada before we consider the interest of any other country. We think all Canadians are Canada First men; the only difference is that some people want to hasten separation while others wish to retard it. We are certainly for Canada First, too, but we are among those who wish Canada to remain as she is, as long as possible. We are very well off as we are, and we desire to continue so as long as we can.

The Tariff.

Some Protectionists are endeavoring to make the public believe that the new Tariff will not make the price of goods in general higher. In doing this it appears to us that the Protectionists are endeavoring to do too much. They reason in all manner of ways, and quote figures and provide "facts" in such a manner as to induce a casual observer to believe that their arguments are sound. For school boys, this policy might be a legitimate one; but any one who contends that a high Protective Tariff will not make living more expensive than a revenue Tariff, does not give the public much credit for intelligence. It is far better to face the facts, and admit the inevitable, and that is that the price of living a few months hence will, in all probability, be ten per cent, or more, higher than it is to-day. But the other side of the question is that the people will be more than ten per cent richer than they are, and can afford to pay the increased price. High prices are what we want, for high prices are indications of good times. We want to see rents increasing, and the price of living advance, and when they do we may rest assured that good times are dawning.

Corpus Christi.

The City Council may save itself the trouble of discussing the question of the procession of Corpus Christi. In the first place, even if disposed, we do not believe that the City Council has the power of preventing it. It is an act of religious worship, and as the Catholics of this Province are guaranteed by Treaty the full exercise of their religion, they may do as they please if they like, and the City Council cannot prevent them. To talk of impeding the thoroughfare, etc., is simply nonsense. Anyone can pass through the procession if they accompany their request by a little demagoguery. People magnify a little inconvenience on that day. On any other day that little inconvenience, if any, would not be noticed. Protestants must, too, remember that this procession is purely religious, and that Catholics have no option but to obey. There may be individual Catholics who would prefer to see the procession confined to the churches, as there are many who think it wrong to place arches in front of Protestant places of worship. No doubt more care should be exercised in this respect, and Protestant worshippers should be guarded against annoyance. But to the credit of the Protestant community we never yet heard one of them say that the procession of Corpus Christi was offensive.

The New Chief of Police.

Montreal is to be congratulated on having, as its new Chief of Police, a man who was elected out of spite. A certain portion of the city members seeing that their candidate, Mr. Baynes, had no chance, went over *en bloc* to Mr. Paradis, in order to defeat Mr. McGowan. At a caucus of the French Canadians Mr. McGowan was the accepted candidate, but some of the men, who pledged themselves to stand by him, found it convenient to abandon him at the eleventh hour. Ald. Grenier snatched the cards, broke his word, and succeeded. One day Paradis was nowhere in the race, the next he was elected. Nor was it to advocate the principle of promotion that this was done. Some of the men who voted for Mr. Paradis, Ald. Nelson for instance, admitted that Paradis was not qualified, and yet they voted for him! The best man was not considered in the question at all. Defeat McGowan was the cry, and accordingly Mr. McGowan was defeated. The fact is, and it is just as well to be plain about it, the chiefship of the police was decided on religious grounds. The Protestants to a man voted for Protestant, while the Catholics to a man were prepared to vote for Catholic. But the Protestants were determined to have, to them, the least objectionable Catholic. Mr. Paradis appears to have suited them. It was all fair enough as things go in Montreal. The best man is never the consideration here. The wires are pulled—Catholics against Protestant—and when the Protestants cannot get their own man in, they put in the man least objectionable to them. Every body appeared to admit that Mr. McGowan was the best man, but he had been a Pontifical Zouave and that sealed his fate. Any of the candidates were better qualified than Mr. Paradis, but the Council found itself so mixed up that it selected the worst man. Montreal advances—backward.

Inconsistency.

Last year there was a successful effort made to commence a National Society in Montreal. All shades of public opinion were represented at the meetings, and the question was canvassed in all its aspects. Protestants and Catholics, Reformers and Conservatives appeared to take some interest in the new movement, and the prospects of success were calculated to give hope to the originators. The object of the society was to foster a spirit of Canadian nationality, and to encourage all classes to unite in sentiment and interest, upon all questions affecting the honour or the prosperity of the country. All this was to be done without tampering, in the slightest degree, with our position as a part of the British Empire. The National Society was to encourage a loyal adhesion to the constitution which bound us to Great Britain, but it was at the same time to encourage a spirit of Canadian nationality. Well, who was the staunchest opponent of this National Society? Who but the Gazette, and all because it was alleged that such a society would weaken the bonds which bind Canada to Great Britain. Was this done because the Gazette was super-loyal? Not at all. Now, the Gazette declares that it is "ready to risk the catastrophe" of separation from the Empire, rather than see Protection abandoned! We say so too. And let us not be misunderstood as implying anything but deplorable consequences, if such a separation took place. It would be a dangerous day for Canada when she would be obliged to stand alone, but rather than surrender the advantages which Protection is sure to give, like the Gazette we would "risk the catas-

trophe," hoping, however, that that catastrophe would not take place. But the Gazette that last year opposed the National Society, because it was calculated to foster a spirit of Canadian Nationality, while still encouraging loyalty to the Crown, this year will risk everything rather than abandon the policy of its Party. Party is god, and for Party, loyalty and everything else would be scattered to the winds.

The Threat of the "Times."

The Times threatens to cut Canada adrift, because Canada is determined to look after itself. Unless we mould our fortunes according to the interests of the people of England, Canada "must go her own way." We are told that it must be separation from the Empire or Free Trade. This is serious, but it is only at serious times that men and nations prove the stuff of which they are made. The Times must learn that this is a free country, and that the men who live here are resolved to look to themselves. True, we reap many advantages through our connection with Great Britain. Her navy guards our ships, Great Britain. Her navy guards our ships, her vast domain sobers our policy and gives power to our name. But this free country has declared in favor of Protection to its industries; it has said that we cannot and will not ruin ourselves for any nation on the face of the globe; and, much as we admire the vast empire of which we compose a part, we will not surrender the right of freemen to do as they believe to be best for themselves.

Vice-Chancellor Blake.

If the charges made by the Irish Canadian are true, Vice-Chancellor Blake must be a beauty. A man in his position who could act as he is represented to have acted, is a fit subject for a curiosity shop. If the Irish Canadian is right, Vice-Chancellor Blake has made himself an enviable reputation. No man who valued his good name could use the language attributed to Vice-Chancellor Blake, and, if it be true, the sooner Sir John A. Macdonald finds a substitute for him the better. But here there will be no attempt to reap political capital out of the Vice-Chancellor's alleged conduct. Politics have nothing to do with it, and the importation of politics could only be attempted to discredit its merits, without importing subjects foreign to the issue. If the language used Vice-Chancellor Blake should get his walking papers; if it was not used the Irish Canadian should apologize. But we are not without confidence in our Toronto countrymen, and we do not believe it would hazard so grave a charge without some substantial foundation. What has Mr. Costigan to say on the matter?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Archbishop Parcell's Debts.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST. Sir,—There has been a great deal of bald-dash spoken and written about the Archbishop of Cincinnati's liabilities. "The Catholic Church is under a cloud until his debts are paid!" cries one. "If not settled soon, a stain will attach to the Catholic Church!" says another. "This puts the Church in a false position?" remarks a third. Pray, what has the Catholic Church to do with Father Edward Parcell's financial mismanagement? Just as much as she has to do with his communication of Yours, &c., G.

The Old Thirtieth Regiment of Brooklyn to Visit Montreal.

On the occasion of the annual excursion of Plymouth Church Sunday school, last summer, the Captain of the Thirtieth Regiment, and Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, suggested to Colonel David E. Austin, commanding the regiment, the idea of making a grand military excursion with the entire command, and to depart from the city on the 22nd inst. to some place of interest; the reverend gentleman proposed a visit to a foreign land, and the city of Montreal was selected upon the objectionable ground that the next day was the submission of the idea to the officers of the Thirtieth Regiment, and the council was unanimous in its adoption. A committee was then appointed to carry out the idea, and was constituted as follows:—Colonel David E. Austin, Lieut-Col. Harry H. Biddle, Major Horatio G. King, Chaplain Henry Ward Beecher, Captain Frank Dillon, Company F, Lieut E. M. Smith, Company B.

The Committee of the Thirtieth Regiment then met and decided to open bids for transportation, and to arrange the necessary details. The command will be conveyed over the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and the Montreal Vermont route by way of Springfield, New York, and St. Albans, these roads giving a special rate and reaching Montreal in 15 hours from New York. The assessment was placed at \$1.00 per man, and it was also decided to leave the Grand Central Depot at 10:30 p.m. on Thursday, May 22, reaching Montreal on Friday afternoon, May 23. The regiment will be divided into four companies sent to the various hotels, with some of which contracts have already been made. The following day (May 24) the Thirtieth Regiment will unite with the Canadian troops at the ceremonies of the occasion, included in which will be a review by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, a participation in the sham fight and firing of the *art de la*. In going to Montreal, the regiment will pass through portions of the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, and it was also decided to make a flying trip to Hartford on the return home on Monday. Consent was therefore required from the Executives of the various cities through which they would pass. The Thirtieth Regiment is one of the oldest regiments of the State, and has for years past been recognized as one of the best in the State National Guard, and from it have been selected the best of the prominent officers of the Second Division, and among others Major-General Woodward, now Acting Adjutant-General; the late Major-General Thomas S. Ludlow, Major-General James Jourdan, Colonel Philip H. Briggs, Assistant Inspector-General, were each, in turn, in years past, Colonels of what is known as the "Old Guard," and is always present on occasions of duty. The regiment is drilling every week as a battalion, and as company drills are suspended it is altogether a credit that the Thirtieth will be in a highly respectable condition of drill and discipline on their international visit. The veteran association of the regiment, under the command of Colonel Acting Adjutant-General John Woodward, will accompany the Thirtieth on its trip. The regiment has one of the finest drum corps in the State, at the head of which is the veteran Drum Major John M. Smith, who discharges similar duties in the Seventh of New York. The band of the regiment is without an equal, and is under the baton of one celebrated leader, Harvey B. Bodworth; it numbers forty pieces, and is composed of the finest musicians in the profession. In view of the fact that the Thirtieth has been newly formed and equipped, the coats being of scarlet cloth with caps of black Astrachan fur with scarlet facings. It is not known what the band will give a grand concert in Montreal, and in view of this Mr. Bodworth is setting to brass instruments the "Gaiety Waltz," which was composed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Colonel Weston writes to Colonel Austin, under date of March 10, 1870, that "You may rely on such a reception being accorded to you by the militia and citizens of Montreal as cannot fail to satisfy the most fastidious among you." Colonel Austin and Colonel King will visit Montreal April 4—Brooklyn Eagle.

"The Schools of Our Fathers."

Eloquent Lecture by Archbishop Rede Vaughan, of Sydney, N. S. W.

(Continued from last week.)

The following is the continuation of the fascinating lecture of the Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., delivered before the Mayor, Bishop and principal citizens of Sandhurst, Victoria:

It is Christ, who, after the toil and labors of the day, finds His repose in fleeing to some solitary place to pray—to continue all night in the prayer of God. He has come, not to form a narrow school, or start an isolated priesthood, not to descend of high things to a chosen few—but to save the world, to redeem and renew every son of Adam that is born into this world, and to change and re-create the face of the earth. The hill on which He prayed was close to the lake of Galilee. When morning broke He called together His special and intimate followers. He chose with an especial and final choice His twelve Apostles. Here, then, on the mountain side, He formed His school. They were to be His special and particular disciples, and the propagators and maintainers of His doctrine and His power. His office was that of teacher: theirs was the same. He taught from His own authority, from the fulness of His own wisdom; they through participation of His fulness, and through inheriting His power. Peter and John and James and the glorious company of the apostles, here surrounded their Master, and He, in a signal and formal manner, made them His own.

HE CALLED THEM, AND THEY LEFT ALL BEHIND AND FOLLOWED HIM.

Whilst this great act was being performed, the multitude of the people, vast and promiscuous, had been attracted from all sides by His presence. All around the sea of Galilee the people collected together and waited towards where He stood conversing with His intimate followers. Tyre and Sidon, filled with a strange presentiment in His regard, had come out into the wilderness to see and hear one who had made all hearts beat and all hopes rise high. And a and Jerusalem, too, were represented. As the crowd approached, our Lord descended from the rising ground on which He was, and walked down to the flat summit of the hill; and when the vast multitude had quietly taken their seats upon the ground, He bade them a religion, or philosophy, which has revolutionized the world, and renewed the inner soul and heart of millions in every generation of the world. It is the peculiarity of our Lord's teaching that it is thrown into short and pregnant sentences, into globes of everlasting light. In a few words He enunciates a principle which has leverage enough in it to move the earth off its courses, and efficacy enough to urge it in its own direction to the end of time. This "Sermon on the Mount," so solemn and public enunciation of the cardinal principles of His creed and morality shows us in what direct antagonism He stood with all philosophers and statesmen who had preceded Him. Allow me to call your attention to some of the.

MOST STRIKING PORTIONS OF HIS TEACHINGS.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for My sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven. You have heard that it was said of old, Thou shalt not kill. . . . But I say to you, that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment. . . . If therefore, thou offer thy gift at the altar, and there thou remember thy brother having anything against thee, leave there thy offering before the altar, and go first to be reconciled with thy brother, and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift. . . . If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. For it is expedient for thee that one of thy members should perish rather than thy whole body go into hell. . . . Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil, but if one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him also the other. And if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go the cloak also unto him. Give to him who asketh of thee, and from him who would borrow of thee turn not away. You have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven. . . . Be ye, therefore, perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect. . . . When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. . . . When thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee. And when you pray, speak not much as the heathens, for they think that in their much speaking they may be heard. Be not you thus; for ye like to them, for your Father knoweth what is needful for you before you ask Him. Thus, therefore, shall you pray: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our super-substantial bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen. For if you will forgive them their offences, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offences. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences. Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor moth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore, I say to you, be not solicitous for your life what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. . . . Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them? . . . Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you that not even Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe, how much more you, O ye of little faith! Be not solicitous

therefore, say: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed? for after all these things do the heathens seek. Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Here, then, at once you feel the difference between the teaching of the pagan sages and that of Christ.

THE CONTRAST INDEED COULD NOT BE GREATER. He, on the mountain side, surrounded by His special disciples, with the vast crowd at His feet, is Himself the centre of admiration and attraction. The people wondered both at His doctrine and at His obvious and extraordinary power. When He had "fully ended these words," St. Matthew says "the people were in admiration at His doctrine; for He was teaching them as one having power, and not as the Scribes and the Pharisees." He already was beginning to be taken as the authoritative teacher of creed, morality, and worship. The people had not been drawn into the solitude without the influence of some great, attractive power, and that power was the personal example and the divine influence of Christ Himself. The people, by a kind of intuition seemed to perceive and acknowledge that there was something in Him that could be found in no other; and He subdued them as He attracted them, by the fascination of His personal gifts, and the impress of His divine authority. And what a revelation and a revolution is not contained in His teaching? It would seem as if the dark, lurid, atmosphere of paganism had been swept clear of its hideous gods; as if the cruelty, and debauchery, and slavery, and degradation of humanity, which had been brought about by the loss of true dogma, morality, and worship, were about to melt away like those black, angry clouds which precede some great thunderstorm on the approach of the sun of justice. All is calm with Christ on the mountain side; the flowers of the field, and the gentle birds, and the expanding and great heavens; and the listening multitude and the placid lake—all speak of rest, of love and of repose. Our Lord lays down the ruling principles of His great teaching.

HE SPEAKS TO ALL MEN. None are excluded from His sympathy, except hypocrites, and the insincere. The poor, and the suffering, and the oppressed, are especially cared for. Those whom the ancient world trampled on, and they were the vast masses of humanity, are lifted up with a strong and gentle hand by Him, and He consoles them, and encourages them with special hopes of a genuine beatitude. His philosophy is addressed, not merely to Peter, and James, and John, but emphatically to this great miscellaneous multitude, which has been attracted into the wilderness by the craving in their hearts and by the influence of Jesus. His one emphatic thought which He insists on throughout His address is the Fatherhood of God, and the relationship of the creature; He seems almost to open the very gates of heaven, and point out to longing eyes Him whom they sought in the loneliness of their pilgrimage. The power, the mercy, and the love of their Heavenly Father were placed before the people's attention again and again. They were shown that He watches them and listens to them, and is nigh to every one of them, and will be with them, and give His Son to them and comfort them in secret. He shows how, under this powerful and sympathetic Fatherhood, men are all one. He is their heavenly Father; they are His sons, and consequently, brothers to one another. He pointed out the universality of this bond and its strength and sweetness. He showed them that this life is but a passage, journey to another and a lasting one. He insisted that all must pray for strength, and thus proclaimed the innate weakness of human nature, which must gain the support of a higher power than self. The people looking on Him and on each other, must have been struck with the depth and simplicity of the revelation that Christ had made.

THEY BEGAN TO REALIZE THEIR POSITION ON EARTH. and their great eternal destiny; they were impressed with the law of brotherly love, of forgiveness, of patience, of sweetness under provocation, and of charity to all men. They began to realize the comparative worth of God and Man; and could not but feel that a new system of thought and action had been propounded, which was capable of indefinite expansion. The eternal God, the everlasting reward, the place of punishment for the wicked, the immortality of the soul, the necessity of a virtuous life, the paramount importance of seeking heaven before earth, the claims of charity, the necessity of grace through prayer—in one word, the outlines and principles of a philosophy which has revolutionized the world, and which, through touching the inner soul of each individual man, has subdued each individual man, were propounded on this occasion by our Blessed Saviour. Here, then, is the commencement of the school of Christ. From this mountain of beatitudes the system and policy He instituted spread from place to place, from city to city, from one nation to another, till it filled the whole world and changed its heart and face. Being Himself recognized as the infallible divine spokesman—especially after He had absolutely proved His claim by lifting Himself from the dead—His great instrument of power was authority. Socrates may have appealed to human reason and the laws of human thought; Christ appealed to the unerring mind of God, who creates the light of human reason. Whether men could explain or unravel Christ's teachings or not, when they once felt and knew, of a truth, that He was truth's oracle, they believed Him. Indeed, it was to be expected that if He really were uttering Divine principles and imparting Divine revelations to the world, He would from time to time, at least, teach something

BEYOND THE FINITE GRASP OF THE MERE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. The whole world of thought is mixed up with obscurities and positions which may have to be accepted, though they cannot be explained. Nature herself is one vast scheme of wonder, which men admire, and catalogue with names, but cannot fathom. Still, man believes in the world of thought, and has to submit to the enigmas that nature will not, and man cannot solve; and thus he finds less difficulty in submitting his reason to Himself to be beyond and above all men, not merely in the theories or teaching of His philosophy, but in the very character and action of His life. Well, Christ having thus formed what we may call a school of thought and action, remained amongst His followers developing His principles, expanding and illustrating His teaching, and proving day by day more and more His paramount claim on the obedience of the world. I need not follow up this thought, or accompany you through the ministry of our Saviour during His three years of public life. You have but to recall to mind what He said, did, and suffered; and how He taught, acted, and endured, to understand the secret of His unparalleled success and of the vitality of His philosophy. He did a work which no mere man has ever proposed to himself to do, and in three short

years sowed the imperishable seeds of a new and original method of perfection. His departure was no sign of weakness or collapse in the system that He founded. Had He been simply a Plato or a Pythagoras, most probably, indeed, most certainly, His teachings, as a method of life, could not have survived His departure many years. No man in the whole range of ancient thought, has ever established and kept on foot one single city where his teaching was kept in any vigorous and persistent life. Every trial—and but few have been attempted—has egregiously failed, and those which have for a short time been kept alive, have lived through the force of passion—the interest or the cravings of which philosophers have pandered to.

WITH CHRIST IT WAS THE EXACT REVERSE. In the course of a very short time there was not a city in the whole circumference of the Roman empire which cannot be looked upon as a school of Christianity; not a centre of population where one was not to be found who represented Him and His teaching on the Mount; where vast numbers of men and women did not rigorously practice, as well as firmly believe the creed and morality of Jesus; and where temples to His worship did not take the place of those erected to the services of "superstition. Look for one moment on the influence of this vital teaching as evinced in the conduct of one of His immediate followers who listened to His sermon on the Mount. Take the great central city of power and of superstition in the world at that day, and see what this follower of Christ was enabled to effect in making disciples to the new religion, and in perpetuating the great school of our heavenly Father. Our Saviour had already formed His society and had laid down His legislation and had ascended to His glory. His disciples had to carry on the work which He began. They had received from His very mouth the centre and complete teaching of His philosophy. They were in possession of all those gifts which were necessary for carrying out His will. And they at once set about executing His orders. They were all filled with the spirit which He had implanted in them. He was the centre of all their power. His life and passion, His example, His personal love, the adoration of as well as belief in Him were their stay, and the great secret of their union with Him, and with one another. They had one object in the world, and when He had gone, in heaven or in His Blessed Sacrament, to fix their hearts upon in intensest affection; no object whose words and teachings, whose every action spoke the clear, unadulterated truth of God; and in the strength of His resurrection they went abroad manfully, and preached and taught Jesus Christ to the world. Now, the head and foremost of His immediate followers was undoubtedly St. Peter. How did this master of Christ's doctrine and philosophy carry on the work which his leader had begun? How did he perpetuate the school of Christ? It is but natural that he should seek the greatest and most populous centre in which to begin his arduous work.

BEING THE PRINCE AMONG THE APOSTLES, he chose the Imperial city as his most fitting residence. Here, he had determined to carry on the school of Christ. A series of unforeseen events brought about this determination. Thirteen years after the Ascension, he would have been put to death by Herod Agrippa, had he not been miraculously delivered from prison. He naturally "departed and went into another place." The unanimous testimony of ancient writers is to the effect that that other place was Rome. Here St. Peter, in the second year of Claudius, organized his school. St. Irenæus says that he there founded and constructed the Roman Church. St. Clement, his contemporary, speaks of his success. He says that a "great multitude" of the elect were drawn together and associated with St. Peter and St. Paul "in holy polity." He speaks of these Roman converts becoming, "by the endurance of many sufferings and tortures, a most honorable example." In the year fifty-three St. Paul says that the faith of the Romans was spoken of throughout the whole world, and that their obedience had reached all men. Now, what is the meaning of this except that the great school of Christ had been actively and successfully doing its work? Picture, in imagination, the gigantic work which

THIS UNKNOWN JEW was about to set on foot when he first entered the Imperial city. Here were collected together all the whole wickedness, and superstition and debauchery of the whole world. Here was the stronghold of every form of corruption and every imaginable iniquity. The thousands of slaves, and the luxurious senators; the starving, idle, greedy poor, and the proud and unbelieving philosopher; the endless temples of the gods, and the thousands of priests, strangers and Romans whose interest it was to perpetuate the great ingrained tradition of the past. It would seem as if this pagan Rome were fashioned and had been formed in its traditions and in the habits of its inhabitants for resisting anything in the shape of the Sermons on the Mount. Still Peter knew in whom he believed. He did not trust in self or in the powers of human reason, but in the might of his cause. He began his work. His one principal study was to bring the great Model before the Roman eyes. He insisted on the resurrection; he showed how Christ was the centre of all the philosophy and religion that he came to teach.

THE EMPERORS WERE BUT MEN, Christ was God. He developed the creed of His Master. He showed its harmony, its beauty, its light; he unfolded the divine morality of the Cross, and laid down principles which were as a revelation of light upon the soul. He explained how the candidate for this new form of life must be initiated into the society by means of the baptismal font, and how the great Teacher and Model was at the same time the victim for man's sins and the object of his adoration. He explained to those who flocked around him how His Master provided for the perpetuation of His polity; and how, unlike the teachings of the philosophers, His teaching was accompanied by gifts and graces which gave strength and light to fallen man. I need not dwell further on what must have been the subject-matter of St. Peter's teaching. My point is this, that it was an unparalleled success, not only as to the quantity of his converts, but as to their quality. He, like His Master spoke to the world, not to the chosen few. Not only Cornelius Pudens and Pomponia Græcina, but slaves and servants, and strangers and the poor, were equally subjects fitted for Peter's school. The beauty of Christ's character, and the Divinity that shone from His every action, must have done their work when Peter, who had had a personal knowledge of the Redeemer, had spoken in his earnest and sincere manner about what he had known of the Word of life. He had already had a vision of his success in the great sheet seen in vision by him in the house of Simon, in which were all four-footed creatures of the earth, wild beasts, reptiles and birds; emblematic of his success in gathering out of the swarming imperial city followers from every condition of life and every grade of society. They soon increased into "a mul-

titude," they formed "a polity," and the fame of their virtue became noised over the whole earth. Here, then, is a great success.

PETER DID WHAT NO FOLLOWER OF PYTHAGORAS,

or Plato, or Zeno had been able to effect. His teaching, like his Master's, was for all mankind; his teaching, unlike all others, was to revolutionize the interior man, and re-create him, and form his conscience. His doctrine and morality and worship was clear and definite. He had given an explanation of the past and of the future. He claimed to teach what he did teach as infallibly true and absolutely certain; and men and women who had been living in mist and fog, who had been wearied with the monotony of their passions, and longed for something higher and better, became captives to the new philosophy, and ended in becoming ardent followers of the school of Christ. I will leave you to trace in imagination the history of this school.

PETER, ITS FIRST MASTER,

witnessed to the truth of his teaching with his blood. But, unlike the philosophies of the pagan world, his policy did not corrupt or his strength fail. The iron and blood of ten most sanguinary persecutions had no effect upon the wonderful vitality and endurance of the society that he established. To his disciples death was but the beginning of life. They did not mind shutting their eyes to earth to open them in heaven. They were possessed by a love, they were smitten by an image, which had more power over them than all the tortures and agonies of chains and death. This world to them was but a trial-place. Nothing could shake their high resolves. The terrors which men could hold out did not add one pulsation to their hearts; for they reckoned nothing of man's day; their hopes were fixed upon the everlasting rest and upon seeing the face of Christ, and the home of their salvation. Besides this, of course, they were divinely strengthened to bear up against their persecutors. They patiently waited for better days. And, finally, having been driven to the catacombs, they at length rose again and took possession of all the glories of empire and triumphed over all their oppressors, fixing the Cross of Christ as the most glorious ornament upon the diadem of kings and as

THE HIGHEST ORNAMENT OF IMPERIAL CROWNS.

Passing over the fiery trial time of the school of Christ, and looking upon its condition after it had been battling for 270 years, what do we see? Three hundred years is about the general term of life of every error which is based on passion or pride. After that period the intrinsic seeds of decay and collapse have had time to do their work, and that form of philosophy or worship which is originated by its founder breaks up into ever so many independent and antagonistic lives. How did the school of St. Peter come out of the racking ordeal of fire, and sword, and torture? How did his disciples stand the pressure of imperial despotism, and under the jealousy of Roman law? How did they withstand the great ingrained traditions of thousands of years, and the established worship of the greatest city of the earth? And how far were they successful in their hand-to-hand combat with the prejudices and persuasions founded upon the traditions of race, and strengthened by their identity with ages of conquest and military glory? In 270 years all this would have been fairly tested, and the worth and vitality of the school of Christ would have been tried in every nerve, and proved in every joint and organ.

TAKE A RAPID SURVEY, THEN, of the condition of our Saviour's polity in the reign of Constantine. On the throne of the Caesars there sits one who, far now from claiming for himself divinity, has recognised the potency of the philosophy of Christ. His greatness and his military success he attributes to the great burning sign of the Cross of Christ; and under that standard his soldiers are led to battle and to victory. The majestic presence of this great man, his firmness, his prudence, his great military talents, his knowledge of men and of their powers, makes his conversion all the more remarkable, and testifies to the extraordinary influence of the philosophy of Christ. In the city of the gods and imperial administration the work of Peter has progressed with strides little short of miraculous. The head teachers had come out of their dark schools in the catacombs. They had taken possession of the imperial city. No force of the blust of persecution had been able to uproot their teaching or to scatter their disciples.

WITHIN THE ROMAN IMPERIAL ORGANIZATION another and a more vital one had been growing and spreading itself like a network day by day. The city itself had been taken possession of. A steady and persistent organization had been quietly completed. The city was divided into its regions; basilicas were fashioned for the worship of the Saviour; priests, the teachers of this new and vital philosophy, were actively engaged amongst the vast population instructing and baptizing, and incorporating the old and young men by degrees into the polity which Peter had established. From the catacombs and his narrow cells, the head teachers, the successors of St. Peter, were transferred to the Palace of the Lateran, and the home of the Caesars was made the centre stronghold of the new religion of Jesus Christ. Here men learned the value of their immortal souls; here they were taught the great Fatherhood of God, and the certain way to everlasting life. Here the freedom with which Christ has made man free and the liberty of the sons of God were preached with all the energy of truth, and enforced with all the power of example. Bishops and priests were ordained to carry on the ministry, and the great network of the Roman Empire was utilized for the spread of the new philosophy of the Cross. What had been done in Rome was repeated throughout and beyond the Empire.

FIVE HUNDRED CITIES OF THE EMPIRE

were united in oneness of method, and under the same ruling and mighty power. Alexandria and Antioch were centres of ecclesiastical and spiritual influence; and from these again spread the prolific tree of truth, and finally took possession of the ancient world. It must have been a matter of admiration and astonishment to such a mind as Constantine's to witness so extraordinary a development and so perfect an organization for the propagation of an altogether new philosophy or religion. Each great city with its ruling bishop, and his great priests; and the faithful people. Everywhere the same creed absolutely believed in, and held with all the tenacity of intense conviction. Faith and morals—the belief of the mind and the action of the will, intimately connected with Him who brought the revelation of both. Worship the purest and the most unreserved of Him who was recognized as the unerring doctor of truth and the model of a pure morality; of Him in whose personal love was to be found the success of the propagation of His teaching. And more than this:

THIS KEEN-SIGHTED EMPEROR

must have also perceived that, for the first time to the knowledge of heathendom, a man

had come forward to claim supreme obedience to his doctrines, and to perpetuate them in all their undiluted truth through a divine protection. We may not have perceived the forming into explicit shape of this strange, unearthly polity; but as the acorn commences to contain within itself the future expansion from one centre of the school of Christ and of St. Peter. What Christ did on the mountain; what St. Peter did when he held Cornelius to the foot of the cross—that was to be done by a school whose head master was the successor of St. Peter, and whose scholars were the inhabitants of the world. From the days of Constantine onwards this school steadily developed and spread, remaining one, yet adding one nation after another to its polity, baptizing and preaching and catechizing and feeding with spiritual food those whom it had drawn into the number of its members. By degrees, or rather in a marvellously short space of time,

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF PAGANISM MELTED AWAY,

and the schools of the pagans were closed. Plato, and Zeno, and Epicurus, and Aristotle, and the great thinkers of the past lived simply in the past, lived in history to testify to their own impotence in attempting to renew the world. The smoke of pagan sacrifices ceased, the altar crumbled, the priests were gone, the temples fell to ruins, or were turned into Christian churches, and the great paganism that once promised to possess the world forever had given place to his philosophy of the Cross and the schools of our Christian fathers.

ST. JEROME IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH PAULA

and Eusebius, in the fourth century of the Christian era, a period sufficiently near to the beginning of Christianity and at the same time sufficiently far off to see what had been done in just perspective, thus describes the workings, the principles, and the success of the school of Christ: "If anyone seeks for eloquence," he writes, "and takes pleasure in declamations, he has in the one language Demosthenes and Pölema, in the other Tullius and Quintilian. The Church of Christ was drawn together, not from the Academics or the Lyceum, but from the meanness of the multitude. Whence too the Apostle said: Consider your vocation, brethren, that you are not many wise according to the flesh, not many powerful, not many noble, but God chose the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the strong, and the base things of the world and the things that are contemptible has God chosen, and things that are not that He might bring to nought the things that are." For because men had not learnt God by wisdom from the order, variety and the settled continuance of creatures, "it pleased God by the folly of preaching to save these that believed," not by wisdom of language, "lest the Cross of Christ should be made of no effect." But, lest he might be thought in this speaking to be preaching of un wisdom, he overthrew, with prophetic mind, a possible objection, saying: "We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery which has been concealed, which no one of the princes of this world knew."

(To be Continued.)

The Russian Army.

Some interesting statistics of the recruiting for the Russian army during the past year have just been published at St. Petersburg. The number of recruits inscribed on the lists was 218,000, but only 214,946 actually joined the ranks. Of the 3,000 who did not present themselves 2,656 were Jews. It is still found very difficult to compel Jews to serve in the army. The total number of the recruits, which in previous years was never above 700,000, last year rose to 759,000. This increase is accounted for by the circumstance that those who had been previously called in were born during the Crimean war, when the birth, as usual in time of war, was far below the normal number.

Enormous Undertaking in France.

Talk about the cost of the Pacific railway, why it is a mere flea bite to the colossal schemes of the new French Minister of Public Works, M. de Freycinet, who proposes to expend about £100,000,000 sterling (\$800,000,000) on a vast net-work of State railways and hydraulic works. His plans, which have almost all been sanctioned, comprise the maintenance of about 23,500 miles of national railways, not much more than half of which are at present in working order, and five thousand miles of which have yet to be built, and the expenditure of \$150,000,000 on new canals and old systems, and about \$50,000,000 on the improvement and deepening of ports and harbours.

British Connection.

(Toronto Mail.) Our King street contemporary is satisfied that the National Policy will tend to destroy British connection. In that case, we fully expect to see Mr. Huntington, Mr. Mills, and other "social Reformers" giving the new tariff their hearty support. But has our new brother ever looked at the trade returns? The annual volume of trade since 1873 has been as follows:

Year	Imports from Great Britain	Imports from the United States
1873	\$217,300,000	\$216,800,000
1874	197,500,000	197,500,000
1875	175,700,000	175,700,000
1876	172,200,000	172,200,000
1877	170,600,000	170,600,000
1878	170,600,000	170,600,000

Our imports from Great Britain and our United States during the same period were as follows:

Year	Imports from Great Britain	Imports from the United States
1873	\$68,500,000	\$47,700,000
1874	63,100,000	54,300,000
1875	60,300,000	50,800,000
1876	40,700,000	46,100,000
1877	39,600,000	51,300,000
1878	37,400,000	48,600,000

Hence the percentage of our British and American imports of the annual volume of trade has varied thus:

Year	British Percentage	United States Percentage
1873	31.5	25
1874	29	25
1875	30.5	26
1876	23.10	26.24
1877	23	29.8
1878	21.9	29

Our contemporary seems to think that the British trader has a lien on our markets, and that to disturb him is to fly in the face of British connection. This is simply a contemptible position. If the Manchester cotton-lord or Birmingham manufacturer thought it would suit his book to tax Canadian bread-stuffs or lumber, he would do so without consulting our feelings, or indulging in any sentimental drivel about the old flag. Why should we not exercise the same right? Is this not a free country, or are we the bondsmen of the British and American plutocrats? Our reform friends are true cosmopolitans—they uphold every country but their own.

GENERAL NEWS.

The new bridge in Ay will be completed next month. It is a broad, level, handsome structure.

Pope Leo XIII. has ordered the private chamberlains in the Vatican to leave off the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century and to adopt one more modern.

Since his encyclical, Pope Leo has several times been threatened by Socialists. He forwards their letters to the Governments of the countries to which his threateners appear to belong.

The principal centres for the manufacture of coral ornaments are Naples, Leghorn, and Marseilles, in the former more than 1,000 women are employed in making corals beads for necklaces, &c.

Marshal MacMahon wouldn't hear of a pension, and refused to use the money voted to defray hospitalities at the Elysee during the Exhibition. It was distributed by his wife among the charities of Paris.

Capt. Maxwell has intimated to the tenants on the Terres estate, Dumfriesshire, who had memorialized him for an abatement of rent in consequence of present hard times, that he cannot yield to their request.

A fashionable society of young men in London is called "The Crutch and Toothpick Club." The "crutch" is the new kind of walking stick affected by the youth of the west end; the toothpick is their symbol.

Mr. Langmuir, Inspector of Prisons for Ontario, is paid \$3,000 a year, and his assistants receive \$2,250. Mr. Moylan, Inspector of Dominion Penitentiaries, is paid \$2,250 a year, and his assistants \$1,100. The Ontario inspector, in fact, is a much bigger man than the Dominion official.

Several gentlemen who have been in the city in the oil interest, have devoted some little attention to the geological formation of the Ottawa district, between this city and Buckingham, and they are under the impression that large quantities of gas could be produced for illumination purposes by means of artesian wells.

A London paper announces the marriage of Miss Theodosia Parnell, sister of the eminent Home Rule M. P., to Lieut. Capt. son of Lord Alfred Paget, and brother of Capt. Paget, who married Miss Stevens. Miss Parnell's mother, who resides at Bordenstown, N.J., is a daughter of the late Commodore Stewart of Rhode Island.

Tramps are defined by Michigan law to be persons refusing to work for the usual and common wages given to other persons for like work in the place where they may be. "This definition is certainly a lenient one, and does not take in the vast army of unemployed who are willing to work even for less than the wages usually paid.

Experienced female detectives should be assigned to duty at all the places of amusement where ladies are liable to be robbed by female pickpockets. The facilities which are possessed by women over men in this pursuit render them especially dangerous in places of resort where they can operate without suspicion or exposure.

The detectives who have been investigating the Lynn trunk mystery seem on the point of giving the case up in despair, and the theory is now broached, and is supported by considerable evidence, that the whole affair is a ghastly joke, the body of the girl having been placed where it was by medical students, who wanted to get rid of it and to make a sensation.

There is still some hope for our over-worked legislators both in Toronto and at Ottawa. An Austrian engineer named Mayrbauer has invented a machine for voting. A member by pressing a handle, "yes" or "no," on his desk liberates a ball which falls into an urn behind the speaker, and at the same time reveals the number of the voter in a board on the wall.

As full reports from Hungary arrive, it becomes evident that the destruction of life and property by the floods was greater than it was thought. Thousands of persons have been drowned, and the destruction of property is immense. It is estimated that the work of a generation will scarcely replace the losses. The suffering among the survivors is heartrending.

New Zealand, like Australia, grows under the rabbit pest. A Mr. Gowen killed 26,000 on 29,000 acres in four months. The cost of destroying them was three pence each, or over \$1,600, and the skins only fetched half that sum. A member of the Legislature said that they had rendered whole districts worthless. It is estimated that a couple of rabbits will in four years increase to the enormous total of 250,000.

A new photographic light has been exhibited by the Luxograph Apparatus Company in London Eng., by which they are enabled to take portraits quite independent of weather or daylight. The light is produced by burning a chemical composition similar to that of the "Bengal lights" in the focus of a very deep parabolic reflector. The light is extremely white and intense, and by its aid photographs were made and completed in less than half an hour.

A protest is going up from the press of Prince Edward's Island against imprisonment for debt. The Government furnishes the incarcerated debtor with neither food nor drink, and if his family or friends do not supply his needs he runs a chance of starving. The jail is filled with debtor prisoners who can neither earn nor pay anything, and who, in some cases, are supported by struggling wives, who have also children to provide for. Many depend entirely upon what they receive from their fellow prisoners or upon the kindness of the keeper.

The settlers in the districts lying outside the bounds of the Province of Manitoba complain bitterly of the want of post office accommodation. In some sections the nearest post office is ninety miles distant. Many settlers from the States have returned in consequence of this inconvenience; and the incoming settlers from Ontario are also grievously affected. These settlers complain also of want of legislative representation, and would be extremely grateful if the boundaries of Manitoba were extended so as to embrace the settled regions beyond.

From a statement brought down on Wednesday it appears that the total amount of Canada leaf used in the manufacture of tobacco subject to the maximum duty, during the period from 1872 to 31st December, 1878, was 317,089 pounds, the greater part of which was used in 1872-73, viz., 201,782 pounds. In 1876-77, 17,253 pounds, and in 1877-78, 13,412 pounds were the respective amounts, and during the six months ending 31st December, 1877, 2,072 pounds. This tobacco was used partly in the manufacture of plug and cut tobacco, and partly, in combination with imported leaf for cigars, but there is no means of determining in what proportions. From 1872 to 1878 inclusive 312,429 pounds of Canada leaf and Canada twist paid duty, the total amount collected being \$26,701. The rate before 1874 was seven cents per pound, and since then 10 cents.

Army and Navy.

The date fixed for the opening of the camp at Wimbledon is July 14. Owing to the increase in the number of prizes and also in the number of competitors, the meeting will extend beyond the usual fortnight.

Owing to the large number of men being sent out to reinforce the 21th Regiment, recently so terribly cut up in the Cape war, we understand some officers of the Guards will be sent out in command of them, handling the men over to their commanding officer when they arrive.

It is very touching to read letters from officers brought by the last mail from the Cape. In one of these letters, the writer, after giving a careful account of the voyage, adds—"Our troops march for Zululand to-morrow, where we expect to arrive in about five days, and then, dearest, for the meat!"

How can we realize that in the recent disastrous engagement at the Cape we lost more officers and men than at Alma, and nearly equalled the death-roll of Inkerman, as the following figures will show—Battle of Alma, 25 officers—262 total killed; battle of Inkerman, 30 officers—597 total killed; battle of the 22nd of January at the Cape, 30 officers—530 total killed.

Lieutenant Gonville Broward, who held the rank of Major in the 21st Regiment, has received the brevet rank of major in recognition of his gallant conduct. Lieutenant Kell, 88th Foot, or Connaught Rangers, who served as second lieutenant of a company, and was promoted to the rank of captain, owes his promotion to gallantry exhibited in South Africa.

The King's Dragoon Guards are "heavier," tall men of the physique. The troopers are armed with brass helmets, swords (28 inches long in the blade), and breech-loading carbines. The 17th Lancers are medium cavalry, and are armed with brass helmets, swords (28 inches long), and carbines. The ordinary Henry-Martini and bayonet. The field battery on service should have 7 officers, 18 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 18 horses. It is provided with six muzz, twelve ammunition wagons, a large general service cart and two stone carts. The equipment is similar to the cavalry.

The volunteers are in future to wear a distinction for long service. Having rendered themselves efficient and entitled to the Government grant, a cloth badge is to be worn of a diamond shape, the rays being those of the Australian flag. When the volunteer has further rendered himself efficient for five years, and gained as many certificates, this diamond becomes a star-shaped badge, and the volunteer is entitled to the man of a second star, and he may in like manner earn a third or fourth distinction. One of the reasons for the Government's determination to award these distinctions has been considering Volunteer regulations is, we hear, to the effect that in future the whole force is to be clothed in one color, and that the national flag.

Woman's Suffrage.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 21.—The House of Representatives was engaged in the woman's suffrage question this morning. Many ladies were present to hear the debates. After considerable discussion it was voted to indefinitely postpone the whole subject, and the women suffragists left the Legislature much chagrined at their defeat.

Rumours About President Hayes.

WASHINGTON, D.C., March 24.—The *Albion* publishes this morning says—"The most incredible story is about that President Hayes has informally agreed to accept the emancipation of the National Election Law, as proposed by the Democratic Caucus Committee. It then goes on to mention the circumstances upon which this story is based and adds—"Among Republican leaders these facts or allegations are received with anxiety akin to dismay. It says further that as the story goes Abraham S. Hewitt has acted as negotiator on the part of the Democrats and Secretary Everts on the part of the administration. General Tom Young and General Garfield, both intimate personal friends of the President, are positive there is no truth in the story.

The Murdered Actor.

New York, March 24. The remains of R. C. Porter, the actor who was murdered at Marshall, Texas, arrived in this city yesterday. The funeral takes place on Wednesday, the friends of the family coming forward with assistance. Published accounts of the murder are correct, except that the actress insulted in the bakery of Porter and Barrymore was not Miss Baker, as stated earlier, but Miss Ellen Cummins. At the time of the assault the murderer was in his hotel about fifty feet distant, while John Drew, another member of the company and brother-in-law of Barrymore, was standing on the steps outside the restaurant. When Drew ran into the place Currie aimed his pistols at him, but he begged for his life; and the murderer spared him. After shooting Porter and Barrymore, Currie pointed both his pistols in Miss Cummins' face and said: "I've a mind to shoot you too." She was fairly paralyzed with fear and pleaded for her life. He fired four shots in all, but the first one hit Barrymore and the last one at Porter missed. Though Currie was under the influence of liquor he was not deeply intoxicated. The feeling in Marshall is said to be intense, every man, woman, and child would like to lynch Currie. The insult to Miss Cummins was addressed to the proprietor of the place, and Currie tried to force the proprietor and Barrymore to resent it. When he pulled out his pistol Barrymore rose and said he was unarmed but told Currie if he would lay down his pistols he would give him all the satisfaction he wanted, at the same time he begged to remove his coat. Instantly Currie fired. Next day Currie told his keepers he regretted he did not kill the whole lot of them, so that there would be no witnesses.

Talmage on St. Patrick.

Since last we met, said Mr. Talmage, Irishmen have assembled in churches and at banquets to honor the memory of St. Patrick, the Irish Apostle. Now, let me say that if St. Patrick did half the good that is attributed to him all the churches may well feel proud of such a man. Talk as you will, and say this is superstition, but we all have saints to bless us, like St. Mary, St. John, St. David, St. Catherine and many others. I pity from my heart the man who does not feel the holy loving influence of some dear saint at one time or another. There are men here listening to me who have been kept ignorant of the influence of just such holy beings. Think of the dear good mother, or god-father, who has passed into the blessed world, and say, if you can, you never feel her influence. You cannot do wrong but she chides you; you cannot do right but she blesses you. And here let me say that the Protestants have as many saints as the Catholics, and they revere them. They call on them as fervently, in such endearing, imploring terms as "St. David, my father; St. Catherine, my mother." There is no family here but has an aunt gone to heaven to be a saint. You call the children by her name; she is, when in the world, consulted when the bride's toilet is to be arranged, when the dearest hopes of the family circle are to be gratified.

Mr. Talmage drew a vivid picture of the closing scenes of such a life, when the household is gathered together around the dying bed, and when at last St. Mary passes away from an enchanted sick bed to the "house of many mansions." He closed by saying—"St. Patrick has been a patron saint for more than thirteen hundred years; but the humblest Christian man may become, like him, a saint. Anything well done is done forever. May the ages to come long keep their memories green. They that

PARIS FASHIONS.

While the public mind in France is supposed to be in a state of ill-defined unconsciousness the fashions for March enjoy enviable equanimity. They, at least, are high and dry in the world, settled on painters. The pretty flesh and blood lay figures that walk about in the showrooms are to be viewed with a fortnight in their new spring attire. Not until these young ladies typify each a different style are the fashions "set." These carefully selected beauties, though all on a slender scale of statury (from fifty to fifty-three centimetres round the waist), are in expectation of moderate panners. On the day I looked in to ascertain this fact I met a very aristocratic little girl, already was wearing an early under-fabric. There are among these ladies three distinct shapes—the Napoleon, the Ninette and the Mosquitaire. The proper panner is only, after all, a four-way, put on over the hips, as baskets are hung over below the waist, behind while the bodice is a long-waisted "princesse," that ends with loped up festooned basques. The waist of a panner is its accompanying escort of puffs, fringes, ribbons, garters and frills, with twists and torsades to correspond, round the bottom of the skirt. All these accessories require care in order to preserve them from crushing and from sword and spur influences in a ball room. A body of ladies full of good intentions, but devoid of large means, as a matter of course, opposed to the system. They are issuing circulars on the absurdity of submitting to the caprices of fashion and pointing out what a loss of time and temper panners will prove. Several are advocating the adoption of an unchangeable cut that might be executed in the softest materials, cut, lined, inserted, otherwise beautified with pearls, stones, or made of the least expensive stuffs according to the rank and station of wearers. They are appealing for the Greek "chiton" (pronounce the ch like a k, and add the o as long as in the word flow). A good deal of information supports the appeal. Thus we learn that the chiton is the oldest name given to a garment: that Adam and Eve, in the Greek Bible, are said to have worn chitons; that Joseph's coat was a chiton, as well as Tamar's robe and Agamemnon's best suit of clothes; and that everything that was a coat, skin or pel of wear by the same designation. While female scholars are thus engaged, I will only remark that a style that will only wear when worn out, and thus require no mending, would save much more time than any other for expounding the Greek Bible and setting forth theories. I do, however, believe in the blessings of the modern chiton for women (and especially for men), and in the East exclusively, for what sort of a bonnet would look well with a chiton? I cannot picture the Greek styles on a rainy day, nor how they would look in Macedonia. A very intellectual woman is as liable to get soaked through as a weak-minded wearer of peaks and pillow-stuffed shawls. A tucked-up chiton, a veil and umbrella are not the classical ideal. Meanwhile, manufacturers are sending in checks in neutral tints, plain grey and quantities of blue.

IDEAS FROM THE EAST.

The usual series of mastic, almond, drab and beige are forthcoming in Indian cashmere. The mixture of blue satin, with blue French merino will be a feature, and the notion of these two does not acquire a sange-ted-of plisse for trimming. A short, loose jacket for indoor wear is made like a cardinalian blouse, the adornment of which is a spiral knot of Bretonne or needle-darned lace. The usual material is twisted opal blue silk, and the sleeves are loosely gathered in three places—one row round the arm hole, the other above the elbow and the third below the cuff midway between the elbow and wrist. Spanish combs and Spanish blouses are worn in the hair, either entwined or tressed in with soft, zephyr plait.

COLORS OF THE SEASON.

The balls are of various colors: but "the" colors for all trimmings as a general rule are pink and olive green, mixed, garnure and buttercup mixed, pale blue and flesh. The other colors of the season are: mureen (Venetian smoke crystal), aigue-marine, silver shavings, sea glass, milky color, honey saucle, aventurine, and frosted tints in pale colors called "spratuzo." The shade called Byzantine is a mosaic blue with gold vitreous cast over it. It will be observed that Italian colors, those which enliven the shores of the Adriatic, are again restored. But after the reign of black, now discarded as a uniform, the gayer fashions are a relief. The only objection to much color will arise in the abuse thereof by tasteless combinations, and from this Parisian ladies are guarded by exquisite native tact. That great art critic, Mr. Ruskin, writes: "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn." "The perception of color," he says elsewhere, "is a gift just as definitely granted to one person and denied to another as an ear for music, and the Venetians deserve especial note as the only European people who appear to have sympathized to the full with the great instinct of the Eastern races in their feeling for color." May Mr. Ruskin's exultation guide the British lady in her selections through the trying ordeal now awaiting her. In jewelry the spring season may be said to have "set." Plain gold ornaments are not in demand; one design only is in vogue, and that a pine cone for brooch, with pendant cones for earrings. Numerous insects suit with gems are worn on rings, such as a large lobster, a monster grasshopper and locusts. A curiosity of the day is so flat a watch that it holds in a box of which the two sides closed figure a five franc piece and is no thicker. There are likewise the Japanese enamel fire screen for the ears, and beautiful monograms run through with pearl-headed pins. The adder coil for bouquet holders has undergone a different interpretation. The idea is now to place a stemless rose, pulled out of its green corolla, into one made of diamonds or emeralds. The delicate nerving of the glittering gems running up and holding the petals together reveals all the talent of the jeweller, and no more maidenly flower than the rose, half art, half nature, will ever adorn a snowy bosom. Lilies of the valley are this year larger, and the flowers are both smoke and white pearl in yellow or green gold. Among the fashionable knock-knacks are various articles for the table in Doulton ware, silver mounted. I noticed an antique shaped tankard and drinking cups on a Japanese lacquer tray, the latter protected by a deep silver rim. A novelty, too, is the biscuit box made of a scooped out block of tusk. The ivory was beautifully grained, and a flourishing initial letter decorated the lid.

DECORATIONS.

The new salts bottle is a tube of crystal with large lappis on the top. It opens with a screw at one end and with a spring on the other, being made with two different receptacles and genuine work. Everything is embrodered for the coming season, and among other admirable specialties are colored towels in the soft tints with white flow sprays. They are set up for narrow fourreau skirts that will be worn under panier-tuniques;

also are greatly envied the forthcoming chenilles in faded tints on satin. The latter are truly artistic. They are hand-worked, showing graduated sizes of floral decorations as the design widens up the bodice and decreasing as it again runs from the waist down to the bottom of the robe, where roses, firstly miniature buds only, expand into posies that tumble in ruffles and profusion over the instep. A pale moonlight satin marked in this way with moussé chenilles is soft and furry in the extreme, while the gloss of the foundation lends a shimmer to the ensemble. But such fancies as these have already been sketched in a rougher line. Totally novel are the spring lotus blue crepons the Persian silks and blotched Japanese tissues. All these foretell a perfect sartorial of glaze, the more so as all the gorgeous sheen is being trimmed with black velvet, and those indolent gold enamel on pearl and other Oriental buttons. It is supposed the elegantes will adopt a color and keep to it, varying their attire and their attitudes, enlivening it or otherwise sobering it down according to the importance or insignificance of the event they dress for. This report is not credible, but many of our wealthy beauties have on one day appeared in pearl grey and blue pekin satine; the following day in pearl grey cashmere and blue plush; on the third occasion in pearl and velvet mixed with brocade. The idea of "one's own color" as of "one's own" monogram, and "one's own" badge where armorial are not owned, is quite in keeping with the medieval fashions and there is an invite to chivalric minds to take the hint and remember "one's lady's pleasure."

PLAIN BUT EXPENSIVE.

The make of all our novel tissues will be plain to commence with; that is, relatively, for nothing so simple may be plain unless it be the most expensive of everything. A material all ornamented with gold in the fabric can dispense with gold in lars all round; but if the wool in a clinging or flowing garment comes not straight from the mountain sides of Kneehy it has to be bugled, channelled and stitched over to death. The market therefore, combined in order not to startle men from marrying is to be a box-plaited skirt, a tunic turned back in panure and a jacket and waistcoat for ladies.

BONNETS AND HATS.

Now about novel bonnets—the subject which of all others takes precedence in this season. I will say nothing of light beavers, light felts and pompons; nothing of high and square crowned coronets; nothing of the Flemish, of the cavalier, of the houri shapes and of the calèche hood forms. These have been worn all winter, some timidly, others audaciously, with old gold and pampelme and Alsatian bows and bands of feathers. Prince of Wales clusters, tight stretched satin, &c. The bonnet now to be talked of is decidedly the favorite. It is made of black equille lace, and only a prelude for lovely, reasonable flowers. The shape varies, its great advantage being its harmonious blending with the hair, an effect produced by fringes of blossoms that shower round the rim and fall in the hair. The fringes are composed of tiny flowers, such as birds' eye, heath, long stalked crocuses and violets; but when a tuft is worn it is a bouquet of cowslips and frosted poppies, or of thistles silvered with flame colored and black shattered flowers. A more dressy hat is made of curled leathers entirely, and the trimming is a brilliant tropical bird in imitation stones. A useful and ladylike close touchon is made of corduroy or double crepe, with a double row of bouillon chignon falling over the rim in front and the comb of chignon behind. I have mentioned the Breton lappes worn on satin and on velvet; they are a perfect rage, and especially are worn with a tremendous Breton bow placed exactly in front of the head above the hair parting.

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The Roumaine embroiderers still adhere to early Indian figures and to the Persian conventionally drawn flower and bird; but all our point lace and all our Renaissance work disappear before the above minute and elaborate performances on linen-drawn fibre, while the colored fancies over these are original and gorgeous. The open work foundation, as in all needle-made designs, is uneven in point of mesh formation, but therein lies the difference between machine embroidery and genuine work. Everything is embrodered for the coming season, and among other admirable specialties are colored towels in the soft tints with white flow sprays. They are set up for narrow fourreau skirts that will be worn under panier-tuniques;

Passion Play in Quebec. —Thirty-three years ago a representation of the "Passion Play" was enacted at Quebec before an immense audience. It was looked upon by the entire community as sacrilegious as the design widens up the bodice and decreasing as it again runs from the waist down to the bottom of the robe, where roses, firstly miniature buds only, expand into posies that tumble in ruffles and profusion over the instep. A pale moonlight satin marked in this way with moussé chenilles is soft and furry in the extreme, while the gloss of the foundation lends a shimmer to the ensemble. But such fancies as these have already been sketched in a rougher line. Totally novel are the spring lotus blue crepons the Persian silks and blotched Japanese tissues. All these foretell a perfect sartorial of glaze, the more so as all the gorgeous sheen is being trimmed with black velvet, and those indolent gold enamel on pearl and other Oriental buttons. It is supposed the elegantes will adopt a color and keep to it, varying their attire and their attitudes, enlivening it or otherwise sobering it down according to the importance or insignificance of the event they dress for. This report is not credible, but many of our wealthy beauties have on one day appeared in pearl grey and blue pekin satine; the following day in pearl grey cashmere and blue plush; on the third occasion in pearl and velvet mixed with brocade. The idea of "one's own color" as of "one's own" monogram, and "one's own" badge where armorial are not owned, is quite in keeping with the medieval fashions and there is an invite to chivalric minds to take the hint and remember "one's lady's pleasure."

Excitement in London. LONDON, March 20.—The intelligence received from Calcutta, that the King of Burma is prepared to declare war on the English Government in India, has caused considerable excitement and apprehension. The two in which England is now engaged have proved far more costly and uncertain in their results than was expected, and a third contest now precipitated upon the country would add greatly to the financial embarrassment of the Government and to the burden of taxation on the people. The King of Burma has at his disposal a powerful and well armed military force. According to the most accurate statistics, the population of Burma consists of nearly four millions of people all warlike. It is said that the King can easily put into the field an army of 60,000 men, and that he has at his Court some European military men who are suspected of having instigated the action which, as is now supposed, is to result in war.

Destruction of Szegedin. The destruction of the Hungarian city, Szegedin, by flood, will rank as the greatest calamity of the kind in a generation. Szegedin had a population of 80,000, and was built on a marsh on both sides of the river Theiss. It had a great market place, numerous churches, convents, hospitals and a theatre. Its trade was very large, and it had many factories. The foundations of the dikes that protected the city on either side were sapped by high water; the waters bursting through all barriers submerged two thirds of the city. Within three hours the town was many feet deep in water; scores of houses were crushed, hundreds of people were drowned, and nearly the entire population rendered homeless and homeless. It is also reported that 100 square miles in the neighborhood of Szegedin was flooded, and the crops totally destroyed. It is charged by the Hungarian liberals, that the catastrophe might have been prevented had the government paid due attention to the warnings given.

What the New York Herald Thinks. If Canada wishes to sever the tie which binds her to the mother country she could not do it more effectually than by erecting a tariff barrier against the admission into her markets of British goods. The sentimental bond of loyalty cannot long stand the strain of a conflict of interests. When Great Britain receives nothing in exchange for the expense entailed upon her by the colonial relations the tie will be easily dissolved. As an independent nation the taxes of Canada would be heavily increased. Like other independent nations she would be obliged to maintain an army and a navy and to incur the expenses of diplomatic intercourse. But this heavy addition to her burdens could not make her really independent. The United States could at any time make a conquest of the whole of Canada in a three months campaign. Canada would always lie at the mercy of her powerful neighbor. With such a strain upon her resources and such an utter absence of real security there would rapidly grow up in Canada an irresistible public opinion in favor of annexation to the United States. If the people of Canada value their connection with the mother country; if they find comfort and satisfaction in their sentiment of loyalty to the British crown; if they wish to perpetuate the present relations, they are making a stupendous mistake in dissolving the strong tie of interest by tariff legislation which would deprive the inhabitants of the British Islands of any compensation for the expense of maintaining the connection.

Further Opinions of the English Press on the Tariff. The Manchester Guardian says that, in England, there is a feeling of profound amazement at the great retrograde fiscal movement of a people so closely allied to Great Britain by ties of kindred and social intercourse. —Press Dispatch.

The Morning Chronicle (Opposition) says: The proposed Canadian tariff has been occupying some attention in the British Parliament. The London Times takes the correct view of the case. The protectionist policy of the Canadian Government is an evil, but the right of the Canadian people to regulate their own tariff must be maintained. The Evening Reporter (Government) says: —What right Mr. John Bright or Sir George Campbell, or any member of the English House of Commons, has to interfere with the domestic arrangements of Canada we do not know. Looked at in the abstract, Mr. Bright's motion is an impertinent interference. How much worse must it appear to us who know that one great object which the people of Canada—through the great party they have so nearly unanimously elected to regulate the trade and commerce of the country—have had in view has been to so weigh down the products of American industry that British industry, as developed in the British Isles, shall have a better chance than before within the borders of Canada. One great compelling power influencing the people to throw themselves so unanimously in favor of a readjustment of the tariff was that the imports from the United States, which country took but a small part of our exports, should be diminished, while English goods should have a better opportunity. No one fact was more potential in the last election than the fact that while, in 1873, Canada imported from Great Britain \$69,500,000, in 1878 Canada only imported from Great Britain \$37,431,000. Sir Hicks-Beach, in reply to Mr. Bright, yesterday night, admitted that the Marquis of Lorne's instructions differed from his predecessors. The Marquis of Lorne was not instructed to reserve bills imposing differential duties for the Queen's sanction, but this in no wise interferes with his powers of reservation and disallowance, these powers being fully set forth in the British North American Act of 1876. On Mr. Bright subsequently asking if this meant that any proposal enacting differential duties must be submitted to the Home Government before adoption, Sir Hicks-Beach said that the fiscal policy of Canada rested subject to treaty obligations with the Dominion Parliament. The News, commenting on the sentence in the answer of Sir Hicks-Beach to Mr. Bright, last night, that "Subject to treaty obligations" the financial policy of Canada is to be settled by the Canadian Parliament, says: —The Government are right enough in thinking they can do little or nothing in the matter, as it seems out of the question to think of any interference of the Crown with the decisions of the Canadian Legislature.

Projected Visit of Thirteenth N. G. S. N. Y. HEADQUARTERS 13TH REG'T, BROOKLYN, MARCH 11, 1879.

Lieut. Col. Fletcher, D. A. G.: I have the honor to inform you that this Regiment has received permission from the authorities of the Dominion of Canada and the State of New York to visit the city of Montreal to participate in the anniversary celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday on the 24th of May next. I have to request that we be assigned a position in the line of the Montreal Brigade, and that I may be advised of any movements in which we may be called upon to participate. I speak for every member of the Thirteenth in saying that we esteem it a privilege to pay this tribute of respect to England's honored Queen.

Your obedient servant, DAVID E. ACSTIN, Colonel Commanding the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

An Honest Conservative Journal. A Government is far more likely to do what is right when it finds the public journals criticising its work with frankness and from an independent point of view than it is when it finds its work praised and defended whether the work be good or bad. The Peterboro' Review very sensibly points out that the country will not be satisfied if the Government does unwise things and justifies the doing of them on the ground that a Reform Government did the same thing. It says the present Government must be prepared to defend every act upon its merits, and upon these acts be prepared to stand or fall before the country, and that the Review for one will not undertake to defend its political friends for doing what it condemned in their predecessors. These are honest words, and we hope to see them echoed by other Conservative journals.

What Happiness! The Average Editor. If as is said, happiness consists in occupation of the mind, the average editor should be moderately content. With two men sitting on his table, reading exchanges, a book agent whispering in his ear that he'll never get such a chance again because there wasn't but one made, a boy or two hanging around the outskirts with a lease ball item concealed about their persons, a compositor fainting away for a translation of some of his peculiarly awful chirography, a couple of patrons pressing him for a seven-dollar puff for a dollar-and-a-quarter advertisement, and a ferocious-looking individual sitting just outside the door with a heavy weight cane, and crumpled copy of the paper in his hand, waiting for a "chance to see him alone," the newspaper man may be said to be just in the suburbs of occupation, and threatening to be quite busy in time.

The End of a Bushwhacker. LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 20.—There is considerable excitement in Washington county over the killing of John Reed some days ago. Reed was a bushwhacker during the war, and a bold, bad man, many citizens suffering indignities at his hands. He was the leader of an unscrupulous band, and never hesitated to capture a town when so disposed. A follower of his, named Rutherford, was arrested, and Reed objected to his imprisonment and followed him to jail. As jailer Moore was putting him in, Reed drew a bottle and struck him over the head and the jailer shot him dead. The desperadoes threatened in retaliation to sack and burn the town. Representative Moore, brother of the jailer, left his seat in the House and hurried home with authority to raise a company. This he did and armed them with feeding guns. The desperadoes came, but finding such an armed force in Fayetteville retired. Both sides are still armed and affairs are in a very critical condition.

The Objections to the National Policy.

The policy submitted by the Government is essentially a Canadian policy. It has been framed with the deliberate object of building up Canada, of developing her resources, and of protecting her nascent industries against undue outside competition. This, we repeat, is the end and all of the National Policy; and if British connection is endangered by it, then so much the worse for British connection. It cannot be British policy that we should remain as we are. Manchester and Sheffield probably desire it. They have always looked upon the colonists as white Hindoos, created to be the consumers of their adulterated cotton and cheap cutlery; and no doubt our Reform friends speak truly when they say the National Policy will excite their displeasure. All we can say is—let them be displeased. We are not a conquered people on whom they can thrust their wares by force of the bayonet; nor is the national spirit yet sunk so low, that we dare not be loyal to Canada for fear of being charged with treason to British manufacturing interests. British connection imposes no such yoke upon us. British policy towards Canada is not regulated by the cotton-wars; it is not based on cupidity nor founded on selfishness. British connection on such terms might as well be no people of British origin would tolerate it. The cry that the new policy will answer the Americans is equally unworthy. We have asked and entreated long enough; the time for action has come. If they are irritated by the new protective policy, we can point to the Morrill tariff. If they accuse us of being unneighborly, we can show them Mr. Brown's articles of reciprocity and the contemptuous refusal of Congress; we can point to their vexatious bickering over the provisions of the Washington treaty; to the duty on lobster cans and cod oil levied for the express purpose of evading that treaty; to the manner in which they discharged their international obligations during the Fenian raids, and to their whole line of conduct towards us for the past thirty years. We have an abundance of *tu quoque's*; but better than all such, we can make the dignified answer that the Canadian people have the right, and intend to exercise it, of shaping their fiscal policy as they deem best in their own interests, regardless of the views of a foreign country which has always declined to meet them half-way in trade negotiations.

These hollow cries against the new policy will avail nothing. They will not frighten the people, for the people are not afraid to be loyal to Canada; and the National Policy is founded on that sacred principle.—Mail.

DR. WILBOR'S COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME.—Invalids need no longer dread to take that great specific for Consumption, Asthma, and threatening Coughs—Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. As prepared by Dr. Wilbor it is robbed of the nauseating taste, and also embodies a preparation of the Phosphate of Lime, giving nature the very article required to aid the healing qualities of the Oil, and to re-create where disease has destroyed. This article also forms a remarkable tonic, and will cause weak and debilitated persons to become strong and robust. It should be kept in every family for instant use on the first appearance of Coughs or Irritation of the Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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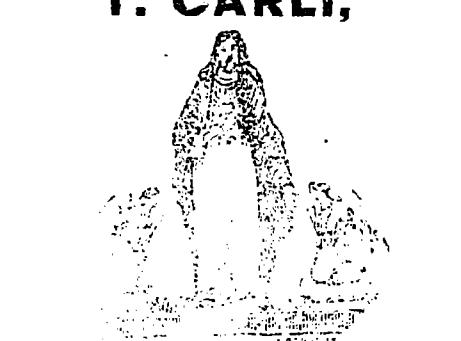
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SUPERIOR COURT, MONTREAL No. 720. Dame Lucie Robert dite Lamouche, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Auguste Bousquet, merchant, of the same place, duly authorized a cetera in justice, Plaintiff;

The said Auguste Bousquet, Defendant. An action en separation de biens has been instituted in this cause, the 15th February instant. ROY & BOUTILLIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, February 17th, 1879. 26-5

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N.B.—Having secured from Messrs. D. & J. N. B. & Co. the best and most reliable publications, we can now offer them as inducements to subscribers at their list prices, for which see advertisement in another column. We desire any book on the list sent to us at 10¢, allowing twenty-five cents for each subscriber; thus to secure any \$2 book it will require 8 subscribers.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Established in 1827. Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, Brass, Iron, and Steel. Castings of all kinds. For Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, Court Houses, Fire Alarms, etc. etc. Catalogue sent free. VANDUEN & TAIT, 102 and 104 West Second St., Cincinnati.

NOTICE—AN APPLICATION WILL BE made to the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, at the next Session thereof, for an Act to Incorporate "La Societe de Secours Mutuels des Frangais a Montreal." J. J. HIRZ, President. 26-5

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1878. THE IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.

FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE. HENCHERY'S HOTEL, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877.

MR. JOHN BURNS. The IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE which I have purchased from you has given me the most entire satisfaction. I can highly recommend it to persons who may be in want of such a range. The IMPERIAL, which I have purchased also, has given me the most entire satisfaction. I can highly recommend it to persons who may be in want of such a range. Respectfully yours, P. HENCHERY.

SPORTING.

The Astley Belt. The champion belt, which for a year has been held by an American, but which now goes back to England, is a heavy chain of eight links, or plates, one of solid gold and seven of sterling silver, fastened to each other by staves and silver bars, and fastened underneath to the real belt, which is of red leather.

The total weight of this ornament is not far from five pounds, so that, however desirable the possession of it may be, no pedestrian would wear it while at work. The central link is the golden one; it is irregularly elliptical in shape, and is surrounded by a fancifully cut border in scroll patterns. In the centre of the link or plate is an inscription in raised block letters—large caps—faced with blue enamel. The inscription reads:—"Long distance champion of the world."

The seven silver links are uniform in shape and size, being oblong in shape and about three inches by four and a half in size. On the two next in place to the golden link are raised figures in bas-relief—a figure on one being that of a runner, and on the other that of a walker. These figures are carefully finished, and the background of the links are engraved with very sketchy landscapes.

The link exactly opposite to the golden one—the one which would find its place at the back of the belt—is engraved with the following inscription:—"Presented by Sir J. D. Astley, Bart., M.P., March, 1878."

The next link to the right, or the third one to the left of the golden one, is inscribed as follows:—"Won Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, U. S. A., March 18, 1878. Distance, 52 1/2 miles in 123 hours, 43 minutes, beating H. Vaughan, Chester, 500 miles; H. Brown, 'Blower,' of Fulham, 47 1/2 miles, and 18 others."

The original cost of the belt was £100.—N. Y. Herald.

Aquatics. THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Newcastle Journal is excited over the remarks made by the Sportsman regarding the proposed trip of Elliott to the Antipodes to fetch back the world's championship. The Journal, after some preliminary sparring, says:—"It will be noticed that the Sportsman says that there are at present in England two scullers of high reputation from across the Atlantic, and it is hinted that either one or the other will shortly evince a desire to measure blades with the chief of English scullers." We presume that the two scullers alluded to are Hanlan, of Toronto, who is matched to scull Hawdon for £200 a side on May 5, and Wallace Ross, of New Brunswick. Do these men come and challenge the best scullers in England? Had either of them issued a challenge to either Elliott, Higgins or Boyd, who are in the front rank, they would not have been long waiting for a job. What course do they prefer instead? Why, Hanlan, who is acknowledged the best man in America and Canada, comes here and is matched against a second-class man in Hawdon; and Ross is judged under the wings of our Cockney friends and nursed up for a match against Frank Emmett, of Jarrow, who has yet to be beaten nobly better than Anty Strong, of Barrow. In 1879 and 1878, it will be remembered that the Tyne and Wear representative crews to Canada and America. We did not go about pot-hunting after second-class men or matches, but our men simply said, "Bring out against us the best man you have, and we will row them." Actuated by this gallant, manly and sportsmanlike spirit they met and defeated in sculls, pairs and fours the best men these countries could produce at Saratoga, at Montreal and other places. Our American friends, who seem to have a warm friend and sympathizer in the Sportsman, fail to imitate the example set them by the English oarsmen, among whom we may mention the names of Henforth, Kelley, Sadler, Percy, Winship, Chambers, Bagnall, Martin, and last, but not least, James Taylor. If Hanlan or Ross wish to row Elliott let them challenge him at once, and they will be speedily accommodated with an engagement. It would appear that the Sportsman wishes Elliott to wait until Hanlan beats Hawdon, and Ross beats Emmett. Now, it is not out of reason to suppose that both Hanlan and Emmett will beat their opponents, and if this were to happen would Emmett or Hawdon row Elliott? We have the authority of Hawdon's chief backer for stating that if Hanlan beats Hanlan he will not row Elliott; and we may presume that the Jarrow party will equally as well fight shy, for some time to come at least, of a match against the champion. Hanlan has said that even in the event of his being defeated by Hawdon, he will row Elliott, but we very much doubt this, unless our Canadian friends have more money than brains. From what we can gather of the Sportsman people, it appears that they would like Elliott to wait until Ross and Hanlan row their matches. To say the least of it, this is most unreasonable, for if either of these men wish to row Elliott why do they not enter into a match at once? If they do not wish to tackle the champion, then why interfere with him in his Australian enterprise? From all points of view the attack upon Elliott's claim to the championship is quite contrary to the title of Sportsman, which the aforesaid journal prints in bold letters on its front page, and we would recommend them not to advocate the cause of strangers and their friends, who, as yet, are short, comparatively speaking, in sportsmanlike feeling and enterprise, against those of a man whose friends are willing to support him against any man in the world, and who thus set the visitors an example of true sportsmanlike feeling. To show, however, that Elliott has no desire to quit England before he has proved himself a conqueror, we are requested by Mr. James Taylor to state, on Elliott's behalf, that he will row any man in England within three months for £200 a side. This challenge, at least, shows that Elliott does not wish to leave England until he has established his supremacy. We may further add that we have authority from Mr. James Percy to state that if Hanlan wishes to row Hawdon a month or two sooner, in order that he may have a chance against Elliott, he is willing to change the date so as to suit Hanlan's convenience.

The talk undoubtedly led to the arranging of the match between Elliott and an Unknown, as the champion then had a definite engagement to keep him in England.

ELLIOT CHALLENGES THE WORLD. A slimly-attended meeting was held in Newcastle, on 3rd inst., of those interested in sending Elliott to Australia. Considerable talk was indulged in but nothing definite was done, and an adjournment took place for a month.

Elliott said that, as he was Champion of England, he had a great desire to go to Australia to endeavour to bring back the Championship of the World. The Sportsman hinted that there was somebody up the sleeve willing to row him, and he should be only too delighted to know who he was. He was willing and ready to row any man in England or any other country, and his friend, James Taylor and his supporters were

prepared to make such a match. He would row any man in England or America, and would give or take expenses. If any of the American scullers thought they could beat him, they could have a match on their own river by paying expenses. And if he were sent to Australia, the British public might rely that they would get a fair, honest trial for their money.

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE. According to latest mail advices, the betting on the Varsity race is 75 to 40 on Cambridge.

Hanlan. The next rowing match to attract attention is that between Hanlan, who so cleverly won all the races in which he contested in this country last summer, and Hawdon, the famous English oarsman. A match between Hanlan and the champion Elliott is also probable. Hanlan has earned the right to the title of Champion of America, although he is one of the Queen's subjects, his home being in Toronto. Oarsmen throughout the United States feel therefore an interest in his success.

Pedestrianism. The valiant and plucky Ennis is deserving of great credit for his work, and certainly a man hardly ever started on a great undertaking with appearances so strongly against him, and came out so well. Ennis is poor, and has a large family. He is obliged to mortgage his house for \$500 to get on to New York and enter for the contest. Once in New York, he was not very heartily received. His best six days' record was 410 miles, and he had to compete with the famous champion O'Leary with Rowell and with Harriman, a new man, full of great possibilities. The first had made the best score on record, and Rowell had beaten him sixty miles in the six days' walk in London last fall. When he got to New York, it was some time before he could get anyone to back him for enough to insure medical attendance and a nurse. This was finally secured. It will be remembered by the reader that in the early days of the week no mention was made of the name of Ennis, and he appeared to be without friends save his plucky little wife, who stood in the door of his humble little cottage and cheered him on with an encouraging smile every time he passed by on his six days' trip. There was the woman who had stood with him in all his battles since they came of age, ready to cheer him on amidst surroundings many women would have shrunk from. So she stood bravely at her post, hour after hour, day after day, showing a devotion to her husband which indicated that the choice was indeed a happy one which made her Mrs. Ennis in the innocent and blooming days of a happy maidenhood, when he, or perhaps she, and she alone, believed he might secure any measure of success. Day by day he gained friends by his happy, good-natured air of business, and his undaunted pluck and endurance. The brave champion of the world wilted and left the track, but still Ennis kept on. Harriman seemed to be the coming man at one time, but still Ennis never wilted, and when the sad fact was apparent that Harriman's "staying power" was not up to his length and courage, Ennis shot into the arena like a young giant, and the hopes of a nation centered on one who, but three days before, could hardly find any one bold enough to back him with filthy row sufficient enough to secure medical attendance after second-class men or matches, but our men simply said, "Bring out against us the best man you have, and we will row them." Actuated by this gallant, manly and sportsmanlike spirit they met and defeated in sculls, pairs and fours the best men these countries could produce at Saratoga, at Montreal and other places. Our American friends, who seem to have a warm friend and sympathizer in the Sportsman, fail to imitate the example set them by the English oarsmen, among whom we may mention the names of Henforth, Kelley, Sadler, Percy, Winship, Chambers, Bagnall, Martin, and last, but not least, James Taylor. If Hanlan or Ross wish to row Elliott let them challenge him at once, and they will be speedily accommodated with an engagement. It would appear that the Sportsman wishes Elliott to wait until Hanlan beats Hawdon, and Ross beats Emmett. Now, it is not out of reason to suppose that both Hanlan and Emmett will beat their opponents, and if this were to happen would Emmett or Hawdon row Elliott? We have the authority of Hawdon's chief backer for stating that if Hanlan beats Hanlan he will not row Elliott; and we may presume that the Jarrow party will equally as well fight shy, for some time to come at least, of a match against the champion. 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Ennis and Rowell. New York, March 18.—Ennis says:—"I have put up my forfeit of £10 in Atkinson's hands, and he has promised that my match with Rowell shall have priority over Weston's, if it can be so arranged. We shall probably walk in three months; some time in June." Ennis will go to Chicago as soon as he gets his money, and after arranging his affairs there, will sail with his wife for England. He is in earnest, and intends to make Rowell defend his prize. It is said Harriman doesn't want to engage in any more "go-as-you-please" six-day contests. Rowell is having a pleasant time, many friends entertaining him.

O'Leary. New York, March 18.—O'Leary is going west to-day. He gets his \$2,000, as previously agreed upon. In view of his probable retirement from the track, he has authorized the announcement that he will purchase and present a belt worth \$500 to the man covering the best ground in a future six-day walk, to be held in this city sometime within two months. In addition to the belt he will give the following premiums: \$2,500, \$1,000 and \$500, to the first, second and third contestants respectively. The belt will be open to all, to be walked for in America three successive times before it can be taken away.

Another Foolhardy Trip. Lewis G. Goldsmith, a Danish sailor, about forty years of age, who served in the Union army and navy in the rebellion, proposes to sail across the Atlantic from Boston next summer, accompanied by his wife, in a boat eighteen and a half feet long, on a trip around the world. His will go to Copenhagen, Norway, Sweden, by the North sea to Scotland, by the Suez canal to Aden, across the Indian Ocean to India, through the Straits of Malacca, thence northward to Singapore Hong Kong and Yeddo, and finally across the Pacific to San Francisco, which he expects to make in the fall of 1881. From the Golden Gate he is now being east to Boston by rail. The boat is now being built by W. B. Smith, at City Point. It is eighteen feet long, six feet beam, with three feet depth of hold, built of oak and hard pine planking. It is so constructed as to be a boat within a boat, having nine air-tight compartments or chambers on each side, which will float the craft, even if the boat ships a sea and is filled with water. It is sharp at both ends, has a shifting bowsprit, and by a unique arrangement is so constructed as to "bail" itself.

Ennis's Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Ennis has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle poisons are floating around in our veins ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a proper nourishment.—Coca-Cola Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "JAMES ENNIS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly, London, England."

WAR. Horrible Butchery.

(From the Standard's Special Correspondent.) We had scarcely reached our tents, however, before news reached us that a terrible tragedy had taken place on the outskirts of the camp, where the prisoners taken on the previous day had to be sent to be taken care of by the 21st Regiment. They were arranged in three lines, and made to sit upon the ground. Each line was fastened by one rope, which was passed round each man, and then fixed in the ground by wooden pegs. A guard was placed over the prisoners, with strict orders to prevent any of them from escaping, as it was considered desirable that each man should be identified, so that we might see who among them were Mongols, who Wazirans, and who Khoistswals. It appears that the first two shots which we heard were not fired by our sentries, but had come into the camp of the 21st from the opposite side of the ravine. The prisoners imagined the shots to be the signals for them to attempt an escape. They accordingly jumped up from the ground at one and the same moment, and commenced swaying from side to side, evidently with the object either of breaking the ropes or tearing them from their fastenings in the ground. They were in a state of terrible excitement. The alarm was given and a number of sepoy rushed out to help the guard. The guard endeavored to keep the prisoners quiet, and to prevent them from escaping. Several of the prisoners, however, snatched at the titles of the sepoy and tried to get possession of them. They ensued a series of desperate hand-to-hand struggles, in which two or three rifles were broken, one powerful fellow managed to get clear of his rope and the sentry who was over him. As he was running away one of the guards bayoneted him in the leg, but this did not stop him, for he reached the other side of the ravine in safety. He had only, however, run into the arms of the outlying pickets, who fired at and killed him. Another fellow got free of his bonds, but he had only run a few yards when he was met by a native officer, who drew his revolver and

shot him dead.

The situation was now becoming desperate for the guards. They saw that unless extreme measures were taken at once the whole of the remaining prisoners would get loose and probably escape. So while the great mass of wild men, heaving, groaning, and wrenching at the ropes, was swaying perhaps for the last time before getting free, the bayoneted every man who persisted in struggling. This terrible deed had the effect desired. Sobered by the fact of men falling dead at their sides and by the groans of comrades who were sinking severely wounded, the men who had escaped in part instantly became quiet, and crunched upon the ground in terror. The scene of this tragedy was appalling. The dead, the living, the dying, and the wounded were still tied together. All were lying huddled up in one confused mass of bodies. The living could not be told from the dead, except when some suffering wretch, sitting in a pool of his own blood, and looking ghastly in the moonlight, besought help. I shall never forget the appearance of the sweet face of one of these wounded men. He wore a blue turban, a long blue shirt, and dirty white pyjamas. He was young. He was leaning back on a dead body. As I passed, he turned his face full into the light of the moon, his jet hair had fallen from beneath his turban, and formed a weird frame around his features, which were

haggard with agony.

In his own language, he addressed me. His tones were low and pitiful. I did not know what he was saying, but it was as easy to see that he was saying for relief as if he had appealed to me "In the dear name of God." He had been bayoneted through the chest, and I fear that the wound was beyond all mortal help. The uninjured men knelt and bent forward their heads, terrified to raise them up, and they were in this position so quiet that they appeared to be simulating death in order to escape from molestation. Therefore, as visitor after visitor came to the scene and asked how many had been killed and how many wounded, it was impossible to give a correct answer. There lay all the bodies tied together, but which had life in them none could tell until some examination had taken place. The sepoy were now untying the ropes and separating the dead from the living. Each dead body was placed in the centre; wounded men were left to sit as they were, tied to other men. It was ascertained that ten men had either been shot dead or bayoneted dead, and that twelve others had been wounded more or less severely. Nothing could be done that night with the wounded except rough bandaging. They were gathered together, a large tarpaulin was thrown over them and they were left lying on the ground until the following morning. The agony of some of them as they lay there, thinly clothed and almost unsheltered, and with a thermometer falling below freezing point, must have been horrible. In short, the whole affair was

AS HORRIBLE AS UNFORTUNATE.

and unavoidable. Death at no time is a pleasant spectacle, but when it is seen in many dreadful shapes, as it was in the camp of the 21st Regiment on Wednesday night, it is appalling. On Thursday morning Col. Waterfield, who was accompanied by a troop of cavalry, rode out to the villages Matood, and made a large circuit afterwards over the country. He found that every stranger to the valley had left, and that there was no appearance whatever of any people who could be considered as a portion of the enemy. We were all very glad to hear the news, although it must be confessed we still suspected that the enemy was lurking in the surrounding hills, and only waiting for the dark nights in order to make a rush upon the camp. Hitherto our chief protection has been the moonlight, as it has saved us from being surprised by night attacks. When our present ally, the moon, disappears heaven alone knows what shall be in store for us. In the course of the day Gen. Roberts released the remainder of the prisoners. Some who had no business in this part of the world, and of course had come here to help in the general attack upon us, were released with a fine and admonition: the others were dismissed with the admonition, and without the fine. The previous night's tragedy had evidently disgusted Gen. Roberts with the prisoner business, and he was only too glad to use any means to get rid of the whole lot of them. When they were released, the prisoners professed to be very grateful. They rose up and saluted him, and might, perhaps, have kissed his feet if he had allowed them; but he cut short their formal protestations of thankfulness, and told them if they really meant what they said to be off and help to bring provisions into the camp.

A member of Parliament at Rome says that Italy is so dirty that one-third of its population would die if the plague should once gain a foothold in the peninsula.

Curious and Scientific.

Seventy tons of chewing gum were required to keep American jaws moving during the year.

The water in the Straits of Gibraltar at the depth of 570 fathoms, is four times as salt as at the surface.

Outdoor air is purer than indoor in all climates, countries and seasons, unless in low level, damp localities.

A Prague chemist has invented a motor which reveals the contents of wine casks without removing the heads.

The hexetone regarded, worthless sago barrels of Nevada are found to be excellent pasturage for Cashmere goats. A single herd near Carson has a product of 3,000.

The human heart is 4 inches in length, 4 inches in diameter, and beats 72 times per minute, 4,500 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 25,812,000 times per year.

A letter in the Salem (Mass.) Globe from Prof. Farrar, of the torpedo station at Newport, R. I. shows that as early as 1850 he had succeeded in dividing the electric current, and lighting his house successfully by electricity.

A gas clock has been placed on exhibition in England. The motive power is hydrogen gas produced by the action of sulphuric acid and water in a zinc globe. As the gas is generated it raises a glass bell-over, which, as it rises, moves a lever that controls the length of the clock.

The Horse Disease.

(From the Kingston Whig.) The veterinary surgeons are now training a new horse disease, with the nature of which they are not very well acquainted. It is called the character of a blood poison. Its presence is first detected in the shape of a little pimple below the fetlocks, which in time bursts and remains open for some time, while from it escapes a quantity of putrid and very offensive matter. Those who attend the diseased animal are required to be extremely careful, as we have heard of instances in which brothers have been made sick severely, one farmer on Wolf Island being attacked a day or two ago, having both arms fearfully swollen. His flesh had apparently been poisoned by the diseased horses belonging to him. Another farmer living in Bellefleur vicinity, is also reported to have had one of his arms so much poisoned that amputation was the only safeguard, and probably the only means of checking the swelling and disorder. We cannot say that the disease is contagious. Dr. McIntosh, V.S. of this city, believes it liable to spread from the fact that the infectious matter may be communicated from one horse to another if they tread in the same footsteps, and probably it is contagious so far and no further. But few horses are attacked so far, and possibly the disease may be more rare than general.

THE NEW TARIFF.

How it is being Discussed—Opinions of Merchants on its Merits and Demerits.

Now that our merchants have had several days to fully consider how their respective branches of trade will be affected by the new tariff, we shall impartially give the opinions of some of our leading citizens on the subject. The general impression, however, is that the tariff will have a most beneficial effect on the industries of our country. There are some inaccuracies to be found in it, but no tariff has yet been framed to suit the ideas of everyone. It will undoubtedly confer an immense benefit on the country at large.

Coal.—The coal dealers have promptly advanced the price of coal 50 per cent, owing to the new duty of that amount on coal. Dealers generally look on this duty as a most ridiculous piece of legislation, there being no interests here to protect. The coal comes from Pennsylvania. The price being raised, the whole duty falls on the shoulders of the consumer.

Iron and Hardware.—The hardware merchants think that the duties are too heavy, and will be badly defined. The duty of 17 1/2 per cent on iron, which is practically a most ridiculous piece of legislation, has no interests here to protect. The iron comes from Pennsylvania. The price being raised, the whole duty falls on the shoulders of the consumer.

Wool.—The opinion is that the tariff, so far as it affects the wool trade, is a great boon to the best advantage, though at present some prices will slightly advance. When these goods are imported direct, when the duties are not paid, the wool is sold at a price which will give a profit of 20 per cent. The tariff will give a profit of 25 per cent. The tariff will give a profit of 25 per cent. The tariff will give a profit of 25 per cent.

Leather.—The leather dealers have had many discussions between themselves as to what course should be placed on the tariff. They want a tariff which discriminates between boots and shoes.

Dyes.—As a whole the tariff is considered satisfactory, but there are some changes. A duty of 20 per cent is imposed on essential oils, whilst Vanilla is allowed free. Certain roots, which before were dutiable, are now free, without any duty. The duty on wine is 20 per cent, which should be free, is taxed 20 per cent.

Paints.—A deputation from the "Paint and Oil Exchange" came to Ottawa yesterday, for the purpose of laying before the Government the impropriety of its present duties on painting materials. A telegram from Ottawa announces the successful mission of the deputation, the duty on dry lead being reduced from 25 to 17 1/2 per cent; on ground paint, from 25 to 17 1/2 per cent.

Dry Goods.—The dry goods merchants have hardly yet had time to fully appreciate the effect of the changes which have taken place. It is expected that the new tariff will lessen the demand for outside, and cause the wants of the trade to be supplied from home manufacturers. As an instance of the effect of the new tariff, we mention that upon a quantity of



