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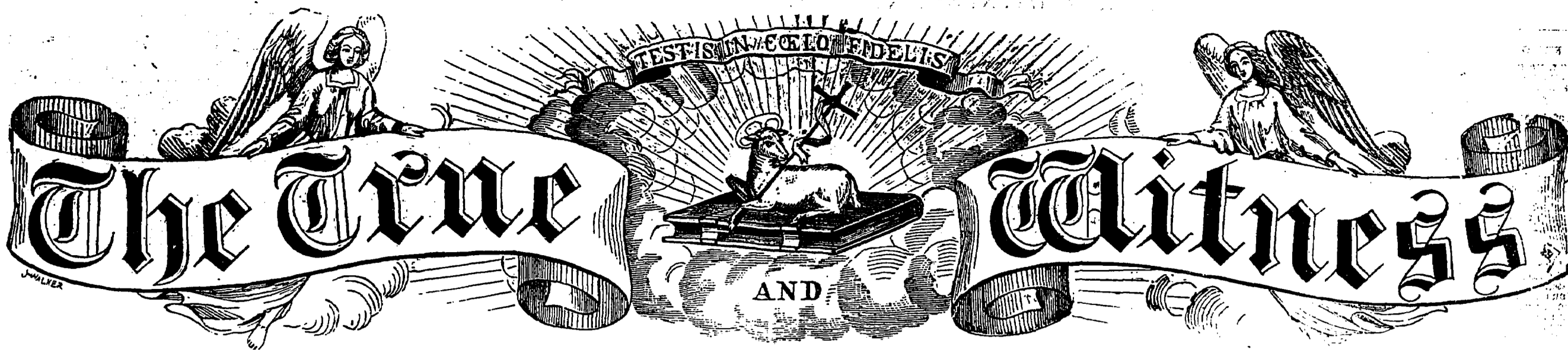
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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OUR PARIS LETTER.

VII.

(FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

HOTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS, July 19, 1878.

There have been two typical defeats for Bonapartism; the Baron St. Paul, whose ministerial personal influence over the Marshal was the cause of all the woes of France, from the 10th of May, 1877, to the following 15th of December...

Perhaps the most singular of all the defeats is that of Jules Amigues, in the Pas de Calais, the Corsica of the North. He was the pet candidate of the Empire Imperial, and the pilot balloon of a new departure for Bonapartism...

Up to the present the Chamber of Deputies has invalidated 62 of the elected of October last, 9 of this total have been sent back; 53 have been superseded by Republicans; of this latter number 22 are Bonapartists and 31 Monarchists...

The Press Pavilion has been inaugurated with all honors; there was a gathering of the clans to the extent of 300 representatives, and after an able address from Deputy Spuller, the editors retired to the refreshment room to smoke and chat...

The United States exhibit at Champ de Mars demonstrates that the people of the United States are essentially practical. The exhibition contrasts singularly with those of many other countries, which encumber their galleries with collections of curious objects in nature and art...

Such being the case, these magnificent piles of cotton piled like a trophy at the head of the American gallery, the splendid shrubbery covered with silken capsules, as if snow flakes were condensed there; this rich collection of tobacco from Kentucky; the exhibition of agricultural products, fruits and vegetables from all parts of the Union, offer certainly great inducements and encouragements to emigration, and trade.

the picturesqueness and splendor of nature in the mountains—nothing is wanting to allure visitors and entice them towards an unexampled Eldorado. So much for colonization. They exhibit on the other hand, quantities of machines for cutting grass, and beautiful collections of steel tools, such as shovels, forks, scythes and rakes, of remarkable lightness and durability; these are always articles of exportation. Except what will promote colonization or commerce we have nothing.

Oregon exhibits beautiful cereals, among which should be mentioned the winter wheat called mammoth white wheat, which is very delicate and tender and furnishes a choice flour the mammoth spring wheat, with grain larger and smaller; the golden amber, winter variety, grain larger on the average, of a pale color, white and translucent; the winter tonzelle yellow and large grained.

Locis.

CATHOLIC WORKMEN'S CLUBS IN FRANCE.

London Register.

We have received the official report for 1877-78 of the Cereales Catholiques d'Ouvriers, or the French Association of Catholic Workmen's Clubs. The little volume is a very interesting one. Founded by the Count de Mun six years ago, the Association has accomplished an amount of successful work that makes us wish that it could be imitated amongst our people in England. In the six years in which it has been in operation it has succeeded in establishing and maintaining no less than 325 clubs, with an aggregate of between forty and fifty thousand members.

But the clubs are only a means to an end. The Association does not exist to supply working men with rooms where they can read, study, converse, or engage in games of skill, in order to pass a pleasant evening. Again and again the Report insists on the necessity of not mistaking the means for the end, the outward form of the work for its essence. This end is twofold. First, to withdraw the working men from their revolutionary clubs, and from the influence of infidel and socialist leaders, by giving them in the Catholic club all the advantages they can obtain from the non-Catholic associations, with the additional advantage of Catholic teaching; secondly, to revive amongst men who have the advantages of birth, fortune, or education, the feeling that they have a duty to perform to the working classes, to unite them with these classes by the tie of Christian charity and brotherhood, and to organize them in a body to assist the working men in founding these Catholic clubs, and studying social questions from the Catholic standpoint.

We do not, for our part, think that it aims too high, nor do we regard the work it has already accomplished as of small importance. It is true that among the thirty millions of France, 40,000 men is not a large number to belong to the Association nor amongst the thousands of communes, or, as we would say, parishes, are 325 clubs more than a nucleus for future work. But we believe that the progress at the outset must necessarily be slow. The older workmen of the towns already in the hands of the revolutionary organizations naturally hold aloof from the new Association, and it has to recruit its ranks among the country people and the younger men of the towns. But the chief point is to work solidly, no matter how slowly, and to lay a secure foundation for a great superstructure. This, we believe, is being done. Throughout the Report there is a spirit which augurs well for success. There is no attempt to put things only in a favorable light—difficulties, and even failures, are frankly set forth. How to repair failures, how to meet difficulties, are matters which are discussed in a practical business-like way. In the various clubs, or cereales no fixed rule is followed as to the form which each is to take. Every one is adapted to the special wants of the district in which it is placed, and in form they vary from the town club, with its oratory and its rooms for study, amusement, and social intercourse, down to the little village cereale meeting in some cottage, or in a room at the presbytery, and having the parish church for its oratory, and the Cure for its honorary president. The effect on the members is said to be very good. They feel a kind of esprit de corps, they know they are not isolated, that they belong to a large and powerful body, and they thus gain courage to say boldly what they think in defense of religion,

to put down bad language among their companions; in a word, boldly to profess themselves Catholics, and to act publicly as such. At the annual pilgrimage of their province they meet the members of other cereales, and each one of the mass of men assembled, with banners displayed, as a public homage to religion, goes back to his town or village encouraged to persevere, and to become a propagandist of the work. As the cereales increase, the men of the district become steady and sober, and there are places where employers especially seek for workmen who belong to the cereales, for they have come to know that this is a guarantee for their fidelity, steadiness and industry. The religious character of the Association is a guarantee for its endurance. No great Catholic work, based on secular principles, can last long or accomplish much. But when we see a group of Catholic laymen boldly announcing that they trust to prayer for their chief help in the organization that organization will in all things make the teachings of the Holy See the guide of its conduct, we feel that success is assured.

There is one great danger which always menaces the Association, that is the danger of suppression by an unscrupulous and un-Catholic government. The Revolutionary party in France, it may well be imagined, looks with anything but favor upon Catholic associations whose object is to aid, protect, and instruct the working classes, amongst which it always hopes to recruit the rank and file of its army of unbelievers. It will be easy to find some pretext for the interference if the Government wished to interfere, and though the Association is essentially unconnected with the party politics, that will be no protection for it if the intrinsigant party gets the upper hand in the Government. If this peril only is averted, we confidently predict a great future for the Cereales Catholiques d'Ouvriers.

It may be well to add, in case any of our readers wish to know more of the work the Association does, that the offices of its Secretariat are at 10 Rue du Bac, Paris. Perhaps now that so many Irish and English Catholics are visiting or passing through Paris, some may take the trouble to call at the Rue du Bac. We feel sure such a visit will be an interesting one to the visitor, and an encouragement to the secretaries of the work, who are desirous that it should be as widely known as possible.

THE ORANGE SCORPION.

(From the Detroit Home Journal.)

For four and eighty years has the Orange Scorpion annually stung to madness the political and religious dissensions of the Irish race. Begotten by intolerance and born of fanaticism, this foul reptile partakes of the most vicious qualities of its bastard origin, and has never ceased to display them.

In the face of history it is hard to understand why it should have selected this day on which to do the Devil's work. It is true it takes its colours from William of Orange, who on the 12th of July, 1688, crossed the river Boyne, gained an important victory over his father-in-law, James II. of England, and doubly forged for the limbs of Ireland the galling chains of usurpation. But with all his faults—and he had many—William was no fanatic. By the Treaty of Limerick he would secure to the Catholics of Ireland religious liberty, and to a certain extent their civil rights. It was English bigotry and an imported spawn of fanaticism in Ireland that compelled him to break his kindly and soldierly word before the ink that pledged it had time to dry. But he was the hero of brute force; the cunning Albany that plucked the crown from the brows of Lear; the daring robber of the House of Stuart; the treacherous murderer of Glencoe; the weak puppet of English bigotry; the father of Protestant ascendancy; the assassin of Irish freedom, and in all, the sweet patron of Orangism.

For more than a hundred years after the Battle of the Boyne, Orangism had no organized forces. Clothed in penal laws, its parents, fanaticism and intolerance, rioted in the murder and robbery of Irish Catholics. No pen can describe the cruelties of that bloodstained period. But then came the day of Volunteers. Through the influence of Grattan, Flood, and others, Catholics were allowed the boon of serving in the ranks of the liberators. Independence was won. Ireland made her own laws. But still the fell spirit of bigotry hovered over the legislators, and for a dozen years blinded them to Catholic grievances. In 1794 a Relief Bill was brought forward, and then came forth from the womb of fanaticism, the filthy monster called Orangism. Combining fierce bigotry and stolid ignorance with the truculent spirit of its parents, the red glare of its bloodshed and burnings lit up the skies of Ulster from the first moment of its birth. Its followers delighted to be called "Peep-o'-Day Boys," suggestive of the hour at which they did their hellish work. Night after night the unoffending Catholics of Arona were aroused by the fierce yells of their blood-thirsty assailants. The rebellion of 1798 was precipitated, and the pitch cap, the triangle, the sword, the halberd and the burning roof-tree, told the power and inhumanity of the "Peep-o'-Day Boys," now called Orange Yeomen. After the rebellion their power was a fixed fact. They were petted by Government, and their excesses smiled at by law. Their proselytes extended from the hovels of Ulster to the steps of the throne. A royal duke became their Grand Master. Their lodges flled the country. Their magistracy murdered justice and applauded iniquity. William of Orange was invoked as their patron, and "Boycott Water" and "No Surrender," their battle cry.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

WRECK OF THE "MAGNETIC"—NARRATIVE OF ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

Michael O'Brien, aged about seventy, arrived in town this morning from Quebec. Mr. O'Brien was, with ten others, in charge of two hundred and sixty head of cattle on board the "Magnetic," bound for Liverpool, and left Montreal on Thursday, the 18th July. Everything went well until the following Sunday night or Monday morning, at between one and two o'clock, when the "Magnetic" struck the rocks of Anticosti, and about two miles from the shore. Previously the weather was foggy and stormy, and when the vessel got on the rocks the mist was such that the look-out could not see his own land in front of him.

THE SHOCK WAS TERRIBLE.

The ladies and the noise was something frightful. The ladies shrieked, the cattle roared pitifully, the storm howled above, and the waves, white and angry, swept over the vessel from stem to stern, from port to starboard. The sailors flew to the rigging, and cut down the boats, and in a short time the ladies and some of the cabin passengers got into them. After landing them, the boats returned and took another load. All the passengers were ashore by the morning dawn. I was in the last boat that left. The chief difficulty in getting away from the wreck was the number of cattle swimming and plunging round the vessel, which interposed their dense bodies between the boats, the rocks and the ships. Seventeen of the cattle swam ashore, a distance of ten miles, which shows what they could do if they had practiced a little. We lay four days and four nights on the barren

BEACH OF ANTICOSTI.

The ladies and children were placed in a tent brought on shore for the purpose, and we had plenty of provisions. I saw two bears prowling around wild, and I understand the place is full of them. There was one passenger—a lame man—who had to be lowered down to the boats. The sailors carried him fifteen miles to a lighthouse. There are three houses on Anticosti including the lighthouse. The pilot's wife keeping the establishment is rather

REMARKABLE WOMAN.

She was formerly married to a fisherman, who, notwithstanding the care she took of him, died of scurvy. She stopped a whole year alone on this sorrowful heaven forsaken shore, and maintained herself by her own exertions. She then married the pilot. Owing to this Robinson Crusoe-like existence she has since been dubbed

"QUEEN OF CANADA."

She was very kind to the passengers, and especially to me, the oldest man on board. We suffered much going through the water—a distance of fifteen miles along the beach from the place where we were landed from the wreck to the lighthouse. After four days a schooner took us to Gaspe, where we were made comfortable. I caught here this morning in the "Napoleon."

CIRCULATION.

In the interest of advertisers, the New York press are at present agitating a method by which the truth of the circulation of newspapers can be accurately arrived at. The Tribune initiated the movement, and, according to the subjoined, the Herald is not averse.

The Tribune closes an article in which it presents certain Post Office statistics of the comparative weight of mail matter sent by some of the city journals with the following suggestion: As to circulation, there are no absolutely correct data for comparison that can be absolutely accepted save these official statements of what passes through the mails. We should be heartily glad to see some system of reports on other circulation which should have the same guarantees of absolute accuracy, and we should cordially unite with our contemporaries in an appeal to the Legislature for a law requiring, in the interest of advertisers, sworn reports, to be verified by official inspection of press rooms, books and bills for paper.

This suggestion is in the nature of an invitation, and deserves a respectful reply. The Herald can speak only for itself, and would be glad if all the leading city journals would also express their views. We approve of the suggestion, but object to the method as impracticable. It is certain that the Legislature will not pass a law requiring newspapers to publish sworn statements of their circulation, and nothing could be more idle than such an appeal to the New York press. And why, indeed, should we ask the Legislature to compel us to do what we are at perfect liberty to do ourselves? We accept the invitation of the Tribune to unite with it in the publication of "sworn reports," to be verified by inspection of press-rooms, books and bills for paper." Such journals as approve of the idea need not trouble the Legislature or wait for its assembling. Each, acting for itself, can publish a sworn statement now and submit it for verification by the same kind of examination of books, &c., which the Tribune recommends. A competent and impartial committee to be selected by mutual agreement would be perfectly trustworthy. Acting upon our contemporary's suggestion the Herald will, within a few days, print a statement of its circulation, verified by oath before a notary public, and furnish every facility for its verification in the manner we have indicated. The Tribune, after having made the suggestion, will not decline to follow the example and join us in inviting all our city contemporaries to accede to the plan.

THE SUFFERINGS OF TEACHERS.

The whole object of many people appears to be, in plain matter-of-fact terms, to procure as much as possible for the smallest amount of money; and the competition thus created necessarily responds with its cheap clothing, cheap food, and cheap instruction. Cheap schools, cheap tuition, cheap teachers can be had, and, therefore, those who refuse at first to follow in the trail must eventually yield, or starve. There is but that alternative, while so many, from timidity, necessity, poverty, are prevented from taking their stand on high and proper remuneration. The system works in secret; but gradually, startling revelations must come out concerning the miserable return which is made to teachers of youth here in Lower Canada for time, labor, intellect, and often the waste of the inestimable gift of health. Strange, that while we all profess so strong a love for learning, and to admire the accomplishments of women, to delight in power of mind developed, in feelings trained and harmonized, in manners softened and refined,—strange, we say, that we should be so thoughtless to those without whose aid none of these results would have been attained. We accord the teacher no recognized position in society; we accept the gifts of her intellect, the fascination of her acquisitions,—we love their reflection in the minds of our children, but for her we have not a word of welcome or gratitude.

We think that in placing in her hands the sum agreed upon for imparting her knowledge we have done all; and because she has an existence to support, and that she cannot support it without means, we conceive ourselves privileged to shrink from her, wound her feelings, and inflict pangs upon her, the deeper, because wholly undeserved; because she has no father nor brother or husband, under the protection of whom she may appear before the world. And these insults are often administered by the hands of women, who, towards others placed by a similar breath of accident in the same position as themselves, without a care for the morrow, a want for to-day, no sorrow save disappointed vanity at home, troubles caused by their own discontent, can be as gentle, as affectionate, as sweet as it were possible for a human being to be; but these some bright, smiling faces can turn to stone when their pride tells them that they are addressing a teacher, one who, although immeasurably superior, perhaps, in mind and intellect to themselves, is yet compelled to offer their priceless possessions, as it were, for sale, to ward off painful material sufferings and the worst mortifications. Even were all teachers what some are, doubtless, persons who rise up from any station, and hastily acquiring a smattering of a few languages, an imperfect acquaintance with a few superficial accomplishments, affect to conduct the minds of youth, we should have no right to treat them with contempt. But teachers are very frequently educated and refined women, brought up in houses of elegance, and often alliance, win, by reverses, sudden, severe and unexpected, are placed in a position where it becomes incumbent upon them to seek a livelihood for themselves. Nothing offers itself but the task of teaching; and to this thankless, ill-paid office, they devote themselves, and no one asks them why they came or what has prompted them to undertake their trying duty. Few, perhaps, when they send their children to one of these young ladies, care to penetrate into the cause—the sorrow or the death—that has compelled her to go forth into the world alone and unprotected—still more, unfriended—to encounter the rebuffs, scorn, and most unparadise neglect of society. Day by day she has to continue her life of drudgery, to expend her energies, to waste her life, and take as her reward from Government a miserable pittance which is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and from society cold looks, neglect, and too often contempt. Let those to whose minds the reflection has never suggested itself—What will become of me if my father, or my last protector, die?—let them think of the isolation of that young heart that has turned from the death-bed of an only friend, and feels that she is alone amongst strangers; let them imagine her in the presence of death itself, looking far over the crowded world, scanning the countenance of a busy throng in search of one familiar or smiling face. There is, not one save the same cold countenance of the friend whose spirit has winged its flight. Who shall dare to say that her sorrow is not a sacred thing—that her solitude is not a position to be respected,—that the new-born determination which her mind has silently formed is not an emboding one, which ought to win respect and consideration from the world. Such instances occur too frequently to be listened to patiently by the rich and wealthy. When they engage a teacher it is her capabilities, not her history they require. There is no time, in this practical age, for an orphan to beget of sorrow. The necessities of the hour press close upon her. A day of mental conflict, of battling with unhidden memories, is all that is permitted.

At that brief time she must disrobe her heart of its timidity, its thoughtfulness, its youthful joys, and a thousand half-fledged hopes that now take wing and return only to sing to her heart on some moment when sorrow recalled, brings memories thickly crowding upon her. Henceforth she must assume a calmness and cheerfulness she does not feel, receive coldness and checks from the ignorant, silence every rebellious murmur, keep back her thoughts closely veiled by the curtain of a placid countenance, overlook the powers of her mind and body, neglect her health and accept occasional episodes of want of employment; when the low remuneration she has received having prevented a store being set aside, she endures sufferings which it would make even those that have caused them, tremble to behold. And too often she does not engage alone; an aged mother, a sister has to be supported. But we need not pursue the picture further home; let our readers imagine it for themselves. We need not aver

that the position we have just sketched is that of every teacher. But it is of thousands. Causes infinitely varied compel a numerous class of our population to devote themselves to teaching, and they fill various positions; but at the best they are never those of ease and comfort.

A FRIEND OF TEACHERS, A.M.

IMPORTANT ECCLESIASTICAL CONFERENCE.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

Archbishop Gibbons has just returned from a short visit to Cape May and Saratoga greatly improved in health. While away he took part in an ecclesiastical conference held in New York, Cardinal McCloskey presiding, for the purpose of electing a president for the American College in Rome in place of Bishop Chastet, lately elevated to the see of Vincennes, Ind. The election resulted in the choice of Rev. Louis E. Hostetler, of New York, the vice rector of the college. The new president of the American College is but thirty-two years of age. He went to Rome from the diocese of New York, and was educated at the American College, where he has ever since remained. The position is one of considerable importance in the relations existing between the Church in America and the authorities in Rome, and a large number of the American clergy have been educated at the institution.

The Archbishop has been informed by cable that a duplicate of the bills of appointment of Rev. John T. Keane, of Washington, as Bishop of Richmond, was registered and mailed from Rome on the 18th July, and, accordingly, will scarcely reach Baltimore before next week. The original bills, which were also forwarded by mail and registered, failed, it will be remembered, to reach their destination. Sunday, August 25th, the seventh Sunday after Pentecost, has been appointed by the Archbishop as the day for consecration of Bishop elect Keane, providing the bulls arrive in season. The coronation will take place in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, and will be of a very imposing character.

Archbishop Gibbons, the head of the Metropolitan See of America, and so lately himself Bishop of Richmond, will perform the ceremony and act of consecration. The Bishops of the Province of Baltimore are expected to attend, comprising Right Rev. P. M. Lynch, of Charleston, S. C.; Right Rev. William B. Gross, of Savannah, Ga.; Right Rev. John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Right Rev. J. King, of Wheeling, W. Va.; Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, of Wilmington, Del., and Very Rev. F. Janssens, administrator of the diocese of Richmond and also of the vicariate apostolic of North Carolina. Prelates from other dioceses are also expected, and, in addition, a large array of clergy of Virginia and adjoining dioceses will be present. Baltimore, Maryland, and Washington, the present home of Bishop Keane, will be represented by numerous laity as well as clergy.

The London Spectator says Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed Governor of Cyprus on a salary of £5,000 a year, and the island, Sir Stafford Northcote stated on Thursday, will have a garrison of 10,000 men, 7,000 of whom are British, not Indian employ, and 3,000 are of other nationalities. As these troops will be in British, not Indian employ, and 3,000 are of other nationalities, this means an additional 10,000 men to the army, and £1,000,000 a year to the military estimates. Immense sums, moreover, will have to be expended on the harbours, which were only intended for galley use on the roads, and on the organization of the civil service. The island, when its population recovers itself, will pay all expenses, but for about ten years it can scarcely pay less than £2,000,000 a year, cutting public work and barracks, to the expense of this country. This expenditure is entirely independent of the greater outlay which an honest attempt to secure our guarantee, and, at the same time, ensure good government, in Asiatic Turkey, will involve. The new empire, it will be said, will be a good one, but it will break faith either with the Turks or with its own conscience, we shall hardly escape for some years to come with less than a shilling in the pound income-tax. The Sultan has no need to pay any revenue our good management, may produce upon a good army or a good fleet, but it will spend it all more pleasantly upon the people and himself, or, better still, upon the strength of it.

At the Armagh Assizes, before Judge Barrington Dowse, before sentencing a prisoner, asked whether the new rules, which require a prisoner to lie on a plank for the first month of the prisoner's term in Armagh Jail, and whether the prisoner should sleep in his clothes for a month. Both questions having been answered in the affirmative, Baron Dowse said that not a word judges were not more automatic, but he would give them a much shorter sentence, for he would consider the new rule nothing more or less than torture.

A FORMER SUZ CANAL.—The idea of a canal through the Isthmus was considered some 2,000 years ago, and the excavation actually commenced upwards of two thousand years ago. The Pharaoh Sesostris, King of Egypt, ordered the work to be carried on, and in the reign of Amenhotep III. and seventy-three years before the Christian era, the union of the two seas was effected. The canal passed very nearly along the same route as its modern successor, entering the Mediterranean near the site of the present town of Suez, and was of sufficient depth and breadth to admit the passage of galleys of a considerable size. Moreover, it is an historical fact that, after the year 31 a. c. Cleopatra, after the death of Actium, seeing that the forces of Augustus were unable to reach those of Rome, attempted to make a take her feet through it into the Red Sea, her hostility of the Arabs inhabiting the Isthmus of the country the canal passed through. The canal existed for several centuries after Cleopatra's time, but became gradually blocked up and obliterated by the then unconquerable land.

ST. BRIDGET.

IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF ST. BRIDGET SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Ally of Erin, Virgin of the oak!
Kith thrush, home of prayer, thy hallowed form.

II.

O glorious princess of the House of God,
Sad centuries have whelmed the hopeful age.

III.

What nation hath so delectable a flower,
Blooming so sweetly in the early dawn.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH.

Author of "Nathalie," "Auntie," "Queen Mab," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"You surely do not admire that man, Doctor Richard?"
"Dear, candid old boy! Hear him on the subject," said Miss Courtenay.

"Not admire him—why, one of his virtues is never out of my pocket. I only lament the dear, good-natured fellow is dead, and cannot write leaders in newspapers, or make speeches in sessions."

"I hate Mr. Templemore," said Mrs. Luan, again. "he is a cheat, a swindler, a thief! Why are we beggars and is he rich?"

"That Templemore is a fool," he said; "he should, having injured Mrs. Luan, have taken some Machiavel-like means to pacify her—either a handsome slice out of the inheritance, or if that should have been too expensive, a sedative, a cooling draught of some kind or other."

"Now, Mrs. Luan did not always understand irony, being a woman of slow literal mind, and all she now understood was that Doctor Richard recommended poisoning her."

"I should not see you for a few days," he said, shaking hands with Mrs. Courtenay, "for I am going down to the country to-morrow; but I trust to find you still quite well when I return. If anything should ail you in my absence, let me advise you to call in Doctor Leloux."

"He handed her a card as he spoke. Mrs. Courtenay looked at it with childish curiosity. 'I suppose he takes care of your patients in your absence?'" she suggested.

"He would do so," carelessly replied Doctor Richard, "if I had any patients to take care of; but, unluckily, that is not the case."

"He spoke a little recklessly, as if the matter were not of profound indifference to him. Dora looked at him with involuntary compassion. He was more than thirty, and yet his career had done so little for him. It was a hard—very hard case."

"Doctor Richard turned to bid Mrs. Luan adieu, but Mrs. Luan, probably to avoid shaking hands with him, had left the room. Doctor Richard made no comment, and turned to Dora. She had taken a candle to light him down the dark staircase. Madame Bertrand was in bed, and moreover, would not have left her comfortable fireside for any such task. Doctor Richard went down without saying a word, but paused at the foot of the staircase."

"Do you like flowers?" he asked, with his hand on the banisters. "Yes, very much." "Then you will allow me to bring you some from the country?" he said quickly. "I might have known that you liked flowers," he added, without giving her time to reply; "but the doubt on my mind arose from the fact that I never see any with you."

Dora colored, then said, without false shame: "Flowers—beautiful flowers especially—are expensive at this time of the year." "Just so. Well, the gardener at the house to which I am going is a very good friend of mine, and he shall give me flowers—beautiful flowers, too, or I will have none of them."

Dora colored again, with pleasure this time, and she gave him a happy, grateful look. They shook hands, and he was gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I wonder where he is going," thought Dora, "or where his rich patient lives?" "My dear, how flushed you are!" said Mrs. Courtenay, as her daughter entered the sitting-room again, and put down the light with a pensive look. "Does your head ache?"

"Oh! no, I am only thinking how kind Doctor Richard is. He is going to bring me flowers—beautiful flowers from the country."

"He is the very kindest man!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, clasping her little plump white hands. "Is he not, Mrs. Luan?" Dora now perceived that her aunt had returned to the sitting-room. She saw too that Mrs. Luan looked herself again. Quite coolly she answered: "I am sure Doctor Richard is married."

An earthquake could not have inflicted a worse, nor one to which Dora than did these words, nor one to which every fibre of her

being was more terribly responsive. It seemed as if the floor shook beneath her feet—as if the room, with her mother and Mrs. Luan, went round and round before her swimming eyes. The revelation to herself of her secret hopes and wishes was both violent and cruel. One word she could not speak; but she sat down pale, breathless, full of terror, and covered with shame.

Mrs. Courtenay's consternation, though not equal to her daughter's in depth, was as great in extent. "Married!" she said in an injured tone, which showed she did not think Doctor Richard could be guilty of such a crime; "I do not believe it!"

"And I am sure of it," retorted Mrs. Luan, with dark triumph at the sinner's iniquity. "What did he go to Italy for? Why did he not like to say he came from Kerry? Why does he never speak about himself? I am sure he is married, and that he ill-uses his wife."

"And I am sure Doctor Richard would ill-use no one," quietly put in Dora. She had recovered by this, and, though rather pale, was perfectly calm. "How late it is!" she added, as the old clock below struck the hour.

She left them still looking very quiet; but when she had entered her room, when she had closed and locked the door, and was free from intrusion, she flung herself on a chair near her bed, and burying her face in her pillow, she gave way to her humiliation and grief. She, Dora Courtenay, a girl of twenty-three, loved this stranger—and he might be married!

She had never thought of that—but had she thought of anything? She had known him a few weeks, and how could she dream of danger? And there was nothing to justify this terrible folly. He had been kind, he had been courteous, he had shown that he admired her, but no girl in her senses, and with the least experience of life, could say that he had betrayed any of the symptoms of love. A married man might behave to her exactly as Doctor Richard had behaved. Kindness, courtesy, and admiration are not prohibited to a woman married to another man.

It was all her folly, her own miserable folly. She told herself so again and again; but did it lessen the hardship of her fate? That she alone was to blame for it? Alas! the more she looked into the past, the deeper was her sense of abasement. She knew nothing of Doctor Richard, literally nothing. Of his family, of his antecedents, of his fortunes, she was deeply ignorant. He might be an adventurer, one of life's outcasts, for all Dora Courtenay knew. That he was poor, and led rather a useless, idle sort of life, was certain. What had brought him to Rouen? Dora, perhaps, debts, or worse. Dora's heart sickened and revolted at the thought. No, she would believe nothing dishonorable of him. The open manliness of his countenance gave her firm security against all degradation. That clear, frank look was the look of a man without fear or shame. But he might be married, and the thought was misery; he might have left his wife in Italy or in Ireland—may, he might have gone to see her in the country. "But surely in that case he would say it," thought Dora; "it would be neither honorable nor courteous to make a mystery of it. No, if he is married, his wife is not here. I dare say she is in Ireland."

Suddenly a picture rose before Dora Courtenay's eyes—a beautiful, heartrending picture. She saw a bright heart, a fair woman, with a child on her knee, and Doctor Richard smiling happily. She sat up, she clasped her hands tightly, she knit her brows and set her teeth. "I must bear it," she thought; "I must. What right have I to quarrel with his domestic happiness? Let him be married or not married, what is it to me?"

But pride is a weak ally at the best. That spirit of defiance with which Dora uttered her "What is it to me?" soon died away, and left her desolate and weak. There is a wall of strength, however, which she knew of old. To it she now turned, asking the Divine Master for a cup of those sweet waters which the Samaritan woman longed for. There were many pious memorials in Dora's room—many signs of man's weakness and God's mercy—almost all were also tokens of her lost brother's love; and as she now looked at them, each had its own language. That pathetic little image of the child Jesus sleeping on the cross Paul had bought from an Italian boy, and given her. That Saint Catherine borne by angels she had found hanging by her bedside on her sixteenth birthday; and that divine head crowned with thorns she had taken away from Paul's room after his death. From the position of the picture, Dora had often thought that her brother's last look had rested upon that calm, sorrowful face—sorrowful for man's sin, and not for the cost of redemption. The tears rushed to her eyes, and her lips quivered as sacrifice, suffering, death, and immortal love, all thus admonished and condemned her. She knelt and said her prayers, feeling both stricken and humbled by her folly, and asking for power to conquer, or for resignation to endure it, if endurance must indeed be her lot.

But though prayer is ever heard in heaven, we are not told that it is ever heard at once. A long sleepless night did Dora spend—long and cruel. She could not bear to go on loving this stranger, and she could not help it. This was her first love—the only love she was ever to know, and it had come to her, like Minerva from the brain of love, full grown and all-powerful. She tried to strive against it, but it seemed to her as if she only came out of the struggle weak, helpless, and benten. "A sickening sense of her powerlessness stole over her; then a vague, pitiful yearning hope closed the long contest."

Never did Dora forget the bitter suspense of the next three days—three long weary days of impatience and heart-sickening expectation. Madame Bertrand knew nothing—besides, Dora could put no plain questions, and her open, ingenious nature, revolted from indirect inquiry.

"Oh! if he were but back!" she thought—"that this wretched suspense might be over—that I might either be at peace with myself, or never see him again!"

At length the hope of relief came. On the morning of the third day Madame Bertrand came up with a nosegay of flowers so exquisite and so rare, that Dora remained mute as they were put in her trembling hands, and Mrs. Courtenay screamed with admiration, whilst even Mrs. Luan stared.

"They come from a conservatory," thought Dora, as she bent her flushed face over them. He might be married, but she could not help feeling happy at the gift. Yet she would not indulge herself. She was dressed to go out, and she went, and refused to linger and admire these rare and beautiful flowers. "I must not," she thought; and to her mother she said, "I must work, you know."

She went to her task, but her mind, no more than her heart, was in it. She longed for the evening. She felt sure he would look in, and that Mrs. Luan would question him, and then— "And then?" she thought. "All will be over, and I shall be at rest. It is impossible that I cannot conquer this madness, no more. It is impossible that I should care—really care—for a man of whom I know nothing. I do not believe it—I will not! Besides, how can I, if he is married? But, then, suppose he is not?"

Her hand slackened in his labor, her pencil paused, then was still. Her heart beat, her pulses throbbled. If Doctor Richard was not married, might she not hope that he came to her mother's house for her sake? It was a natural hope and a natural conjecture. The young are allowed to indulge in such thoughts and such feelings. Later, they are forbidden, and none but the foolish can think and feel so. Indeed, it is part of the wisdom of age to put by and forget these fond badges of youth. They are things to be pinned on, and unpinned again, and left off early. The rosy favors of love are apt to fade, and the gay colors of pleasure have but a time. Truly it is lucky that the old are allowed to grow wise to leave off their follies, and deny them gravely. It would be sad if Phyllis should wear her shepherdess's hat and fluttering ribbons till threescore, and if Corydon should pipe to his sheep when the warm summer days are forever gone by.

But Dora's early spring was scarcely over, and her May was in all its sweet fervor. Love to her was hope, a mystery, and a delightful promise. A poor life, a life of toil, frightened her not, if this kind and true companion would but share it with her. She believed him honorable and good—what more was needed? For that is youth's glorious privilege. It is equal to any folly granted, but then it comes short of no heroism, no daring, no sacrifice. For this, we all love it, and in some sense we all honor it. We look at it as we might look at some noble tree full of the sap of life, its green boughs laden with flowers, and birds making sweet music beneath the leaves. We know, indeed, that they will be mute some day, for winter must come; we know that the leaves will turn yellow, and the sweet fruit on the golden earth; but all the sweeter for that knowledge are its fair tree's brief splendor and beauty.

Of that brevity youth is as happily unconscious as the tree in the forest. If its sacrifices are to be boundless, so are its loves to be immortal. It was not in Dora's power to foresee an end to her present feelings, and hence, perhaps, she surrendered herself to dangerous conjecture. But she could be wise enough to see a wisdom which is not the fruit of experience, wisdom which springs from the habit of self-reflection, and this soon came to the rescue. With a guilty start she launched the vision which turned the kind and courteous visitor into a fond lover. No maddest girl who has had the misfortune to give her affection unsought, willingly, and in the first bitterness of the discovery, indulges in such fancies. Later they may come with hope, and be cherished, but surely not at first.

"I must work," thought Dora, resolutely; and she worked hard and conscientiously, till a step behind her made her cheeks burn. She knew well enough it was Doctor Richard, who was coming to look at her drawing. She turned round, trying to look calm, and she thanked him for the flowers with tolerable composure.

"I shall bring you more next time," he said, smiling. Then he asked after Mrs. Courtenay.

"She is pretty well," replied Dora, quickly; "but I wish you would come in this evening and see her."

"How she hates herself for saying that! but she could bear the suspense no longer. She knew that if she came Mrs. Luan would surely get the truth from him. Doctor Richard promised to look in on Monday, and he proceeded to talk to her of his drawing. He stayed long, advising, suggesting, and doing what she would. Dora felt happy."

The evening came, that evening which Dora longed for, and with it came Doctor Richard, pleasant and genial. Mrs. Luan glared at him, but, contrary to Dora's expectation, she was mute. Would she let him depart without putting the momentous question? But when, in answer to Dora's thanks, Doctor Richard said:

"I told the gardener's wife to choose such flowers."

"Your wife?" interrupted Mrs. Luan, pretending to misunderstand him. "Is she in France, Doctor Richard?"

A deep silence followed this question. Dora's breath seemed gone, and she looked furtively at Doctor Richard. He colored, and a few seconds elapsed ere he replied: "I have no wife Mrs. Luan—I am a widower," he added, gravely.

Mrs. Luan, who had looked triumphant for a moment, now looked blank, and Doctor Richard, turning to Dora, continued: "Will you allow me to bring my little girl to see you, Miss Courtenay, I shall have her in Rouen for a day?"

Dora scarcely knew what she answered. She felt in heaven. She expected nothing, but Doctor Richard was not a married man. She need feel no humiliation, no shame. Her reply seemed satisfactory, however, for she smiled, and looked satisfied; whilst Mrs. Courtenay, though rather offended, that Doctor Richard did not want to bring his little girl to see her, asked how old the young lady was.

"Seven—but very delicate," he answered, with a sigh.

Dora felt full of pity, and questioned eagerly. "Was she tall, dark, or fat, and did she speak French?" and Doctor Richard, like some parent, answered readily. Dora thus learned that Eva was the child's name—that she was tall, dark, and spoke French fluently. "And when will you bring her to us?" she asked.

He saw her eager eyes bent upon him; he read desire in her parted lips, and he smiled a kind, pleasant smile. "After to-morrow, if you like it," he said. "Doctor, when made you call her Eva?" inquired Mrs. Courtenay.

"It was her mother's name." A cloud came over his face as he spoke, which looked more like the shadow of a past trouble than like the remembrance of a sorrow.

"I wonder if he was happy with his wife?" thought Dora; "perhaps not, and perhaps, too, he does not mean to marry again."

The thought gave her no pain. To love is love's true happiness, and in its early stage at least it looks for none other. Delightful, therefore, was this evening to her. She spoke little, but she felt happy; and as she felt she looked, though she sat in silent reverie. She tried, indeed, to rouse herself, and at length she succeeded. When she came back from the world to which she had been wandering—the pleasant world of a girl's fancies—and was once more, both in body and in spirit, present in her mother's sitting-room, she found Mrs. Courtenay and Doctor Richard talking gaily, and Mrs. Luan moody and sulky. Doctor Richard was a free man—nothing counted against her sister-in-law, then winked significantly at Doctor Richard, adding, in broken words, which Mrs. Luan was supposed not to understand—

"Always was so—likes nothing—does not mind me now—does not know what I am talking of."

Doctor Richard was of another opinion, and he succeeded in changing the discourse, which referred no more to Mrs. Luan till he left.

Almost from the first moment that he had mentioned the existence of his child, Dora had been full of a project, which she imparted

to her mother as soon as he was gone, and Mrs. Luan had retired to her own room. "Mamma," she said rather eagerly, "Doctor Richard has been very kind to us. Suppose I dress a doll for Eva—the handsomest I can find?"

Mrs. Courtenay was charmed with the idea, and added confidentially— "It is to you Doctor Richard wishes to bring his little girl. Dora, depend upon it he wants to marry you."

Dora turned crimson, and denied this—but faintly. "And I am sure of it," said Mrs. Courtenay; "but perhaps you do not like him? Then, Dora, do not encourage him. He looks as if he would take such a matter to heart; better not give the child a doll, after all."

Dora did not think that to give Eva a doll was to encourage Eva's father in a hopeless passion; and she said so. "And as my white silk dress would only get yellow and old-fashioned," she added, "I shall cut it up."

"Cut up your beautiful silk, Dora?" "I shall never wear it again; and I do not like dyed silks. Besides, it is better to save money than buy."

Mrs. Courtenay gave in, but with a sigh. "I shall dress her like a bride," resumed Dora, with a veil and orange-wreath. "Mrs. Courtenay screamed with delight. "And she shall have a train over so long, and satin shoes, and white kid gloves. She shall be the handsomest doll in Rouen. I shall go and buy it to-morrow morning, and, mamma, you will not let aunt?"

"Of course not," shrewdly said Mrs. Courtenay, who liked a conspiracy of all things. "Why did you retire to your own room?" she took out the white silk dress, and looked at it. She had looked well in this dress, and she knew it. Were those days forever gone by? Was she never to go to a party? again, but to spend life in its present obscurity? It really was a pity to cut it up; but then they could not afford to buy, and do they could have been so kind. There was Doctor Richard had been so kind. There was no harm, however, in putting on this dress, no harm, however, and seeing how she would robe once more, slipped it on, and looked in the glass, and bade a sort of farewell to life's vanities as she saw her own image there. It is pleasant to see a well-kept woman in her own home, with her folds to rustle as she moves—'tis pleasant to be clad in the hue which suits her own youth and its bloom, both, alas! so fleeting; but it is scarcely pleasant to do so when we feel that pleasure has closed her gates upon us, and will open them no more.

"And yet why should there not be some wonderful story for me too?" thought Dora, sitting down to muse over her future; "why should dull commonplace be my lot? I do not feel as if the straight and beaten road were to be mine. I seem to see many winding paths before me. It may be a illusion, but it is a harmless one, and I will not bid it begone. As to the dress, I care not for the possibility of repentance. It to prevent the possibility of repentance, I took two breadths out of the skirt. This sacrifice being accomplished, she went to bed and dreamed of a marvellous doll with a train half a yard long. Early the next morning, Dora went out. She succeeded in finding such a doll as she wanted, and brought it home under her cloak, so that Mrs. Luan might not see it. She set about her task at once, and locked herself in to prevent a surprise; but Mrs. Courtenay, who thought she liked a conspiracy, did not seem to understand that secrecy was one of its most necessary ingredients, came and knocked for admittance every five minutes, "just to see how she was getting on." As Dora carefully locked the door after her mother every time she thus came, Mrs. Luan had seen an observant person, could not have failed detecting the existence of a mystery. Luckily, few things, unless when connected in a very direct manner with her concerns, drew her attention, and all she thought, if she thought at all, was that Dora was engaged in some new drawing.

"What a pretty doll it is!" whispered Mrs. Courtenay, bending over the pillow on which the doll lay carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "Oh, oh! Dora, how it does stare!"

This Mrs. Courtenay announced as a decidedly singular fact, and as if the staring of dolls were a new discovery of hers.

"Yes," gaily said Dora; "it was shut up in a box, you see, and having just come out, it is making the best use of its eyes. Besides, it is fresh from Germany, and has a good deal to learn, poor thing! in this new country. Perhaps it is thinking of the Fatherland, and lamenting the change from the Rhine to the Seine."

"And, oh!" said Mrs. Courtenay, with her little scream, "you have got shoes for it!" and she took and twirled on her finger a pair of white satin bridal shoes, beautifully made.

"Yes," replied Dora, looking at them with a little envious sigh; "I knew I could not make them so well, so I bought them, and stockings and gloves. The rest I shall fashion myself."

And very cleverly did Dora set about her task. Her eye and her taste were both correct, and ere the day was half over, the bride's attire was nearly completed.

"Is not Dora going out to-day?" asked Mrs. Luan, with some wonder.

"Mrs. Courtenay winked several times very fast, pursed up her lips, and uttered a mysterious 'No.'"

"What is she doing, then?" "Nothing particular," replied Mrs. Courtenay, whose tone implied that Dora was doing something very particular indeed.

"Is she not well?" "Dear me! Mrs. Luan, how many questions do you put! Cannot the child stay within without your knowing why?"

Now, if Mrs. Luan's inquisitiveness had not been stimulated after this, she should have had no such organ. But as she did possess some share of this important faculty, she determined to know what Dora was doing. Very craftily, however, did she set about her purpose. When Mrs. Courtenay left the room, Mrs. Luan went and knocked at Dora's door, and Dora, thinking it was her mother opened, with a chiding smile.

"Is not your mother here?" asked Mrs. Luan.

"No, aunt," replied Dora, blushing with vexation. No change, no emotion, appeared on Mrs. Luan's heavy face as she withdrew; but she had seen the doll standing with her back to a chair, her white dress on, and she was not weary and veiled on the table, and she was not quite so dull but that she knew what this meant. Mrs. Luan had a spice of vindictiveness in her composition. She felt aggrieved at having been excluded from all knowledge of it, and she resolved to be revenged, and watched her opportunity so well, that when Dora left her room after dinner, Mrs. Luan stole into it unsuspected. But in vain she looked on the bed, on the furniture—the doll was not there; in vain she tried the drawers, Dora had locked them and taken the key. Mrs. Luan's homicidal intentions against Eva's doll were defeated, and she crept out of the room unseeing indeed, but none the less sulky at having been baffled.

Doctor Richard came in evening. He had not intended doing so

the Gallery, and not seeing Dora there, he concluded that either she or her mother was unwell. He now called to ascertain the correctness of his suspicion.

Dora smiled demurely at his surprise, and replied gaily, "No, I could not go to-day." "Dora was dressing a doll," put in Mrs. Luan, who would not be balked of her revenge. "A doll for your little girl, Doctor Richard?"

Doctor Richard smiled, looked surprised as well as pleased, and said, "Indeed!" whilst Dora uttered a remonstrative, "Oh, aunt!" and tried not to seem too much annoyed. Mrs. Courtenay did not attempt to conceal her indignation.

"Of all talkative creatures," Mrs. Luan, she said, astutely, "you are the most indiscreet. You might know Dora wanted to surprise her young friend."

Mrs. Luan resorted to her usual defence, and began to buzz. "I don't know anything about that," she said. "The doll I was dressed like a bride, which did not look like a secret. At least, I know that when my aunt ran away with Sir John Barry, she went in a cotton dress, in order to be taken for the cook. Though how she could be taken for the cook, who was stout, and forty-five, I don't know."

"Here—there!" superciliously replied Mrs. Courtenay, who ever heard the like? "Do you suppose we mean to say the doll was going to contract a private marriage, or to run away with any one, when the orange-wreath and the veil tell as plainly as can be that she is going off to church?"

"My dear Mrs. Courtenay," said Doctor Richard, pathetically, "do let me have a peep at the bride. I shall be miserable if I do not see her, and you may be sure I shall not say a word about it to Eva!"

Dora, nothing loath, rose, and went and brought out "the Marice." She placed her standing safely against the wall, and having set her off by putting a sheet of blue paper behind her back, she withdrew several steps, and looked rather anxiously at Doctor Richard's dark face. This doll was a very pretty one—she had blue eyes, pink cheeks, and red lips. Somewhat deficient in figure she had been, but, thanks to Dora's unscrupulous skill, she had now the most delicate round waist. These "natural" advantages were set off by the loveliest bridal dress maiden ever wore on her marriage morn. Her robe of long sweeping white silk, looped up in front to show a pair of fairly white feet, was exquisitely trimmed with tulle bouillonne, as an article on the fashions would have said. A long veil, through which shone her fair hair, flowed around her. The orange-wreath nodded over her snowy brow; pearls glistened on her plump white neck, and were twisted in rows around her fair arms. Doctor Richard frowned.

"Miss Courtenay," he asked, "does a bride wear jewels?" "I believe pearls are allowed," timidly said Dora. "Besides," she pleaded, "they are sure to please the child."

"Pearls, and no prayer-book!" he continued, critically. "But Dora shut her mouth. She produced a combination of white satin and gilt paper, which, when completed, was to be placed in the hand of the bride, and to be considered a prayer-book. Doctor Richard smiled, and made no further objection.

"Dear Miss Courtenay," he said, evidently much gratified, "I cannot tell you how grateful I feel for all the trouble you have taken, and if Eva does not go gazing with joy, I know nothing about her!"

"I hope she will like it," remarked Dora, with a smile. "I have done my best." "You have done wonders—and the doll is a beautiful doll! Indeed, I feel bound to wish her bridegroom joy, whoever he may be. This Minna or Theria—for who can doubt her parentage?—will surely make a good wife! There is truth in her honest blue eye, and good-humor in her rosy face. She has a good intellectual development too. In short, I can see a store of domestic bliss for the happy man!"

"Dear dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, "to think you should see it all in the doll's face, Doctor Richard! I only saw that she stares."

"Sip does stare a little—just a little bit," deprecatingly observed Doctor Richard. "In her maiden innocence, you see, she looks at this wicked world, and thinking no harm of it, forgets to drop her eyelids. Besides, this bit of insouciance shows her high birth and perfect breeding. Then how do we know but that she is a specimen of the fast young lady! These rosy lips may talk slang for all I can tell to the contrary; but oh! if she does talk slang let it be German slang, I pray, and not English slang, wherewith she might corrupt my little Eva's vernacular."

"She shall not talk at all, Doctor Richard," gaily exclaimed Dora. "I am a fairy, and I lay upon her the spell of silence."

"An Irish Geis, such as used to be laid on our kings and heroes," said Doctor Richard, rising. "Dear Miss Courtenay, your bride is perfect now: for as she can never say the fatal 'Eyes' so can she never cease to be a bride. Lives her will be a perpetual marriage morning, with orange-wreath ever in bloom. Time is more for her. Youth and beauty cannot fade. Truly you are a fairy indeed!"

"What, going so soon?" cried Mrs. Courtenay, as she saw him looking for his hat.

"Yes, I have an appointment. But I shall bring you Eva to-morrow."

"Bring her to luncheon," warmly cried Mrs. Courtenay.

Doctor Richard seemed to hesitate. "With great pleasure," he said, after the puse of a moment; "but though I by no means presume to make the favor I am going to ask a condition of my little Eva's coming to-morrow, I hope you will grant it. I have long promised Eva that she and I should have luncheon together on the grass before the weather got too cool. Will you join us? The spot is pretty, and within five minutes of Rouen by rail."

Mrs. Courtenay and her daughter were taken by surprise. They exchanged looks, then Mrs. Courtenay spoke and accepted. "You see, my dear," she said to Dora after Doctor Richard had left them, "it would really have been unkind to refuse Doctor Richard; he would have thought we were afraid of putting him to some expense, and that would have annoyed and humbled him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEAUTIFUL and bright shone the next morning when Dora opened her window and looked out. A warm sunbeam stealing over the roof of her low house lit the opposite church; the vine-leaves reddened in its glow, the air was crisp and sharp, and everything to Dora looked enchanting.

"We must give Doctor Richard and his little girl a good luncheon," said Mrs. Courtenay, who partook of her daughter's exhilaration; "a pair of roast fowls, and a tart. The little thing is sure to like the pastry."

"And so is the father," suggested Mrs. Luan, grimly; "he eats our bread and butter as if he were starving." "Nonsense," Mrs. Luan, shortly replied Mrs. Courtenay, "how can Doctor Richard be

carving when he has that large house to himself?" "I dare say he pays no rent," said Mrs. Luan, after a pause, "they have put him in to keep it aired."

"They—who?—what they?" "But to answer this question was beyond Mrs. Luan. She replied, impatiently, that she did not know their name; and Mrs. Courtenay had too much to do to spend more time in the argument. "A terrible deal of fuss and worry had to be gone through before the luncheon could be got ready for one o'clock, the appointed hour."

Mrs. Courtenay joined Madame Bertrand in the kitchen, and a little squabbling, polite, of course, but decidedly squabbling, was the consequence of her appearance there. Dora, too, had her share of preparation, though Mrs. Courtenay would not hear of her venturing on anything culinary, lest she should soil her clothes or spoil her hands; and Mrs. Luan alone sat idle, and in high dudgeon. Most cordially did she hate these doings, and Doctor Richard and Eva, and the expense and the doll. But she was mute. She knew she had no right to speak, and that her objection, if she made any, would not be regarded. So she was silent, and looked on—brooding over her wrongs, and thinking them many.

And now the hour came round, and both Dora and Mrs. Courtenay began to look anxiously at the clock. At a quarter to one steps were heard coming up the staircase, and a childish voice mingled with deeper tones. Dora went and opened the door, and received her young guest with a smile and a kiss. Eva had her father's dark eyes and his genial smile, but otherwise she was not much like him. She gave Dora a shy, wistful look, then she returned her embrace, and was familiar and free in a moment.

"You live here?" she said, running to the window and peeping out. "Oh! what a queer old church! Do you like it? Are these your birds?"

She looked curiously at Dora's sparrows, who fed tamely on the ledge of the open window, looking sharply at Eva, however, with their little keen black eyes, then suddenly flew away twittering.

"Miss Courtenay prevails over everything," said Doctor Richard; "birds and children."

"Come to my room," whispered Dora. "I have a young lady there who is waiting for you."

"For me?" said Eva, looking interested. Dora nodded, and taking her hand, led her away. They entered her room, and she there probably introduced Miss Eva to the bride, for Doctor Richard smiled as he heard a succession of rapturous screams from within. Presently Eva came out with the doll in her arms, and ran to her father, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed with joy.

"Oh! do look!" she entreated: "do!" Doctor Richard pretended to be greatly pleased and surprised, and every thing would have gone on charmingly, if Mrs. Luan had not uttered a croaking note: "That doll will not live—it

[For the Post.]
FADDY'S SERENADE.
 Arrah! wake, Norah dear, sure it's me at the
 That's singing, while sweetly the stars o'er me
 I know it's late, an' I wouldn't offend ye;
 Sure I'll pillow the air that feels your soft breath,
 An' the pillow that's rich wid your beautiful
 I'd face every danger, 'tho laden wid death,
 If my breast was that pillow, an' your head
 If I had jist millions to lay down before ye,
 And the power of kings the wide world to command,
 I'd spend all the gold jist to add to your glory;
 An' all of my subjects your servants should
 But as I am poor, take my word for the deed,
 But ye may be a queen, and the way I'll impart,
 Jist look in my soul, and the secret you'll read,
 I've built there a throne, will you reign in my heart?
 Sure ye know I'm as strong as our nation's
 An' over love, an' did I'er bind a knee;
 But a glance from your eye, and my power is
 Jist wake wid the power your love gives to
 So awake! Norah dear, I'm alone wid the night,
 And the silvery spray from the beautiful moon,
 Let your beauty put all its bright ryses to flight,
 Jist open your window, ah! grant me the boon.
 Sure my love soars on high like yon snow-crested
 An' spreads o'er my life, like the same at its
 An' the tears my heart shed, I'm sure there
 Since I gazed on and worshipped your beautiful
 Your eyes are the stars that silver my path,
 Your cheek has a bloom that no rose can compare,
 Softest melody niver could equal your laugh,
 Nor the ravens' dark wing ever shadow your hair.
 Alanna! jist jilt me, sure I'm so tender,
 An' plead with a tear in my voice for your
 Three life into death, I'll be your defender,
 I die at your feet, if I love it would prove,
 I see you—'tis heaven, my future is bright,
 We'll drink in its beauties through life, an' to
 One kiss—there, I have it, "Dear Norah,"
 good-night.
 WILL J. MACLEA.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SEA.
 LOSS OF FORTY-SEVEN LIVES ON THE AUSTRALIAN
 COAST—A LADY PASSENGER AND ONE OF THE
 CREW SAVED.

AUCKLAND, N. Z., June 25, 1878.
 The British ship Loch Ard, Captain Gibbs, from London for Melbourne, with a cargo valued at \$350,000, was lost near Cape Otway on the morning of June 1. Miss Every Carmichael was the only passenger saved out of seventeen and a midshipman named Thomas Pearce is the sole survivor of a crew numbering thirty-two.
 For two days previous to the morning of the 1st June the sky was so overcast that the captain was unable to take observations. At four on the morning of that day he saw Danger Reef, being at that time scarcely half a mile from the shore, the ship being under close reefed topsails and running before the wind. The captain, who was on deck, gave orders to bring the ship to the wind, but she would not weather the land. He then let go both anchors with a fifty fathom cable to each, but she would not hold and the ship dragged. When 150 yards from the rocks the captain slipped both anchors and tried to put on sail, but only got the mainsail set when the vessel struck on her starboard quarter. This was just when it was breaking day, and immediately the topsail fell over, killing two seamen. The captain at once ordered the crew to get the boats out for the lady passengers; but this was not done as the waves were washing over the decks. Pearce and five other seamen got into the life-boat, but were washed over. Pearce swam to the boat and kept on it while it drifted into a small bay, where the ship had struck. At daybreak he found himself drifting toward the beach and managed to get on shore. At this time the beach was strewn with wreck and drift wood. After he had recovered he walked about to see if there were any of the passengers or crew. After a little while he heard a cry, and saw a lady about fifty yards out. He swam out to her. She appeared to be insensible, but was clinging to a spar. From her statement it appeared that she was nearly the last on board, being in conversation with the captain just before the ship went down. The captain told her, if she should survive, to tell his wife that he died like a seaman at his post. Before Pearce came to her rescue there were two others clinging to the same spar, but she saw them washed off. This young lady was Miss Evelyn Carmichael.
 ALMOST LOST AGAIN.
 He dragged her ashore and pulled her into a cave, gave her some stimulant and covered her up, and laid down himself to sleep, being exhausted. He thinks he must have slept about two hours, and on a raking found the young lady apparently recovering. He then started to get help, and after some considerable difficulty climbed the cliff, which is upward of one hundred feet high. After he got on top he walked about till he luckily found a track, and started on in the direction of Mr. Gibson's Glenample station. After walking on the track about two miles he was met by a man in Mr. Gibson's employ, named George Ford, who after making inquiries of Pearce, started back to the station and brought Mr. Gibson back with him, Pearce having gone back to the lady to give her the good news that help was at hand; when, to his horror, on arriving at the cave where he had left her, she was not to be found. He searched about till Mr. Gibson came and then they together searched; but she evidently had strayed away and they were afraid that she had got washed into the sea again; when, just as it was getting dark, G. Ford, who was searching among some scrub, heard some faint cry, "Oh, I am dying!" He went to the spot, and found the young lady. After Mr. Gibson came up they at once endeavored to get her to the top of the cliff. She was nearly bare of clothing. Mr. Gibson took off his own boots and stockings and put them on her and got her into his buggy, which he had sent for, and drove her to the home station, arriving there about two A.M. when Mr. Gibson very kindly took charge of her, and has since continued to take every possible care of her.

REPRESENTATIVE IRISHMEN.

An interesting book has just made its appearance by Mr. Alfred Webb, being a compendium of Irish biography, comprising sketches of distinguished Irishmen and eminent persons connected with Ireland by office or by writing. The author has a rich fund from which he gleams Sir E. B. Coote, whose Macaulay justly styles "one of the most distinguished soldiers of his time," "conspicuous among the founders of the British Empire in India," who with the minority advised Olive to fight in the famous council of war which preceded the battle of Plassey, who beat the French at Wandiwash, and gave the Carnatic to England, was the son of a Limerick gentleman. Sir Phillip Francis, almost certainly the author of Junius's letters, whom Macaulay styles "the ablest member of the Council" when Warren Hastings was Governor-General, was the son of a Dublin minister. Sir William Jumper, who was Sir George Rooke's best officer in the reduction of Gibraltar, was a Cork man. Blake, who made the splendid but unsuccessful defence of Minorca against Richelieu, and whom Admiral Bng was shot for not relieving, was also a native of Limerick. Byrne Massey, one of Wolfe's ablest Lieutenants, was also an Irishman. So was Admiral Graves, who received the thanks of Parliament as Nelson's second in command at Copenhagen. Sir George Macartney, who shared with Clive and Hastings and Coote, and on not unequal terms, the glory of founding the Indian Empire, and refused the Governor-Generalship in 1785, was born in the County Antrim. The soldier and the statesman who, after Pitt's death, and the innumerable reverses by land which preceded the Peninsular Campaign, brought the war with France to a happy issue, and gave England the wonderful prestige with which she appeared at the Congress of Vienna, Wellington and Castlereagh, were both Irishmen. Wellington's ancestors on both his mother's and his father's side had been settled in Ireland for over three hundred years. Castlereagh, whose support it was that enabled Wellington to conquer, was the son of a County Down gentleman. Wellington's brother, the Marquis Wellesley—both of them making their way up from poverty and obscurity—was one of the ablest Governor-Generals India has ever had, and played for forty years a conspicuous part in English politics. Edmund Burke we do not need to speak of; nor of Sheridan; but it is not generally known that George Canning was the son and grandson of an Irish gentleman, his father having settled in London, where George was born, owing to a family quarrel. General Rawdon Chesney, the explorer of the Euphrates Valley, was an Irishman of the County Down, where his hardly less distinguished son, the late Colonel Chesney, the well-known writer on military subjects, was also born. Sir Henry Lawrence, who defended Lucknow during the Sepoy war, was an Irishman, and the son of an Irish colonel; and General Nicholson, who fell at Delhi, who first stemmed the tide of insurrection pending the arrival of the reinforcements from England, and whose death was pronounced at the time a national misfortune, was the son of a Dublin doctor. General Packenham, who commanded at New Orleans and All there, was an Irishman; General D. Lacy Evans, who rose from a sick-bed to beat the brunt of the attack at Inkermann after having been wounded at New Orleans and serving on Wellington's staff at Waterloo, and who sat thirty years in the House of Commons, was a Limerick man too. Sir Garnet Wolseley, the rising genert of the British service, who has just been appointed Governor of Cyprus, is also an Irishman, belonging to a family long settled in Wexford. Of seven distinguished Indian officers selected by Mr. Kaye for one of his volumes of biography, three—Pottinger, Lawrence, Nicholson—were Irishmen, one Scotch, and only three English. Captain Greizer, the explorer of Sir John Franklin's expedition, was an Irishman also; and so was the other distinguished explorer, Sir Robert McClure. Lord Mayo, who was Governor-General of India for two years prior to his assassination in 1872, and filled the place in a way which excited expectations such as we think none of his predecessors called out, was an Irishman of the old Anglo-Irish family of Bourke. Lord Dufferin, who has just left the governor-generalship of Canada, and has given proofs both there and as British Commissioner in the reorganization of Syria in 1860, of high administrative ability, is an Irishman and Sheridan's great-grandson.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

A CURIOUS MEDLEY OF PARTIES—VON MOLLER AND DR. FALK DEFEATED.
 The elections for members of Parliament were held yesterday. The Progressists were successful in five districts in Berlin. A second ballot, between a Social Democrat and Progressist candidate, is necessary in one district. Cologne elected an Ultramontane. Cassel a National Liberal, and Konigsberg a Conservative. A second ballot with Socialists is necessary in Breslau and Elberfeld, and between Deibrock and a National Liberal at Struthin. At Strasburg the Protest party elected their candidate.
 Although the Social Democrats are absent in this city, only in the Fourth District, where secured ballot is necessary, they polled 5,000 votes, against 30,000 in 1877. General Von Moller only received 2,811 votes, against 8,974 for the Progressist, Haenel. Dr. Falk has been defeated in two Districts by tremendous majorities.
 The National Liberals returned their candidates from Sarabruker and Heildelberg. Second ballots will be necessary in Frankfurt, Mannheim, Mayence and Hanau. These second ballots rest between moderate and advanced Liberals, except Mayence, where one of the candidates was an Ultramontane.
 We are inclined to think that the best kind of solitude consists of two persons under an arbor of a moonlight night, with a volume of Moore opened at the verse "Ah, ever thus from childhood's hour," &c.
 A LAKE of medicine has been discovered in Stevens county, Washington Territory. Boys bathe their chapped feet in it and are speedily cured. It cures scratches on horses and every kind of skin disease. The lake is half a mile wide and a mile long.
 FARMER Jones painted his barbed wire fence blue; plain blue. Farmer Smith's wife swore she wasn't going to be out-done, and the race around the Smith farm soon blossomed out red, speckled with white. Mrs. Jones wasn't going to have any of the Smith family putting on air over her, and their blue fence was soon trimmed with gold leaf stripes. Smith trumped over by putting a gilt ball on every bar, and Jones, when last heard from, was planting weather vane, gilt horse, peacocks, and lightning rod, tips all over his fence, and swearing he'd beat the Smith family if he had to put up a cupola and bay window at every post, and hang a chromo every two feet along the line. As Wash. would sell any more attention

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

THE ALARMING STATE OF GERMANY—FAMILIES DIVIDED—SCHOOLS IN REBELLION.

The following manifesto has been issued by the Central Committee of German Socialists, in session at Hamburg:—
PARTISANS.—The elections for the Reichstag take place on July 30th. We have but little time for agitation. But the shorter the campaign, the more energetic must be the efforts in behalf of the Social Democratic cause. You know why the Reichstag has been dissolved. The Government wants a Parliament that will suppress the Social Democracy, create new laws against the labor movement, decree new and high taxes, renew the iron military measures which are obsolete, strengthen the law against public assemblies and the press, in one word, strengthen the reaction and destroy the last idea of universal suffrage. Our enemies endeavor to justify these reactionary measures because they hold the social democracy of Germany responsible for the two attempts by two insane persons upon the life of the eighty-one-year-old German Emperor—the same German social democracy which in principle abhors all murder and has nothing in common with the two criminals.
 The attempts upon the life of the Emperor, they say, must be followed by attempts upon the life of a great political party, the social democratic labor party of Germany. They desire that the people shall only do as they are bid, pay year after year more taxes notwithstanding the hard times, submit to the military yoke without murmur and abandon all their political rights to those by whom they are already governed. Everywhere the command has been given—Down with the social democracy, down with the labor movement, down with the rights of the people! Conservatives, national liberals and progressists are all our enemies; they all believe in the same watch-word.
 What is to be done? Relying upon our party programme and true to our old tactics we must hold on to the words, "One for all; all for one." Never until now was it so necessary to enter fearlessly upon the campaign. Our victory means political and social equality and economical deliverance of the people. Our party, the party of the small middle class, the farmers and the workingmen, is young yet, and our means are limited. We must therefore concentrate our means and our efforts upon a few districts. The strength of our party has been amply illustrated in the election of January 10, 1877; the 30th of July will demonstrate the resistance we can offer in times like these. [The manifesto here names the districts given above, where the socialists are advised to concentrate their strength.] Time is precious—to work, then, at once. The 30th of July will be a turning point in the history of our people. See to it that it shall be a day of triumph and not of mourning. Rouse the electors everywhere, rouse the people, warn them of approaching danger; tell them to close up their ranks and resist with all the force at their command the powerful reaction, which is now endeavoring to add political suffering to our social misery. Utilize the prevailing excitement in a manner so as to shame our enemies and to honor the social democracy. Partisans, we know your willingness to submit to sacrifices. Now is the hour. Agitate, agitate!

THE PERSECUTIONS OF THE PRESS—YOUNG GERMAN REBELLION IN THE SCHOOLS—FAMILIES TORN ASUNDER—A DREADFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

On Sunday, July 7, the police of Berlin confiscated and seized the electoral circular issued by the Central Socialist Committee notwithstanding the fact that the organs of the National Liberals had spoken of the document as being couched in exceedingly moderate language. The Berlin Free Press of the following day maintains that the carriers who delivered the circular were set upon by the police, the circulars were rudely taken from them in the public streets, and hence complaints will be lodged against the unlawful proceeding before the royal Police Department. In Frankfurt a carrier of socialistic newspapers was arrested notwithstanding the fact that he had in his possession a license permitting him to distribute printed documents. He was kept in prison during the entire day and released at night without receiving any explanation as to the cause of his arrest.
 A PAPER HAVING ALL ITS EDITORS IN JAIL.
 [From the Dresden Volks Zeitung.]
 On Tuesday last (July 9) George Vollmer, the editor of this paper, was arrested in Luck—there he had gone to visit his sick wife—on a requisition of the Dresden Court, transported to this place and incarcerated during the first night in a cell with a common criminal. On the preceding Thursday one of our sub-editors, Friedrich Blum, was arrested in the editorial rooms. The cause of this arrest is unknown. Laborers and citizens! the reaction thinks that they can frighten you and prevent Dresden from being represented by a social democrat. Show them how terribly they are mistaken; show them on the 30th July that the great majority of the Dresden population are in accord with the sentiment—"Long live the Social Democracy!"

A MEETING AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

[From the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung.]
 To show the extraordinary energy displayed by the social Democrats in their canvass for the coming elections an incident ought to be mentioned that took place near the Halle Gate the other morning. A new row of buildings is in progress there, where about nine hundred men are employed. Two social Democrats had placed themselves as early as 5 o'clock in the morning in conspicuous positions for the purpose of addressing the workmen as they were about to commence the labors of the day. The builder and contractor, hearing the speeches, called two or three of his workmen together, and urged them to tell their comrades not to meddle with the elections, and to drive the Social Democrats from the places where they were then addressing the crowd. Several laborers hereupon set upon the orators, and maltreated them in such a manner that they had to be taken away in a wagon. One of them, even after having been wounded, exclaimed:—"These are my principles, and I will die for them!"

POWER OF THE SOCIALISTIC PRESS.

To give an idea of the popularity of socialistic ideas in Germany on the eve of election, evidence is produced to show the extraordinary increase in subscriptions to the socialistic press. The Brunswick Volksfreund announces that upon a single day, June 25, it received 400 new subscribers. The circulation of the Hamburg-Altona Volksblatt has wonderfully increased during the past few weeks.
 The State must stamp out the social democracy with iron and steel, the State has too long permitted the socialists to crowd over its

WIFE AGAINST HUSBAND, SON AGAINST FATHER.

A letter received in New York, dated March 7, 1, states:—"We receive some very peculiar incidents from the interior anent complaints in regard to insults to His Majesty. In a village near Kirchhain a woman lodged a complaint against her husband, and the latter has been arrested. In a small place near Frohnhansen a gendarme has obtained a letter denouncing a well known resident of the place for words spoken disrespectfully of the government. It is understood that the son of the accused is the author of the anonymous letter."

A SCENE IN A BERLIN SCHOOL.

In one of the common schools of Berlin, during the hour devoted to religious exercises, the teacher impressed upon his pupils the importance of reverence for the divinity, and which there could be no respect for the authorities, as was shown by the recent attempts on the Emperor. Hardly had these words been spoken, when a boy rose in his seat and said, "My father desires me to respect you, not to denounce the social democracy." His father was a social democrat, and the boy said, "Yes, and so am I." The teacher was about to punish the young fellow, when all at once another boy rose in his seat and said, "I aimed myself to be social democrats. Since this incident and others which have occurred in various Berlin schools the government has ordered the school inspectors to hold conferences with the rectors so as to concert measures to stamp out social democracy from the schools. In Bromberg a pupil of the seminary has been expelled for uttering socialistic ideas in the presence of his classmates."

WHOLESALE ARRESTS—CITIZENS DRIVEN TO DESPAIR AND SCANDAL.

[From the New York Volks Zeitung.]
 It is impossible to publish all the reports that reach us from every part of Germany of numerous and cruel punishments inflicted upon those charged with "insults to His Majesty," and we only give a few to show the fearful state of political affairs in our Fatherland. The punishments already meted out aggregate over two hundred years of incarceration—verily, indeed, a sad sign of the times. In Leipzig, a man accused with this offence has hung himself in prison.
 The wife of a mason in Passewalk, upon being arrested for words spoken against the Kaiser, was kept under surveillance in her own house upon procuring a doctor's certificate that she was insane. In the meantime her husband, who had been previously arrested, upon hearing of his wife's fate, became deranged and committed suicide in prison. Upon his body was found a letter to the Crown Prince praying him to order the release of his wife. The poor woman has, however, since been condemned to six months' imprisonment.
 In Hanau a meeting of the social democracy was broken up by the police.
 In Pomerania the imperial representative has issued his proclamation calling upon his subordinates to arrest on hold as prisoners all those uttering seditious language against King or country, religion or Church. All keepers of inns and saloons are held responsible for language spoken in their places of resort, and the rigors of the law are to be applied to those proprietors who quietly listen to the remarks thus made by their guests.
 The Berlin Free Press warns people not to enter into conversation with strangers at public places. Often they are policemen in civil dress, who attempt to drag them into political discussions, and also to be on their guard against peddlers offering photographs of Hood and Nobling.
 Bootblacks, painters, railroad employees, cobblers, students, restaurateurs, and even numerous women, have been condemned to one, two and three years' imprisonment in Meriburg, Elbing, Gorlitz and other places. In Essen alone fourteen arrests have been made and several pupils of the gymnasium expelled.
 Three editors of the Berlin Free Press are now in prison.
 The authorities at Altona have discovered that several soldiers of the Thirty-first infantry regiment, stationed there, have visited the social democratic meetings. No civilian is permitted to enter the barracks except under guard. Even the baker who furnishes bread to the garrison is carefully watched. Orders have been issued forbidding any soldier from reading any newspapers in any of the barracks of the Empire, and officers are instructed to severely punish anyone violating this order.—N. Y. Herald.

DRUGGED TO INSANITY.

THE WRECK THAT A FRENCH WOMAN MADE OF A YOUNG AMERICAN SURGEON.
 There has just been concluded at Hackensack, N. J., an inquiry into the mental condition of Dr. Frederick F. Harrel, at one time head surgeon of the New York Hospital. Dr. Harrel is a member of one of the wealthiest families in Bridgeport, Conn., and was, until a few years since a young man of brilliant promise, but is now a wreck in mind and body and an inmate of an asylum for the insane. The commission before whom the inquiry was held was composed of George H. Coffee, Master in Chancery, of Hackensack; Charles D. Kellogg and Rev. John W. Payne, of Englewood. Flavel McGee, of Jersey City, appeared for the petitioners, and Hamilton Wallace, of New York, attorney in fact, for Mr. Harrel. George W. Wheeler, of Hackensack, was foreman of the jury of twenty-four freeholders, which the New Jersey law requires in such cases.
 Dr. D. A. Baldwin, of Englewood, testified to the result of an examination of Dr. Harrel's mental faculties, stating that his mind was impaired by indolent softening of the brain, and James W. Tucker, Jr., of James W. Tucker & Co., the American bankers, in Paris, related that his firm had charge of Dr. Harrel's business in Paris. The doctor had frequently given evidence of impaired intellect, and finally became wholly unfit to manage his affairs. This condition witness attributed to drugs administered by a woman with whom the doctor formed acquaintance in Paris, she having admitted the fact, and while her victim was under the influence of these drugs she induced him to marry her without the knowledge of her friends.
 A PITIFUL CAREER.
 Mr. George Harrel, of this city, gave a sketch of his mother's life, which may be

GRADUATED AT YALE IN THE CLASS OF '63; HE AFTERWARD STUDIED IN THE TWENTY-THIRD STREET MEDICAL COLLEGE, TAKING THE HIGHEST HONORS, AND WAS APPOINTED A SURGEON OF THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL, WHICH POSITION HE HELD FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS, WHEN HE BECAME HEAD SURGEON. IN 1869 HE WENT TO EUROPE, WHERE HE JOINED HIM AND TRAVELLED WITH HIM FOR A SHORT TIME; HE STUDIED GERMAN FOR ONE YEAR AT BRUNSWICK, GERMANY, SURGERY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT VIENNA, AND WENT TO PARIS IN 1872 TO FURTHER STUDY HIS PROFESSION. HE WAS ABOVE THE AVERAGE IN INTELLECT, BUT IS NOW AN INCOHERENT WRITER AND TALKER, UNABLE TO COMPLETE A SENTENCE CORRECTLY AND CANNOT SPEAK HIS NATIVE TONGUE. HE WENT TO PARIS FOR HIM, BEING INFORMED BY MR. GEORGE W. TUCKER THAT UNLESS I RESCUED MY BROTHER HE WOULD DIE. HE WENT TO THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER BROTHER IN PARIS, WHERE FREDERICK CAME TO SEE ME; HE KNEW ME AND SHOOK HANDS BUT WOULD NOT REMAIN WITH ME LONGER THAN FIVE MINUTES, THOUGH I HAD GONE 3,000 MILES TO SEE HIM. HE WAS WRETCHED AND EMACIATED, AND I WAS INFORMED THAT HE WAS BEING STARVED BY HIS WIFE. HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HIS BUSINESS, AND WHEN I EXAMINED INTO HIS AFFAIRS I FOUND THAT HE WAS BEING SWINDLED. IN ONE INSTANCE A MAN ADMITTED THAT HE HAD JOINED WITH FREDERICK'S WIFE IN RAISING ORDERS FOR MONEY ON HIS NEW YORK ATTORNEY. FREDERICK DID NOT KNOW HOW MUCH HE OWED; HIS WIFE SAID THE AMOUNT WAS 5,000 FRANCES, BUT I FOUND IT TO BE 11,000 FRANCES. AFTER PAYING ALL THE BILLS EXCEPT THOSE CONTRACTED BY THE WOMAN BEFORE THEIR MARRIAGE, I BROUGHT FREDERICK TO AMERICA AND TOOK HIM TO THE HOUSE OF HIS SISTER, MRS. MULLIKEN, AT ENGLEWOOD, FOR MEDICAL EXAMINATION. WHEN HE ENTERED HIS SISTER'S HOUSE HE GREETED HER AND PASSED, ASKING FOR HIS ROOM, AS IF HE WERE AT A HOTEL.

Hamilton Wallace, of New York, said Dr. Harrel, upon his departure for Europe, left his property in the hand of the witness, giving him full power of attorney; this property consisted of securities and a house and lot in Bridgeport. From a schedule presented by Mr. Wallace it appeared that Dr. Harrel was incompetent to manage his estate, and he has been taken to the Kirkbrigg Asylum, Philadelphia.

MINNIE WARREN'S DEATH.

Middleboro, Mass., July 25.—Minnie Warren was buried this afternoon with her husband in her arms. The funeral services were to begin at 2 o'clock, but long before that so many persons came from Middleboro and adjoining towns that it was impossible to accommodate more than a small portion of them in the house.
 At 2 o'clock the family assembled in the parlor around the casket. This was of black walnut, covered with blue silk velvet, and was lined with white satin. It was a casket of a child of 10 years, but as the friends looked within they saw the little mother with one arm embracing the girl baby, whose face lay nestled close to the mother's bosom. The mother's head was turned to the baby, and the two seemed quietly sleeping. The baby's face was a sweet one, a little dimple remaining in the chin that even death had not taken away. No one looked upon the little mother and her little child without weeping. General Tom Thumb sat near the head of the casket, and by him sat his wife, Lavinia Warren. On the other side sat Major Newell, and he made no effort to control his feelings. He wept bitterly, as he has almost without cessation since his wife died. Besides these, Minnie's father and mother and her brothers and sisters, all large men and women, were in the room. They remember Minnie as a daughter and sister who shared her wealth with them, rather than as a famous little woman. Mrs. P. T. Barnum and Mr. Bleecker and his wife, who have traveled with the Tom Thumb party for fifteen years, were also among the chief mourners.
 Soon after 2 o'clock, the house being uncomfortably filled, and fully a thousand persons on the lawn outside, a chant was sung by a choir, and the Rev. Mr. Dyer made a short prayer. He then spoke of Minnie's kindness and sweetness of disposition. Mrs. Tom Thumb, as she heard her sister's tenderness spoken of faintly and was carried from the room. There was not a dry eye in the house. After another hymn had been sung, six young ladies, old friends and mates of Minnie, took their places as pallbearers, and then the family looked for the last time upon Minnie's face. General Tom Thumb could not control his grief as he turned from the casket. The doors were then opened and the people passed through the parlor, looked for a few minutes at the faces of the mother and child. It was two hours before the last friend had passed by and the casket closed. Borne by four young men, the casket was placed in the hearse, and followed by many carriages, taken to the cemetery. Here, after the benediction, the casket was lowered into the little grave. Many stood near, even after the clergyman had dismissed them.—N. Y. Sun.

THE ROSS-HANLAN BOAT RACE.

HOW HANLON WON AND HOW ROSS FELL OVERBOARD.
 St. John, N. B., July 31.
 From 4 to 5 o'clock the water was in excellent condition, hardly a ripple disturbing its surface; the wind was blowing from the south west, but was a very light breeze, and every thing seemed to conduce to have the great boat race take place at last under the most favorable circumstances. At 4.40 Sheriff Harding, who had consented to act as referee, arrived on an engine, and landed amidst the loud and continued cheers from the throngs on shore. A row boat being in readiness, the Sheriff was soon taken on board the judges' boat, and at 4.45 the steam came out was at once sounded, and in three minutes Ross was out in his boat, stripped to the buff as in the morning. Hanlon appeared two minutes later with a blue shirt as before, and received loud cheers from the crowd on the judges' boat. At 5 o'clock the men were given their instructions and ordered into line. The water was in good condition, when, at 8 min. 20 sec. past 5, the men were sent off, Hanlon being inside. Ross took the lead, and struck out vigorously, pulling 32 to the minute. Hanlon followed at the same pace, but pulling a longer stroke soon got even, and before he reached Appleton wharf he had passed Ross. Above the wharf Hanlon was pulling 32 strokes, going along beautifully, Ross following at 30 strokes; 300 yards from Appleton's Ross boat was seen to capsize, and for a moment it was feared he had been drowned. It was soon seen, however, that he was clinging to his boat, and a boat went off and picked him up. Ross says the spring of the rowlock worked out, and he upset, breaking the box of the boat. Hanlon, meantime, went on the course, talking his time, however, and went around the stake boat at 5.28. On his return he showed some fine rowing, but didn't over-exert himself. He reached the point in about 37 minutes. The boat did not

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

LONDON, July 30.—At Brad the Turks offered a nominal resistance to the Austrian forces which crossed here, refusing to strike their flag or evacuate the guard house until the Austrians threatened to fire.
 A Vienna despatch says the whole of the 13th Army Corps is now on the Bosnian bank of the River Save, and will advance straight to Senjevo. There it will meet, about the 15th of August, a division from Dalmatia, and then the occupation will be complete.
 A correspondent at Vienna states it is rumored that the Turks object to evacuating Varna unless the Russians remove forty-eight hours' march from Constantinople.
 A despatch from Vienna says it is rumored that Gen. Todleben refuses to withdraw his men from the vicinity of Constantinople before the withdrawal of the Turkish fleet. Difficulties are also reported to have arisen in regard to the return of Turkish prisoners of war.
 Alluding to the delay of Turkey in ratifying the treaty of Berlin, a Vienna correspondent mentions a telegram from Constantinople saying that intrigues had been discovered aiming at the overthrow of Safvet Pasha and a return to the San Stefano treaty and a Russian protectorate. The despatch says the Sultan was at one time inclined to yield to the project.
 VIENNA, July 30.—The Political Correspondence reports that the Turkish agitation has raised an insurrection against the Ottoman authorities at Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia.
 BELGRADE, July 30.—It is stated in well informed circles that proposals will be made in September to make Servia a kingdom.
 BUCHAREST, August 1.—Orders have been received by officers in charge of various stations in Bulgaria and Roumania to prepare supplies for part of the Russian army, which will shortly return home.
 NEW YORK, August 1.—The Herald's Denver special despatch states—Prof. Watson feels hourly more positive as to his discovery of Vulcan. Within three weeks he expects to locate it so exactly that it may hereafter be found by any powerful telescope. Edison, before leaving for California, advanced a plan for finding new stars that has caused astronomers to listen with much interest. His plan is to adjust his telescope to its extreme sensitiveness, and attach it to a large telescope, which moves slowly in a semi-circular direction. Whenever the telescope points at a star the same is evidenced by the sensitive little instrument. He states it will be possible to discover stars too remote to be seen. When he cannot see them he will feel them.
 TRIESTE, August 2.—It is reported that men belonging to the Austrian navy, on leave, will shortly be ordered to rejoin their posts. Torpedoes have been placed Klek and other points on the Dalmatian coast, and extraordinary precautions are taken in the waters of Pola and in the roadstead of Gussano.
 ROME, August 2.—The funeral of Cardinal Franchi will take place on next Monday. In the meantime, the audiences at the Vatican will be suspended.
 ROME, August 2.—It is stated in clerical circles that Monsignor C. Aloisi Masello, the Papal Nuncio at Munich, has arrived at an understanding with Bismarck relative to the modus vivendi between Germany and the Vatican.
 LONDON, August 2.—A Constantinople despatch of Thursday says there is no foundation for the report that Safvet Pasha is to be superseded as Grand Vizier.
 LONDON, August 2.—The Post says an attempt will be made to get the debate in the Commons protracted until Tuesday, but this does not find favor, and a division is expected about two o'clock on Saturday morning. Considerable pairing is expected, and it is also stated every effort is making to end the session of Parliament on the 17th.
 Regarding the rumor that Todleben refuses to withdraw, before the withdrawal of the British fleet, a despatch from Berlin says that Gortschakoff has made a solemn promise at Berlin that the Russian forces should be withdrawn upon the evacuation of Varna and Slumla.
 A Berlin despatch says the Ottoman Embassy, although it has not yet received formal ratification, has received a telegram saying the Sultan has sanctioned the Treaty of Berlin.
 A special from Berlin reports the ratifications of the Treaty of Berlin have arrived from all the Powers except Turkey. An exchange of ratifications takes place on Saturday, as the Congress arranged, notwithstanding the Porte's delay.
 It is stated that the Austrians were fired at for two hours in crossing the river Save by united Mohammedan and Christian bands. It is also said that these will fall back and concentrate in the defiles leading to Herzegovina as the Austrians advance.
 PARIS, August 2.—The French Government, at the request of the United States, has formally invited foreign powers to an international Monetary Congress in Paris, August the 10th.
 BERLIN, August 2.—Returns of elections show that the Socialists polled 30,000 votes in Hamburg, 12,000 in Altona, 7,000 in Kiel, 12,000 in Breslau, 13,000 in Dresden, 14,000 in Leipzig, 11,000 in Elberfeld, 10,000 in Hamburg, 6,500 in Hanover, 4,000 in Frankfurt, and 4,000 in Stuttgart. Latest returns indicate the election of seventy-three Conservatives against one hundred and ten of various liberal parties, sixty-seven Ultramontanes and three Socialists.
 NEW YORK, August 3.—A body, supposed to be John Stapleton's, was found in East River on Wednesday. During the funeral yesterday, a family named Welch called at the house and proved that the body was that of John Welch. Stapleton's body was subsequently found. A body, believed to be that of the missing Edward Buckstein, was found in the North River last night. There is no clue to the Jersey City murder mystery. The rumored arrest and confession was a hoax.
 The theologians have discovered a prophecy of what has happened at Berlin in the eighth chapter of Zechariah, and the last verse:—"In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take to hold out of all languages of the nations: never shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you." The contention is that there are ten languages of the nations represented at Berlin—being we suppose, German, English, Russian, French, Italian, Turkish, Greek, Roumanian, Serb, and Magyar, though we fancy it would be easy, looking to the excessively composite nature of Austria, to make up more. Another slight difficulty as to the prophecy is, that in all probability the lead at the Congress has not by any means been Lord Beaconsfield's, and still less the motive for following his lead, so far as it was followed, that belief in the divine guidance of Lord Beaconsfield's which is here suggested. But considering the difficulty of finding prophecies which have any sort of seeming reference to the modern conditions of things, the passage may be admitted to be curious, and the application of it

The True Witness.

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE EVENING POST

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7.

CALENDAR—AUGUST, 1878.

THURSDAY, 8—SS. Cyriacus, Larg'ns, and Smaragdus, Martyrs.

FRIDAY, 9—Vigil of St. Lawrence. St. Romanus, Martyr.

SATURDAY, 10—St. Lawrence, Martyr. Bp. Verol, St. Augustine, died, 1876.

SUNDAY, 11—NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Epist. 1 Cor. x. 6-14; Gosp. Luke xix. 41-47. Bp. Fenwick, Boston, died, 1846.

MONDAY, 12—St. Clare, Virgin.

TUESDAY, 13—Of the Octave of St. Lawrence SS. Hippolytus and Cassian, Martyrs. Cons. Bp. Becker, Wilmington, 1868.

WEDNESDAY, 14—Of the Octave. Vigil of the Assumption. Fast. St. Eusebius, Confessor.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. T. HAYES, of this office, is authorized to solicit subscriptions and collect accounts for the EVENING POST and the TRUE WITNESS, through the Eastern Townships. He will call upon those of our subscribers who are in arrears.

As the expenses attending the issue of such an enterprise as the EVENING POST are necessarily large, and as for a while we shall rely upon the TRUE WITNESS to pay a part, we trust those of our subscribers in arrears will forward their indebtedness, or pay it over to our agent, who will shortly visit them. We hope our friends will the more cheerfully do this and help us in our circulation by obtaining for us new readers, seeing that the price of the TRUE WITNESS has been reduced to \$1.50, while in size it has been enlarged four columns, and is now one of the best and cheapest weekly papers on this continent.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

It is just as we expected. We notice that several of our contemporaries have taken a sudden liking to Irish Catholics. The Reformers and Conservatives are commencing to sound their praises, and in honied tones to court the favor of their assistance. No doubt Irishmen will be wide awake to all these subtleties, and will take them for what they are worth. After the elections both Reformers and Conservatives will turn a deaf ear to Irish questions, but before the elections, what a brood of a boy! Pat is. The Reformers tell us that they did this, that and the other, and then the Conservatives will seriously assure us they have ever been our friends, &c., &c., and so on, until the day after the election, when both parties will commence another long term of abuse.

PROTECTION VS. FREE TRADE.

One of the great questions of the day is Free Trade vs. Protection. They are big questions, and ones on which, no doubt, most of the weal or woe of Canada depends. They agitated England almost to rebellion, and Australia, too, for a long time, was torn with the conflicting arguments in favor of, or against, a protective tariff. In the United States the question is far from being settled. Every man in Canada must be alive to the issue, and in Montreal, perhaps, more than in any city in the Dominion, will the question assume an aspect of great importance. It behooves every man to find out the two sides of the question before he commits himself to either. Like all great issues, there is much to say on both sides, and although we hold very decided opinions as to which would be best for Montreal, we must await the development of circumstances before we give these opinions to the public.

MONTREAL CENTRE.

From all we can learn about Montreal Centre, we believe that the people in that division are determined to take their own business into their own hands. It is to us evident that a spirit of self-reliance has now taken a firm hold upon the people, and that they are resolved to resist outside interference in their affairs. If we are rightly informed, they object to anyone who is not an elector in the Division having anything to say in the nomination of their men. This is a manly and intelligent policy, and one which must result in much good. In constitutionally governed countries, the electors are masters of the situation, and it is not from a dictatorial few that the policy of the people can originate. There can be nothing more fatal to constitutional government than the practice of attempting to force candidates upon the people without consulting them. As all power comes from the electors, so should the electors be first consulted upon all questions affecting their representation. And what is good of the Centre is equally good of every other electoral division in the country. We care not who is selected. To us it is a matter of indifference. Let him be Rouge or Blue, Protectionist or Free Trader, but let him be Independent of the PROTECTOR. And by this we mean a man who will go to the House of Commons, with all his party feelings

if he will, but who will be Independent first, and open all questions affecting the interests of his co-religionists. It will not do to be Conservative or Reformer first; he must be Independent first, and Conservative or Reformer afterwards.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The Orangemen in Ireland have, it is said, offered to raise \$50,000 to enable their brethren in Canada to contest the question of the illegality of the Order in Quebec. This means, of course, if the question is brought before the Privy Council of England. Fifty thousand dollars is a big sum, indeed, too big a sum to be raised by the Orangemen in Ireland. They have abundant calls upon their own money, and if the "200,000" Orangemen of Canada cannot raise the necessary funds, we hardly think that the brethren in Ireland will respond so cheerily to the call for funds. If there are "200,000" Orangemen in Canada five cents a head would give \$10,000—quite a respectable sum to commence proceedings with. And then would it not be more dignified for the Orangemen of Canada to depend upon themselves, and neither appeal to their Protestant friends, nor the Orangemen of Ireland, for help? But so are the smugly fallen.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

The London correspondent of the Irish Times, a paper well posted in military affairs, says that:

"A citizen of Montreal, who was lately in England, furnishes me with but a poor account of the Colonel Miltiam, who are displaying such a desire to assist the mother country in case of a rupture with Russia. 'By the side of them the London easterners.' I am assured 'would look almost a gentleman.' I should have felt reluctance in accepting such an expression of opinion from others than a Canadian, but I presume a native of Canada would not 'pull down' those of his own nationality unnecessarily."

This is hard on the Canadian Volunteer Militia, but it is not just. There should be no comparison between the Canadian and the English Volunteers. The English Volunteers are fostered and encouraged in a manner unknown in this Dominion. Each battalion has an adjutant paid by the Government, and a staff of sergeants as well. The position of adjutant is a prize for which military men compete. Then the commanders of corps are, in most cases, wealthy men, who spend large sums of money in order to make their corps efficient. Rifle ranges are scattered over the country, and valuable prizes are open for competition. Then each efficient Volunteer receives his capitation grant, which is relatively more than the \$6.00 received by the Volunteers in Canada. Give here the same facilities, and we see no reason why there could not be as good battalions turned out. Whoever the "Citizen of Montreal" is, perhaps he would have the courage of his convictions and let us all know his name.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

We are glad to notice that the disgraceful attacks upon the Volunteers are ceasing. It is a great mistake to suppose that all Volunteers share the view. We are in sympathy with the Orangemen. We know better. But the man who attacks them because they are Volunteers should remember, that no matter who or what they are, once they are in uniform, that uniform should be respected by the citizens, and must be respected by the man who wears it. Unwarranted attacks upon Volunteers are simply unwarranted rowdyism. Volunteering is a duty and deserves to be respected, and not to be abused. There may be men in the service that we believe are there illegally, and with whom we intend to have a fair fight on the question, but that is no reason why we should break each others' heads. We are hopeful, however, that these petty brawls will now altogether cease, and that Volunteers will abstain from giving cause of offence, while civilians will not unwarrantably arouse a spirit of resentment which they would quickly find to their disadvantage.

LOYALTY.

In England one hardly ever hears the word "loyalty" mentioned; here it is upon every nincompoop's lips. In this country it looks, as if men doubted each other to such an extent that every man is expected "to wear his loyalty upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." What is the cause of this? We frankly admit that we do not understand. What we can understand is a bold and manly allegiance, such as men, not serfs, give their Sovereign. We can understand the manhood of Canada declaring with one voice that this is a free land, and that, if they can, they will keep it so. We can understand the settled loyalty which is characteristic in Great Britain, where no man suspects his neighbor, and where all men stand ready to defend the honor, or to uphold the interest of the country. Here, too, the man who could not be loyal to the Dominion could be loyal to no country in the world. Such a man is a conspirator by nature and is unworthy to live in any community. We have here the perfection of government—the stability of the monarchy with the impetus and liberty of a republic. Why, then, this constant talk about loyalty? It has become fulsome in its excess, and we think unnecessary. Here, we think all men are loyal; or, if they are not, they should pack up their traps and leave.

SOCIALISM.

A struggle between Socialism and Order will one day convulse the world. The indications of it are everywhere around us. We see it in the Old World and in the new; in the triumph of Kearney in California, and now in the successes achieved by the Socialists of Germany. These are but the rumblings of the volcano which sooner or later will startle mankind and, perhaps, set the world ablaze. In that hour of peril the men who strove to wrench from its hold the most Conservative of institutions, the Catholic Church, will remember that in that attempt they advanced the Socialistic cause by ages. Protestantism is no friend of social disorder, but the fanatics who rave about "Ultramontane lies" are but nourishing the seeds of social decay. Whatever faults the enemies of the Church may attribute to it, none of them will deny that the Church is Conservative, and that it is the foe of Socialism in every form. This fact may, perhaps, never be fully realized until Christians of all religions will have to stand shoulder to shoulder in the coming strife—between Infidelity and Socialism upon one hand, and Christianity and Order upon the other.

PARTY TUNES.

We print a letter from an Orangeman on Party Tunes. The writer denies that there is any such tune as "Croppies lie down," and says that there are no words to the "Protestant Boys" except those inserted by some one who had more wit than decency. We can understand Orangemen being ashamed of their party songs, but we scarcely think that the writer of the letter will succeed in convincing the public that Orangemen have not offensive and insulting songs in their vocabulary. If he takes up the "Dominion Orange Songster," he will there see that there are songs which no respectable man would allow in the hands of his family. The fact is that Orangemen are to Catholicism like Rousseau's hatred of all literary contemporaries, which partook the character of phrensy. On that point Rousseau was a social scourge, just as Orangemen are a "religious" scourge when Catholicism is concerned. We may be able to live peaceably, but we can never be friends. At the same time we do not doubt but the letter we publish was written in good faith, but if the writer just looks at the book we referred to he will see how much he is mistaken.

A CONTEMPORARY'S OBJECTION TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

A contemporary hopes that the Marquis of Lorne will not indulge in expensive equipages and thus invite extravagance, or cultivate a taste for a four-in-hand. Expensive equipages are certainly not now the order of the day, for with a few creditable exceptions, the old rumbles that do not adorn our thoroughfares are of a by-gone age. Nor do we see why people who can afford it, should not drive tandem or keep a fashionable landau. Perhaps, indeed, it is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial Mamurra, cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be made a beggar by one whose vanity will buy everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing. But after all, when it comes to a matter of stint, the majority of men do not care much about it, and when it comes to a matter of display, ladies are equally willing to make the pace both hot and heavy. We would rather rejoice to see a better class of equipages in our thoroughfares, for apart from our sleighs, which are, perhaps, as fine as any in the world, our turns-out are very poor indeed. Of course, it would be regrettable if the Marquis of Lorne induced an extravagant display, or was the cause of tempting quiet old gentlemen from the stock exchange to the stable, but if his lordship can only incite to some more taste, and perhaps a little dash, in equestrian circles, and further coax patrician families to invest, in moderation, in the gay trappings for a Rotten Row on the mountain, we think he will do far more good than harm, and we expect every lady, at least, will agree with us.

THE ELECTIONS.

The Gazette is doing its best to make it appear that the Post is determined to champion Mr. Devlin in the forthcoming elections. We are aware that there are so many political tricksters in the country that an honest expression of opinion is generally looked upon with doubt. But there are some honest men left, men who can believe that there is still such a thing as Independent Journalism, and to them we may say that the Post will champion Principle first and men afterwards. We care no more for Mr. Devlin than we do for Mr. Ryan. Let Mr. Devlin behave as Mr. Ryan has done and allow himself to be nominated by two outsiders, and we will set towards him just as we acted towards Mr. Ryan. All we want is that the right of selecting their own men should be left to the electors of Montreal Centre and not to outsiders. Mr. Ryan pays the electors of that division a poor compliment, when he accepts a nomination from gentlemen, the most of whom have nothing to do with the division at all. It is a satire upon constitutional government, nay more, it is an insult to the electors of the division, that a party of gentlemen should attempt to force a man upon the representative of the division, without consulting the electors first. If the same man was chosen, yet that choice should be made by the electors, and not by outsiders. Again, we notice that a reporter of the Witness interviewed somebody and tried to find out who the Irishmen were who were present at the meeting when the nomination was made. In reply he only got one name, and that was Mr. Bernard Tansey. Now, we have heard that Mr. Bernard Tansey, over and over again, said during the last few months:—"No more party politics for me." This we have open and unimpeachable authority, and yet we see, upon the very first test, Mr. Tansey abandons his pledge. Nay, Mr. M. P. Ryan himself has said the same thing dozens of times, and yet he has allowed himself to accept a nomination, made under the most mischievous circumstances, because it afforded a chance of success. Perhaps when we hear the names of the other gentlemen who were present, we may be able to fix their views in the same way. A short time since every Irish Catholic in the city held these views, and if a few of them desert these principles, at least we must be allowed the privilege of holding on. We held the same principles when Mr. Ryan was a pronounced Conservative, and when Mr. Devlin was an equally pronounced Reformer. We have not changed nor do we intend to change. We have advocated the same policy over and over again, and we are more than ever convinced that it is the correct policy for us to pursue. We want to see a man who will go to the House of Commons to resent all the abuse our people have received, and to fight their battles first, and to fight the battles of Party afterwards. No man can, in our opinion, do this unless he is willing to declare that he is not an uncompromising Party man. It is, too, a mistake to suppose that there will be no work for an Independent candidate. We can make plenty of work for him. People may take this satirically or as they please, but it is odd if we cannot find something for him to do. There, for instance, is the question of members of illegal societies holding positions of trust or emolument from the Government. That is a big question, and it will require a man who means business to fight it out. Then, there is the question of the representation of minorities—another big question—which must be fought out. Again, we have the question of Separate Schools in New Brunswick—a question, by the way, which Mr. Devlin will, no doubt, be called upon to explain. There will, or ought not to be, much difficulty about a programme, and this programme we wish to see placed first, and then the Conservative or Reform programme afterwards—we do not care which. But if gentlemen think they can throw dust in the eyes of the people by saying, "I am a Conservative, or I am a Reformer, and upon all the questions you mention you know I will be Independent"

at stake, and that principle must be placed at the head of the poll, or else all the positions taken by our people will have been abandoned by them, and they will, too, be deservedly ridiculed by the public.

THE COMING ELECTIONS AND THE TARIFF MUDDLE.

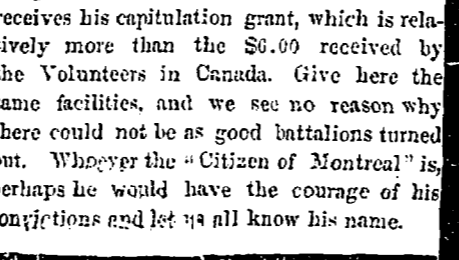
We have thus far refrained from giving our views of this important question of fiscal legislation,—the customs tariff—though we have not been unmindful of its alleged, and perhaps, possible adversity to Canadian progress, industry, and interchange of commerce. More than this, we had hoped to escape such an idle task at present till the time should arrive when so important a question could legitimately be discussed as applicable to Canada, and not to the welfare of two rival politicians. Nor is it yet our purpose to make any observation upon the character of such a re-adjustment of the tariff as may in future be effected to advantage; for we believe any remedy which might be had from that source is now infinitely hopeless, since the question is seized only for the maintenance of party strife, which shall not subside so long as we continue to send party representatives to Parliament. Notwithstanding the improbability of making it a platform for party parliamentary aspirants, party organs, and for the office-seekers themselves, Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, and the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and by these office-seekers themselves, who have both had ample time, and business depression enough, while in office, to at least show an honest disposition to do even part of what they now pledge themselves to do for the country, provided they be supported. Place Mr. Mackenzie on the throne, and he will "make this a cheap place to live in." He will think that something should be done to encourage Orangemen, and "protect" its processions in our streets, in open defiance of every Catholic in the land. Besides this, give him Free Trade, or better still, let him only demolish the custom houses, and he will at once cure the hard times by applying "nature;" in the same manner remove all obstacles to Canadian prosperity and progress, and "build up a great nation;" while Sir John, on the same throne, would "fix" the "tariff" so as to "benefit and foster the agricultural, mining, manufacturing and other interests of this Dominion; retain in Canada the thousands of our fellow-citizens now obliged to expatriate themselves in search of the employment denied them at home; restore to prosperity our struggling industries, so sadly depressed; prevent Canada being made a sacrifice market," &c., &c.; and, also, "build up a great nation." We have now laid down, in their own language, the future policy of each party with regard to Canada and the tariff. But what is it, after all, any more than a few high-sounding sentences and sentiments which are not meant, and which have never been meant. And the reason will be seen presently. Is it not reasonable for us, then, to wonder why Sir John forgot all this; forgot that agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and other home industries sadly required fostering; forgot that thousands of fellow-countrymen preferred home to foreign employment; and forgot that a statesman's first interest was that of his country, and not his own, while he enjoyed a career at the head of affairs of over twenty years. So shall he forget after his election now, unless a different policy should add materially to the permanence of his office. But throughout all this time, if Sir John forgot to foster home industry because his own or his party interests did not require it till now, he did not forget to encourage Orange immigration from Ireland. The same is the case with Mr. Mackenzie. The Gazette, which has so much to say for Sir John and protection, never dreamt of protection or of making Canada rich thereby, till 1873, when the Gazette found an opposition under guise of his "protection" views, of some advantage. The Herald, in 1875, also undertook to "build up a nation" by protection, but this fall it is going to do it by Free Trade. The Star, too, Independence for it. But Sir John and his policy, the Orange "persecution," and St. Patrick, the "mythical personage," are on the brain. So with the Mail and Globe. So with all the parties. What now is there in parties for us to admire or support?

THE LATE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Not since the death of Pope Pius IX. have the Catholics of Canada, or perhaps of this continent, received such a shock as startled them yesterday, when it was announced that His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was dead. The one was, however, expected, the other was not. One died at a prime old age, the other died in the prime of manhood. Apostolic Delegate was only a little over 40. Intellectually Bishop Conroy was among men, his large mind grasping with statesmanlike power difficulties which to smaller minds appeared insurmountable. Calm and dignified in demeanour, he impressed the force of his genius upon all with whom he came into contact, and he was in consequence universally respected and beloved. Wherever he went honour, almost royal, awaited him, and he left his surroundings more beloved than when he came. His death is a great loss to the Catholics of Canada, and indeed Protestants too may join in the regret, for the Apostolic Delegate was a man who desired to do all in his power to fulfill the scriptural injunctions of preaching "peace on earth and good will unto all men."

ORANGEMISM.

We are glad to notice that the counsel for the Irish societies in the case against the Orange leaders are anxious to substitute a civil for a criminal action, thus reducing the question to one of law and not of crime. Although we are convinced that the action taken by the Mayor will be sustained, yet no one, we think, wishes that the Orangemen who were arrested should suffer imprisonment, or that the law should be enforced in its entirety. We want to suppress Orangemism by legal means in this Province, but we would be sorry to see an Orangeman suffer imprisonment because of his folly. We think, however, that as members of an illegal society, they should be prevented from holding all offices of trust in the Province of Quebec. For instance, how can an Orangeman be a magistrate? If Orangemism is illegal, surely no member of an illegal society can be entrusted with the administration of the law. On the 12th of July the citizens might witness the singular spectacle of a magistrate, who is presumably a member of the Orange Order in command of the troops in front of the Bank of Montreal. There are many instances of a similar nature, and it will become the Local Legislature to deprive members of illegal societies from holding any office of emolument or trust in the giving of the Local Legislature. If Orangemism is illegal, the Local Legislature cannot help itself.



THE LATE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

SEERFS OR MEN—WHICH?

The nomination of Mr. M. P. Ryan for the representation of Montreal Centre is not worth a row of pins. The gentlemen who nominated him are unknown, and we have no evidence to prove who or what they are. It is from the electors of Montreal Centre that this nomination should take place, and it appears to us to be presumptuous for a "Conservative Association" to dictate to the electors who, or who shall not, be their candidate. Again, how do we know that the members of the "Conservative Association" are electors of Montreal Centre or not? To our knowledge some of them are not, and they have no more right to force a candidate upon the division, than they have to name who shall contest Gaspé or Winnipeg. It is, we contend, for the electors of Montreal Centre to name their man or men, and outside interference should be resisted. We venture to say that three-fourths of the gentlemen at the meeting at which Mr. Ryan was nominated were not Irish Catholics, and yet they tell the Irish Catholics what they are to do. It is time to put a stop to this. If the Irish Catholics have one spark of manhood, they will take their own business into their own hands. They have been too long at the beck of party leaders, and Mr. Ryan would confer a compliment upon his countrymen by refusing to accept any nomination, save such as should come from the people he may be called upon to represent. To Mr. Ryan personally we have no objection. We write in the interest of no man or of no party; but we refuse to allow the party politicians who have been denouncing us for a long time past, to throw dust in the eyes of the Irish Catholics of this city. That game has been played long enough and the time is come to put it down. And again, what has party ever done for Irishmen? Did it attempt to shield us when Orangemism attempted to erect here the standard which has brought ruin and degradation upon our native land? What party said one word in our favor then? Were we not denounced by all, and held up to the contempt of a corrupt public opinion? Is manhood and character given to Irishmen but to make them cringe before the lash of their foes? Is the record of all our wrongs to be wiped out by a sponge which, saturated with insult, sprinkles us with contempt? If this is Irish manhood, then let us have an end to it, and for ever obliterate a people in whom the spirit of their nation is dead, and from whom nothing can be expected but the servility of a Helot and the cringing of a slave.

THE ELECTIONS.

According to the morning papers, the nomination for the West and Centre Divisions of Montreal were made Tuesday night it appears that the Conservatives nominated Mr. M. P. Ryan for the Centre and Mr. M. H. Gault for the Western. So this is the policy. Who attended these meetings? Where is the report of the proceedings? The Gazette does not say; it merely mentions the fact that these two gentlemen were nominated, and no more. But we have a right to ask—who were the Irishmen present who, at this crisis, stand by party politics? Let us have their names. With one voice a few days ago the Irishmen of Montreal said—Party politics to the wind. That was a manly and intelligent position to take—and who now are the recreants? But the treacherous policy has commenced in earnest. The Gazette of this morning has thrown its sprat to catch its salmon. It has commenced to explain the Orange question. And we are to forget the insult and the wrong, we are to forget the treachery and the deceit, and, once more, like whipped boys, crawl at the lash of the Gazette of Montreal. It decided us on the Oka question, and now it asks us for our suffrage and support. Well, let Irishmen give that support if they will; but, if they do, they will be more contemptible than the worm, which, in its crawling resentment, has courage enough to turn and sting the foot that presses it. Think of July '77 and July '78; think of the contempt heaped upon you by both parties, and if you do not enter a solemn protest by returning a man independent of the scorns and smiles of party politicians, you are not worthy to hold a place in a community of men. We care not who this Independent may be; there may be half a dozen for all we care, but we at least will not consent to lick the trail of party politicians, who only want to use the Irish vote for their own aggrandizement. We must protest against the policy of both Reformer and Conservative, for Herald and Gazette, Globe and Mail, Free Press and Citizen, all have denounced us, and if there is one spark of manhood left within us, we will STAND ALONE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The man who in this crisis attempts to pawn his Orange Conservatism on the one hand or his Orange Gratitude upon the other, upon the Irish Catholics of this city, is no true friend. It is as a protest that we desire to see our independent candidate returned to Parliament, and the Irish Catholic who refuses to join in that protest will see all the emblems of Faith and Fatherland trailed at the heel of Party Ascendancy. We say, our principles first, and party principles afterwards. Our cause before all, and then party causes take their place behind us. If never again, at least now an Independent politician should be sent to Ottawa. Who was the friend of the Irish Catholics in their hour of trial—the Post or the Gazette, the True Witness or the Herald? Let the dead past answer, and let the living fervour of the Irish Catholics answer, too, when the day of vengeance is at hand. Let our people awake to the issue at hand. Let them, and not the Conservative or Reform Clubs, nominate their men. Let Mr. Ryan, or any other aspirant for Parliamentary representa-

tion, be returned to Ottawa.

The Rev. Father Foley has been appointed to the charge of Vankleek Hill Parish.

tion, attend a meeting which should be called of Irish Catholics, and then and there decide upon the policy to pursue, and let it be recorded for all time that once at least in the history of Canada the Irish Catholic threw off the shackles of parties that despise them, and resolved to look after themselves.

INDEPENDENT.

Why should there be an Independent candidate for Montreal Centre? What could he do alone and unaided? What would be his programme or how would he behave on the fiscal questions of the day? These are the questions which some men ask, and to which we shall endeavour to reply. By mutual agreement Montreal returns a French Canadian, an Irish Catholic and an English Protestant to the House of Commons. Each party has the right of selecting its own man. The Irish Catholics may select a Reformer or a Conservative, we do not care which, but he should be in our opinion nominated by the men he is expected to represent. Montreal Centre has sent both Reformers and Conservatives to the House, and in doing so they acted in accordance with the spirit of the times. But since then two burning questions have agitated the public mind. We have witnessed a valuable church at Oka destroyed by incendiaries, and neither Reformers nor Conservatives say one word against the men who committed the deed. The Gazette and Herald alike refused to condemn the Indians, or to express one word of sympathy with outraged Catholic opinion. The excitement was intense, and the Catholics saw themselves deserted and alone. They had worked and labored for both parties and by both parties they were despised. That was our first lesson. Again, we had the Orange question, and again the same story. The Catholics found themselves alone, subject to the covert attacks of both sides in politics. Then the Irish Catholics said—Party politics to the wind, as both deserted us, so shall we desert both. That was the unanimous determination of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and it is their almost unanimous determination to-day. Now the question of flogging that determination will soon be the question of the hour, and men ask themselves what good will an Independent candidate do? We answer: he will fulfill what we all promised, and sending him to the House of Commons will be a protest against the treatment to which both sides subjected us. It will be our declaration of rights, and our public testimony that no party can with impunity insult and wrong us without suffering what ever injury it is in our power to inflict. Why should we return a man pledged to Sir John A. Macdonald? Perhaps some people will say because the Gazette recommends him—then let "Oka" and the "12th" answer. Just the same with the Reformers, "Oka" and the "12th" can answer for them too. To return either a Reformer or a Conservative, as such, now, would be to give a public endorsement to the destruction of our churches and to the attempt to force upon us an Orange procession. Send a Reformer or a Conservative to the House of Commons now and you endorse the act of the Oka Indians and express sympathy with the Orange display. If you make no protest against the wrongs that have been done you, you accept these wrongs and are prepared to put up with the same thing again and all for party. We all know that a man may have strong party feelings, and be a good friend to Irish Catholic interest, but why allow himself to be the fool of either side. What was to prevent Mr. Ryan from joining in this protest? Why not come out as an Independent, still retaining his party views on all the fiscal questions of the hour? Why could he not be a Protectionist or a Free Trader, but be INDEPENDENT for the PROTEST sake. If Mr. Ryan had taken that course he would still probably be supported by his party, and he would have sustained the character of his people. No one questions Mr. Ryan's honesty of purpose. No one doubts that he is a good man, but in this crisis he should not, in our opinion, have placed the Conservative cause before the question of resenting the insult and the wrong that has been heaped upon his fellow countrymen. Not that we could be satisfied with a servile following of any party, for the condition of affairs in Canada are now such that we want a man who will look after the interest of the Irish Catholics with the keenness of a fox.

We want, in fact, an INDEPENDENT candidate, and we ask—where is he? Is there not one Irish Catholic who in this crisis will put party politics aside, and while retaining his own views on the fiscal questions of the day, put PRINCIPLE above all.

TOM WHITE ON THE RAMPAGE.

The Gazette of Friday last substitutes personal abuse for argument. It denounces the "adventurer" of the Post, but does not reply to the reasoning of the Post. A British subject coming to a British colony is subjected to all sorts of insults because he was not born here. The editor of the Gazette insults his father's bones in the grave by writing of men as "adventurers" because they came to Canada to make it their home. He outrages the common sense of everyone whose ancestry is not native and to the manner born. If the "adventurer" of the Post did not oppose the policy of the Gazette, he would not be subjected to its insults. If he did not expose its false teachings and treachery, he would not be made the target for personal attack. But the Gazette is so blinded with its own passions that it is doing more to be damned than to be saved. In reply to our question as to who attended the meeting that nominated Mr. M. P. Ryan, the Gazette says:— "It is sufficient to say that among the Irish Catholic electors who attended that meeting were gentlemen whose shoe latches the adventurer who induces them is unworthy to unloose. There were among them gentlemen who, by

their energy and industry, by their business tact and ability, have secured for themselves positions of prominence in this city, and have made the name of Irish Catholic respected and respectable in the community. There were among them gentlemen who have a solid interest in the prosperity of the country, who on that account labor under this disadvantage, as compared with the man who insults them, that they cannot leave at a moment's notice, to ply their trade in new fields and pastures green, if mistreatment should overtake them here. Yes, but who were they? Why not tell us who they were? Publish their names, in order that we may meekly acknowledge our lowly origin and our willingness to "unloose the shoe latches" of those "solid" men. Who are they, for that is the point we wish to pin the Gazette to, and, until it answers, its vulgar personalities will not save it from the charge that it dare not make public the names of the lofty men whose "shoe latches" we are unworthy to unloose." And, as to the "adventurer." It is an idle phrase, which could be returned to the man who uses it. That "adventurer" is not as unknown in Montreal as the editor of the Gazette appears to think. There are men here who know him and all belonging to him, and to them the "adventurer" can leave his record. The slanders of the Gazette can make him neither better nor worse than he is. It may represent him in a false light, or place his likeness in a bad one, but he will remain the same. Not so the slanderer: for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never. We have fought principles, but never men; but the Gazette attacks the individual and leaves the principle alone. We again ask for the names of the gentlemen who attended the meeting at which Mr. Ryan was nominated. Are the Irish people to be satisfied with a nomination made by they know not who? Of course this "adventurer" has no right to ask the question, and will continue to ask it until the mouthing maniken who guides the policy of the Gazette will be wriggling in the agonies of defeat. A hard battle was once fought to secure the Irish Catholics of this city the privilege of nominating their own men, but now the Gazette would rob them of this privilege and hand it over to a committee of men whose names it does not publish. And then the Gazette charges us with a desire to isolate the Irish Catholics from the rest of the community—yes from such a community as we know nothing about. Because we hold on to the principle, that the candidate for Montreal Centre should be nominated by the electors of Montreal Centre, because we hold to the belief that those electors have the right of knowing who nominates their men, the Gazette goes crazy, and abuses an individual, but declines the issue at hand. For eighteen months we have stood these personal attacks without making a single reply. Our courtesy has, it appears, not been understood, and now if personalities are to be in order, well, let them come. They are not of our seeking, and we will put them aside just as soon as other journalists are willing. As to the charge that the Post is the organ of Mr. Devlin, the Gazette is very much astray. We care no more for Mr. Devlin than we do for Mr. Ryan. Our interests are to see that our people will not be fooled by either of them, and the championship of the Gazette is not likely to assist Mr. Ryan among them, nor will its personal insult blind them to the fact that it has not answered the question—Who Nominated Mr. Ryan? If we are rightly informed, the two gentlemen who nominated Mr. Ryan were not Irish Catholics, and it is a poor compliment to the electors of St. Ann's Ward to be obliged to chronicle the fact. Again, let us remind the "editor" of the Gazette, that his day among Irish Catholics has gone. The Oka and the Orange question settled that, and in all Montreal to-day he could not get a corporal's guard of Irish Catholics to nominate him for any constituency in Canada.

The Post has done its share toward destroying his false hold upon Irish Catholic sympathy, and hence his anger. It has been instrumental in pulling off the mask and of enabling the people to see a hypocrite and a bigot. It has been, in its way, instrumental in preventing his nomination, and in return it assails the editor personally. Politically the power of the Gazette among Irish Catholics is at an end, and it is because of this that it now shows its teeth, and declare war to the knife.

THE NEGLECT OF THE INDUSTRIES OF CANADA.

In reviewing a few days ago, the sad decline of Canadian industry and the consequent and more deplorable decline of her national wealth, there seems to have existed one industry in which Canada is, perhaps, ahead of all other countries, for which we neglected to give her due credit. That industry is the villainous practice of writing one thing and meaning another. In this party journals, particularly the Reform journals of Toronto, excel. Of these, the Globe, in its version of trade, as usual, is ahead, and regulates the market for all the rest. What hardware it has not flung at the Pope is now directed against the Conservatives, and the Conservatives returning the broadside with interest. In its onslaught on the poor Conservative who forgets the Pacific business and believes himself persecuted, the Globe spares no one but the Reformer, who also appears as innocently as if he never in his life bought a steel rail, a "Needing Hotel," or made Scotchmen believe he had a Bonanza or Comstock in Ontario, known as the Huntingdon Copper Mine. It has assumed that every non-believer of Reform in Canada is a Conservative, and deals with him accordingly. It

knows more about the British constitution than Daniel Webster did about the American. "The Americans," it says, "are hostile to Her Majesty, because they know how to build up Chinese Walls, and try to outdo England in manufactures and in whatever other industry they can." "For Canadians," the Globe continues, "who call themselves British subjects, it is disgraceful and disloyal to attempt to devise obstacles to the trade by which the people of Great Britain keep themselves in life." "By which they keep themselves in life," hear this, Canadian workman, farmer, stock raiser, miner, manufacturer, merchant, or scholar, coming from the pledged defender of your rights. See for yourself how the Globe convicts itself of what it has in its heart, and what the Evening Post is now laying open to you; namely, that unless you take to your respective industries and develop to the fullest extent the resources of the country and produce, not only for home consumption, but also sufficient more for export to turn the balance of trade in your favor, as the Globe says of the people of England, "you can not live." It tells us further, "that no party in Britain, not even a single statesman, ever declared it right for any colony or others to place barriers against the importation of articles, which the people of Great Britain may desire to export." Well, we are sorry that our contemporary should, in these days of rivalry and knowledge, be so totally destitute of information. Did not Burke, Chatham, and a thousand others, that we could name for the information of the Globe, declare our right to regulate our industries and commerce, as to ourselves would seem most judicious. What Parliament, what statesman, but the arrogant, narrow-minded Brougham, ever attempted to deny us this right? Are we to be loyal to British merchants, or any other merchants, because we are loyal to the British Crown? Are we disgraced because we take up arms against the policy of importing articles for our use, that we ourselves could as well produce—a policy which the Globe accidentally admitted to be ruinous?

Again—the Globe adds: "Confine England to her own markets," that is, should Canada, among the other nations of the world, produce all that she consumes, England would have no market beyond her own territory for her surplus products, "and her people must starve or leave the country." Now, here is a fine illustration of our condition. We are told—we see by the arguments of the Globe—that very contrary indeed to our own situation, notwithstanding the actual specie wealth of the wealthiest and most favored nation (England) earth ever yet saw, no nation, no people can live without home industry, in order to supply, not only its own markets, but also a portion of those of foreign nations. The same rule applies to Canada, and, unless observed, it is only a question of time when her people must either starve or leave the country. This is the case with England. Yet, as we have said just above, she has more ready money than any other nation in the world. There are few places in the world in which she does not own all the railroads, and most of all other such securities worth investing her gold in; and from which she, therefore, does not draw interest. Now, if England, with all such advantages, cannot live without daily recourse to far more than her share of every industry in the world of which human ingenuity and skill are capable of inventing and moving, how can we, who have no money at all. Nay, who have, perhaps, \$300,000,000 less than enough to pay our public and private indebtedness; and this, too, for a batch of people 4,000,000 in number? What, then, can this army of traitors mean, who advocate that our prosperity lies in importation, provided "we get it cheaper," and not in what we produce in our own domain? But our contemporary abounds in kindness which is as novel as the method of getting rich by producing nothing or by importing steel rails at a loss to the country, it is variously estimated, at from \$1,617,000 to \$2,000,000, besides an annual interest of some \$50,000 which will be a tax on the people of Canada for all time. Without this kindness it tells us we can neither be loyal, prosperous, nor independent. This sort of kindness is to let American and foreign merchants and manufacturers, and mining operators, continue to glut our markets with the products of their industries, and our own, either to shut up shop, like the sugar refiners, or look elsewhere for markets, or to use our contemporary's own words, to "cultivate trade with Europe, South America, Africa, Australia, and other equally remote places. How amusing, and how harmless, we hope, is this presumption. Would it not be a fine specimen of liberty. Would not our own merchants, manufacturers, and laborers of all classes look well to close up the gates of home industry or seek market for their products in South America and Africa, in order that the "trade which keeps Americans and the people of Great Britain in life" be not lessened or in any way molested, thereby continuing the havoc among us at the present rate? Why not manufacture and produce in our own domain for our markets and consumption, and let Americans and Europeans take their chances of finding markets in South America, Africa, and Asia, with the rest of us?

THE 53RD BATTALION.

Some months ago an amateur theatrical company borrowed eight rifles from the St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company. These rifles were to be used at a theatrical entertainment in the Theatre Royal. The practice was a common one and no one questioned it, until the terrible St. Jean Baptiste Company dared do as all other corps had done before them. The alarm was sounded. It was all a conspiracy to murder Orangemen. An informer named Smith, with the eagerness of a madman,

sent "special" information to head-quarters. "Two hundred stand of rifles" were stored away to slaughter the Orangemen. The informer did not communicate with the authorities who are placed in charge of the St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company, but he communicated with Ottawa direct. And Ottawa replied, for Ottawa could do nothing less. And then telegrams and telegrams, sleighs and orderlies were set to work, armouries searched, the mare's nest was found—the conspiracy exploded, and the informer Lung his head for very shame. But a wrong was done to a body of men, and an enquiry was demanded, but was never given. Well, we do not complain of that, because the military authorities have the power of doing as they please, and no satisfaction need be given. Well, some months pass, and the 12th of July comes. A battalion of men, some of whom were not, we are informed, sworn in, came to Montreal, and, in leaving it, they fired at and wounded some little boys who were playing at lacrosse. The outrage is glaring. Even their friends almost admit the crime. Everybody calls for an investigation, but so far no investigation has taken place. This time it is not a Catholic corps that has the charge preferred against it! This time it is an Orange battalion, and, dare we say, hence the silence. Occurring within the Province of Quebec, we have a right to expect that the Local Government would have taken some steps in the matter, but up to the present the Local Government has not budged. How often have we said that Reformers and Conservatives were alike, and is this not another proof of it! Our youths shot down by men who disgrace the British uniform, and not one word of enquiry, so far as we can learn. This is not fair, it is not soldierly. According to the articles of war an enquiry is a necessity, and unless Orangemen in uniform are at liberty to do as they please, that enquiry will take place. If it does not then a feeling of insecurity will overcome us all. Justice will be a fiction, and order will be threatened. Peace under such circumstances is hardly possible. If we are to have any guarantee that our lives are not to be placed at the mercy of men in whose impartiality we have no confidence, on every occasion of riot, this enquiry will not be burked. To the Government of Mr. Joly we have a right to look for help, and if we do not get it, well, we will receive another proof of the necessity of looking upon Reformers and Conservatives as equally hostile to everything affecting the interest of our people.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

(It will be understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.)

PARTY TUNES.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST. Sir,—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I invariably see mentioned made certain songs, one of which you call "Well kick the Pope before us," and the other "Croppies lie down," and which you ascribe to Orangemen. Now, I beg to differ with you in this matter. As to the first mentioned, there is no such song known to the Orangemen of that name, but it is a corruption of the song called "Bise re Sons of William," which is merely a marching tune and has no words whatever to it, although some ruffians have strung a parcel of insulting riddles together, (which no man who has any self-respect could bear without disgust) and sing it to that air, and which you must allow is not the fault of the Orangemen. As to "Croppies lie down," it is a song entirely unknown to Orangemen, in this city at any rate, and I for one never heard it in my life, but the tune which Catholics seem to think is "Croppies lie down," is no other than the "Protestant Boys," a marching tune, which has no words to it whatever, except some trash made up by scoundrels who have more wit than decency, and who have nothing to do with Orangemen. Hoping that you will, in justice to the Orange body, insert this, I remain yours, R. S.

THE REV. MR. CAMPBELL ON ORANGEMISM.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST: Sir,—On casually glancing over a back number of the Post, I came across a resume of a sermon delivered by the above gentleman on his congregation in the Point St. Charles Presbyterian Church. The substance of his remarks went to prove that Orangemism is instituted to uphold the Protestant succession to the crown of Great Britain and loyalty to the British throne. He then waxed wroth, and denounces the actors who caused the Orange celebration to terminate in the fiasco it did here on the last 12th of July, and winds up by expressing his indignation at the outrage and injustice perpetrated against Her Majesty's Orange subjects who, although the recognized champions of Protestantism, and loyal upholders of the Protestant succession and the British constitution, and civil and religious liberty, are thus shamefully treated in a British colony! Now, if facts are stronger proof than words, practice than professions, the principle of Orangemism is neither "Civil or Religious Liberty," nor ultra loyalty to crown, throne or country, but hatred of Catholicity. The murderous assault made by members of the Orange Order on a Catholic procession in Toronto not long ago, when Catholics thus attempted to exercise "Civil and Religious Liberty," and the treasonable conduct of the same order towards their future Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, at Kingston—sufficiently demonstrate the character of Orange loyalty and the hollowness of Orangemen's pretensions to be regarded as champions of "Civil and Religious Freedom" for all! The thing is simply ridiculous. Again—if Orangemism, according to Mr. Campbell, was solely founded and perpetuated to secure the British Succession and as a standing expression of ultra-loyalty to England's throne and welfare, how are we to account for the existence of the order in the Republic of the United States, for instance? How can its members there claim a *raison d'etre*? Certainly, the existence of the Orange organization under a Government such as our American neighbors glory in, is not only anomalous and illogical, but felonious and treasonable and can only be explained on the basis that I have already laid down—viz, that Orangemism is purely and simply fostered in hatred of Catholicity wherever found. X.

FACTS CONCERNING THE 51ST MILITIA BATTALION.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST. DEAR SIR,—As I observe you are agitating the volunteer question and calling loudly for a change, I beg to forward you some information relative to the 51st battalion. There is one company in this battalion, commanded by Captain Tiddes, which is exclusively Orange. There is one Catholic company, commanded by Captain St. Marie, in all the Orange element prevails more or less, except in the company mentioned. Numbers of men who had never before been volunteers and never will again, were uniformed for the occasion, and when a man in the cavalry could not obtain the uniform proper to his branch, he cheerfully accepted that of the 51st, and fell into line for the nonce, in order, as he said, to have a slap at the Montreal puppets. The Orange flag was hoisted by the battalion at Hemmingford, but Colonel Rogers sternly ordered it down, saying there should be no partyism in the corps. While in town and at the Tammany's the men got drunk—mostly the Orangemen—and were in a most helpless condition. They were the same class of men of whom Abercrombie said in 1797 in Ireland, "They are formidable only to themselves." This was more particularly observable in the skating rink. Yours truly, Centerville, July 28, 1878.

THE COMING DOMINION ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST. Sir,—As the elections for the Federal Parliament will soon be upon us, it is high time that a little wholesome agitation should be inaugurated on the subject for general guidance and edification. However faintly the line that divides the two great political parties of this country into Liberals and Conservatives is drawn, still such a line does exist, and is to-day, more than ever, well defined and settled. It shows that the platform of the *Reformers*, the actual governing party is Free Trade, while that of their opponents, the *Conservatives*, is Protection. The leaders on both sides concede that this is the issue upon which they rest their claims to the suffrage of the electors in the coming struggle for power. Therefore it can no longer be pretended, as has been the fashion in the past, that there is no appreciable difference between the policy of the Grits and that of the existing opposition at Ottawa, and that it is simply a question of "ins" and "outs" between them. Results of the most portentous nature to the welfare of the Dominion await the action of the people at the polls on this occasion, and their decision must make, mar or retard the prosperity of the country for the ensuing five years. From a variety of causes, which it would be too tedious here to analyse in detail, the Dominion Government have yearly continued to lose ground and *prestige*, until to-day, their prospects for a continuance in office after the forthcoming general elections look gloomy in the extreme. But, although it would be too voluminous for a short article like the present to give a detailed history of the causes, as I have said, that have lost the confidence of the bulk of the people to the Liberals, I may be permitted to state one of the most notorious—their persistent refusal to grant a readjustment of the tariff, or sufficient protection to home industries and manufactures. And on this line, I repeat, is the battle between the two parties to be fought out. It is well known that a great reaction in public sympathy and opinion has set in with regard to the nature of the measures and the policy of the Administration that ought to obtain at Ottawa. It is equally well known that Montreal will return no representative in either of its three constituencies who is not and has not been an open, declared and consistent advocate for protection. This is of vital, of paramount importance to its existence and well-being as the great manufacturing and industrial centre of British North America. The people of Montreal now owe it to themselves that they do not be duped a second time by sending to parliament *sham protectionists*, as was done in West Montreal. Let the citizens be on their guard and taboo any man who proclaims himself a follower of McKenzie and a friend to protection at the same time. Such a man is either a fool or a knave, or he takes his hearers to be such— for how, in the name of common sense and truth, can Mr. Bennett the cause of Protectionism by upholding a Government sworn to destroy it? The thing is a farce, and the proposition an absurdity. Still, we have seen such a farce enacted here not very long ago. For the sake of our common honor, integrity and intelligence, let us hope that this shameful part of our history will not repeat itself. In view of the foregoing, I have no hesitation in advising such action on the part of the voting community as shall ensure a change of Government at Ottawa. While writing in this connection, Mr. Editor, permit me to advert to an editorial or two that appeared in the Post a few days ago, advocating the election of at least one Independent member of Parliament for Montreal who should be a Catholic, and the special guardian of Catholic interests in the Dominion Parliament. The idea is a good one, but scarcely tenable or feasible. I fully agree with you that in the old country we find in the Legislature independent members—men who form a distinct political party, removed alike from the Liberal and Conservative camps. But it must not be forgotten that these men started out in political life as *Independents*—never having been adherents of either of the governing powers or their opponents—owing their neither allegiance nor service for favors received or expected. But the case is totally different in this country. Here we have never had an independent party in Parliament and the odd individuals who have from time to time entered it on that ticket, were soon swallowed up by one or other of the two great contending political factions into which all Legislative Assemblies are usually split up. So that it is with reason that Canadians look with suspicion upon candidates on the Independent ticket; and they are inclined to be doubly suspicious when they see a veteran politician—one who is known to be "double dyed in the wool" as a life long Grit or Conservative—suddenly turn his back on his old time associates and party, to enter, at the end of his days, on the new, perilous and oftentimes fruitless role of an Independent M.P. Now, although it is wrong to attribute motives to any man, I must confess that I have no confidence in such independent M.P.'s of the motives prompting their "new departure" in the arena of politics—a thing naturally repugnant to the formed habits of the age. The independence of such politicians is bogged of waning faith in the stability of the party to which they belong, or else, it is a dodge to save a constituency that might otherwise be lost to that party through the personal unpopularity of the candidate himself or the obnoxiousness of his politics. In any case, a man's character, and not his professions and hustings' harangues on the eve of an election, should be the test of his reliability and sincerity, and this test should

all the more rigidly enforced in the case of the veteran party men suddenly and unaccountably transformed into *Independents* when up for parliamentary honors. As regards the advocacy of Catholic interests on the floor of the House, they would hang fire forever if left in abeyance until taken up by Independent M.P.'s, who must, I fear, be counted for a long time to come as a solecism in Canadian politics, or as an exotic that something in our climate or atmosphere kills off as unerringly as that the destiny of man is death. But Catholic interests will not suffer thereby. There will always be found at Ottawa hosts of "good men and true," whether Grits or Tories, to watch over and preserve those interests intact. X.

[This is a strong party letter, but there is something more than party to consider now. It is time for "Pat" to open his eyes to the fact that this time, if never again, a protest must be entered against the tricksters on both sides.]

LETTER FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

To the Editor of the EVENING POST: DEAR SIR,—The Catholics of New Brunswick join hands with those of the old Province of Quebec, and particularly the proud city of Montreal, in the late movement relating to the 12th of July. We have watched the progress of events in Montreal with an anxious eye, and feel proud that in the Upper Provinces of the Dominion there is one newspaper published which has the proper stamina to come forth fearlessly and defend the rights of Catholics. We, too, are glad that unity exists between the French and Irish element; long may they live in good feelings towards each other, and long may their united strength combat the evils brought on this country by the "Orange Association." Too long have Catholics stood in dread of that accursed body of men, and we in this Province thought it strange that Montreal stood aloof to this day to the insults to them offered by that association, whose record is only remarkable for bloodshed and murder. We have every reason to be thankful to find that there is one Province of this Dominion where Catholics can breathe freely, and where their religion will not be insulted and feelings injured—very coming year. It is the dawn of a happy future for the Province of Quebec, and her sons, I hope, will live to cherish and respect the memory of Mayor Beaudry, for the noble and fearless stand taken by him in the late 12th of July, a day memorable to all Catholics, not only those of the Province of Quebec, but to all Catholics of the Dominion. We, in this Province of New Brunswick, have to witness a yearly occurrence of this degrading and insulting procession; we are in the minority in all the counties but two or three, and we seem to have been educated by necessity to look on these processions with silent contempt. But notwithstanding all that, there is a feeling of humiliation about it and those who possess the pure element of their Irish ancestry, to them the insults offered are not appreciated, but resented by whatever means may be at their disposal. We hope the day will come when the Catholics of the Lower Provinces will have a Government tolerant enough to pass a law that will prevent the walking in procession of this abominable class of people. But alas! I fear the day is far in the future. Some years we had a hope that a salutary law might be passed, but unfortunately our province, the last eight years, has been cursed by a Local Government whose equal was not on the face of the earth, Bismarck's hardly excepted. The Orange Association have been incorporated a few years ago, and they feel now they have the strong arm of the law for protection. The body is not very strong in any one county in particular, but are scattered over all the Province, and assemble from different parts to celebrate the day in one particular place. This year they celebrated the day in the town of St. Stephen, in the County of Charlotte, and a more degraded lot of character you would not see in any other procession. If the penitentiary were to let forth its inmates, it might possibly bear a comparison; but I know of no other place that would produce a *fac simile* to it. In 1874 we had our "No Popery" which was over our own Province, sweeping all before it. No candidate for the Local Legislature was qualified who could not curse Pope and Popery. Consequently the King Government continued in power for the first four years until this summer, when a general election took place, and elected a majority whose principles were utterly opposed to the late administration. The Local Government has, since the election, been re-organized, Fraser being Attorney-General; Witherburn, Provincial Secretary; Adams (Catholic), Surveyor-General; and Landry (Catholic), Chief Commissioner of Public Works, with five others without office. It is to be hoped that a brighter day is in the future for the Catholics of this Province, and that now since we have two Catholics in the Government, the notorious Godless school law that was forced on this Province in 1871 may be amended so that Catholics can take advantage of it generally and not in particular places as at present. So far the Board of Education, seeing that tolerant Protestants were disgusted with the oppression of the late administration, brought a proposal to bear on the Government, and in St. John, Fredericton, Woodstock and a few other places the Catholics take advantage of the law and work as well as possible under it. Yet, they are merely tenants-at-will and have no security, and know not at what time this small favor of toleration may be taken away from them. There are yet many places where the Boards of Trustees are so bigoted and prejudiced to anything Catholic that the small parcel of justice meted out in other places will not be given to them. Instance the towns of St. Stephen and Miltown, where the Catholics have built beautiful school rooms at their own expense and where their children were receiving the blessing of a religious education, have had to support their own school since 1871, and pay their taxes in support of the Protestant Public Schools. The Trustees being clothed with the power of the law, will accord nothing until the law is amended, compelling them to grant the same concessions that are given in St. John. We hope that the present Government will make the desired amendment to the School Law as will cause the bigoted officials to yield so that Catholics in any place will be no longer tenants-at-will, but have the legal right to have their children educated according to the dictates of their own conscience. George E. King, who was the leader of the late No-popery Government, is now taking the stump in the County of St. John, in the interests of the Sir John A. Macdonald party in the Dominion Parliament. There is little hope of his being elected. The Dominion election is the exciting topic of the day, but ere long I will lay before your readers how we progress in the premises. Crops of all kinds promise well. The hay crop is better here than it has been for many years. Oats and potatoes look well, and all other cereals promise an abundant yield. O.

HOW THEY SEE US.

The British Mercury and Daily Post, of the 15th of July, and published at Bristol, England, has the following about the present much talked of question...

DIZZY IN TANCRED.

The London Spectator says:—There is a story going about, founded, we believe, on good authority, that when some one quoted 'Tancred,' two or three months ago in Lord Beaconsfield's presence...

Let the Queen of the English collect a great fleet, let her stow away all her treasure, bullion, gold plate, and precious arms...

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MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

CHEAP RICE PUDDING.—Boil a pound of rice in three pints of water, till it is thoroughly soft. Stir in a small teaspoonful of powdered allspice...

POTATO SOUP MAIGRE.—Take large, mealy potatoes; peel, and cut them into small slices with an onion; boil them in three pints of water till tender...

A NICE DINNER OR SUPPER.—Cold meat, especially if rather underdone, may be readily made into a savory dish...

THE SAGACITY OF CATS.—The sagacity of cats has been greatly commented upon by naturalists and observers of animals.

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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

'What is a billberry?' Why its old Elder Berry's second boy. Didn't you know that? And now the physicians say that holding up the long dress trains make ladies crook-shouldered.

How sadly true it is that many a man who 'knows his own mind' doesn't know so very much after all.

It is said that Major Walker talks about himself in his sleep. He persists in saying he is M. P. 'Tis all a dream!

A lazy man's soliloquy:—'I would be quite willing to sit up at my meals if I could only lie down at my work.'

The quarantine regulation against freight and passengers from New Orleans, and Vicksburg to Memphis, is rigidly enforced.

Can temperance hotels live? It was the opinion of the late Artemus Ward that they couldn't, they always sold such poor whisky.

Punch gets off a very good thing in saying that there is between European Progress and European Congress all the difference between Pro and Con.

A wilful sin is the synonym of misery. If you could only hide things from yourself as you can from other people matters would take a different turn.

It is about as hard in these times for some people to collect their bills as it is for others to collect their wits, which is only another way of spelling bankruptcy.

'I wonder where these clouds are going,' sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky.

An old citizen in a country village, on having a subscription list handed to him toward purchasing a new lease for the place, thus excused himself:—'I paid \$5 for a new lease forty years ago, and me and my folks ain't had the benefit of it yet.'

'Grandfather's clock' did not believe in the 'No trust' principle, as 'Ninety years, without slumbering,' it went on 'tick, tick, tick,' and so it is no wonder that at last, 'It stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died.'

Owen Moore run away. Owing more than he can pay. He got up this morning feeling heavy at heart, without knowing the cause.

A young Mussulman who had abandoned the sect to which he had belonged, was murdered in the streets of Bombay on the 12th of June, by the Mookhee, a religious official whose duty it was to settle disputes among his caste fellows.

Epitaphs do not always tell the truth. When a citizen, greatly given to beer, but otherwise worthy, was suddenly taken off, his friends erected a monument to his memory, and had inscribed on it, 'Take him for all in all,' &c.

It is perfectly easy to say that you will do to-morrow what you ought to do to-day. We are all good enough to intend to do what is right, but the difficulty is to roll up our sleeves and go to work.

A bright little fellow of four years, whose correctness the father questioned, asking 'If Mary should tell you something that was not exactly so, what would you say?' he answered, 'I'd say she told a lie.'

They are telling now about a man in Duquenois who buried two dozen bottles of whiskey in his cellar twenty-three years ago and forgot all about them, and when they were accidentally dug up last week the whiskey was found to be superb.

A minister's life has frequent disappointments. During the great revival, a solid matter-of-fact farmer went into the inquiry room, and was at once taken in hand by anxious and zealous workers.

Some of the French jokes never so happy in all his life. NEVER SO HAPPY IN ALL HIS LIFE. Strange to say, the murderers of the present age are never so happy as when they are going to die.

A Russian general rides forward to the Grand Duke. 'I have the honor, your Imperial Highness, to announce a great victory.' 'Very well. Go and congratulate your troops.'

A Turkish pasha is surveying the field with his glass. An ad-de-camp rides up: 'All our artillery has been captured.' 'The pasha strokes his beard philosophically, and says, 'Fortunately it was not paid for.'

GROWTH OF WEALTH IN FRANCE.—From the Bulletin de Statistique of last month it appears that the capital value of the successions of all kinds in France on which duty was levied in 1826 amounted in round numbers to 532 millions sterling; thirty years later, or in 1856, it amounted to 88 millions sterling; and twenty years later still—that is, 1876—the amount has risen to 188 millions. It will be seen that in these fifty years the value of property which in a single year is ascertained to have passed by death to new owners was multiplied just three and a half times.

THE HORSE.

BONE SPAVIN.

This disease, so frequently the cause of lameness in those horses which use their hocks severely (as for example race-horse's hunters, carriage-horses, and more particularly cart-horses), consists in exostosis from the adjacent external surfaces of the tarsal bones, always showing itself at the inner side of the hock joint, on the scaphoid and cuneiform bones, and extending to the head of the internal small metatarsal bone.

The symptoms of spavin are a hard substance showing itself beyond the proper level of the hock joint. There may or may not be lameness, but if bone is thrown out the disease is established. In recent cases whenever the horse is worked he will after rest limp in his action, but the lameness soon goes off, and does not show itself again until the part has been suffered to become stiff by a rest of an hour or two.

The treatment should be directed to the abatement of the inflammation which gives rise to the pain, and also to promote absorption of the new growth. Veterinary surgeons are very apt to assert that the disease cannot be cured, and that a spavined horse will always remain the subject of it, and therefore unsound.

Practically it is known that many a hock which has been the seat of undoubted spavin loses all external enlargement, and no lameness is shown in it, although tried most severely through a series of years. Still on dissection after death, the ligaments will not show their natural white and glistening structure, and the tarsal bones will be to a certain extent united by ankylosis.

By comparing the two hocks, it will generally be seen that they are both exactly alike, while in spavin, although both joints may be the seat of mischief, yet they will seldom manifest the disease to the same extent.

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the horse it is only necessary to measure its comparative utility and the amount of pain which it gives. The former has been already considered, and as to the latter, if the irons are properly heated, I much doubt whether their action is not less painful than that of any other counter-irritant.

Col. FORNEY says a dissipated public man is a rarity in France; a drunkard in the French Assembly is unknown. It is said that 1,000 workmen are still employed about the buildings and grounds of the Paris Exposition.

The frightful exactions of the Paris coachmen would render industrious the most simple mortal. On Sunday, at the sortie of the Exposition, a good bourgeois hails a coachman and asks him most respectfully to conduct him to his domicile.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, DUKE STREET, Toronto, Ont. DIRECTED BY THE BROTHERS of the CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

BURY & MCINTOSH. ASSIGNEES AND ACCOUNTANTS, MOLSON'S BANK CHAMBERS, Corner St. James and St. Peter Streets.

HOUSEKEEPERS IN TOWN AND IN COUNTRY, REMEMBER No. 97, Rideau Street.

NEW DAIRY BUTTER. Received daily by Express from the Eastern Townships, very choice.

APPLS (very choice, for table use), ORANGES (Algeria, very sweet), LEMONS, BANANAS, and all kinds of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

KANSAS FARMS AND FREE HOMES. NOW TO GET THEM in the best part of the State, \$600,000 worth for sale.

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loin, are positively cured by

GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor; no matter how long standing the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days.

GRANT'S REMEDY MANUFACTURING CO., 534 Main Street, Worcester, Mass. July 31

INSURANCE.

Immense reduction made in our Summer Goods, sold at almost for nothing; the public in general commence to believe that our prices are the lowest in the city.

Go to Beauvais' for cheap Pants. Go to Beauvais' for cheap Shirts. Go to Beauvais' for cheap Suits. Go to Beauvais' for cheap Hats.

No fraud in our advertisement. Our prices are honest and just. I will invite every one to give me a call before going elsewhere.

I. H. BEAUVAIS, 190-ST. JOSEPH STREET—190 July 23.

D. BARRY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, 12 St. James Street, Montreal.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY, ADVOCATES, &c. No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal.

JOHN D. PURCELL, A. M., B. C. L., ADVOCATE, 146 St. James Street, Montreal.

MULLARKY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 8 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

W. E. MULLIN & Co., MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN BOOTS AND SHOES, 14 Chaboulay Square, near G.T.R. Depot, MONTREAL.

ROLLAND, O'BRIEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS & SHOES, 333 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

W. STAFFORD & Co., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF BOOTS AND SHOES, No. 6 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

RICHARD BURKE, Custom Boot and Shoe-Maker, 689 CRAIG STREET, (Between Beaubien & Herminie Streets) Montreal.

D. LAMONTAGNE, 46 BONSECOURS STREET. Painting, Glazing, Paper-Hanging, White-Washing, Coloring.

M. FERON, Undertaker, 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

P. DORAN, UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER, 188 & 188 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

WOOD AND IRON COFFINS. Or all descriptions constantly on hand and supplied on the shortest notice.

WILLIAM HODSON, ARCHITECT, No. 50 & 61 ST. BONAVENTURE ST., Montreal.

THOMAS KERMODE, WIRE WORKER, 30 BEURVY STREET.

MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price List and Circulars sent free.

FREE POPE LEO'S Photograph. Enclose 2 Stamps for postage. KEENE, DALL & Co., Boston, Mass. 443

BEATTY. Another battle on high prices Raging. Wait on the monopolist's renewed. Buy Beatty's latest Newspaper full copy (sent free) before buying PLANO or ORGAN. Ready Latest War Circular. Lowest prices ever given. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

JODIN & CO. IRON FOUNDERS, STOVES, MACHINERIES, &c. SALES ROOMS, 309 ST. PAUL STREET, Montreal. FOUNDRY AT LONGUEUIL, Prov. Quebec.

FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMA. QUEBEC PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, SEPTEMBER 1875. IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE, FOR HOTEL AND FAMILY USE. OVER 200 IN USE IN THIS CITY.

FOR SALE AT JOHN BURNS, 675 Craig St.

IMPERIAL FRENCH COOKING RANGE. HENCHLEY'S HOTEL, QUEBEC, 18th October, 1877. MR. JOHN BURNS.

REPAIRS OF REFRIGERATORS. Now is the time to leave your orders, which will be properly attended by MEILLEUR & CO.

ST. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET.

CUNNINGHAM BROS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty. MANTLES AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c. MADE TO ORDER.

OWEN McGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE, Nos. 7, 9, and 11, ST. JOSEPH STREET.

LAWLOR'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES. Price \$35 with attachments. THE NEW LAWLOR FAMILY MACHINE.



J. D. LAWLOR, Manufacturer, AGENT FOR New York and Paris Fashion 'Co's 'Recherche' Paper Patterns.

J. P. NUGENT, Merchant Tailor and Clothier, 157 St. Joseph Street. (Sign of the Red Ball) FIRST-CLASS FIT and WORKMANSHIP guaranteed.

BUCKLE & BELL FOUNDRY. Established in 1837. Superior Bell of Copper and Tin, Castings for Churches, Schools, Farms, Factories, Coal Hoists, Pile Drivers, Flour Mills, Chimneys, etc. Fully Warranted.

BLUMYER MFG CO. Church, School, Fire-alarm, Fire-proof, safe, carriage, marks and labels, Caskets, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to.

PATENTS. Obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks and labels, Caskets, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to.

Address: LOUIS BAGGER & Co., Solicitors of Patents and Attorneys at Law, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO. (Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto.) Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 90 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, ETC. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England, Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for inferior article hitherto used here for Stained Glass. The best Memorial Windows. Send for prices, &c.

PRIZES RECEIVED: LONDON 1871. PHILADELPHIA 1876--FIRST PRIZE.

GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID. A most pleasant and agreeable Hair-Dressing—cooling, stimulating and cleansing.

THE MIC-MAC-REMEDY. ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MAJOR LANE. A SPECIFIC FOR SMALL-POX.

DEAR SIR,—I telegraphed for a package of your Small-Pox Remedy on last Friday, which I received the following day. I would have instantly responded and forwarded the money, but thought I would wait the result of its trial.

THE REMEDIES OF J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D. Dispensing Chemist, 301 St. Joseph St. (From the Commercial Review.)

Dr. Coderre's Expectoating Syrup. For the last thirty years the Expectoating Syrup has been known as a treat with never-failing relief for Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Affections of the Lungs, &c.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup. Can be given with impunity to infants in cases of Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful Cancers, Inability to Sleep, Coughs, &c., and is now regarded as the standard remedy for the above.

Dr. Coderre's Tonic Elixir. Is specially adapted for women requiring the use of tonics and alterant agents. Its use can be continued without any inconvenience.

Dr. Coderre's Infants' Syrup, Tonic Elixir, Expectoating Syrup. We, the undersigned Physicians, after carefully examining the above Proprietary Remedies as manufactured by J. E. Coderre, M. D., do certify that they are carefully prepared with medical substances suitable for the treatment of the diseases for which they are recommended.

For sale by all the principal Druggists in the Dominion at the following prices: DR. CODERRE'S INFANTS' SYRUP, 25c per bottle; EXPECTORATING 50c & 40c.

Prepared by J. EMERY-CODERRE, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Victoria College, Montreal.

B. E. McGALE, Chemist, 301 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Montreal.

GOLD. Any worker can make \$12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address 25-L TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

STILL GOING ON! THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON! We are determined to CLEAR OUT our entire stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE AT THOMAS BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

HATS! HATS!!! FOR THE MILLION, AT EDWARD STUART'S, Corner Notre Dame and McGill streets. The best and most reliable place to get cheap, stylish and serviceable Hats.

THE MAMMOTH. JOHN. A. RAFTER & CO., 450 Notre Dame Street.

The Stock of DRY-GOODS held at the above address comprises a full assortment of useful and cheap goods, as will prove by the following price list, and every article is sold at a low price.

Blankets for Mass and Best. Stocks of White Blankets, selling from \$1.75 to \$3.50.

Table Linen Department. Grey Table Linen, price from 14c. to 50c.

White and Grey Cottons. Horrocks White Cottons, full stock. Water Treated White Cottons, price from 5c.

Tweeds, Coatings, &c. Large lot of Tweeds for Boys, only 30c. Largest lot of All Wool Tweeds, only 30c.

Underclothing Department. Men's Canada Shirts and Drawers, prices, 35c.

Our Retail Establishment. THE EXTENSIVE CLOTHING HOUSE OF J. G. KENNEDY.

It has been the aim of the Commercial Review, in the exhibits we have made of the various branches of industry, to show our city abounds, to mention only those establishments that can be fairly called representatives of their trade.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. A large Stock just received. To be sold cheap.

MEILLEUR & CO'S, 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY.

P. O'NEIL, DEALERS IN Hay, Oats, and General Feed Store. The best quality of PRESSED HAY always on hand at Reasonable Prices.

SEWERAGE OF CITIES (MONTREAL IN PARTICULAR) BY A SANITARY ENGINEER.

It has been always the case that people have been very dilatory in taking precautions against sickness, and that it is only when they are attacked they begin to get alarmed.

Citizens generally do not give this subject a thought; they place such matters in the hands of a few persons (town councillors, for example), who undertake to do everything that is required for the health, comfort and convenience of the citizens.

In contemplating the horrors of war, we become appalled and terrified, and yet war has never been so destructive to human life as those diseases which could be prevented by a use of those pecuniary measures recommended by sanitary science.

That the origin of those diseases which prove so fatal to the lives of children is generated in the sewers, and that the germs of the diseases are created therein, do not now admit of any doubt whatever.

"In consequence of an outbreak of diphtheria in Homsey, Mr. Oakeshott, the medical officer of health for the district, instituted inquiries and traced the cause to the escape of sewer gas into houses.

At the present time he is attending a family where two children are dangerously ill of diphtheria. He says that under ordinary circumstances there would be no difficulty in restoring these children to health.

This was the cause of the sickness and mortality among the children at Fortis Green, and the same is the cause of sickness and mortality among the children in Montreal.

Now as to Mr. Kearney's mission here. The labor organizations of this city and vicinity have held meetings and perfected a plan for a suitable reception to the great agitator.

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DENNIS KEARNEY. THE CALIFORNIA AGITATOR'S CAREER FROM BOYHOOD—WHAT HE PROPOSES TO EFFECT IN HIS VISIT TO MASSACHUSETTS.

A long, low wooden building, divided into two dwellings, stands on North Beacon street, in the pleasant suburb of Brighton.

In answer to some inquiries Mrs. Kearney stated that she has been a widow now twenty years; her husband, Michael Kearney, died six months before her seventh son was born.

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against the new political departure. Should it assume any degree of importance Butler will undoubtedly jump on the top of the wave and steer for the Governorship and ultimately for the Presidency.

PROPOSED LABOR MEETINGS. The readers of the Herald are familiar with the history of Kearney in San Francisco, his sand lot meetings, his arrest and trial for inciting revolution, and his great court of the workmen.

WILSON & GREIG'S BOOKKEEPER, CARRIER AND ANOTHER CLERK OFFERS THEIR SERVICES. When Wilson & Greig, the dry goods dealers of No. 771 Broadway, went into bankruptcy, and were found, on taking stock, to be \$100,000 behindhand, their creditors were puzzled as to what became of it, and they themselves seemed equally mystified.

IN this city Captain Phillips came to learn that Phillips intended quitting New York for Connecticut and had set down yesterday for his departure.

"Hendrickson asked me," said Phillips, "if I wanted to make some money? I inquired how. He said, when I sell a bill of goods, instead of giving the money and check to the cash boy I will deliver it to you myself.

Armed with this information Captain Byrnes went to Mr. Wilson, the senior partner of the firm, and asked his opinion of Hines. The bookkeeper, that gentleman said, was eminently trustworthy; he himself had testified to that under oath at the bankruptcy proceedings.

"Well," said the Captain, "Mr. Hines is a thief who has been robbing you right along and I have come here to arrest him."

Mr. Wilson was thunderstruck, but the bookkeeper was escorted to the Mercer street station house, where he was constrained to admit his guilt, but pleaded that Phillips had led him to it.

Now as to Mr. Kearney's mission here. The labor organizations of this city and vicinity have held meetings and perfected a plan for a suitable reception to the great agitator.

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CHEAPSIDE

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

437 & 439 NOTRE DAME ST.

HOSIERY.

COTTON, ERINO, LAMBS WOOL.

White Sox, Nos. 1 to 6. Colored Sox. Children's White Sox, 1 to 6. Colored Sox, 1 to 6. Boys Cotton Hose for Knickerbockers—Slate, Seal Brown, Navy Blue, Gray and Fancy. Seamless, no lumps in the toes or heels, from 15c to 35c per pair.

Underclothing.

Ladies Merino Vests, high neck and Long sleeves Ladies Merino Vests, low neck and short sleeves. Ladies Merino Vests and Pants. Boys Merino Vests and Pants. Girls Merino Vests and Pants.

Canadian Hosiery.

We are now offering an excellent make of Cotton Hosiery, of Canadian manufacture. We desire our customers to examine these goods carefully and give them a trial, for the following reasons:—

FIRSTLY—They are manufactured in Canada. SECONDLY—They possess great merit, and deserve attention. THIRDLY—We recommend them.

Small Wares—Linen Goods—Cotton Goods—Gloves—Black Gloves—Dress Goods.

TAILORED DEPARTMENT Up-stairs (East side).

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Cords, in seal brown, green, navy blue and olive green. Persian Cords, all colors, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, etc. Debages, grey and brown (all wool), 30c to 60c. Cashmeres, all wool, in checks, all colors, 30c up. Homespun, all wool, 20c up.

Grenadines.

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

Small Wares.

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

Corsets—Crompton Make.

Queen Bess Corsets, with shoulder straps and slight support. Corsets for Children. Children's Bands. Corsets, French Goods, at 50c each.

Domestic Goods.

English Prints, from 6c to 17c per yard. Brown Cotton from 7c up. White Cotton from 5c up. An extra bargain in 36 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 12c per yard.

Gloves.

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

ALEXANDRES!

IOUVIN'S!

JOSEPHINES!

Best Makers.

Silk Thread Gloves, all colors, 5c up. Fined Silk Gloves, all colors. Pure Silk Gloves.

Umbrellas.

Cotton, 30c up. Zephyr. Alpaca. Silk. Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas.

Ladies' Silk Scarfs and Ties.

A magnificent assortment. GO TO CHEAPSIDE, 437 AND 439 NOTRE DAME STREET, BARGAINS IN ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

A. A. MURPHY,

PROPRIETOR.

(ESTABLISHED 1819.)

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE NOMINATIONS.

The Junior Conservative Club and the Cartier Liberal Club met Tuesday night in Perry's Hall, to nominate candidates for the coming Dominion Elections. The meeting was large and select. Mr. M. P. Ryan, was unanimously accepted as the nominee for the Centre Division. Mr. T. White, of the Gazette, was nominated for the West.

Mr. O'Farrell said, in reference to Mr. White's nomination, that he, as an Irish Catholic, could not conscientiously support Mr. White on account of the sectarian and partizan stand his paper had taken on the Oka and other questions.

Several gentlemen of the Cartier Club seeming to entertain the same opinion. Mr. White's name was withdrawn and that of M. H. Gault substituted. This last nomination was enthusiastically received and adopted. Mr. Gault was taken by surprise at the nomination (he was in the chair), and asked until to-day to consider, but there is little doubt that he will accept.

Judge Coursol will contest the Eastern Division in the Conservative interest. It is said that Mr. B. Devlin, M.P., will run for Montreal Centre on the Independent ticket, and also that Mr. F. B. McNamee will stand in the interest of no party. Meanwhile a good many of the young men of the city of both parties grumble against the present method of nominating candidates without their consent, and talk of taking that step themselves. Dr. Sheridan is spoken of as the candidate of the latter.

A POSSIBLE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE INTERVIEWED—DR. SHERIDAN'S POLITICAL OPINIONS. Owing to the dissatisfaction expressed by a great many of the electors, especially those of Montreal Centre, at the manner in which candidates for Parliamentary honors are nominated at present, a Post reporter visited Dr. Sheridan, a possible candidate, yesterday in order to have an expression of opinion outside the party lines on the questions of agitating the public mind and to find out wherein the grievance lay. The doctor was at home and the following is the result of the interview:—

REPORTER (after the usual salutations): Doctor, I hear you are a candidate for Montreal Centre.

DOCTOR SHERIDAN—Well, I'm not so sure of that. Several parties have spoken to me on the matter, and have given me encouraging promises, but it depends upon what my chances of success will be, according to my own judgment, whether I stand or not.

R.—Well, suppose you do consent to stand, what party will you support?

S.—I shall support no party; I stand as an Independent.

R.—Oh, as an Independent, but Mr. Devlin is on that ticket already.

S.—So I hear, but do you seriously believe that Mr. Devlin can be anything else but a thick and thin Grit or Reformer or Liberal, or what ever else you may call it. Mr. Devlin has clear perception of right and wrong, he possesses great intelligence, and he knows exactly what the Irish Catholics want, yet such is his political fidelity that he cannot possibly travel out of the groove he has been placed in, and if he attempted it the eye of McKenzie could arrest him. I think Mr. Devlin is a slave to his party, and it would be well his constituents relieved him of his chains. The miserable figure Mr. Devlin cut in the New Brunswick School question and the O'Donoghue affair, and all for the sake of a party, stamp him as not only a partizan, but a blind one.

R.—There are complaints made about the nominating business; what do you think of them?

S.—I have no objection whatsoever; I think they are justified in nominating whomever they please, but the Irish Catholics would be fools if they accepted their nominations. I, for one, most respectfully beg leave to be excused. I think, considering the small number of representatives we have, a say should be given us. It is not at all improbable that the same men who came here on the 12th of July came also on the 30th.

R.—You object then to Mr. Ryan's candidature?

S.—Not at all; you make a mistake. I merely object to the method of nominating him.

R.—Well, don't you think he would make a good member?

S.—Certainly, and an honest one, but what we want at present is an independent one. Mr. Ryan is a strict partizan. He thinks more of party than anything else, and besides, I don't think he took the prominent stand he should have taken on the Orange question.

R.—Why; what would you have him do?

S.—I should like to have seen him go in heartily with Mayor Beaudry and his co-reformers. He was afraid of losing the Protestant vote.

R.—What about protection, would you advocate it?

S.—Certainly and heartily. At the same time I can understand a man may be honest and be a free trader. I am not a bigoted protectionist, and would imitate the policy of England in that respect at least, which is to have protection when it is required, and free trade when it is required, or a modification of both.

R.—To what cause do you ascribe the present depression of trade?

S.—Some artificial and some natural. An artificial one is the gross incapacity and mismanagement of the Government, over production, lack of reciprocity with the United States, and a bad harvest or two. I think there should be legislation in the direction of the banks; there is too much inflation.

R.—As regards inflation, I don't quite understand; will you kindly explain yourself further?

S.—Yes; I will give you an instance. The Bank of Montreal, for instance, has a nominal capital of \$40,000,000, but a real one of only \$12,000,000. This bank is controlled by a few wealthy men, who curb the enterprise of a few citizens and grow wealthy themselves. This system has a tendency to make the rich richer and the poor poorer still; in fact, to increase the dividing line between them to a chasm. I think the money in the banks should be encouraged to circulate.

R.—What are your views on the Orange question?

S.—Those of every sensible man, that it is a fraud as well as a nuisance, and it should be legislated out of existence. I would also say that the Civil Service should be modified, competitive examination should not be the sham it generally is, and preferment and promotion should go by merit.

R.—That's all very well; but if you got into Parliament you would rather give your brother or cousin a life than any one else.

ten system of strict party government, and require a change. They also think that it should not necessarily follow because a man is old and wealthy and a back he is entitled to a seat in Parliament. The French Canadians give their young men a chance, as witness the young journalists and lawyers they have in the Commons—Fréchet, Laurier, Chapleau, Caron, Climon, Oulmette and a dozen others, who do credit to themselves and their country. It seems any one is good enough for the Irish, provided he has a little of money and a trifle of assurance. I may say, in conclusion, that the French or Irish Catholics should have a member for the West until Toronto becomes liberal enough to elect one Catholic.

R.—Would you support a Prohibitory liquor law?

S.—No; I am a teetotaler myself, and have been so all my life, but I could not think of placing restrictions on a man's liberty and dictating to him what he should eat and what he should drink. I know numbers of people whose health would suffer if they were deprived of their usual glass of sherry.

CITY ITEMS.

SWORN IN.—Mr. J. B. Galipeau, contractor of this city, was sworn in last Saturday by Mr. Schiller as a justice of the peace.

PERSONAL.—We are pleased to notice the arrival in town of the Hon. James Mulligan, of Lexington, Ky. No doubt he will feel much pleasure in renewing his Montreal associations, as he graduated some years ago as one of the distinguished alumni of St. Mary's (Jesus) College, Bleuery street.

SISTERS OF MERCY.—The corner stone of a new church for the Sisters of Mercy was laid Sunday, afternoon, before a large attendance, at the corner of Campeau and Dorchester streets. The Rev. Vicar General Moreau presided at the ceremony. The building was beautifully decorated.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday morning a child, 23 months old, belonging to John Madigan, was run over and accidentally killed by one of the ice wagons belonging to Mr. Henault. In the afternoon an inquest was held by Coroner James, when the jury returned a verdict of 'accidental death and not otherwise.'

BLOWN DOWN.—A whole row of houses was blown down last week in the village of St. Gabriel. The houses were situated on the lower Lachine road near Wellington Crosses. They had been erected for some time and were waiting to receive a plastering. They were certainly not very firmly established, and it would be just as near the truth to say they fell down as that they were blown down. The posts were small and were warped, and the wood work was held together with four inch nails. It is a blessing no one lived in them.

FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late Mr. Patrick Muldoon took place Tuesday, from his late residence on Stanley street. The cortege was a long and most respectable one, in addition to which every class and creed seemed to be thoroughly represented. The mournful procession wended its way to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem was celebrated. After the obituary services were over the friends of the family reformed and proceeded to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The number of carriages, buggies and other vehicles which were in the procession was simply amazing. Notwithstanding the length of time the deceased gentleman resided in this city, his nearest, and perhaps his dearest, friends would not have anticipated such a turnout as that which attended the remains of the respected gentleman to the grave. A number of our most prominent citizens, among whom were Ald. Wilson, Laberge, Thiabaudou and Henry Starnes, Messrs. Fougere, Thomas White, M. H. Gault, Francis Dolan, M. C. Mullarky, C. Egan, W. O. Farmer, were present, and the funeral, on the whole, was one of the largest seen in Montreal for some time.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Lieut. C. E. Gladstone, R.N., England, is at the Russell House.

August the 29th has been settled upon as the Kingston Civil holiday.

Mr. Cote, it is believed, will oppose Mr. Malouin in Quebec Centre.

Dr. Trupper left Halifax yesterday morning for Liverpool, Quebec's County.

Lieutenant Gladstone, Royal Navy, son of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is at Ottawa.

Silver ore from Lake Superior is being shipped to England via Quebec.

New barley, 45 pounds to the bushel, was sold at Belleville yesterday.

There are 150 more names on the Petersville, Ont., voters' list this year than last.

The Dominion Telegraph Company have opened an office at Bloomfield, Ont.

The Toronto corporation adhere to the taxation of 25 mills on the dollar for the ensuing year.

The Haligonians lost, it is estimated, three or four thousand dollars on the Ross-Hanlon boat-race fizzle.

A corpse was found on a raft passing through the canal at Welland, and a murder is thought to have been committed.

It is stated that an Imperial Regiment of Guards will be stationed at Ottawa during the term of office of the Marquis of Lorne.

LACOLLE, Que., August 3.—Richard Foster, for about fourteen years assistant postmaster at this place, died suddenly, while sitting in his chair, between six and seven o'clock. Mr. Foster had been suffering from disease of the heart for some time, consequently his death, though sudden, was not altogether unexpected. He was universally respected by all who knew him.

TORONTO, August 5.—In the House of Providence, a Roman Catholic charitable institution, one of the inmates, David Brady, died yesterday. He was born February 5, 1785. He joined the militia in 1808, and after serving four years, enlisted in the 20th (infantry), which was then stationed in Liebourg, France. Brady fought in four engagements against Bonaparte. On April 10, 1818, he was stationed at St. Helena, and was one of the twelve men who carried Bonaparte to his grave.

Richard J. Hovendon, a painter, has entered an action for libel against Daniel Spry, Post Office Inspector. Both are prominent members of the Masonic fraternity, and the suit is the result of a quarrel about Masonic matters. Hovendon has retained Cameron & McMichael, and Blake, Kerr & Boyd, Kerr being Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.

There was a very fair attendance of farmers and market gardeners at our markets to-day and prices remain firm.

Poultry.—Spring turkeys, sell from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pair; spring geese, 80c to \$1.25 per doz; spring chickens, 25c to 50c per doz; wild pigeons, \$1.50 per dozen.

GRAIN.—Remains about the same as last quotation. Flour, \$2.50 to \$2.60 per bag; Indian meal, \$1.15 per bag, white and yellow. Corn, 50c per bush. Old peas, 80c per bag. Moulie, \$1.20 per bag. Cribblings, \$1.00 per bag.

MAPLE SUGAR 7c to 8c per lb. EGGS 10c to 12c per lb. BUTTER—Fresh Print, 25c to 30c per lb; medium tub, 15c to 16c per lb.

VEGETABLES.—There was a very poor assortment in the markets to-day. Cabbage sold from 2c to 6c per dozen; carrots, 13c per dozen; early rose potatoes, 90c to \$1 per bushel; turnips, 50c per dozen; cucumbers, 25c to 45c per dozen; sweet Indian corn, 15c per dozen; Bermuda onions, \$1.25 per crate; new tomatoes, 55c per bush; new peas, in pods, 50c per bush; do peas, 60c; cauliflower, \$1.20 per doz.

FRUIT.—There was a very large supply in this line to-day. Blueberries were very abundant, as over 8,000 boxes arrived by the steamer "Quebec" this morning and sold from 5c to 6c per box. Peaches, \$2.00 to \$2.50; apples, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per bush; pears, \$1 per crate; bell do., 85c per bush; oranges, \$7 per box; melons, \$1.00 to 6.00 per dozen; lemons, 50c per dozen; blackberries, 50c per gallon; blue plums, 50c to 60c per gallon; lemons, per case, \$13.

VIGOR MARKET.—AUGUST 6, 1878. There was a large number of live stock offered for sale at this market to-day. Buyers were very scarce, and prices remain firm.

MILK COWS.—There were very few offered, and brought from \$18 to \$30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Were very plentiful, the former selling from \$3.50 to \$5.50; latter from \$2 to \$3.50.

LIVE HOGS.—Are in fair demand at from \$4.50 to \$5.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONTHLY TEST. Number of purchasers served during month July, 1878, 21,416. August, 19,175. Increase, 2,241.

S. CARSLY'S PRICES. Mosquito Netting, 68 in. wide, 58c per full piece. Good Curtain Muslin, 5c yard. Good Curtain Net, 7c per yard. Good Useful Muslin Curtains, 65c set. Good Useful Lace Curtains, 75c set.

TASSO LINENS. All our Tasso Linens are reduced to cost price. Good Tasso Linen, 1 yard wide, reduced to only 13c yard. Extra Good Tasso Linen, 17c yard. Splendid Value Tasso Linen, 20c yard. Very Fine Tasso Linen, 25c yard. Best Tasso Linen reduced to only 25c.

GALATEA STRIPES. Good Striped Galatea, 1c yard. Extra Good Striped Galatea, 15c yard. Splendid Value Striped Galatea, reduced to only 18c yard. Extra Value in Fancy Striped Galatea, reduced to only 25c yard.

LINEN DRILLS. Good Striped Linen Drill, 13c yard. Good Useful Striped Linen Drill, 15c yard. Extra Value Striped Linen Drill, 20c yard. Best Value Striped Linen Drill, 25c yard. Splendid Value Check Linen Drill, 28c yard. Good Plain Linen Drill, 15c yard. Very Good Plain Linen Drill, 20c yard. Splendid Cream Linen Drill, 27c yard.

DRESS GOODS. Original Price. Reduced Price. All-Wool French Debages. Original price 27c. Reduced price 10c per yard. Washing Challis. Original price 22c. Reduced price, 10c per yard. Silk and Wool Bareges. Original price, 33c. Reduced price, 10c per yard. Twill Debages. Original price, 18c. Reduced price, 14c per yard. Washing Mohair. Original price, 21c. Reduced price, 15c per yard. Scotch Debages. Original price, 20c. Reduced price, 16c per yard. Brillantine. Original price, 25c. Reduced price, 17c per yard. Scotch Mohair. Original price, 27c. Reduced price, 19c per yard. Turkish Serges. Original price, 20c. Reduced price, 21c per yard.

SPECIAL LOT. Real Alpaca. Original price, 25c. Reduced price, 19c per yard. British Cloth. Original price, 28c. Reduced price, 21c per yd. French Brillantine. Original price, 20c. Reduced price, 28c per yard.

S. CARSLY, 393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. And 8 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY. SECOND ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, OF THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL, TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, under the auspices of the above Society will be held on SATURDAY, AUG. 10;

Berths and State-rooms secured at OWEN MCGARVEY & SON'S, 7 St. Joseph street. Steamer "Canada" will leave Jacques Cartier Wharf at 2.30 p.m. TICKETS, \$2.00; CHILDREN, \$1.00.

JNO. WARREN, Rec-Sec.

THE EVENING POST.

A JOURNAL OF

Commerce, Finance, Trade, Politics,

LITERATURE AND NEWS.

Three editions are published daily, in time for all out-going mails, and containing the LATEST NEWS from all parts of the world, up to the hour of going to press.

The immense popularity which has attended the EVENING POST since its first appearance on the 10th of June last, and the unprecedented circulation which it has attained in so short a time, warrant the publishers in expressing the hope that before long it will have won a position of influence, and a circulation second to no other daily newspaper in the Dominion.

TO AGENTS.

In order to further increase the circulation and influence of the EVENING POST in every part of the Dominion, the publishers offer LIBERAL CASH INDUCEMENTS TO SPECIAL AGENTS who may employ the whole, or a portion of their spare time in procuring new subscribers, either for the EVENING POST or TRUE WITNESS. Printed circulars giving full instructions and information will be forwarded to any address on application, also sample copies of either of the papers.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the EVENING POST renders it an INVALUABLE MEDIUM whereby Businessmen can bring their goods under the notice of an appreciative public.

Casual advertisements are charged for at the rate of 8 cents per line of solid Nonpareil for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Contract advertisements, from one to twelve months, are charged for according to the time, space and page inserted in, and according to the rates set forth in our printed tariff card which may be had on application to the office. These rates are in accordance with the times.

Advertisements on the first page and under the following headings:— SITUATIONS VACANT, ROOMS or APARTMENTS TO LET, BOARD, LOST or FOUND and PERSONAL, are inserted for half a cent per word each insertion, prepaid.

FOR SALE, SPECIFIC ARTICLES FOR SALE or WANTED, one cent per word each insertion prepaid.

SITUATIONS WANTED, three insertions free, when not exceeding fifteen words, over fifteen words half a cent per word each insertion, prepaid. All advertisements appear in each of the editions of the EVENING POST without extra charge.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Invariably in advance.) City Subscribers, (delivered) \$4.00 per year. One Year, postage paid, \$3.00. Six Months, " " 1.50. Three Months, " " 0.75.

Club Rates, five or more copies at \$2.50 a year. Clergymen, Heads of Colleges, Convents, Teachers actually in charge of schools, and Postmasters, when ordering direct from the office:— One Year, cash in advance, \$2.50. Six Months, " " 1.25. Three Months, " " 0.75.

The EVENING POST is a paper for the MERCHANT, THE BANKER, THE PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, THE FARMER, THE MECHANIC, and the FAMILY CIRCLE, and no one having a due regard for his own intellectual or business interests can afford to be without it.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. At this season of the year any one wishing to have the paper on trial for one month can do so by sending us 25 cents.

The JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT of the EVENING POST is replete with facilities for executing all kinds of work usually done in a First-class Printing House, such as—Cards, Bill-Heads, Letter Heads, Programmes, Circulars, Pamphlets, Wedding Cards, Legal Forms, Facutums, Posters, &c. Estimates furnished and charges made as low as any other establishment in the Dominion. Orders by Mail promptly executed.

THE

True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

WEEKLY EDITION OF THE EVENING POST

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

This old established and reliable journal, now in its twenty-eighth year, has been amalgamated with the EVENING POST, by which means the Publishers have been enabled to enlarge it to 48 columns, and reduce the price from \$2.00 to \$1.50 per annum. It is a most excellent paper for those who cannot afford, or have not the time, to read a daily paper. It contains a full synopsis of the EDITORIALS and NEWS of the week selected from the columns of the EVENING POST with great care. With a view to its being especially interesting to the Farmer, full reports of the STATE OF THE MARKETS both in town and country will be given each week, together with other interesting matter of importance to the agriculturist.

A CAREFULLY selected and interesting story from the pen of the most BRILLIANT and MORAL authors will be found in each succeeding number. Owing to the reduction in price and the increased amount of reading matter, it is expected that the TRUE WITNESS circulation (already very large) will be greatly augmented, thus making it a desirable medium for the Farmers of the country wishing to purchase or dispose of their Farms, Stock, &c. Attention is invited to the undermentioned RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Casual advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion. Contract advertisements, 1 year \$1.50 per line. Six months \$1.00. Three months 50 cents. Eight words are the average for a line.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, \$1.50 a year in advance. City Subscribers (delivered) \$2.00. Club Rates, five or more copies at \$1.00 a year. Clergymen, Heads of Colleges, Convents, Teachers actually in charge of schools, and Postmasters, \$1.25 per annum. Subscribers can see by the stamped wrapper on each paper when their subscriptions expire, and are respectfully requested to renew before the time, so as to avoid confusion and delays in getting the paper continuously. This is the rule in all well regulated newspaper offices.

Subscriptions either for the EVENING POST or TRUE WITNESS may be sent in a registered letter, or by Money Order made payable to the order of the undersigned, as well as all communications relating to business. Communications intended for publication to be addressed to the "Editor," items of interest in any locality will be gladly received and inserted, but correspondents should be as brief as possible, and should write on one side of the paper only.

M. C. MULLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS & PUBLISHERS, 761 CRAIG STREET, West of Victoria St., MONTREAL.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS

FOR THE

SCHOOL TERM OF 1878-79.

The Metropolitan Primer. Do 1st Reader. Do 2nd " Do 3rd " Do 4th " Do 5th " Do 6th " Do Young Ladies' Reader. Do Speller and Definer. Do Catechism of Sacred History. Do Illustrated Bible History. Do English Grammar. Do Key.

Brown's First Lines of English Grammar. Do Institutes. Murray's Grammar revised by Putnam. Murray's do revised by Kearney. Murray's Large Grammar. Metropolitan do with analysis. Stepping Stone to do. Butler's Catechism for the Diocese of Quebec. Do do for the Diocese of Toronto. Keenan's Doctrinal Catechism. Catechism of Perseverance. Boy's Elements of Rhetoric. Quackenbos' First Lesson in Composition. Do do Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric.

Bridges' Algebra. A Treatise on Mensuration for the use of Schools. Sangster's Elementary Arithmetic. Sangster's National Arithmetic. Packard's Complete Course of Business Training. Do do with Key for Teachers and Private Students. Bryant and Stratton's High School Book Keeping. Bryant and Stratton's Counting House Book Keeping. Sadler's New Book Keeping Blanks. Day Book. Journal. Cash Book. Ledger. National Pocket Dictionary. Do Large do. Worcester's Primary do. Nugent's Improved French and English, English and French Dictionary. Spliers' and Sarrenee's French and English Dictionary. Chambers' Dictionary of the Latin Language, containing Latin and English, English and Latin, by W. R. Chambers.

Introduction to English History. Do do for the advanced Classes. Fredel's Modern History. Do Ancient History. The Child's History of Canada, by Miles. The School History of Canada. Northern's History of the Catholic Church, with Questions adapted to the use of Schools. Mitchell's New Series of Geographies. First Lessons in Geography. New Primary do. New Intermediate do. New Physical do. Finnock's Catechism of Geography. Stepping Stone to Geography. Lovell's Easy Lessons in Geography. Do General Lessons in do. Guy's Elements of Astronomy. Smith's Illustrated do. Pocket Edition of the New Testament. Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holidays. Catholic Youth's Hymn Book, paper covers. Bound and set to Music. Westlake's How to Write Letters—A Manual of Correspondence. Jenkins' Students' Hand Book of British and American Literature. Botany—How Plants Grow. Paterson's Familiar Science—School Edition. Parker's Juvenile Philosophy—Part I. Parker's Natural Philosophy—Part II. Parker's Complete Philosophy. Hill's Elements of do. Louage's Moral do. Balme's Criticor, or How to Detect Error and Arrive at Truth. Balme's Elements of Logic. Doublet's Logic for Young Ladies. Fasquelle's Introductory French Course. Complete Course. Ollendorff's New Method of Learning French. Magill's French Process. Dunsmore's Spelling Blanks in three numbers. Sadler's Handwriting Copies in eleven numbers. Payson, Dunton and Scribner's International System of Penmanship in 15 numbers. New York Edition of Payson, Dunton and Scribner's System of Penmanship. Primary Course in seven