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THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

BY SAXE HOLME.

"Three only three, my darling—
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous one;
We used to know."
When we kiss, we love each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet.
And lavished our kisses as the summer
Lavishes heat;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and care are spent;
And nothing left to give except
A sacrament."

"First of three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often;
We're not the same;
When you live because we miss each other,
And do not understand;
How written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgotten, lost it comes
For our love's sake!"

"The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We shall reach until we feel each other
Part of time still space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place;
The earth is full of messengers
Which love sends to find and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy
Which we know!"

"The last kiss, oh, my darling,
My love—I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as lie.
Token of what they will not see
When we meet again,
This one kiss, my darling, seals
The seal of death!"

DORA.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH,
Author of "Nathalia," "Adela," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Let him share his money between you,"
promptly said Dora."Tell him to make two halves of his body,"
replied her brother, smiling."Well, you shall have the first chance,"
said Mr. Courtenay. "What that chance was
I learned after luncheon. It was too damp
for us to visit the grounds, but Mr. Courtenay
—my uncle, I should say—showed me over
the house. He went gliding about that great
lonely place in felt slippers, like the Italian
poet's sleep, and looking more like his own
ghost than like a living man. But a very nice
ghost Mr. Courtenay made, I must say. He
is small and slender, and new beyond any one
I ever knew. His motions are noiseless, quiet,
and graceful, like your cat's, Dora. I could
not help admiring the perfection of nicely
there is about that insignificant old man. He
has made his house like himself, a complete
thing; but money has given him the power
of acquiring what nature bestows, but never
sells, and thence Mr. Courtenay's house is
something exquisite. You have not seen my
curiosities," he said, "you must see my curi-
osities! He took me to a sort of gallery, with
windows on one side, and glass cases on the
other. Between the cases were statuary, beau-
tiful pieces of furniture, large porcelain or
marble vases, and more things than I can tell
of. The evening was coming on, and the
room was rather dark. Well, Dora, on that
room hangs my fate; through that room I am
to grow rich, or to remain poor. That room
and its contents will probably decide whether
or not your brother shall ever marry Florence
Gale!"Paul looked grave, almost sad. It was plain
that he felt by no means sanguine."But how—how so?" asked Dora, shaking
her bright head a little defiantly."Wait and you shall learn. This," said
Mr. Courtenay, "is my hobby you know.
This collection, such as it is, has been valued
at twenty thousand pounds. It did not cost
me twenty hundred. You see taste did not
run much this way when I traveled on the
Continent forty-five years ago. Look at this
saucer—" he opened one of the glass cases,
and took out one of the most hideous objects
you ever saw, Dora—a large round fish, with
a great speckled serpent, and horrible little
lizards filling the centre. "Do you know, sir,
he continued, "now much I paid for this trea-
sure, genuine Paliyssy, at a *brie-a-brac* shop in
Paris, forty-five years ago? Fifty sous, sir. It
would be cheap at fifty pounds now. And
it is unique—unique! No other Paliyssy that
I know of has that kind of serpent." I cannot
tell you, Dora, how he looked as he spoke.
The man was transfixed. His one eye shone,
his pale cheek was flushed, his very voice
quivered. He took me over all his treasures,
and explained them to me, one by one, in the
same mood. And when we came to a low
glass shade, he stopped with a sort of awe.
'That,' he whispered, 'is my Henri-deux ware—
look! I saw a little pale salt-cellars, with a
very fine pattern upon it, a thing for which I
would scarcely have given threepence, Dora; well,
it seems it is worth hundreds. And there
is a mystery about its manufacture, and I am
to find out the mystery, though it has puzzled
and still puzzles the learned.""Well, but what about the fortune?" asked
Dora."Why, this—that if I can write a good
descriptive account, a first rate catalogue of Mr.
Courtenay's collection, both collection and
fortune are mine.""Why, then, you are sure of it," cried Dora,
with sparkling eyes."And pray how am I to write such a cata-
logue? It would take half a lifetime to ac-
quire the knowledge needed for the task, and
Mr. Courtenay would detect the least flaw in my
erudition. I shall make the attempt, and
respond to his kindness in giving me what he
calls the first chance, but I do not reckon on
success.""But you must succeed, Paul. Mr. Cour-
tenay means you to succeed.""Mr. Courtenay is a true Courtenay, Dora,
honorable and conscientious, and not know-
ing how to decide between this young Tem-
plemore's claims and mine, he has hit on this
scheme; but being a true Courtenay, he will
abide by the law of his own laying down.""Dora looked thoughtfully at the decaying
fire."

"Has John any chance?" she asked.

"None."

"Can I help you with the catalogue?"

"Very little, unless in the way of taking
extracts in Mr. Ryan's library; but I am not
sanguine Dora. I feel I shall not succeed,
and I feel too, I shall not marry Florence
Gale."Paul spoke despondently; he was liable to
such fits of depression, and they said him, per-
haps, from the ridicule which might have
attached to the quiet but obstinate good opin-
ion of himself, and all pertaining to himself,
which was his only foible. But the humility
of his tone as he thus gave up all hopes of
fortune and Florence, vexed his ambitious lit-
tle sister. Moreover, by thus placing Florence
as a prize beyond his reach, Paul decidedly
proved himself mortal."You must succeed, and you shall marry
her!" she cried, almost impatiently; she must
wait for Paul.""How many years, Dora? We are not en-
gaged, you know. I could not help letting

her see that I loved her, dear girl; but she is
not pledged to me. I know she could never
marry me unless I got rich, and you know,"
he added, with his grave smile, "I am not the
man to clothe with a rich man's daughter; be-
sides, I never could tempt a girl to such a
step. It is not in the Courtenay blood."

"Suppose I run away," demurely suggested
Dora.

"Dora," he said, a little austere, "never
jest so. No sister of mine could do such a
thing."

"Florence Gale would run away with a
lord," thought Dora; "poor Paul, not to know
it."

Again the sense of her brother's blindness
came to Dora unpleasantly, and almost re-
morsefully; for was it not a sort of sin to
see it? But then she remembered the heel of
Achilles, that type of all heroic weakness, and
she was partly comforted. After all, Paul was
not bound to be beyond humanity.

"I say you shall marry her," she said again.
"It is your right, and you shall have your
right, Paul."

"To be sure," he good-humoredly replied;
but it is late, suppose you go to bed. I shall
stay here, and smoke awhile."

Dora saw he wished to be alone, and she let
him have his way. She got up, filled his pipe,
and brought it to him; then giving him a
parting look on the threshold of the kitchen
door, she stole upstairs with a little sigh. Paul
looked very grave, not the least like a man
who has had the chance of a handsome fortune
just offered to him.

"He does not expect to get it?" thought
Dora, as she softly went back to her bed un-
heard. "Oh! if I could but write that cata-
logue for him! It is not in his way, and it
would be in mine."

Least this confidence should seem presumptuous
in Miss Courtenay, we may as well mention
that she had received a solid education,
was well read in several languages, and could
write very well. From her earliest years she
had shared that portion of her brother's studies
and pursuits which could interest her. Latin
and the law excepted, she knew as much as
he did, and some things she knew better than
Paul. Their father, a man of rare acquirements,
had spared nothing to teach them both, and Dora, he would say, sometimes, was
the more brilliant scholar of the two. Dora
knew it, in a careless sort of way. As a rule
she forgot the depth and extent of her information;
but sometimes, too, she remembered it, and she could not
render her little learning useful to her brother.
She sat up in her bed, thinking of the visit
she was going to pay to Mr. Ryan, of the
works she must read, of the manner in which
she could turn her researches to Paul's ad-
vantage.

"He must write that catalogue, and write it
well," she thought. "I wish I could see Deenah
and the lake, and the gallery, and that won-
derful salt-cellars."

These thoughts followed her in her dreams.
She saw a green solitude, and a fishing lake,
and a white house. She wandered in its
rooms, preceded by Mr. Courtenay, who, looking
on her with his one eye, said in a whisper—

"Don't be afraid, my dear; I am dead, and
cannot hurt you."

She followed the noiseless little old man till
she came to the gallery, and there she wan-
dered alone, for ghost-like, he had suddenly
vanished. She saw every object her brother
had described, and especially did she see Mr.
Courtenay's specimen of Henri-deux ware.
The mystery concerning this rare bit of pottery,
discovered Dora, was to be found within
one of its recesses; but unluckily she scarcely had
lifted up the glass shade to peep in, when
she woke up and saw the sun shining in other
window.

CHAPTER IV.

Paul's godfather, Mr. Ryan, had one of the
largest private libraries in Dublin, and to him
Dora at once applied for books. She was an
especial favorite, and was graciously received,
so far as books went, but on hearing of the
catalogue Mr. Ryan laughed derisively.

"Paul does not know human nature," he
said, "or he would never believe such a wild
story as this. Let him get the five hundred
pounds—if he can—and I shall turn them into
thousands; tell Paul so."

Mr. Ryan had made a handsome fortune in
the Funds, and thought himself an authority
in all financial matters. Dora believed in him
implicitly, save when he ventured to censure
Paul. She did not deny his power of turning
five hundred pounds into so many thousands,
but she indignantly vindicated her brother's
knowledge of human nature, and asserted his
prospects of success.

"I am sure Paul will have Deenah!" she
said, warmly, "and his catalogue will be a
beautiful catalogue; and I hope Mr. Ryan
will let me read in your library for I want
books, quartos perhaps, or in-folios, which I
cannot take home. I am to write to you
all the extracts you know."

"Yes, yes! you poor little innocent," kindly
said Mr. Ryan, putting her on the head, "have
your way."

Thus it came to pass that Dora was very
busy in Mr. Ryan's library, one bright morning,
a week after Paul's visit to Deenah, and that
Mr. Ryan was reading with her and gen-
tly digesting over his book. Mr. Ryan was a
happy man and sleep came easily to him, as
most things did, and rather often than was
needed. It came now insidiously and stealthily.
The book was dull, the room rather close, and
Mr. Ryan's luncheon had been comfortable.
Sleep was having it all his own way, and
would have prevailed entirely, if the library
door had not opened gently, and a very pretty
girl face peeped in with a merry laugh.
Dora looked up, and Mr. Ryan awoke with
start.

"Napping—napping both of you!" said the
intruder; "and how is that catalogue to be
done, eh?"

"I was not napping, Florence," gently re-
plied Dora.

"Was Mr. Ryan reading too?" shrewdly
asked Miss Gale.

Mr. Ryan laughed, and looked admiringly
at the pretty creature before him. Paul's mis-
tress was neither short nor tall, neither plump
nor thin. Her figure had every charm which
nature can give to youth, nothing too much
and nothing too little. She stood before Mr.
Ryan dangling her hat in her hand, and smil-
ing down at him in conscious beauty. She
was always pretty, but these smiles of hers,
which were neither few nor far between, made
her enchanting, and she knew it. Seducing
is the word that describes her best. Her dark
hair was glossy and abundant; her teeth were
two rows of pearls; her rosy cheeks were full
of the most fascinating dimples and though she
was by several years Dora's elder, she looked the
more childlike of the two.

"Why were you not reading and helping
poor Paul?" she asked, coaxingly of Paul's
godfather; "and why is not Paul here?" she
added, turning to Dora, and speaking rather
pettishly.

"Paul is not well, Florence."

Miss Gale threw herself into the nearest
arm-chair, and exclaimed, pettishly.

"I do think Paul does it on purpose, and to

be well just because he has that catalogue to
do, and the chance of a fortune to get. I sup-
pose young Templemore will have it; and I
hope he may," she added, waxing wrath;
"I am not the man to clothe with a rich man's daughter; be-
sides, I never could tempt a girl to such a
step. It is not in the Courtenay blood."

Dora looked at her in a silent indignation,
which was wholly thrown away on Miss Gale,
while Mr. Ryan remarked gravely,

"Then I suppose you will marry Mr. Tem-
plemore if he gets Deenah?"

"Marry him!" exclaimed Florence, raising
her arched eyebrows; "marry him, Mr.
Ryan!"

"What is he so objectionable? Never
mind, Deenah will make him fascinating
enough."

"But he has got a wife and little girls!"
Florence said, with a beaming face. "This is my great
patience, that which Louis the Eighteenth did
every evening after his dinner. I really think
it will succeed."

Paul smiled kindly, and Mrs. Luan went on
silently with her patchwork. She had made
no comment on her brother's decision, and her
silence was laid to the fact that they had quar-
reled at the time of her marriage, and never
been reconciled. It was hard to say what
passed in her mind. She seemed as dull and
as apathetic as ever. On one point she re-
mained firm. Neither Dora's promised five
hundred pounds, nor the chance which her
brother's affection would certainly give her,
or of a handsome portion, if he inherited Mr.
Courtenay's fortune, could make her see
John's love for his cousin Dora with anything
but aversion. She had no imagination to
mislead her. Mr. Courtenay was not dead,
but living. His promise could be revoked,
and the fact that Dora was poor remained in
all its ugly truth. It may be that this fear
was enough for her, her mind not being one
which could hold many ideas, or grasp many
projects at the same time. At all events, it
was the only thought she dwelt upon as she
sat and stitched at her patchwork during the
long autumn evenings, whilst brother and sis-
ter toiled, and John looked on with sullen
discontent. He thought it hard, and he said
so to the prettier, emptiest little thing that
ever was, ch. Dora?"

But, whatever Dora's thoughts might be,
she would not grant Paul's mistress to be less
than perfect.

"Florence is too good-natured, Mr. Ryan,"
she said, indignantly: "she allows you to quiz
her! I would not tolerate it!"

"Nor deserve it," politely said Mr. Ryan:
"no, no, Dora—I know where the shad-
pinches. You cannot understand that Paul
should be so smitten by that silly bird,
but you will not confess it. Never mind, my
dear. Most young men would be no wiser
than Paul is. So we will help him all the
time with his catalogue, in order that he may
get his pretty Florence. For unless Paul has
Deenah, or something very like it, Mr. Gale
will never give him his daughter, as we all
know."

Dora sighed. Yes, Paul's happiness hung
on that catalogue.

Mr. Courtenay was a pitiless collector. He
had specimens of everything, or, to speak
more correctly, he had collected in every pos-
sible direction. Paul had paid a second visit
to Deenah, and come back with a list of objects
to be described that would have puzzled a
Benedictine monk's learning. Etruscan
vases and Dutch hardware, Majolica, Indian
carving, medieval armor, old laces, illuminat-
ed manuscripts, bewildered Dora, and tried
Mr. Ryan's library to the utmost. So she
worked hard, and without relaxation, till it
was time to go and bid Mr. Ryan adieu.

"I shall go on with that Hydrin," he said,
and that antique mask as well. I shall do
all the hard work for you, Dora. The rest
will be child's play to Paul and you—tell him
so!"

Paul had been "going on" with the
Hydrin and the antique mask for a week. He
was one of the many who mistake a kind in
intention for its fulfillment. A promise was so
delightfully easy. It gratified both his ambi-
tion by the prospect of good to be done, and
his indecision by its postponement. Dora
smiled at him calmly—

"Paul, you have been working!"

"I could not help it. Do you know, I think
that it was Mr. Courtenay's object to give
me a taste for his curiosities by making me
write that catalogue, he has been unsuccessful.
I could not help looking over my notes, and
then I had looked I should write."

Mr. Ryan had been "going on" with the
Hydrin and the antique mask for a week. He
was one of the many who mistake a kind in
intention for its fulfillment. A promise was so
delightfully easy. It gratified both his ambi-
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write that catalogue, he has been unsuccessful.
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then I had looked I should write."

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FIDELITY.

BARRY CORNWALL
Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that lit up her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power
But left her all in her winter's sight;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrank from the tone of her last faint sigh.

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can call these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in the utmost wretchedness.

THE "TIMES" ON LORD DUFFERN.

A cable despatch to the *Globe* gives the following extract from the London *Times* editorial on Earl Dufferin's speech at Montreal:

MR. BLAKE AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

A very large and influential deputation of Reformers from South Bruce waited on the Hon. Edward Blake at the Walker House, in Toronto on Tuesday, with a requisition signed by over 2,000 Reformers, asking him to reconsider the determination he had come to not to accept the nomination for that Riding at the forthcoming election in consequence of the state of his health. Mr. Malcolm Cameron, President of the Reform Association, was spokesman. He referred to the strong desire that Mr. Blake should accept the nomination, and to the fact that though they had brought with them over 2,000 signatures to that effect, little more than one half of the separate requisitions had been returned in time for the deputation. He assured Mr. Blake that if he would only consent to be their candidate—without engaging in the campaign at all or entering on a personal canvass—they would again triumphantly elect him as their representative for South Bruce.

Mr. Blake made a very appropriate and feeling speech, in which he referred to the pleasant relations that had existed between them during the eleven years he had represented them, to his reasons for declining the nomination tendered which were entirely on account of his health, and that he was totally unequal to the strain of a personal canvass. He concluded by saying:

"If, after due reflection, the Liberal party

should come to the conclusion that the use of my name, under these conditions, is the best thing under these circumstances, of course, they, as a matter of right, will take their own course.

I have not said to you—I have not

said to the party—I do not think it my duty to say—more than I was obliged to say in my letter, viz., of declining your nomination, because I was unable to discharge the duties of a candidate. I do not know whether I should

be able to discharge the duties of a member, even though I might after a period of relaxation and rest, I might in some small degree, however imperfectly, discharge those duties. My declination of the nomination was not based on that, but was given for the reasons I have explained to you; but I did not think it right to become a candidate and accept the nomination when I was unable to discharge the duties of the candidate. If you choose to run me and to use my name I shall not decline the seat you provide for me (and others); but it must be as in 1872. You must be content to take me as your candidate in another sense than that you have made me your candidate. (Prolonged cheers.)

A TALK WITH A BODY-SNATCHER.

An *Enquirer* reporter talked yesterday with Charles Keeton, who frankly acknowledged his profession of body-snatching, and justified himself by saying that his labors are bestowed in the interests of science.

"How long have you been in this business?" asked the reporter.

"About eleven years, sir," said Keeton, as he sat up in bed—for he is now confined to his room from hemorrhage of the lungs. "I began with Mr. Cunningham, 'Old Cunny,' they called him, eleven years ago, and have followed the business every winter since that."

"Does it pay pretty well?"

"Not now. It used to pay, for we got a good price for subjects, but there isn't much money in it now."

"Why don't they pay so much now?"

"Well, sir, the fact is, I don't want to say nothing against anybody, but it 'pears to me that somebody ain't doing the fair' thing by the profession of subject-gathering. I don't 'use' none of the doctors themselves of going out to get stiffs, but there's something wrong somewhere. The old demonstrators of anatomy at the colleges wouldn't have stooped to such a thing; either, but I think things are changed now. I went to the demonstrator of one college—I ain't going to call my names—in March, and asked him how many subjects they were going to want for the spring session, and he told me he thought they wouldn't want any more; that they had enough on hand. Well, you see, I knew better than that, and my private opinion is that that 'ere demonstrator gets his subjects in some queer sort of way. I don't say that he goes out for 'em himself; but if he doesn't, he must have some no count men that would as soon rob the grave of a party well connected, and with lots of friends, as any other way. Now, no body-snatcher has any respect for himself or his calling! 'Dra a thing of that sort. There's plenty of material lying around and rotting, just rotting, sir, and no friends to claim it."

"How long have you been at the business?"

"It's about 'leven years since I first begun it. I began with Old Cunny. First he paid me three dollars a head; that was while I was learning. Then he gave me eight dollars apiece, and finally I decided to quit him and go by myself, and so he said he'd give me half and then we worked together on the shares till he died."

"Do you make it a regular business, then?"

"I get my living by it in the winter time."

"What do you get for subjects?"

"We used to get about twenty-five dollars apiece for them, but lately the price somehow has gone down to fifteen dollars. The professors buy some subjects for themselves, and they most always get them for about fifteen dollars!"

"How do you usually get the bodies?"

"Well, we generally go ought two together and go to a burying-ground. We go to the 'poor lots,' the Potter's Field, and when we can find any fresh graves we get the bodies."

"You don't get them from the parts where the better class of people are buried?"

"No, lots of times Cunny and I have been out together and we'd find a fresh grave on a large lot, and Cunny would always say 'Come long, honey, we won't take that.' When we'd come through to the part where the graves were close together, and we knew it was the poor lot where the people without any friends are buried, then we'd dig down to the coffin, break it open and put a rope around the neck and pull the body out. I don't do that way now, though, for it is just as easy to throw all the dirt out. Then, after throwing it out, I generally get down and open the coffin, and take the body by the waist and lift it out to my partner. He takes it, and gen'lly runs a knife down the back and rips the clothes off, and let's 'em drop down. Then we slip the head into a sack, press the knees up against the chest, and slip the body in and tie the sack. That's all there is of it."

"How do you enjoy the work?"

"Well, it wasn't very pleasant at first, of course; but any one gets use to it. It is for the good of science, and I think it is just as right and honorable as for the man what does the dissection. I want to say one thing, though, and that is that the colored people have caused me of robbing the graves in their graveyards. I never have done so. I have took up a good many bodies of colored people what was buried in the 'poor lot,' but never, any other."

"How many do you suppose you have furnished in your experience as a body-snatcher?"

"Maybe five hundred. I got about forty last winter, but it wasn't a very good winter for it, though."

A COMMUNIST INTERVIEWED.

Opinions of a Socialist.—The Secret Societies—Their Objects and Aims—The Right of Labor—One Man Should have as Much as Another, &c.

As Communism has at length reared its head in Canada—for it is now almost beyond a doubt that the late riots in Quebec owed their origin to the same cause as the labor movements, in the States, of last year—an *Evening Post* reporter thought the result of an interview with a well-known French Socialist might be of interest to our readers. The man in question is not in very good health at present, and may be often seen in the Viger Gardens, sitting on one of the seats, smoking his pipe, and reading *Les Droits des Hommes*, or some other Communistic organ which goes in for liberty, fraternity and equality—above all equality. He is not at all a ferocious-looking individual, in fact quite the contrary; but he has the dreamy eye generally to be observed in the theorist and the revolutionist. He does not deny being a Communist, but does not parade his opinions, though, if questioned, is willing to answer freely enough. At the time our reporter saw him he was in his usual seat, and feeding the sparrows with crumbs. After a few preliminary remarks on the weather, the conversation took the following turn:

REPORTER.—What do you think of the Quebec riots?

M. L.—c.—Of course you can call the matter what you please, but for my part I term it the beginning of a great revolution.

R.—Well, that may be; it is a difference of opinion merely; but do you really think the Commune had anything to do with the troubles?

L.—I do; the Commune has to do with every movement for the regeneration and the amelioration of the condition of mankind all over the world, whether at Moscow, Berlin, Paris, Chicago, Blackburn or Quebec.

R.—But in what way will the sucking of a flour store, or the stoning of the police, affect any reformation or improvement?

L.—Combat with the authorities will accustomed the people to bloodshed, and in the end show them their strength. As for the plunder, it is hard to keep the hands of workmen off the provisions that will save their starving families when they can take possession of them.

R.—Of what, then, do you complain?

L.—We complain of society as it is at present constructed, which draws a yoking gulf between man and man; we complain of capital which oppresses labor; we complain that while the capitalists roll in wealth and do not work, the laborer starves on sixty cents a day and works hard.

R.—But the contractor and the employer risk their capital, and if they fail they are ruined, while the workman is no worse off than the employer?

L.—If the contractor succeeds he makes a fortune; if he fails, can he be any worse off than the laborer?

Seeing that there was very little use in fighting it out on that line, the reporter drifted into generalities.

R.—I understand that you fought under Roze against McMahon, in 1871?

L.—Yes, and I would do so again. We found a chance and we used it, and if we failed it was because of treachery and the incapacity of some of our leaders.

R.—Is the Commune connected in any way with the other great secret societies of Europe?

L.—The Carbonari of Italy, the Socialists of Germany, the Communists of France, the Intransigents of Spain, the Nihilists of Russia, and an association on the continent which I shall not name; all belong to the great International Society called the *Maryan*, which will one day shake this world to its centre and complete the great work commenced by the French Revolution.

R.—Suppose the employers gave you all you wanted would you be satisfied?

L.—No, we want society to be reconstructed and capital divided. The earth and the fruit thereof belongs equally to all men.

R.—But suppose when the division were made one-half grew hay and extravagant and squandered their share, while the other—

L. (Impatiently).—O, I have heard that stock argument before; the Universal Government would take care that no man should become so rich as to be able to oppress his neighbour. Good morning, sir.

R.—One more word, sir. Is it true there is a large body of Communists in Montreal?

L. (Walking off).—Voulez le saurez plus tard (you will know that by and by.)

THE LEITRIM MURDER.

THE PRISONERS COMMITTED FOR TRIAL AT THE ASSIZES.

On Friday, May 17th, at Letterkenny, the prisoners Anthony McGrenaghan, Bernard McGrenaghan, Thomas McGrenaghan, Michael Heraghty, Anthony McGrenaghan, and Michael McGrenaghan, were arraigned for the fifth trial on remand for the wilful murder of Lord Leitrim, his clerk and driver, near Lifford, on the 20th of April last.

Mr. Holmes, Q.C., Mr. Major, and Mr. William Martin, Sessional Crown Solicitor, Hamilton, appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Crown.

Mr. James E. Doherty, Derry, and Mr. James Mackey, Ramelton, were present to watch the proceedings on behalf of the prisoners.

Mr. Holmes, addressing the Court, said:—

"Your Worships, from the evidence I have to give to-day, I don't think it will justify me in asking the Bench to commit Anthony and Michael McGrenaghan. They may, therefore, be discharged.

The two prisoners, brothers, last arrested, were then discharged.

Mr. Holmes continued:—

"As regards the other three prisoners, McGrenaghan and Heraghty, it is different.

Andrew Colhoun was then called and examined by Mr. Holmes. He deposed—I am a schoolmaster; I teach at Ballyshannon; I know Michael Heraghty (identified); he lives about a mile from where I live; I have known him since last October, at any rate; he spoke to me of having bought a gun; he told me he bought it from John Friel, of Ballyshannon, for the sum of five shillings; I remember what I said to him; I don't recall if he said what sort of a gun it was; I said I saw Friel's gun, and had it in my hands before; I could not say how long before I had it in my hands; it was since October last; I examined it then; after that time he asked me to go out and shoot with him, and I went with him; I can't say how often I went out shooting with him again, before I heard of Lord Leitrim's murder. He asked me to come and see the gun after he bought it; he afterwards told me he got the gun stocked by a man named Donk; it might have been three weeks before the murder he told me that; I don't recall if he told it on a different occasion from the time he asked me to look at it; I have looked at that barrel of gun (handed to witness); I am of opinion from the marks I saw on it that he saw the same marks on John Friel's gun; the marks are—first the gun-barrel was very short, about two feet two

inches in length; it was wider at the breech than at the muzzle; I remarked that it was not a raised sight was on it, and I also remarked that the sight was composed of solder, as I took it; I observed that the muzzles had no screw; in these five things mentioned the gun is the same as the gun I saw with Friel. Heraghty told me previously that he had left the gun with Donk to get stocked; I can't fix the date; he told me this; he referred to the gun again before the murder, and I remarked that as the gun was short it would throw far; he said it would throw further than I would imagine. I can't say if that was after Patrick's Day, but it was after he got the gun stocked; he borrowed it from No. 2 and 3 from me since the 16th of March; I don't recall if he borrowed powder from me then, but he did on another occasion within the last two or three months, but not very much; I was shooting with him since the 17th of March; it was Charles McKnutt's gun; he then had; he is a pretty fair shot; the gun was given back to McKnutt the day before the murder; Friel's gun had a bad stock and required to be restocked.

The witness was not cross-examined.

Mary McBride—I live in Torloughan; my house is on the road leading from Monaragh to Milford; I live about a mile from Rawcross Ferry; anyone passing along the road from Cratloe Wood would pass my house; I know a man named Michael Heraghty, and knew him rightly too; Michael Heraghty (identified) came into my house the day of the murder; he used to call in when passing; it was about two years before; I don't know what time he was in; I said my eye was sore, and he said he would give me a drop of Doren Well water he had for his mother, who was losing her eyesight; he did not say it was that day he was at Doren Well; I gave him a drop of tea, and a couple of eggs to eat; he took it before my husband and my son came in at dinner time; when my son John was going to work Heraghty went away with him.

To Mr. O'Doherty—The bell rang that day.

John McHiride, defendant's son, deposed—

As far as I know, Michael Heraghty (identified)

was in our house about an hour and a half before dinner time; he said he was at Doren Well that day; I went with him to Rawcross

Ferry, and helped Charley McElhinney and him across to the side of the bay; he lives at Eddy Mills; spoke of the murder at the ferryman's house in presence of Heraghty; that they were killed in the wood, the three; he said that was the first place he heard of it; Mills said his lordship and clerk and driver were killed; I don't remember if Heraghty then said anything, nor if he said anything in the boat.

Daniel Gallagher deposed to crossing in the boat with Heraghty. He said he was at Doren Well for his mother, who was unwell.

Dr. Hodges, analyst, Belfast, deposed—I got a bar of lead and some pellets from Sub-Constable Walsh. I examined both. The bar of lead is the common ordinary lead. It is sold of different degrees of purity. I found the same degrees of purity and the same ingredients in both the bar and pellets.

Evidence of the pellets having been received from Drs. Osborne and Dunlop, after the post mortem, and of the bar of lead having been given by the constabulary, was then given, after which

Mr. Holmes asked that the prisoners be committed for trial.

Mr. O'Doherty strongly protested against the prisoners being committed on such evidence as had been given by the Crown.

Eventually the four remaining prisoners were committed for trial at the next assizes.

to two feet three inches in length; it was wider at the breech than at the muzzle; I remarked that it was not a raised sight was on it, and I also remarked that the sight was composed of solder, as I took it; I observed that the muzzles had no screw; in these five things mentioned the gun is the same as the gun I saw with Friel. Heraghty told me previously that he had left the gun with Donk to get stocked; I can't fix the date; he told me this; he referred to the gun again before the murder, and I remarked that as the gun was short it would throw far; he said it would throw further than I would imagine. I can't say if that was after Patrick's Day, but it was after he got the gun stocked; he borrowed it from No. 2 and 3 from me since the 16th of March; I don't recall if he borrowed powder from me then, but he did on another occasion within the last two or three months, but not very much; I was shooting with him since the 17th of March; it was Charles McKnutt's gun; he then had; he is a pretty fair shot; the gun was given back to McKnutt the day before the murder; Friel's gun had a bad stock and required to be restocked.

for purposes of constructing granaries and barracks.

The Indian troops were speeded on their way by the Europeans quartered at Cannanore, who cheered them to the skies, and gave them hearty hand-grips of farewell. The natives said, "Good-bye, we're going to fight for the Queen," and their white comrades answered, "Bravo, boys, all right: we wish we were going with you." At Suez there were few Englishmen to greet them—this is a remote and thinly-peopled settlement—but there was no lack of friendliness on the part of the indigenous disciples of *baikshie*, whose name is legion. Boats of all kinds, and of all make that would surprise Scutie and battle Mr. Reed by the similarity of bow to stern, buzzed round them, and house petitions to buy oranges, exorable cigars, photographs, Arab articles of *verita* manufactured in France, and gorgeous boxes of *rahat lokum* went up from a floating colony of brawny bare-legged gentlemen in red fezzes and flowing *jabotabs* of every tint of the rainbow; but the Madrasites looked on more amused and amazed than indignant; it would be fruitless to conceal that foreign service was accepted as but another phrase for hard fighting. An idea is absolutely prevalent among these Madrasites that the Russians are in England, and that they are coming to help their masters to drive the invaders out! The officers know this, but such is the deficiency of the Sepoys that they will not be temporary ones. It will serve the cause of peace as well as war. Moreover, this movement is not a temporary one. It will serve the cause of peace as well as war. In times of peace the ships can be employed in commercial affairs. Once dismasted the vessels will be able to transport the millions of tons of merchandise which the foreigner buys in our country or brings to us. Russia loses millions daily through the want of a merchant navy. It is possible that the money obtained in this way will one day be repaid to the

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19.

CALENDAR—JUNE 1878.

WEDNESDAY, 19—St. Juliana Falconieri, Virgin.
Henry VIII crowned King of Ireland, 1541.
THURSDAY, 20—Corpus Christi. Holiday of
Obligation.

Wolfe Tone born, 1763.

FRIDAY, 21—St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Confessor.
SATURDAY, 22—Of the Octave.

St. Paulinus, Bishop and Confessor.

Molyneux's "Cure of Ireland" ordered to
be burnt by the common hangman, 1698.

SUNDAY, 23—SUNDAY IN THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS
CHRISTI.

MONDAY, 24—Nativity of St. John Baptist.

Henry VIII assumes the title of "King of
Ireland," 1540.

TUESDAY, 25—St. William, Abbot.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Now that we have our daily, the *Evening Post*, in the market for public favor, and being anxious to extend its circulation and influence, we commence this week to mail sample copies to every subscriber to the *True Witness* throughout the country, and as the number will necessarily be limited, we ask our friends to lend us a helping hand in extending the circulation of the *Post* by sending us the names of persons in their neighborhood who would be likely to subscribe for the paper, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies. A goodly number of names can be sent on a one cent post-card.

The terms to subscribers are as follows:

One year \$3.00, cash in advance.

Six months, \$1.50, cash in advance.

Three months 75c. " "

The amount in postage stamps will suffice when change in coin is not at hand. In all cases we pay the postage. Just think of it; a first-class daily newspaper, for three months, for seventy-five cents! Already the circulation of the *Evening Post* in Montreal has gone beyond the height of our expectations, and we have ordered a powerful four-cylinder press in order that we may meet the demands of the public and compete with our contemporaries of many years standing. This is, indeed, encouraging, and if our friends in the country will but do their part, as we are sure they will, we will shortly have the cheapest, best, and largest circulated daily paper in Canada. Therefore, send on your names and subscriptions as soon as possible. Address all communications to the *Evening Post*, Montreal.

THE YOUNG BRITONS.

The Young Britons were nearly causing a row last Wednesday. It appears their band was going to Huntingdon, and when near Wellington basin of the Lachine canal they commenced playing tunes, which, according to a report in the *Gazette*, "were apparently not appreciated by some men who were working on the banks." These men gave chase, and the Britons took refuge in the cabin of the steamer "St. Francis," and so the disturbance was averted. Some time since we said that Blake Act will not secure peace until party tunes are made punishable. The Orangemen, in the letter we published yesterday, admitted that party tunes were offensive, and it is simply court-martial to play them in our thoroughfares. It is bad taste to play them anywhere, but it is invoking lawlessness to play them in the streets.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Canadians cannot afford to lose the services of Lord Dufferin just now, and the announcement that he is likely to remain here for another year has given universal satisfaction. As a Governor-General Lord Dufferin has been a brilliant success, and his countrymen in Canada will, we are sure, ever take pride in the brilliant reputation which he is sure to leave behind him. Some of his countrymen in Canada may not agree with Lord Dufferin's policy in relation to the ties which should bind Great Britain to Ireland, but none of his countrymen in Canada ever have refused to give him their cordial support in all questions affecting the interests of the people of this country. There has been one little incident, which recently took place at Ottawa, and which we would rather not occur, but has taken him in all in, Lord Dufferin's career has been that of a true statesman, and we heartily join with our contemporaries in hoping that his term of office may be prolonged.

THE QUEBEC RIOTS AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Quebec riots are over, and the Montreal Volunteers have received well deserved compliments for the cheerfulness with which they obeyed the call for assistance. One of our contemporaries however, contained a telegram from Quebec regretting that a certain corps had "not had an opportunity of showing their pluck." Now, what is the meaning of this? If we read it aright it is simply an unnecessary insult, for we mistake very much if the Volunteers who went to Quebec would not regret an opportunity for "showing their pluck." We have fought with the Volunteers of Montreal more than once and we may be compelled to do so again, although we hope not; but with all that we think the men who compose the force have no desire to "show their pluck" before a mob of half-starved poor wretches, who must indeed be kept from committing outrage, but who are perhaps nearly as much sinned against as sinning. It is not towards such an enemy that the Montreal volunteers wish "to show their pluck," and we are sure that it was more owing to accident that to design that the offensive paragraph was published.

THE EXPORT CATTLE TRADE.

It is well, amidst the gloom which surrounds the mercantile world in Canada, "to note one feature of our export trade which is progressing with favourable rapidity. The export cattle trade, originating as a contemporary remark, "in a single venture for experimental purposes," has become a marked success. The transportation has not been found so difficult as was anticipated, and the remuneration has amply compensated the men who have embarked in it. And it is some satisfaction to know that this market—England and Scotland—for our export cattle trade is not likely to become soon exhausted. Mr. Sidney Billingham, M.P. for Argentenil, writing from the old country to the *Argentenil Advertiser*, thinks that the enormous consumption of beef in Great Britain warrants the Canadian stock raisers in speculating upon a great demand for Canadian beef across the ocean. It appears that Ireland alone ships six hundred and fifty thousand fat beasts annually to Great Britain, while Denmark and Spain send two hundred and fifty thousand. He says, too, that the prices of fat cattle are on the rise.

CAMP MEETINGS.

We were almost inclined to hope that the devil was neglecting his business in Canada this year, and that one source of revenue for him—camp meetings—was to go by the board. But we find ourselves mistaken, for we notice that his majesty has selected one of the Thousand Islands as the spot where he may reap a fruitful harvest into his fold. We learn that a portion of Wellesley Island has been purchased "by an American Company," and under the name of the "Thousand Island Gospel Scheme," it is expected that the speculators will do a good thing in the religious business, and Satan has, no doubt, strong reasons for forwarding the enterprise. Of course there are people who will think it very wrong of us to denounce those "innocent camp meetings," and we may be told that the Gospel can be taught with as much effect, and preached with as much power, at a camp meeting, as in a house erected to the glory of God. No doubt of it. But is easier to serve the devil outside the church than within doors, and the balmy air and secluded bowers of Wellesley Island will afford the meeters opportunity to qualify themselves for a region, in which most of them, perhaps, have but a hazy belief, yet which has with a potent argument—itself.

POLITICS.

Everything of importance that takes place in Canada is, somehow or another, attributed to political influences. The late riots in Quebec, are said to be owing to political intrigue and men seriously assure the public that the disturbances were created by men who desired to embarrass one party or the other. This is, of course, all speculation, but it reveals a demoralized state of public opinion—when such rumours can find ready supporters. No doubt political morality is low enough in Canada. Men certainly go a long way towards securing political influence, and the honourable warfare which marks most political contests in the old country, appears to be here, very much unknown; but that public men could plot and direct disaffected labour against constituted authority, and cause loss of life and loss of property, for political ends, it is difficult to believe. No doubt there are men, and plenty of them, who vampire like would suck the blood of its victim and fan it to riot with honied breezes of "liberty, equality and fraternity" the while. The working men have at all times furnished food for demagogues and political schemers and yet it is hard to convince these working men that they are being made dupes of. Labour has many grievances to set right; the condition of the poor man is far from satisfactory, but that condition can better be remedied by manly and intelligent discussions, than by allowing schemers to mould the sympathy of labour into political capital.

THE NEW YORK "HERALD."

The *New York Herald* is considered a particularly sharp paper. If a Grand Duchess is to be interviewed, or the latest novelty in baby-shows to be described, the *Herald* will spare no expense to outdo its neighbors in the

enterprise. Above all papers in the United States, the *Herald* is the greatest spread-eagle of them all. Its right wing reaches the east; its left the west, while its talons are fixed in the antarctic, and its beak in the arctic, regions. As the Scythian ambassador said to Alexander, "The world is not large enough to contain" it. It "finds" Livingston, solves the problem of the Nile, undertakes to reach the North Pole, on the summit of which it expects to plant the Star-Spangled Banner to the classic "musik" of Yankee Doodle. Nor is this all; of late the *Herald* has been doing a good deal in a religious way, and every week it contains numerous sermons, from numerous pulpits, and nearly all of which express numerous beliefs. The latest thing it has done is to publish letters from a "Roman prelate," in which the said "prelate" discusses subjects of importance to the Catholic world, the Encyclical, &c., &c. But the *Herald* has overshot the mark this time. The "Roman prelate" is a poor hand at theology, and we strongly suspect that some ingenious penny-a-liner in the Sixth Ward is the veritable author of the "Roman prelate's" letters. Our reason for saying this is that the "Roman prelate" knows no more of Encyclicals than we do of the fetish gods of interior Africa.

It is a fact, that Mr. Mackenzie snubbed the members who composed it. In the House, the deputation was seated with the Conservatives—Mackenzie, Bowell, Hector Cameron, Dalton McCarthy, John Beverley Robinson, W. C. Little, and H. Langevin, *Ultranovato though he be.*" When this Orange deputation returned to their homes, they had nothing but abuse for the Reformers, and praise for the Conservatives, and for this and other reasons the *Globe* has come to the conclusion that Orangeism is a political institution. We hope so; and we do not doubt but that the leaders use it as such. But how does the *Globe* account for the Orangemen of Quebec being Reformers, while the Orangemen of Ontario are mostly Conservatives? No doubt politics have a good deal to do with Orangeism, and that it is a political organization, pure and simple, we should be slow to believe. Many Orangemen must have seen the folly of the original intention for which the institution was established. It has a bad history, and so long as it carries the name, it will always be looked upon with anger by Catholics.

MR. F. H. O'DONNELL, M.P.

Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, the patriotic M.P. for Dungarvan, was a candidate for admission to the Savage Club in London. This club is composed principally, if not exclusively, of literary men, and Mr. O'Donnell is admitted to be one of the ablest writers on the London press. But he is an Irish "Obstructionist," and that fact was too much for the members of the Savage Club, and so Mr. O'Donnell was blackballed, thus furnishing another illustration of the saying that "it is a misfortune to be born an Irishman and a Catholic." Had Mr. O'Donnell been blackballed because of any social disqualification we could understand it, but here is a non-political club refusing to receive a member because of his political views upon certain Irish questions. Like all other schisms "Old-Catholicism" must have its special mark of favor. Their priesthoods evidently know how to enjoy life in this year of grace, and a Benedict's home where prattling little ones make parents alternately grave and gay, is far jollier than the secluded life of a recluse priest, who is not of the world, worldly. "Old Catholicism" is, like all other departures, religion made easy, a "get to heaven in a hand-box" kind of creed, and it is not always easy to eradicate such happy-go-lucky ideas from a not over-intellectual community, such as that which supplies priests to the Old Catholic fraternity. No one can blame a man, who is conscientiously sincere, for changing his religion, but we always suspect individuals who "get" religion just for convenience sake, or for, say an income, or, better still, for a wife. It is well known that none of these priests came from any of the three theological seminaries in Switzerland for every one of them are, or were up to last year from schools not provided with a seminary and consequently these priests were deficient in theological training. Their education was as deficient as their enemies unjustly say their morals are loose. But as they have decided to marry we hope it will never be said of them, as Madame Stael unfairly said of the Germans, that "they change their wives as quickly as if they were arranging for the incidents of a drama."

WHAT IS AN ARMY CORPS?

Of late we have heard so much about "Army Corps" that it may be interesting to examine what an "Army Corps" is composed of. In our Service an "Army Corps" consists of twenty-one battalions of infantry, six regiments of cavalry, and ninety field pieces, the whole being under the command of a General. This "Army Corps" is then divided into three divisions, each commanded by a Lieut.-General, and consisting of seven battalions of Infantry, three battalions of Artillery of six guns each, one regiment of cavalry, and a company of Engineers. Each of these divisions is again divided into two brigades commanded by a Major or a Brigadier-General. But an "Army Corps" is not complete without its brigade of cavalry, with a battery of horse artillery attached to it and what is called the Corps Artillery, consisting of thirty guns; besides which there are Engineers for the telegraph service, and for the pontoons or military moveable bridges, and artillery wagons to carry the reserve ammunition for the infantry, mounted police, the Army Service Corps, consisting of butchers, bakers, &c., hospital attendants, and last, but not least, the Staff, consisting of Adjutant and Quarter-Master General, and their Deputies and Assistants, and Deputy Assistants, Military Secretaries, Aides-de-Camp, Brigade Majors, and Provost Marshals. So that in round numbers the whole corps will number about thirty thousand men, consisting of twenty thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, four thousand artillery, and the remainder Engineers, and the odds and ends above enumerated.

THE "GLOBE" ON ORANGEISM.

The *Globe* of yesterday said that Orangeism, in this country, is "neither more nor less than a political organization under another name." Whatever," it continues, "their nominal purpose or intention, they have long since ceased to be other than a political agency worked by party wire-pullers." We hope that this view of the situation is the correct one. If it is true, it will do a great deal to restore order all over the Dominion. To be sure, the *Globe* says that "many members of the Association, it is true, do not approve of this diversion from the professed objects of the body; but they are too weak in numbers and influence to counteract the designs of the active schemers." In support of these views, the *Globe* gives some particulars of the late interview between the Governor-General and the deputation of Orangemen that waited upon him in Ottawa. It proves pretty clearly that that deputation was Conservative in its tendency, and almost admits, which we believe to

DOMINION DAY.

Within the next few weeks three days of importance will be chronicled on this continent. July 1st, July 4th, and July 12th, will soon be come and gone. To the residents within this Dominion one of those days should have a special and a patriotic claim. Dominion Day should be a day for all, and not for a portion of the people. Our friends across the border—native American, Irish, German, and the legion of nondescripts who make up the American Republic—will unite on the 4th of July to do honor to the anniversary of Independence Day. On that day "none will be for a party but all will be for the State." Here, however, unhappily, the elements of intestine strife divide the attention, and faction, in some cases, triumphs over all the better qualities of the mind. Men look to party before they look to Canada, and the glory of the nation is sunk in the petty feuds and jealousies which only become a semi-barbarous race. If it were possible for all sides—Protestants and Catholics—to join hands on Dominion Day, much would be done to regain the good name which Montreal appears to have lost in the opinion of the outside world. Whoever could bring about such a consummation would deserve well of every good citizen in the land. And yet it ought not to be a difficult task. Dominion Day is the charter day of our liberties. It is not a day for either Catholics or Protestants, Jew or Gentile, it is a day for all; a day for Canadians of every creed and of every original nationality. On such a day we can be Irish, Scotch, English or anything else, but we can be Canadians as well. Upon that question we are all agreed. Why could not the various societies, Irish, English, Scotch, &c., have a banquet on the evening of Dominion day? We believe, if properly handled, such a banquet would be a great success. Let Irishmen drink to the "Dear Little Shamrock"; let Englishmen quaff to "St. George and Merry England"; let Scotchmen toast of "Auld Lang Syne"; but let us all attest allegiance to the land we live in.

THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT.

The Quebec Government is so much occupied with its efforts to retain power that it appears to have but little time to attend to the affairs of the Province. The "yeas" are 31 and the "nays" are 31, and so the see-saw goes, just as the Speaker decides. Such a state of affairs is neither edifying nor profitable. The Reformers hold on to office with a tenacity which no government that was sure of the confidence of the majority would attempt, while the Conservatives, chagrined at seeing "Conservative Quebec" slip away from them, are ferociously assailing the Hon. Mr. Joly and all his surroundings. The "Constitutional Question" is angrily debated night after night, while public measures of some importance to the country are neglected. The 12th of July is approaching! Montreal is threatened with riot; a disturbance which may be desperate in its character is not unlikely to occur; it is no exaggeration to say that incendiarism may occur, and yet with the exception of Mr. Nelson's motion, not one word has yet been said in the House about the Party Processions Act. We hope that the Reformers will treat the Catholics better on this issue, than the Conservatives did. The Government of Mr. de Boucherville would not introduce a Party Procession Act. No matter from what reason, yet the Conservative party declined, and that, too, at a time when they could easily have done it, to secure peace to our city by abolishing the outward display of those elements of strife by which we are surrounded. Had the Government introduced such a measure, it would have passed very easily, but it looks as if the fear of offending a few of the minority was of more importance to the Government of Mr. de Boucherville than the peace and good name of our Province. And what did they gain by it? Nothing, but defeat. Well, we shall now see how the Reformers treat the question, and upon such treatment will, we believe, depend the Irish Catholic vote in the Province. No doubt such a measure as a Party Procession Act would be supported by many Conservatives, and by passing it the Legislature would do a great deal to bring about the social and political harmony which every good citizen must so much desire.

THE HARBOR COMMISSIONERS OF QUEBEC.

A short time since tenders were received by the Harbor Commissioners of Quebec for the construction of the dock, according to plans and specifications prepared by the engineers appointed by the Commissioners. In all there were eleven competitors, amongst whom was Mr. F. B. McNamee & Co., Messrs. O'Brien & Co., and Sullivan & Co. When the tenders were received and opened by the Commissioners, it was discovered that an additional foot of water was wanted to meet the requirements of the shipping interests. Supplementary tenders were called for, but, strange to say, the Commissioners omitted to ask these supplementary tenders from *all* the contractors who had complied with the conditions imposed. For some reason the Commissioners confined the call for supplementary tenders to a portion of the original tenders, and speculation is rife as to the reason. The Commissioners say that the gentlemen who were omitted tendered "too low," and that the work, as contemplated, could not be successfully carried out for the amount tendered. But it will occur to business men that that was not the business of the Commissioners. If the lowest tender complied with all the ne-

cessary conditions: if he gave, or was willing to give, all the necessary security, and in every way met the demands of the Commissioners, the plea of "too low" will hardly remove from the minds of the public that there have been some agencies at work to place the contract in the hands of political friends. It so happened that McNamee & Co.'s were the lowest tenders by \$100,000, and the public has a right to know on what ground the Harbor Commissioners of Quebec have been the means of imposing this extra debt upon them. We believe Mr. McNamee & Co. are as well able to successfully complete the work as the men who have obtained the contract. Of their ability to do so, there is no question, and we shall be curious to learn how the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, can sanction a contract which has given rise to much suspicion.

THE RIOTS IN QUEBEC.

Fifty cents a day is poor wages for a working man in this country. No one admits that it is a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. The labourer is always worthy of his hire, but the vital question is—what is that hire when trade is dull and capitalists are going to the wall like nine pins? It is difficult perhaps, to expect much philosophy from a hungry man. Francis Duc de Rochemoucaud, the celebrated French wit, pithily said that "philosophy triumphs easily over past and over future ills, but present evils triumph over philosophy." This has been true in all ages and it is true to-day. The rioters in Quebec cried for "bread or blood"; their present evils overcome their discretion, and the result has been the loss of one life and the probable maiming of many, some of whom may be innocent men. It is always a terribly serious thing for troops to fire upon a mob—the provocation must be almost unbearable when such an extreme course is adopted, but there are times when such a course is not only justifiable, but it becomes a duty in the interest of law and order, and such it appears to have been the case in Quebec. Some accounts of the riots attribute them to Communistic influences—a statement at which we are much surprised—but if it be true, the stern logic of the bullet was the only way to meet the dreaded herald of the red flag in Canada. Tampering with such an evil would be a crime against the State. Socialism is spreading with startling rapidity everywhere, and while Canada has hitherto been free from the evil, yet we need only look across our border to enable us to realize the dangerous elements of which we are within call. We hope, and indeed we believe, that the rumor of a Communistic origin to those riots is unfounded, and that they are merely some of the unhappy outbreaks which all countries are from time to time subjected to.

MISTAKES ABOUT ISLAMISM.

The rumoured dismemberment of Turkey, the perils of the military situation at Constantinople, the massacre of Mussulmans by Bulgarians, the defiant attitude of Roumania, and the meeting of the Congress, all attract the eyes of the world once more to Islamism and the Eastern Question. We are told, by cablegram, that "Turkey in Europe is likely to cease to exist, or only to become a geographical expression." After twelve and a half centuries of active life, we find that Islamism is still one of the problems of the world, and that Europe is still agitated with the question of its existence in its midst. At such a time it may be instructive to enquire, "What is this force, which has outlined centuries of active opposition; which claims and exercises its influence over one hundred and fifty millions of souls, and which is, after Christianity, the most powerful and active agent in the world, in controlling Paganism? Islamism to-day is the only non-Christian religion that sends forth missionaries to destroy the fetish gods of Africa, just as Mahomed himself cast down the idols of Mecca. Islamism has been, as is still, a great

and "the light and guide of life," and all through the Koran there is great respect shown for the son of Mary, *Iesa ben Miriam*. It is certain, too, that Mahammed had some ideas of the *Inmaculate Conception*, and he always spoke of Jesus as one above all men, but yet denied that He was God. He defended Jesus against the blasphemous calumnies of the Jews. Of the doctrines of the Trinity or of the Incarnation, Mahammed was more than doubtful. It was upon these two points that he principally failed to understand Christianity, and he fell into the error of supposing that the Trinity was composed of Father, Mother and Son. That he promised a sensual heaven is a matter of opinion. The Koran does not clearly prove it. According to some commentators it does, while according to others it does not. The latter think that the passages in the Koran which refer to it are spiritual or allegorical. The majority, however, hold to the former opinion, and almost fix this stain upon the followers of Islam. Man, according to the Koran is to be twice judged—once at death and again at the last day. It teaches the observance of religious duties as the first thing necessary to salvation. It says that "prayer is better than sleep." Islamism is, on the whole, neither the fanaticism nor the falsehood some people think it to be. If it is ever to be conquered it must be done in some way not hitherto attempted. There is much truth in its teachings, for in reverence is paid to Jesus Christ, and the authority of the Gospels is admitted. Even if Turkey in Europe ceased to-morrow Islamism would not be much weakened. Whatever may be the result of the Congress now sitting in Berlin, it is certain that Islamism is much misunderstood, and like many other things in the world, when we come to examine it we find many virtues to relieve its misconceptions and its false teachings.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

A Montreal Protestant has addressed a letter to the *Globe* about the proposed Orange procession on the Twelfth of July. This letter the *Globe* editorially says was written by a well known citizen of Montreal, who is a thorough Protestant, and well qualified to speak correctly the sentiment of his co-religionists in that city. Here is the letter in full.

(To the Editor of the *Globe*)

Sir,—In your paper of this morning I observe the following resolution passed at the annual meeting at St. Catharines of the Grand Lodge of the Patriotic Boys of British North America:

Resolved.—That we, in Grand Lodge session assembled, do heartily endorse the action taken by the Orange Lodge who have resolved to celebrate the twelfth of July in Montreal; and further, that we will do all in our power to induce all lodges under our jurisdiction to attend, so as to have a full representation of our Order to assist our Montreal brethren in the celebration of a right which has been denied them.

Permit me to say, in reference to the above resolution, that a more unwise or dangerous course could not be recommended or invoked. Let me caution these young Britons not to be too hasty in proceeding to Montreal on such a journey. Should they do it, they may find to their cost that not only the Irish and Canadian Catholics will be there to meet them, but at least nine-tenths of the Protestants outside of the Orange lodges will treat their conduct with indignation, and be prompt to resist their uncalled for interference. We Protestants in the Province of Quebec, especially in the city of Montreal, are strongly opposed to such processions as the *Corpus Christi* on the public thoroughfares; but strongly as we are, we are still more strongly opposed to the processions of the Orange body, which have no meaning but to wound and annoy a large class of our fellow-citizens. The transportation to Montreal of large numbers of Orangemen from Ontario on the 12th July, announced in the manner of this resolution, would be an outrage of the most flagrant character; and would assuredly be dealt with in the full spirit of the recent Act. Let there be no mistake on this point. Protestant and Catholic outside of the Orange influence are of one accord upon it. Mayor Beaudry's conduct is not such as to lead Protestants to put much faith in his doing what the Protestants may deem for the best; but this affords no pretext for such a resolution. When the Protestants in Montreal find themselves unequal to the occasion it will be ample time to seek the assistance of their co-religionists in Ontario. One might imagine that we Protestants in the Province of Quebec were by law placed in an inferior or straitened position, different from that of the Catholics; but such is not the case. Moreover, we have no desire as Protestants to recognise a political body such as the Orange Association as our champion or to vindicate our faith.

This cry of Protestantism in danger in Montreal is all moonshine—got up for other purposes than the protection of the faith or equal rights; and its baselessness is easily discerned from the fact that the Orangemen of Quebec are arrayed in one solid body against the existing Provincial Government, whose Chief, for the first time in the history of the Province, is a thorough Protestant.

I am, &c.,

A MONTREAL PROTESTANT.

Toronto, June 14.

This letter is evidently written by a man who is neither a fanatic nor a fool. If the Orangemen from Ontario come to Montreal, they will come to outrage and to defy the majority of the residents of this city. They come as the champions of an illegal society, as the promoters of strife, and as the perpetuators of religious feuds. But, perhaps these are the reasons which will induce them to come, for they are in obedience to the teachings of the Orange institution.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The general tendency of trade in Canada remains a favorable one, but a thorough revival of business need not be looked to as near at hand. Meanwhile, business has been placed on a much sounder footing; a great many concerns have been weeded out through the protracted prostration in trade. The credit system, which prolonged their existence is now conducted with a more searching sever-

ity, and speculation receives little encouragement. The revival will, therefore, be shorn of its most dangerous and precarious elements and inspire confidence. The levity which has characterized the support lent to overtrading cannot be indulged in henceforward; an era of more solid prosperity seems, consequently, to be dawning upon us, provided, however, the peace of Europe be maintained.

The causes of so protracted a prostration in business cannot be merely commercial. There must have been another factor to multiply its disastrous consequences. An ordinary commercial crisis acts like a whirlwind, it sweeps everything on its way; after its passage the wreck is cleared and business resumes its former activity. Such was the case in 1857: the suspension of the Banks of New York, the high rate of interest in London, the ruins of so many commercial houses all through the world, were forgotten six months after their taking place. The panic subsided as all panics do; confidence again began to spring up; the banks again began cautiously to put out their bills, and in short, the world once more began to repeat the eternal round of "stagnation, economy, industry, &c., &c."

Four years have elapsed since the beginning of the crisis of 1857. No reaction has taken place, and a longer and more severe depression has never been felt. The productiveness of the seasons has been unusual; raw materials are at the lowest quotations, money is plenty, interest exceedingly low, and crops of cereals have everywhere a most promising appearance. Yet, with all those elements of profit to the manufacturer, factories remain closed and operatives idle.

Have not the forces, that had as a resultant the general depression, expended themselves, or are they still at work? What are the causes operating now to prevent resumption of life and activity in commercial affairs?

In the United States, the investment of capital in railroad extensions, that neither population nor traffic did require; the over-production, stimulated by expectations built upon the future; the natural fall in price of every commodity, consequence of the shrinkage of values to the gold standard, brought on the crisis, and distrust held an iron hand on the throat of productive industry. Manufacturing establishments reduced wages, went on short time, or discharged their workmen out and out. Have the working classes in the States been reconciled to low wages, hard work and economy? The formidable strike of 1876—taking possession of cities—preventing traffic on one of the most important railroads of the Union—the voluntary idleness and pitiable destitution of working men—and the assumption in newspapers by their leaders of a tone bordering upon that of the French Commune—demonstrate that the smooth working of the productive machinery is yet remote.

In England, the collapse of railway investments in the United States—the distrust excited by the growing powers of the parties there opposed to the resumption of specie payments, or claiming a silver currency—the enormous losses in foreign loans, or in home speculations—the decrease of exports of home manufactures, cotton goods and iron—the production of steel superseding the iron-making establishments of the country—the conflict between labor and capital—all these causes concurred in intensifying the depression.

In France, the ransom paid to Germany—the reconstitution of the military establishment—the indemnity to the sufferers by the war—have brought upon the people a burden of taxation a less industrious nation would have sunk under. The suspension during a twelvemonth of the industry of the country has been followed by over-production in certain branches, entailing considerable losses, and the continuation of the double metallic standard is fraught with danger, if the difference in value between the two metals goes on increasing. The savings—the accumulation of capital, so large in a thrifty people—are gone; but, happily, France has nothing to fear from the conflict between labor and capital. She has been through the ordeal.

The crisis in Germany is more intense than anywhere else, and more of a political character. Since 1856, for political purposes, extreme Liberalism had been encouraged; every German became a voter, and the Socialistic ideas of Karl Muller and Ferdinand Lasalle, countenanced by the Chancellor to counterbalance middle-class influence, found willing expounders in the universities, and too ready hearers in the work shops. By these advances made to the extreme Liberals, the vote of the working classes was secured to the Government in all their measures. The war followed, and upon a society settling under the excitement, dropped the five millions of the French indemnity. A season of wild speculation commenced which reached the lowest classes, sent up the wages of the ordinary navy to 15s. a day, and ended in a commercial crisis unabated after five years' duration. Reckless extravagance and wanton strikes were replaced by destitution and misery. Ferd. Lasalle's teachings have not been forgotten, and thirty Socialists' journals and 12 members of Parliament adhering to the like principles are the outcome of the situation.

Austria and Hungary have felt the consequences of the most reckless speculation, and suffered the loss of private fortunes amounting to scores of millions in schemes and undertakings at the best unproductive for many years to come. Russia having contracted a heavy foreign debt to carry into execution enterprises the war has made useless, with a paper money currency depreciated to one-half of its nominal value, has to resist the spreading of communist opinions the levity

of the Russian nobility favors and the ignorance of the peasants tries to realize.

In every country the crisis of 1873 has been felt, and the consequence has been the loss of the accumulation of savings; while the situation was aggravated by this new element—the conflict between labor and capital. Never had labor so favorable an opportunity to assert its claims, countenanced as it has been by the Government of Germany and ruling at a time over the coal measures of Pennsylvania and its metallurgical industry.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the surplus means have everywhere been exhausted,

and so long as accumulation of savings has not formed a new capital to be applied to production, trade will continue to be depressed.

THE PARTY CONTESTS IN FRANCE—STRUGGLE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR—FREE TRADE—TROCADERO—THE PERSIAN DIAMOND SALON—EXHIBITS—OPENING OF THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW—THE DUTCH.

(FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

HOTEL DU LOUVRE,
PARIS, May 29th, 1878.

The monarchical coalition would be better employed in exercising their pent-up enthusiasm in a little outward and visible show for the Exhibition. Though they have stood aloof from the working out of that idea, their country is quite ready to allow them to participate in the success. And the Republicans have quite enough to do in dealing with the question of commercial treaties or qualified free trade. They may be sound in these matters, but they are certainly neither courageous nor politically provident. The Legislature is only dabbling with the subject, and Italy has put the screw on France to ratify, without further tergiversations, the international treaty accepted in principle. The cotton manufacturers and metallurgic interests, all protectionists, seem to have matters pretty much their own way at present; though they represent not more than one-third of the fabricated products of the country, and France exports four times more of raw and manufactured goods than she imports—hard nuts for the great industries to crack. But neither the consumers nor the mass of small manufacturers take up position where the existence of that self-sacrificing gentleman, and Italy, who we thought would be our Irish political redeemer, better things were expected. True, years ago did I hear a good Irish priest not a politician either, but a gentleman of discernment, say that this paper would one day develop itself into what it now is—a viper nourished by confiding Irish Catholic support. Even then did it give out signs that were ominous. I protested, and said he was too Catholic, too Irish, and too sincere. But—and I grieve for the unhappy one—his record is now before not only me but the public, and a blind follower indeed would I were I not undeceived. Well might the great Archbishop, who happily rules the church in this Province, and his devoted priests after their thirteen years of personal and pastoral kindness to him, exclaim: "And you also Batus! Do we find you in the ranks of the enemy proclaiming a crusade against us and the educational establishments we have reared up with such fostering care!"

What evil genius, might I ask, has crossed the path of the man who owns and writes this paper? Has he not time and again written of the schools under the guidance of that self-sacrificing gentleman, Brother Arnold, in the most eulogistic terms? Did he not proclaim from the very house-top the superior teaching of our different Sisterhoods in their academies? And are we now to believe all this a delusion, because the *Canal* hangs, urged on by some malicious demon, say so? I will not quote at length from the last attack, I cannot ask you to place before your readers all the unchristian and defamatory insinuations hurled at the head of the Archbishop and his beloved clergy. He tells his readers that the clergymen on the Board have "a distinct and conflicting interest." Oh shame! The priesthood of the Church that stood by the cradle of literature, that rescued it from the destroying hand of vandal Goth; of the Church that watched over and protected the development of the arts and sciences conserving the lives of her most learned clerics to that purpose; of her that induced her noblest sons and daughters too in every age to forsake home and parents and devote themselves to the cause of education, having an interest distinct from or conflicting with a cause so dear to her heart, and for which she labored so hard, and contended so vigorously in the face often of the most trying circumstances! Why, sir, that school, Voluntarist though it was, that brought on the French Revolution never penned lines more disparaging to the character of the Clergy. Again he says he must insist . . . that these Reverend gentlemen shall confine themselves in these school matters within the restraints proper to those who have no rights whatever in them! The priests, in his own usual words, the Soggarths Aroon, have no rights whatever in School matters! And these words were written by the man who conducts the *Irish Canadian*—Irish indeed! And I, and every Irish Catholic who have a family to educate and train in respectful obedience to the Church, am asked to take this paper into my home, treat it as a friend, and allow it to be read by my children. Still more "Individualities," he says, "which choose to stand in the way of saving the great principle at stake must stand aside." I suppose he means individuals. And who are those individuals? The parties of course who have no rights whatever—he is Soggarths Aroon, those Soggarths who in the mountain fastness, the lonely valley, and by the dreary wayside, in days not very long gone by, when a piper was put upon their anointed heads, taught his fathers. Those, Sir, must stand aside. They must give place to the Canadian man, and the few learned (I) scribes that encourage him in his attacks on our schools and our clergy.

Mr. O'DONNEL, M. P., said the divisions amongst the Irish Parliamentary party were divisions he and his friends were in no way to be blamed for. He found that in spite of the efforts of Mr. Parnell to maintain the solemn compact entered into at the National Conference, a number of Irish representatives, who were parties to that compact but not during the past month of the present sessions shown themselves more faithful to the Irish cause than they had during all the months of the preceding session. These men were not only prepared to fight against him and his friends, but they were borrowing and out-Heroding the worst phases of calumny against them, and at once exceeding everything that the natural-born enemies of Ireland might be expected to say (shame). They seemed only anxious to earn cheers and plaudits by denouncing everything which Irishmen ought to respect. The fact was they were coming to such a pass that, if they were to be guided by a certain number of their colleagues, their only acts would be to go to the seaside or to the Paris Exhibition, or do anything so long as they did not interfere with the government of the majority in Parliament. If they attacked a government measure they were denounced for obstructing the government. If they found fault with such a measure that which branded an innocent population with the crime of assassination, they were denounced their own countrymen (shame). Those hon. gentlemen, while informing against him and his friends, were informing against the general country. In fact, there was a certain section of the Irish parliamentary party determined to thwart them on the pretence that they were obstructing the government. With regard to the future, they had nothing to say. The government might muzzle three or four Irish members, but if the Irish people returned sixty or seventy pledged to carry out the Home Rule programme, it would be impossible to muzzle the voices of a united and resolute people (cheers).

But, Sir, this is not all. I could present you with many other very spicy sentences from the article before me. I shall, however, confine myself for the present to one more. To my mind at least it embodies the whole of the poor man's difficulty. He finds dear consciences man—conscience, you know, impels him to write as he does—obedience to spiritual authority rather heavy a burden for his tender shoulders. He would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven. That he may not be misunderstood, he italicizes the sentence I now reproduce:—"To avoid the exposures of pending appeals to the Courts, we would respectfully suggest that the present trustees (the priests) unite in a general resignation on the Board." Yes, he will appeal from the Church to Caesar. Yes, he will have none other over him than Caesar. And then, oh! we will have schools according to his heart. And then again—Well what? We will have an educational millennium, and the Editor of the Canadian, freed of the restraints of the authority of priest and prelate, will be happy. Shout hurrah, join hands every Irish Catholic with the Robespierres and Diderots, with the Socialists to the South of you, now drilling and preparing for the general melee. The Canadians conscience forces him to be your guide. He has, you see, a strong conscience, though it may be "screamed at by a reverend gentleman that happens to be our (his) spiritual adviser." His "moral rectitude," too, is urging us (him) irresistibly to become your deliverers. Away, then, with priests and priestly influence on the Board. Away with the idea that teaching and, consequently, a supervision over what is taught, is one of their first great duties, or that their Divine Master ever commanded them to teach. Such doctrine was good enough for your fathers; but there is too much Italianism about it—it is, in fact, obsolete. It does not keep pace with the advance of free thought of this nineteenth century. And, above all other considerations—a clincher for every Irish Catholic parent—it does not form part of the present Creed of the *Irish Canadian*.

FATHER.

Ontario, June 15th, 1878.

[This letter is severe upon our contemporary;

but it is written by one of the most influential and respectable Catholics in Ontario. We regret the necessity of publishing it, but the course the *Irish Canadian* has pursued leaves us no other alternative.]

A JAPANESE IRON-CLAD.

A Japanese iron-clad, the Li-ki, five guns, is now on her way to England, making a call at all the principal Asiatic and European ports en route. The Li-ki was built in Japan, under the superintendence of M. Chibondier, a French gentleman employed in the Imperial Arsenal of Yokoska. Her length is 191 feet; breadth, 23 feet; she has two decks, the upper and aft, 13 feet. She has four masts, one carrying five guns. Her officers are nearly all native Japanese.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TORONTO SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the *True Witness*:

Sir,—I have, Sir, read the *Globe* in those days when it rods the high Protestant horse, when it founmed with the most virulent clericalophobia, when it called our priests the most opprobrious names. I have seen, also, many of the prurient and filthy articles devoted to our religion of "the only religious duty in the Dominion," the *Witness*, but never did my eyes light on anything in their pages so distressing to my Irish and Catholic heart, as the article which appeared in the *Irish Canadian* of the 5th inst. on the above subject. They are and always have been my enemies, and as a matter of course looked on every sort of weapon, dirt, lies, Gavazzi fifth and Chiniquy blasphemies, legitimate means of conducting their unholy warfare against God's Church. But from him of the household, and—well will I parody the Scripture, and say—him who we thought would be our Irish political redeemer, better things were expected. True, years ago did I hear a good Irish priest not a politician either, but a gentleman of discernment, say that this paper would one day develop itself into what it now is—a viper nourished by confiding Irish Catholic support.

John Chapman, a prominent merchant,

and Mr. James Williams, Mayor, displayed much energy in organizing a handsome cavalcade which escortet the Rev. Gentleman to the G. T. R. Station. Mr. Chapman took the lead of the cavalcade, followed by his Reverence accompanied by P. Herber. Then followed nearly three hundred of our parishioners in carriages, all accompanying the Rev. Gentleman to the station. When arrived at the station the enthusiasm displayed was intense and all vied with each other in showing respect. This dearly beloved pastor, Mr. Bochet for Rome, on Thursday, the 6th inst., very deeply affected the feelings of all our parishioners. Previous to the Rev. Gentleman's departure, J. S. Beaumont Esq., and various leading men throughout the parish presented him with a handsome testimonial of over one hundred dollars in token of the great respect and esteem his parishioners unanimously entertain for him. His departure to the G. T. R. station at Warwick took place at 12.30, P. M. Before leaving a very affecting address was read to his Reverence on behalf of the parishioners by Mr. Herbert a leading merchant of this place, who ably assisted in promoting the desires of the parishioners in every respect, and we assure him his exertions were highly appreciated.

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Mr. John Chapman, a prominent merchant,

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

EUROPEAN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 13.—The funeral of John A. MacGahan the well known correspondent, took place yesterday. The body was borne to the grave on the shoulders of stalwart men, and the pall, which was thrown over the coffin, was held by the correspondents of the London *Daily News*, *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Standard* and *Graphic*, and General Skoboleff, whose heroic conduct before Gravitz redoubt in September last received such a mark of immortality from the pen of the lamented Mr. MacGahan. Col. Chambers, Military Attaché British Embassy, Horace Maynard, U. S. Minister, and several officers from United States despatch boats, the Assistant Judge, British Consulate and many well known persons of position attended the body to the grave, in order to testify their respect for the deceased journalist.

The International Literary Congress held its first sitting in this city yesterday. The meeting was merely for organization, however. Many distinguished foreign literateurs were present, including Jean Serebrievitch Poushnikoff and Tom Taylor. Edmund About occupied the chair in place of Victor Hugo, who was to have presided, but was unavoidably absent.

Mr. Andrew D. White, LL.D., President of Cornell University, was elected President, and William Batch Secretary of the United States section of the International Bureau. Three working committees of delegates were then appointed, after which the Congress adjourned until to-morrow, Thursday.

BRAUNS, June 11.—The leaders of the National Liberal party are here for consultation, and to determine the course of action. They believe that Bismarck had determined upon dissolution of the Reichstag even before Nobeling's attempt to kill the Emperor. Their war-cry will be the return of the present Liberal member. All the Plenipotentiaries will have arrived here by Wednesday, except the Turkish, who can reach here before Friday or Saturday. The Plenipotentiaries will be received on Wednesday in a State audience by the Crown Prince. They will be convened to the Palace in State carriages. On Thursday, after the Congress will meet for the first time, and after transaction of the necessary formalities, such as the verification of the several powers of the plenipotentiaries and appointment of official proceedings, it will then be opened by Bismarck as President, who will submit his memorandum of points or *resume* of subjects to be treated directly by the plenipotentiaries, each of whom will receive a copy of this document. The business of the first sitting will be confined to a settlement of the question, whether or not Congress shall invite Greece to participate in its transactions. A State banquet at the castle will be given to the plenipotentiaries and their suites on Thursday or Friday evening. It is highly improbable that Roumania or Servia will be accorded direct access to Congress, either with full or consultative powers. The original anticipation that Congress would complete its labours in a fortnight is thought likely to be realized. Commissioners will then be sent to Turkey to settle details. The result of the Congress, it is anticipated, will not be unfavourable to Russia. She will probably get a portion of Bessarabia and Armenia, the latter including Kars and Ardahan certainly, and perhaps also Batoum, but not Bayazie. William Strauss is an a great stir of anticipation. There are newspaper correspondents from all parts of the world already here. It is reported that the Bonaparte, Orleans, and Bourbon interests are to be privately advocated during the Congress by gentlemen deputed for the occasion, the hope being entertained by Monarchical parties in France that the Conservative reaction will shortly set in at Berlin, and that a Monarchy may then have another chance at Paris.

Lord Beaconsfield arrived this evening; he was received by Lord Odo Russell and Count Von Bulow.

LONDON, June 11.—A Vienna correspondent says it seems that most of the Plenipotentiaries are to arrive in Berlin either on Tuesday or Wednesday, so that they will have an opportunity for meeting privately before the meeting. Officially considering the number of visits and return visits, which will have to be made in the 24 hours, there will not be much time for each of them; still, even the short time that will be available may be of some importance, affording, as it will, a first-class opportunity of exchanging ideas in direct personal intercourse, instead of indirectly, through the medium of the Embassies and despatches.

A Berlin correspondent says the non-compliance of Turkey with the reiterated demand of Russia, supported by Germany, for the immediate surrender of Shumla, which had already caused Congress to be convened two weeks later than originally intended, threatens to create fresh difficulties.

A Vienna correspondent says the confidence both in St. Petersburg and Berlin in the successful issue of the Congress is reported so deep as to almost exclude a doubt. Schonvaloff's policy is triumphant at St. Petersburg and his antagonists silenced, but the situation at Constantinople still causes uneasiness.

A Vienna correspondent says Russia has recently taken a very overbearing tone towards Austria. A rupture seemed imminent a week ago.

A Vienna special states the Russians in Roumania received orders to be ready for hostilities.

A Vienna special says that officers have been ordered to join their regiments in Dalmatia, which will be immediately raised to a war footing.

The Duke of Cambridge left for Malta.

A Vienna correspondent says the various Governments have agreed that the discussions in the Congress be secret, and that a committee be appointed to select what portion of the deliberations are to be published.

At the Austrian foreign office it is fully expected that Austria will be allowed by Congress to occupy Bosnia. The mobilization of an Austrian force in Transylvania has been ordered.

Vienna, June 11.—Count Andraszay and M. Haymerle, Austrian plenipotentiaries, have started for Berlin.

A Bucharest special despatch states that a Russian army corps commenced advancing on Pitesti on Sunday, and have already reached Teti and Gagau. On entering the villages occupied by the Roumanian troops, the Roumanian Government ordered their troops to retire. The Russian movement interrupts the communication of the Roumanian army with Bucharest. The Government intends to seek an explanation of Russia, and if an unsatisfactory answer is given it will address a solemn protest to the Powers.

Prince Charles leaves Bucharest for his summer palace at Sinaia during the week, to await decisions of Congress.

A Bagdad correspondent says the Montenegro Government sent an envoy to Scutari to adjust the frontier and the differences with Turkey.

PARIS, June 14.—The Literary Congress old its second sitting yesterday. Victor

Hugo will deliver his oration before the Congress at the Theatre du Chatelet on Monday. A grand banquet will be served at the Continental Hotel on the same evening.

BERLIN, June 12.—The Congress opens on Thursday afternoon. Bismarck will deliver a short address of welcome. It is unlikely that any business will be undertaken before the arrival of the Turkish representatives.

Bismarck is said to be in good health, the excitement of the grand meeting acting like a tonic upon his nerves.

Prince Hohenlohe, German Ambassador to Paris, will sit as the third Plenipotentiary for Germany.

LONDON, June 12.—It is reported from Anti-vari that Austria has proposed a compromise, according to which Congress would have the use, but not the complete possession, of the port of Antivari.

A Berlin special says, on his arrival here Goritschakoff was exceedingly pale. He was wrapped in thick furs, and had to be carried from the train to the carriage by his attendants. His condition causes some apprehension.

Prince Nikita professes to be anxious to avoid a conflict, but refuses to surrender his present holdings.

LIMA, June 11.—Minister Roettig has been instructed to urge at Berlin, the annexation of Old Servia to Servia.

A Berlin correspondent says the Congress will probably sit on alternate days, each sitting to occupy three hours. The first subjects to be considered will probably be the degree of secrecy to be observed, and the military position at and near Constantinople.

In regard to Asia, the Turks will plead that Russia's possession of Kars would leave a great part of the country defenceless, and the nationalities about Batoum are opposed to annexation to Russia.

A Paris correspondent says Safet Pasha is preparing a circular stating the Bulgarians are systematically endeavouring to extirpate Moslems.

A Paris despatch says:—An iron-clad and several battalions have been ordered to Thessaly at the request of the Government of the Province. It is reported that the Greek insurgents landed at Albania, and are inciting revolt.

A Constantinople despatch says there are 25,000 Russian troops sick with typhoid fever and similar diseases in this neighbourhood.

A Berlin special says, in consequence of Count Andraszay's despatch time for the Plenipotentiaries to Congress to exchange views privately, it is probable the second sitting will be postponed until Monday.

VENICE, June 12.—A Cataro despatch says that, in the event of the failure of negotiations at Scutari for the adjustment of the frontier differences with Montenegro, the Turks fear an offensive move against Podgoritz, as the Prince of Montenegro posted a brigade in that direction, apparently to exercise pressure upon his negotiations.

A Vienna correspondent tel I is said the Porte does not intend to make a stand against the declaration of the independence of Roumania, Servia, or Montenegro. It would, if unavoidable, consent to Montenegro's receiving no extension of territory proposed by the Constantinople Conference, and probably would not seriously contest Servia's claim to an extension on the right bank of the Maritsa. It is probable Mr. Bryant will die within 24 hours. The physicians' last bulletin said that he was exceedingly weak and feeble, and but for his wonderful vitality he could scarcely be expected to live more than a few hours. Bryant has been unconscious since Monday afternoon, and has taken no nourishment in the meantime. Among the callers last night was ex-Governor Tilden, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Bryant. Mr. H. Watson called with the poet Stoddard.

LATER.—William Cullen Bryant died this morning.

NJARK, June 12.—J. H. Vanhaugen, member of Phytagoras Masonic Lodge, dropped dead at the meeting of the Lodge in Richard J. Wardell's house, at 11:30 last night. A powder was found in his pocket, and a paper that had contained the powder. There are suspicions that he took poison. Vanhaugen was mysteriously stabbed in his garden one night several weeks ago.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—Among the passengers who arrived at this port from Liverpool yesterday on the steamer "Baltic," of the White Star Line, was Gen. Grant's second son, Jesse R. Grant, who left this country with his parents when the latter sailed from Philadelphia last year. The ex-President will not return until next spring. He has arranged matters so that he will avoid either too warm or too cold weather. He will go to Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Russia during the warm summer months, and after visiting Holland, Belgium and other places on his return, will manage to spend the winter months in the south of Europe—very likely in Spain. He will remain there long enough to avoid the inclement winter weather of the North; will then return to Paris in the beginning of spring, and thence to this country. Mr. Grant says his father takes a very deep interest in all that transpires in the United States. He is posted as to every thing that is going on. He does not read an English newspaper at all. British papers have apparently not much in their columns that interest him. He goes for American papers however. Mr. Grant asked his father if he had heard of the investigation into the Presidential election now progressing in Washington. Of course he did. Did he express any opinion about this investigation? "Well you know I am not permitted to utter political opinions on his behalf, but I can tell you he regards Potter's investigation as useless a foolish piece of business.

The news from Thessaly indicates the probability of a renewal of the Greek insurrection. This is said to be in consequence of the disengagement of the Greeks at the reported understanding between England and Russia, which will be made public before the meeting. Officially considering the number of visits and return visits, which will have to be made in the 24 hours, there will not be much time for each of them; still, even the short time that will be available may be of some importance, affording, as it will, a first-class opportunity of exchanging ideas in direct personal intercourse, instead of indirectly, through the medium of the Embassies and despatches.

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UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The country is entitled to know the bottom of the facts respecting the Louisiana and Florida frauds, but if the object were to put Mr. Hayes out of office, the whole country would rally to his support, and damaging facts disclosed would be slighted and despised by citizens who regard public tranquility of paramount interest.

NEW YORK, June 12.—Some startling affidavits are read in the Vanderbilt will contest now proceeding. Statements from three detectives, Fahdun, Gco. A. Mason, and William H. Clark, gave a complete account of the alleged conspiracy against Cornelius Vanderbilt, and alleged that the man who perjured himself in the trial of the late Mr. MacGahan, Col. Chambers, Military Attaché British Embassy, Horace Maynard, U. S. Minister, and several officers from United States despatch boats, the Assistant Judge, British Consulate and many well known persons of position attended the trial of the grand inquest, and the trial of the grand inquest.

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Boys Cotton Hose for Knickerbockers—Shirt, Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy, Seals in the seams in the toes or heels, from 15c to 25c per pair.
Girls' Hose, Fancy, nicely varied assortment of color, all seamstress, no lump in the feet, 15c to 25c per pair.
Girls' White Hose, 7c up to 9c per pair.
Girls' Brown Hose, 7c up to 9c per pair.
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Ladies' Unbleached Hose, 10c to \$1 per pair.
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Ladies' Fancy Hose in great variety.
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Gents' Cotton Socks, with Merino feet.

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Ladies' Merino Vests and Pants.
Girls' Merino Vests and Pants.
Men's and O.S. Men's Merino Vests and Pants from 30c up.
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Splendid assortment of Tweeds and Cloth. For Tailoring, go to CHEAPSIDE.

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Cords, in seal brown, green, navy blue and olive green.
Persian Cords, and stockings, 12c, 20c, 25c, 30c, etc.
Deerskin, green and brown, 12c, 20c to 40c.
Cashmere, all wool, in checks, all colors, 30c up.
Honolulu, all wool, 25c up.
Lusters and Brilliantines, all colors, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c to 50c.
Figured Lusters, quite new, 20c, 25c and 30c.
Seal and Luster, all prices.
Silk and Grey Chiffon.
Silk and Wool Mohair, beautiful shades.

Grenadines.

Plain Black Iron Grenadine, 20c to 40c.
Black Glace Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares.

Pins, Needles, Buttons, Braids, Thread, Tape, Silk Spools, Silk Twists.

Corsets—Crompton Make.

Queen Bess Corsets, with shoulder straps and skirt supports.
Corsets for Children.
Children's Jumps.
Corsets, French Goods, at 50c each.

Domestic Goods.

English Prints, from 10c to 17c per yard.
Brown Cotton, from 10c up.
White Cotton from 7c up.

An extra bargain in 36 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard.

Twilled Cotton, a good mule, for 20c, worth 25c; sold elsewhere for 25c.

Table Linens, in all mutes, from 30c to \$2.50 per pair.

Towels, Brown and Bleached, a splendid assortment, from 7c each to \$1.00 each.

Oxford Shirting, from 10c to 40c per yard; are splendid values.

We believe in the best goods always!

With a good price for 25c each, warrant ed full finish for evening dress.

A good assortment of White Dress Shirts, from 7c to \$1.25 each.

The White Shirt is the best value in the trade.

Regal Shirts, assorted.

Oxford Shirts, assorted, for \$1.50 each, two dollars, same as sold elsewhere for \$1.75 and \$2.

Clubs and Alexandra Quilts, at greatly reduced prices.

A good 10x Quilt for 85c.

Gents' Ties and Scarfs.

Gents' Collars and Cravats.

Gloves.

The best assortment of Gloves, all kinds and makes at CHEAPSIDE.

ALEXANDRES!

IOUVINS!

JOSEPHINES!

Best Makers.

Silk Thread Gloves, all colours, 5c up.

Plated Silk Gloves, all colours.

Pure Silk Gloves.

Umbrellas.

Cotton, 30c up.

Zanzile.

Alpen.

Silk.

Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties.

A magnificent assortment.

GO TO

CHEAPSIDE,

437 AND 439 NOTRE DAME STREET,

FOR BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN

AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

A. A. MURPHY,

P R O P R I E T O R .

(ESTABLISHED 1810.)

THE IRISH IN CANADA.

A LECTURE

BY

W. E. WALLER, ESQ.,
MAYOR OF OTTAWA.

(Concluded from our last.)

If we were in compliance with the advice of our would-be leaders, to divest ourselves of our political principles, and band together.

AS CATHOLICS ONLY,

with the view of supporting whichever party would give us the most liberal terms, we would place ourselves in the position of mercenaries, who had no interest in the general welfare of the country, and through the men in whom they have confidence, denounce this degrading and damaging conduct on the part of self constituted champions, who to advance their own individual interests, are continually taking the Irish Catholic name in vain; placing us in a low or inferior position in the eyes of our fellow citizens of other creeds and nationalities, and seriously injuring thereby our social, material and political prospects for the future. Having thus far endeavoured candidly to convince you that, except in the matter of inadequate.

the remedy—the certain remedy—for the defect we are so often reminded of by men who desire a short cut to Parliamentary position, "in our name and in our behalf."

[Mr. Waller here quoted from the *Globe* of 1874, and from an article in the *Catholic Tribune* of that date, written by a young gentleman of Ottawa, Mr. James J. Kehoe, to sustain his position in this respect, and then continued as follows:]

In a forcible letter, written to the *Irish Canadian*, in January, 1875, our fellow-countryman and co-religionist, Mr. O'Hanley, whom we all admit to be a man of ability, wrote as follows: "I hold firmly to the doctrine, that it is not in the public interest of a country like ours, composed as it is of a heterogeneous population of diverse races and creeds, that any one nationality, or any one sect, should be as a unit on the most important of all temporal concerns—politics. The only bond of union that can be approved is community of feeling—unity of sentiment on public questions, and in the management of national affairs; and where these are wanting, principle, honesty, good government, are not to be found."

[Applause.] How very true. Mr. O'Hanley then went on to prove that the Scotch are not a unit in politics, and gave the following forcible incident of the fact:—

"We have at this hour a lively illustration of it in North Renfrew, where the Prime Minister of the Dominion—a very unusual thing indeed—has left his desk to brave the rigours of the winter in that primitive mode of conveyance, the sleigh, to use his great influence for an Irishman against a Scotchman." This refers to Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's going up to Renfrew to support Mr. Murray against Mr. White [loud applause.] In the same letter Mr. O'Hanley further remarks:—The Irish in Canada even if a policy of isolation were desirable, are in a hopeless minority to accomplish anything for or of themselves. They must have allies, they have to choose one of two alternatives, an alliance with the Tories or the Liberals." These sentiments are all sound and do not by any means savour of the false and impractical idea of national, religious, or political organization for bettering the Irish Catholic position in Canada. We must unreservedly be on the one side or the other, according to our convictions, and in our own especial interest as well as in the general interest of the country, we must be on the best and most friendly terms possible with our neighbours of other creeds and nationalities, with whom in this common country our lot is cast. How can we assume an attitude of this kind, agreed upon by every thinking Catholic in the land as essential to the advancement of our interests if we band ourselves together into exclusive religious national political organizations. The thing is utterly impossible. These being all uncontrollable facts appear to me that the plain unmistakable course for me to pursue is that which I have endeavoured to point out. Let us identify ourselves more actively, such of us as have the means, time and talents, and can afford them, to our country in public affairs. Let us from a knowledge of the aims and objects of political parties, ally ourselves intelligently on the one side or the other, and there firmly remain until we can justify ourselves on broad principles for a change. Let us show ourselves in every way, not merely in the country, but throughout the world, that we are fit to be a nation in our own right, and capable of holding our own in the world. Here in Canada we have the finest, the freest country in the world. Here we are invested with a measure of freedom and liberty, beyond which it would not be in the interest of the State or the subject to be endowed; here peace reigns supreme and prosperity smiles on the labours of the sober and industrious. Our climate is healthful and invigorating, our resources almost exhaustless, requiring only development to make us a grand and powerful nation.

as it is their right and privilege, and as they owe it to their native country—become members of our volunteer corps, and enjoy the several advantages to arise from such an act. Let them, instead of wasting valuable time in bowling alleys or billiard rooms, seek more frequently library associations, and the public journals of the day, and works on history literature and science. Let them join our Reform or Conservative Clubs, according to their convictions, and take an interest in their concerns. Let them become members of the Boards of Trade in their respective localities, and learn there to debate matters of interest to the country, and in this way not only educate themselves politically, but familiarize themselves to speak on public questions, and in doing this they break down the barrier of exclusiveness, exhibit their national abilities, and thus certainly pave the way to their permanent to higher stations in life. Here in Canada we have the finest, the freest country in the world. Here we are invested with a measure of freedom and liberty, beyond which it would not be in the interest of the State or the subject to be endowed; here peace reigns supreme and prosperity smiles on the labours of the sober and industrious. Our climate is healthful and invigorating, our resources almost exhaustless, requiring only development to make us a grand and powerful nation.

and with the ever recurring incidents of a local character—and there are many such Irishmen and Catholics in the Dominion—should never allow the opportunity to pass, where a question of general import or of local interest required consideration, without showing ourselves interested in the movement. If we do not do this—if we hide our light under a bushel—if we say to ourselves, as too many of us do, "there will be plenty there without me" if we stay at home and mind our own business, and allow our neighbours of other nationalities to attend exclusively to business and interests that concern the whole of us—that we are interested in as much as they are—it must be obvious to the least reflecting that politically and otherwise we are standing in our own light. If we have fitness and ability for public positions—and many of us have—and if we have an ambition or desire for public life, it is absolutely necessary that we must use our energies and our abilities in the general interests, and in doing so bring ourselves into general notice; or, like the rose in the desert, we may be born, mature and die, without attracting any attention. This is so self-evident a truth that there is no denying it. It is equally true, unfortunately, that too many Irish Catholic men of means and ability are entirely too apathetic in this respect; they do not identify themselves sufficiently with our public affairs, either local or general, and in refraining from doing so they not only do themselves and their co-religionists a disservice, but they set an example which has a bad effect on the young Catholic men of the day, who to a very great extent, taking them as a whole, are copying too faithfully the apathy of their fathers. Now this one drawback, and the highest dignity of the Catholic church in Canada puts his veto on such assumption of powers in the following words: "No association of persons or journals has any right to dictate on subjects affecting Catholic interests, without consulting the prelates of the Church, who are the natural guardians of those interests." But let us reflect for a moment on the injustice—the more than injustice—put upon the Irish Catholics of Ontario by those Catholic Leaguers, excellent and all as their intentions may have been." Without consulting leading Catholic gentlemen, we are told, and without having any expression of opinion from the Irish Catholics of the Province as to the desirability of the movement, one officious gentleman of Toronto, who, I suppose, no doubt, that he ought to be a member of Parliament or of the Cabinet, and who would appear to be in a hurry to get there, calls a preliminary meeting for the ostensible purpose of uniting the Catholics of Ontario irrespective of party particularities? I should think not. The thing is utterly impracticable, and even if practicable, as I have demonstrated, could do us no good, but positive harm. Besides all this, the highest dignity of the Catholic church in Canada puts his veto on such assumption of powers in the following words: "No association of persons or journals has any right to dictate on subjects affecting Catholic interests, without consulting the prelates of the Church, who are the natural guardians of those interests." 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