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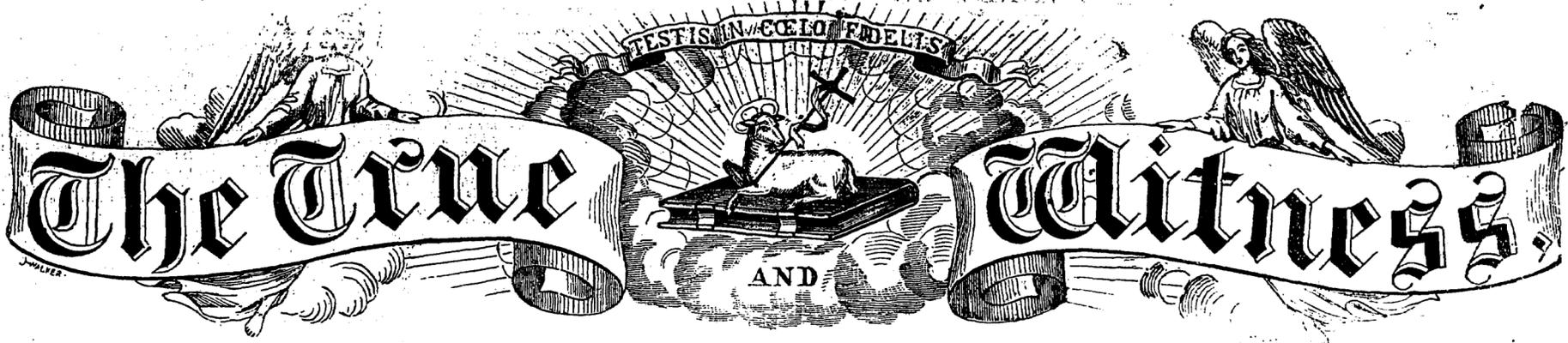
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XXVIII.—NO. 50

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY JULY 24, 1878.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

(From a Regular Correspondent of the Post.) HOTEL DU LOUVRE, Paris, July 6. The United States exhibits, undoubtedly, the best and most instructive collection of reaping and mowing machines in the Exhibition...

be, of course, impossible. J. A. Fay & Co., Cincinnati, display nineteen wood-working machines, which are the simplest and best apparatus of the sort in the Exhibition.

THE COUNT DE MUN, THE MAID OF ORLEANS, THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS, AND THE LIBERATOR.

The Count de Mun, deputy and president of the institution of "Les Cercles Ouvriers," in a most eloquent speech recently exposed the whole system of the enemies of order and religion, and did justice to the eloquent and energetic protestation of the illustrious Bishop of Orleans.

THE EAST.

There will for a long time be much controversy as to the true value and real effect of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern Policy. Some believe that he forced the Russians to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to a Conference by the display of naval and military strength...

the Balkans, could have greatly limited the reduction, and would have been one of the dictators of the law, not a Power against which it is enforced, and which feels proud in the mere power to secure some small limitations of its effect.

LORD HARTINGTON'S RESOLUTIONS—ITALIAN JOURNALS DECLAM AGAINST ENGLAND—TROUBLED STATE OF THE EAST.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 19.—The Turkish Commissioners at Varna and Shumla are removing troops and war materials. The surrender of these fortresses takes place shogly.

PECULIAR BREACH OF PROMISE CASE IN IRELAND.

Below we condense from the Freeman and Express reports of an unusual kind of breach of promise case tried towards the close of last week before Baron Fitzgerald and a common jury.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, Governor-General of Canada.

The plaintiff, Miss Anne Moore, daughter of a trader in Lorne, brought the action to recover damages laid at £1,500 from defendant Major Duncan McNeill, of the Indian army, for breach of promise of marriage.

nunciation of the acquisition of Cyprus by Great Britain.

A Vienna despatch announces that Austria has made a direct appeal to the Porte through Count Zietz, her ambassador. Cathedori Pasha was told on Thursday he would ultimately have to submit to force.

The Turkish newspapers report Turkey called the attention of Greece to the existence of an insurgent band on the frontier, holding her responsible for any conduct.

There is much excitement in Old Serbia against the Austrian occupation of Bosnia. Armed bands of Mahomedans, Arnauts and Christian insurgents are rapidly forming.

A Vienna special says at the Cabinet Council on Friday the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Finance and War, reported on the arrangements for the occupation of the Turkish Provinces. The military preparations have been completed in a most satisfactory manner.

A son of Prince Sharagovitch fled to Hungary after the unsuccessful attempt to raise an insurrection in Servia.

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defendant for paying attention to his daughter he said, "When you were a young man, did you not select for yourself? If I raise your daughter to my position, what objection could you make?"

The father agreed to wind up his business for that purpose, but the mother would not consent. Ultimately it was arranged that the plaintiff should be sent to England for three years to be educated and to acquire a good English accent.

The witness was not cross-examined. Evidence having been in stipulation of the plaintiff's case, and counsel on both sides having spoken.

His lordship, in charging the jury, said the plaintiff was entitled to compensation for injury to her feelings; and in a case such as this, where she had throughout conducted herself most properly, there must be injury to the feelings.

When he received her photograph he wrote to say it had not her expression (laughter). Notwithstanding the affectionate character of the letters plaintiff began to observe a coolness on defendant's part, and in August last he married a Miss Gauthier at Forfar.

When the girl's father called on him he said it was all her fault. The plaintiff, a young girl of handsome appearance, was then examined and corroborated counsel's statement. She deposed that in December, 1875, defendant presented her with a ring with the motto "Wait and trust," and said he hoped to put on another ring some other day.

position of the defendant, for he himself told her that his marriage would create such difference between himself and his own family that the leaving this country, and taking up their home in another country, would be a necessary consequence.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

VIENNA, July 19.—Cathedori Pasha raises difficulties in his negotiations with the Austrian Government relative to the occupation of the Turkish Provinces. He insists that the Sultan's sovereignty over Bosnia and Herzegovina be recognized, and that the duration and extent of the occupation be previously settled.

LONDON, July 19.—The Marquis of Hartington gave notice in the Commons that a would soon call attention to papers relative to the Eastern question, and move a resolution.

Right Honorable Mr. Smith, First Lord of the Admiralty, said that Admiral Hornby had telegraphed that the Flag Captain of the British fleet in the Bosphorus Sea had an interview with General Fodleben, who stated he had heard nothing of the firing into a British man-of-war boat. Fodleben extremely regretted the occurrence.

LONDON, July 19.—All the morning papers, excepting the News, comment favorably on Beaconsfield's speech.

The Times thinks Lord Derby transgressed his rights and the customs which it is desirable to uphold in making public his recollections of discussions of the Cabinet.

LONDON, July 20.—At the anniversary of the establishment of the Liberal Association of Bernadotte street, London, to-night, Mr. Gladstone made a long speech, in which he begged to decline resuming the leadership of the Liberal party.

There was another verse about "Anne's lightness of step," and the concluding verses ended as follows:—

On the 21 July, 1876 he wrote to her while she was at Brussels calling her "My Darling," and saying he was so anxious to see her:— "I only wish, dearest, I was with you. I am so pleased to hear you do not feel unhappy, but, dearest, you must try and not try so much, or you will spoil them nice eyes of yours."

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After an absence of a quarter of an hour the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £500. Mr. McMahon asked for judgment which was granted.

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HIS FIRST LOVE.

I remember Meeting you In September Sixty-two. We were sitting, Both of us; And the meeting Happened thus: Accidental. On the road, (Sentimental Episode) I was gushing, You were saying, You were blushing— So was I? I was smitten, So were you; (All that's written Here is true) Any money? Not a bit. Rather many. Want it? Vows we plighted— Happy pair! How delighted People were! But your father— To be sure— Thought it rather premature. And your mother— Strange to say— Was another. In the way, What a heaven Vanished then— (You were seven, I was ten). That was many Years ago— Don't let anybody know.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," &c

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

This time Doctor Richard saw her. He had half-closed his book on his knee, and bending a little forward, he was looking at her keenly and intently. If she had been a picture or a statue, his gaze could not have been a more fixed one than it was.

"How is she?—What is it?" whispered Dora, rising, and going up to him, for such a look, she thought, could have but one meaning.

Mrs. Courtenay had fallen into a gentle sleep. Dora's expressive eyes asked: "Is this good?" And Doctor Richard nodded and smiled, put his book in his pocket, and rose to go. He was silent, and Dora, taking the hint, let him go without speaking.

"Well, sir," she said eagerly, as soon as the door was closed upon them, and they stood on the landing.

"Well," he replied, "I know all about it now, and Mrs. Courtenay sleeps without an opiate, which I did not dare to give her. I believe she will be well in a few days; but if, as I fear, mental uneasiness be at the root of her disease, pray do all you can to compose her."

"Poor Dora! this threw her back on her almost forgotten trouble. Doctor Richard saw her eyes grow dim, and her lips quiver. But he could do or say nothing, and he merely bade her a good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said Dora, following him down; "I thank you much, very much—will you come again?"

He seemed surprised at the suggestion.

"Of course I shall," he said—"there, do not come down any further, I can let myself out; he might air is keen."

But Dora would follow him to the street door, and even hold the light for him down the street. He walked away a few steps, then came back.

"You need not sit up with Mrs. Courtenay," he said. "I feel quite sure of her now. Good-night."

He held out his hand. Dora gave him hers and thanked him again. He pressed her hand, and that with so cordial, so friendly a grasp that she walked away and Dora closed the door upon him, she thought, with some emotion. "I am sure Doctor Richard is a friend." And so he was—a fast, true friend to her. Such a friend as life grants to few.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dora softly entered her mother's room the next morning, she found Mrs. Courtenay still sleeping. Her head lay on her pillow, her hands were clasped, and in the subdued light, which stole in horizontal rays through the closed shutters, she looked so calm, so peaceful, that Dora's last apprehensions vanished as by enchantment. Her face was radiant when she went forth into the little sitting-room, and there found Madame Bertrand, who brought the intimation that Monsieur Merand was below.

"Ask him to come up," whispered Dora, "but tell my mother has been ill and that we must speak low."

Presently Monsieur Merand came up on his tip-toe, and with many whispered apologies for troubling mademoiselle, he told his errand.

In her distress at the unexpected catastrophe of the Redmore Mines, Dora had left her portfolio behind her. This Monsieur Merand now brought back, but not without having, as he confessed, first inspected its contents. His own drawing he had found, also Dora's copy of Keyser's music-lesson, and concerning this he now ventured to speak. With an air of diffident yet injured candor, he asked to know if Dora had been working for any other dealer. Her freedom to do so Monsieur Merand never questioned, but then he could assure her that she would find him as liberal as any other member of the trade.

"Now," with regard to that drawing of Keyser's, he added, in his most insinuating tone, "I should like it much if it were not secured."

"It is not," honestly replied Dora, and in the fulness of her heart she was going to add that Monsieur Merand was welcome to it, when the door opened and Doctor Richard entered the room. Dora forgot the dealer and the drawing in a moment.

"Mamma is sleeping," she said, eagerly—"is that a good sign, Doctor Richard?"

"A very good sign," he answered, smiling.

"I believe, however, she will soon awaken."

"Then I shall wait till she does."

He took a chair and put down his hat. He evidently did not think that Dora's business with Monsieur Merand could be of a private nature. The portfolio lay open on the table, the drawing was displayed to Doctor Richard's view, and he unconsciously bent forward to see it better.

"What a fine drawing!" he exclaimed—"is that yours, Miss Courtenay?"

"It is," she replied, blushing a little, and Monsieur Merand wants to purchase it from me."

But either Doctor Richard's entrance, or his praise of Dora's performance, had changed Monsieur Merand's mood; for he looked superciliously at the drawing, put forth his nether lip, and said, curtly:

"Yes, I want a drawing that size; but this is not one of your best efforts, mademoiselle."

Dora changed color. Was Monsieur Merand going to turn critical in the hour when she most needed his admiration?

"Nonsense, Monsieur Merand," put in Doctor Richard, "that's a first-rate drawing."

"Not in my opinion," dryly said Monsieur Merand, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking rather defiantly at his customer.

"I cannot do better," said Dora, with a wistful look.

Monsieur Merand looked at the drawing again, and grumbled something about being in a hurry, and not being able to help himself. Dora felt mortified, but necessity is a hard mistress, and this was not the time to revolt against Monsieur Merand's criticism, however harsh and unpleasant it might be.

"And what do you expect for this?" he asked, after a while.

Dora hesitated.

"Say two hundred francs," suggested Monsieur Merand, cavalierly.

Before Dora could answer, Doctor Richard interferred.

"I suppose you mean four hundred," he said, very coolly.

"Doctor Richard," hotly answered Monsieur Merand, "do I meddle in your business?—do I go and prescribe for your patients?"

"My dear sir, would my patients follow your prescriptions?" was the amused reply.

"Well, then, I decline to submit to your interference, Doctor Richard! I will give mademoiselle two hundred francs—that and no more."

"And I will engage, by sending that drawing to a house I know in London, to get her, if not four hundred francs for it, at least three hundred and fifty."

Doctor Richard spoke confidently, Monsieur Merand looked blank.

"I cannot help myself," he said at length, and speaking very stily. "I will give mademoiselle the three hundred and fifty francs. I do not gain a franc by the transaction—not one," he added with an injured look. Doctor Richard chuckled, and seemed excessively amused.

"I declare it is better than a play to hear you!" he said good humoredly. "Only to think of your wanting to pass off these tricks upon me, Monsieur Merand!"

Monsieur Merand looked as if he did not know whether to be entertained or angry at the cool tone in which his customer addressed him. He took the wisest course, however, and not deigning to answer him, he turned to Dora, to whom he said very civilly—"When may I have the drawing, mademoiselle?"

"I should like to give it a few last touches; and if my mother is so far well that I can leave her, I shall work at it to-day, Monsieur Merand."

"Then I hope she will be well," he said, a little crossly. "Good-morning," and with the look of a conquered man, he left the room.

Dora turned toward Doctor Richard. Her beaming face expressed her thanks before they were spoken. He gave her no time to utter a word.

"Do not," he said, quickly. "You would not have had me stand by and see you rebel? Why, your drawing is worth more than the sum I have stated."

"I cannot understand it," replied Dora, looking perplexed; "I never knew I was so clever; but however that may be, I do cordially thank you. Money is invaluable to me just now, Doctor Richard."

He nodded gravely, as much as to say, "Ah! yes, I know—the Redmore Mines;" and as he heard Mrs. Courtenay talking to Mrs. Luan within, he asked if he could not see her. Dora went in before him, then came back and signed him to follow her.

Mrs. Courtenay was sitting up in her bed. She looked calm and collected; and, indeed, was so far recovered, that Doctor Richard's presence startled and surprised her. At once she looked to her daughter for explanation.

"You have been quite unwell, mamma," said Dora, smiling, and Doctor Richard, who is our neighbor, called in to see you. And what do you think, mamma, Monsieur Merand came a quarter of an hour ago to ask me for a drawing from one of the pictures in the Gallery. And he is in a desperate hurry for it. So do make haste and get well."

"And the Redmore Mines," said Mrs. Courtenay, plaintively; "I did not dream that, did I, Dora?"

"No, indeed, you did not. But the Redmore Mines are here now," she added, gaily, showing her little right hand. "You must know, mamma, that I am quite clever. Doctor Richard has been looking at my last drawing whilst you slept, and he thinks that Monsieur Merand scarcely pays me enough. He advises me to raise my terms, and," continued Dora, suddenly dropping the present for the past tense, "I have done it; for he spoke opposite Monsieur Merand himself, who could not deny it, and gave me nearly a hundred per cent. more at once. So what do you think of all that?"

Mrs. Courtenay, scarcely able to think at all, looked both confused and happy. She also looked grateful, and her mild blue eyes were raised to Doctor Richard's face, with an expression he could not mistake. He smiled kindly, and sitting down by her bedside, entered into conversation with her. He attacked the Redmore mines at once, and put the matter in a cheerful and airy point of view, which happened to be particularly suited to Mrs. Courtenay's turn of mind.

"Such catastrophes," said Doctor Richard, "are like the railway accidents and steamboat collisions, the only variety of modern life. The ups and downs formerly were of another nature. Beautiful ladies were not safe for a moment, especially when they were wealthy, but were the lawful prey of the king, his favorites, and his powerful subjects. As to men, the strong hand was the right sort of hand then. Themis had not merely her eyes bandaged, but fast closed in sleep. Every man had to be his own policeman, and, as a natural consequence, his own judge and jury. This variety of occupations must, to say the least of it, have made a gentleman irritable, and accounts for many little peculiarities of those days which would otherwise be inexplicable to our modern ideas. And now, you see, all that is done, for lovers do not kidnap their sweethearts, but companies wheedle them out of their gold. Robin Hood or Claude Duval neither put bishops to ransom, nor dance minutes with fine ladies on the highway; but for all that, money flies out of our pockets by a magical process called high interest. Sad, very sad, Mrs. Courtenay, only, you know, we are not born with pockets."

"Dear me, to be sure!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, much struck with the fact, which had never occurred to her before; that is a very original remark, Doctor Richard."

"It is none of mine," he answered, smiling; "but it is full of philosophy. So let us bear with this catastrophe, which we cannot avoid, and let us bless our stars that it is not the destruction of life or limb, as it might be if it occurred through a railway or a steamer. Loss of money is, after all, the least of the three modern evils."

"I think so," said Mrs. Courtenay, brightening. "I have always had a horror of being drowned or disfigured, and I would much rather lose my shares of the Redmore Mines than even my left eye."

She looked quite gay and cheerful again, and in this mood Doctor Richard left her, promising to call again in the evening.

Mrs. Courtenay was charmed with her medical attendant. "How does she seem?" she asked.

"Seems," repeated Dora, with emotion, "is, mamma. Twice he came to you yesterday evening and he sat up here till past midnight prescribing an opiate, which, it seems, might have injured you. Monsieur Merand looked so angry! I am sorry to lose my good opinion of him, but I am afraid he has almost cheated me. How kind, though, of Doctor Richard not to mind exposing him!"

"Yes, very kind," murmured Mrs. Courtenay. "And when are you to get the money, Dora?"

"To-day, if I can finish my drawing," eagerly replied her daughter. "Indeed, I had better go at once," she added, rising; "Monsieur Merand is in a hurry for it, and I am in a hurry for Monsieur Merand's five franc pieces."

"Yes, I wish you had the money," rather querulously said Mrs. Courtenay.

Dora saw she could trust her mother to Mrs. Luan's care, and that it would be better for her to go and calm the poor lady's mind by the prospect of gain, the only prospect for Mrs. Courtenay. So with a cheerfulness half real, she put on her brave trines, her patience, and the rest—Dora took her portfolio and went forth. On her way she thought, "Since I am selling the drawing, I no longer want the frame; and since it is no longer wanted, had I not better get it? Poor fellow! I hope he will not be too much disappointed!"

Dora found the door of the Dubois's ajar, and she pushed it open hesitatingly; but she was not prepared for the sight that met her eye. Her frame bright as gilding could make it, stood before her, held by Monsieur Dubois, whose hand had got miraculously well during the night, and no less a person than Doctor Richard stood with his back to her. He turned round, and seemed surprised to see her, whilst consternation appeared on Madame Dubois's face, and Monsieur Dubois turned pale as a ghost.

"Doctor Richard," said Dora, reddening, "was that man's hand unwell?"

"Unwell! no. Has he been imposing on you, Miss Courtenay? I suppose he was out of work—a child's ill, eh?"

"Yes," replied Dora, "that is it. Was it not true?"

Doctor Richard laughed heartily, and seemed much amused.

"The old story!" he said. "My dear young lady," he added, "why did you not look at the man's low, mean face, and read him? His story is this. I have kept him in work for the last six weeks, and during that time neither he, nor his wife, nor his children, nor even the white hen has had a moment's ailment!"

Dora was mortified. She had been cheated and deceived, and Doctor Richard only laughed at her simplicity.

"He is a low vagabond," resumed Doctor Richard, still speaking English, but shaking his forefinger good-humoredly at the culprit who looked extremely uneasy, "but clever, Miss Courtenay, a self-taught genius; and though it is abominable that he should thus impose upon you, I cannot afford to be angry with him. Look at that frame I have just bought. There is fancy and invention for you! Look at that foliage!"

"Excuse me, Doctor Richard," said Dora, gently touching his arm, and looking both amused and puzzled, "but this frame was made for me."

"Have they sold you my frame?"

"Dr. Richard, I ordered it."

"So did I, Miss Courtenay."

They exchanged looks—then Doctor Richard burst out laughing.

"The vagabond!—the low vagabond!" he said again. "He wanted, perhaps, to sell the same frame twice over. Now, Miss Courtenay, take my advice, do not let yourself be so easily imposed upon. But what a pity the rascal should be so clever! Look at that design, how correct and how graceful, and those I have at home are better still. I must forgive him, Miss Courtenay, for the sake of that leaf!"

Dora blushed and laughed.

"But, Doctor Richard," she stammered, "the design is not his—'tis mine, I drew it."

"You drew it, Miss Courtenay?"

"Yes, I wanted it for my drawing, and I drew several designs, but he told me this was the best—and so—"

She did not proceed. Doctor Richard was an altered man. The veins in his forehead were thick and swollen, and his full brown eyes burned with resentment so blighting that it almost frightened her. The amusement with which he had heard Dora tell of the imposition practised upon her vanished when he thus learned the fraud attempted on himself.

"And so they were your drawings?" he cried at length, speaking angrily and fast, and evidently in a great rage. "Your drawings, which the rascal passed upon me for his; and I, a gull as I ever am, believed him!"

His look, as it fell on the convicted glider, expressed the most vehement indignation. Evidently Doctor Richard found nothing humorous or entertaining in being made a dupe of.

"Is not this abhorrent and shameful?" he proceeded, addressing the glider in French, which he spoke forcibly and well. "You might have spared yourself this disgrace, and been none the poorer. Nay, the truth should have brought you in more than that base lie."

Monsieur Dubois murmured some unintelligible reply, but already Dr. Richard's anger had melted into scorn. His brow grew smooth again, his brown eyes resumed their serenity, and he burst into a hearty laugh at his own expense.

"To think of my addressing that low-minded wretch as if he knew the beauty of truth!" he said turning to Dora. "Whereas she never left her well, so far as he is concerned. But how are we to deal with this rascal, Miss Courtenay? Who keeps the frame? I ordered it, but then you gave the design, so that if you want it—"

"I do not," replied Dora, coloring a little.

"Then I shall keep it," he said, readily. "I shall call again and settle with you, sir," he added, giving Monsieur Dubois a significant look; "for I can see in your face, Miss Courtenay," he continued, looking at her with a smile, as they both left the place; "that I must not be too hard on this gully couple in your presence. You looked quite startled a while ago."

"You looked very angry, Doctor Richard?"

"Did I? Well, Saint Augustine says that each man bears within himself Adam. Eve, and the serpent, and I confess I find it so. Often that which Adam, and frail Eve, and the tempting serpent are busy with me. So lest Adam should prevail against me, I now leave that sneaking impostor and his wife. I have no doubt that you are quarrelling now, with the boy looking on, and the white hen cackling. Let them! Confess that you think me a fool!" he abruptly added, stepping on the staircase to look hard at Dora.

"You forget that I, too, was deceived," replied Dora, smiling.

"In matters of which you could have little or no knowledge. But if I had looked at the

man's face, I might have known he could not be the possessor of that beautiful drawing. Yet it was that which blinded me. I saw it, and forgot the man. So there is ever something to account for my mistakes; for it is a humiliating confession, though a true one, to say that it is my lot to be deceived. There is something inexpressibly persuasive and convincing to me in an assertion. A child's falsehood has often prevailed over me, and yet, Miss Courtenay, I am not an idiot, I assure you."

He spoke with a gravity which nearly disconcerted Dora.

"I can see you are much inclined to laugh," he resumed; "but you are all wrong. It is idiotic to be so easily deceived, and yet I am no idiot—I maintain it in the face of what has just occurred. Do not protest; but just allow me to follow out my argument. You have read Don Quixote, I have no doubt; well then, has it not struck you that this unfortunate gentleman commits but one error, only it is the first; in all else he is shrewd, clever, sensible, well-informed. This is my case. Ninety-nine things I see clearly; but the hundredth which escapes me is just the key-stone of the edifice. If that Dubois had assured me that he was benevolent, humane, a kind husband, a faithful friend, I should have been amused at his attempting to practise on my credulity; but he said I am an untaught genius, and I became his victim!"

Doctor Richard spoke very composedly of his deficiencies, as composedly, indeed, as if they concerned him not. Dora, though she heard him in silence, drew her own conclusions. Though his brown eyes were piercing enough, eyes that could see far and deep, they were more penetrating than shrewd. The glamour of imagination could baffle the keenness of that vision, and Doctor Richard belonged to the class of men who are to be the victims of their inferiors. He knew it, but the knowledge availed him not.

"His very gifts betray him," thought Dora, "and have kept him back in the race of life. Poor fellow," she continued, in her mental soliloquy, as he left her, and walked away briskly, "I am afraid he spends his money very foolishly. What could he want with all those frames, now?"

Dora shook her head at Dr. Richard's imprudence, and was still cursing him when she entered the Gallery.

CHAPTER XIV.

There were some last touches to be bestowed on the music-lesson, and Dora lingered over her task. For suppose Monsieur Merand should again find fault with this drawing, and utter those severe remarks which, in Dora's present position, it would be so hard to bear? Whilst she was thus engaged in the picture-gallery, she heard a step behind the chair, and looking round in some surprise at the unwonted interruption, she saw Doctor Richard.

"Will you allow me to make one or two suggestions to you, Miss Courtenay?" he said, in his easy way.

Dora assented with a little flush of emotion, which Doctor Richard did not seem to perceive. He proceeded with his suggestions, as he called them, and kept, subtle suggestions they were, implying no small amount of theoretical and practical skill.

"He talks more like a painter than like a doctor," thought Dora, "and, indeed, more like a professor than like either;"

"You draw, Doctor Richard?" she could not help saying.

"Yes, I do all my own illustrations," he carelessly replied.

"I am a writer upon art," thought Dora.

But memory, though questioned, remained mute, and had nothing to tell about Doctor Richard's name.

"You did well to take this pretty little music-lesson," he resumed—"here, at least, imagination is free. I am not an inquisitive man, not in the ordinary sense of the word; my neighbor's business troubles me not, but I confess to you that a little picture by one of the minor Dutch painters once gave me many a pleasant hour. The burgher fair, the matronly mother, and the daughter fair and blooming, were all primly seated before me. The room was large, rather dark, perhaps, with plenty of plate, and two blue china vases on an osken sort of dresser. It was all so minutely pointed, that the Eastern pattern of the carpet, the flowering of the brocade in the mother's dress, the fine lace cape of the daughter, were recognizable, and could have been identified. The picture was about two hundred years old. Two hundred years and their vicissitudes, battles, and generations had passed since that calm home had been somewhere in one of the old Dutch cities. I would have given anything to have had the power of going back for a while to those large oaken rooms, with their substantial furniture—to have conversed with these people, or, if that were too ambitious a desire, considering that I do not know Dutch, to have seen them in their daily life, and household occupations. Surely there must have been some chamber up-stairs in which that merchant kept his money-bags, or reckoned his tulip-bulbs? Surely, too, that good dame must have had her empire in wide store-rooms, with jars or pickles and preserves. As for the young lady, I could imagine her bower with birds, and an embroidery frame, and a looking-glass in the window. I could imagine all that, but as in a dream; for, after all, this supposed merchant may have been some hard reader, a disciple of Grotius, who stored books, and not gold, and who scorned tulips. His wife, in her way, may have served her mind about mere household comforts, and been a stern Christian, and between these two the poor young damsel probably led a dull life. I doubt if she had birds. Their singing would have disturbed her papa's studies, and her severe mamma held embroidery a profane loss of time, and condemned her to knitting and her Bible. So, you see, here are two totally different versions of the same story and having found that I could thus construct not two, but twenty, I turned the picture with its face to the wall, and forbade it to speak to me more."

Did he speak in jest or in earnest? Dora could not tell, but stole a doubtful look at Doctor Richard, but he seemed unconscious of her surprise. He spoke with the composure of one who is unaware of having said anything unusual, and with the facility which comes from the habit of being listened to.

"Is he a lecturer, an author, or both?" thought Dora; "and yet there is something in him which belongs to none of these—something of the man of the world, who makes himself at home everywhere and with every one."

But if Doctor Richard had no suspicion of the conjectures in which Dora indulged concerning him, he saw very well that her pencil remained idle.

"I must not prevent you from working," he said, smiling; and renewing his promise to call on Mrs. Courtenay in the evening, he left her.

As he walked away, Dora's look followed him a little pensively.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, contrasting his erect figure and easy carriage with his indifferent apparel, "I fear he has been sadly tossed about by life. Medicine, art, orthodoxy have not done much for him."

But she admired him for all that. She admired him as the independent and the clear-sighted always admire a vigorous and original mind, even though Fortune should not have favored it.

Dora left before the closing of the Gallery; and as she passed by the open library-door on her way down-stairs, she saw Doctor Richard reading within. A heavy folio lay open before him, and he was absorbed in its contents.

"Doctor Richard has not got many patients," thought Dora; "I wonder whether he reads on medicine or on art? And to think of his spending so much money at Monsieur Merand's!"

To receive from and not to spend with that gentleman was now Dora's errand on her way home. She entered his shop with slight hesitation; but Monsieur Merand was an altered man. The drawing was perfect, and he had but one regret—he must pay Mademoiselle in silver five franc pieces. But with her bright smile Dora tied up the welcome though cumbersome coins in her pocket-handkerchief, and thus laden, went home.

"Here is news from the Redmore Mines," gaily said Dora, and opening her pocket-handkerchief, she scattered its contents on her mother's bed.

Mrs. Courtenay's eyes glistened as she saw the silver shover.

"It is not that I am so fond of money," she apologized; "but then one cannot do without it."

Mrs. Luan was mute, but Dora saw the flush on her sallow cheek, and could read its meaning. Dora felt happy, and happiness is loquacious. She told them how she had worked at her drawing, how gracious Monsieur Merand had been, and in all she said the name of Dr. Richard invariably came back. Mrs. Courtenay was too much pleased with her medical attendant to censure this frequent repetition of his name; but when, even after dinner, Dora took up the theme, Mrs. Luan, who had been almost silent since the preceding day's catastrophe, now looked up, and said sullenly—

"I hate Doctor Richard!"

"Aunt!" cried Dora amazed—too much amazed to be indignant.

"I hate him!" resumed Mrs. Luan; "look at his clothes—shabby; he is no good doctor, not he! He is nothing—no one—nobody."

She was almost excited now. Dora would have answered, and perhaps with less respect and gentleness than she generally showed to Mrs. Luan—for her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled—if Doctor Richard himself had not at that precise moment been shown up by Madame Bertrand.

"A good sign when the patient is lively," he said, going to Mrs. Courtenay's bed with a pleasant smile; "but I do not mean to give up my attendance yet. You are not quite well, my dear madam."

"I do not feel quite well, Doctor, but much better—oh! so much better," she added with her little raising of the voice.

He sat down by her and felt her pulse. As Mrs. Courtenay drew back her hand the motion disturbed the counterpane, and the five-franc pieces which Dora had left and forgotten there, rolled on the floor with many a silver ring. Doctor Richard gave a little start of surprise, and Dora blushed.

"I put them there to show mamma that I can earn money," she said trying to laugh it off; "for, thanks to you, Doctor Richard, Monsieur Merand has been liberal."

She began picking up the fallen coins, and Doctor Richard assisted her. When he handed her those which he had gathered he was smiling, and Dora could not help thinking how different was the warm genial face she now looked at, from the dark wrathful countenance she had seen that morning.

"That was all storm—this was all sunshine. I am sure he is good, thought Dora; "he looks as pleased as if that money were his."

"Doctor Richard," she said aloud, "I met Madame Dubois. She begged hard to be forgiven."

"Will you forgive them, Miss Courtenay?"

"Yes—will not you?"

"No; you know the Chinese saying, 'If I am deceived once, the blame lies with the deceiver; but if I am twice deceived, the blame lies with me?'"

Doctor Richard spoke so positively, that Dora was silenced.

"Now, Miss Courtenay," he resumed, "do not think me, soft as I have proved myself, a victim to the dreadful delusion of the deserving poor. There are such, I suppose, but just as there are deserving rich, in a very moderate ratio. No, I do not ask for that wonderful bird—a virtuous man in distress. I am satisfied to take humanity such as it is, and relieve its sufferings so far as I can, which is very little; but I have a strong hatred for moral ugliness, and so when I get such a reptile as the glider in my path, and can see no redeeming trait in him, I leave him to shift for himself. Some people will be drowned like the man in the story, and who can prevent it? Listen to that drunken wretch now shouting down the street. Who can save him?"

"Poor fellow!" compassionately said Mrs. Courtenay; "it is all the cider. Perhaps you drink wine, Doctor Richard, and do not know how perfidious cider is. I do. When we came here first, I actually got tipsy!" said Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice in amazement at the strangeness of the fact; "and all for one glass of cider."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Doctor Richard, much amused.

"I did," emphatically continued Mrs. Courtenay. "I came in very warm, and

SHAKESPEARE MODERNIZED.

[From the Old City of Rome] CASIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

HONOR is the subject of my story. I cannot tell what you and other men think of this life, not being a mind reader...

I was born as free as Cæsar. Having been ushered into the world North of Mason and Dixon's line...

For, once upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber brimmed in high rafting stage...

But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar weakened, and cried: "Help me, Casus!"

"I've got a cramp in my left leg!" I, as Cæsar, our great ancestor, did from the fumes of Troy...

He had the fever and ague when he was Canvassing for a book in Spain; And when the chill was on him...

Now, in the name of all the gods at once, Who heretofore this, our Cæsar, patronize, That he hath grown so great?

SEWERAGE OF CITIES, (MONTREAL IN PARTICULAR.)

BY A SANITARY ENGINEER.

In the rise and progress of every city, its sewerage, the most important of its municipal works, is always the longest delayed and the most neglected.

It is known that in every case where a large body of people are congregated and living together disease will break out amongst them, unless some means are provided to remove or destroy the ordure and waste they produce.

Medical men inform us that all zymotic diseases, such as diphtheria, small pox, typhoid fever, &c., are caused by a contact with the gases evolved from the putrefaction and decomposition of animal and vegetable matter and other waste, such as is usually generated in a city.

On looking over the statistics of Boards of Health, we find that the city of Montreal has a greater death rate than any other city in North America.

Sewage matter is not dangerous until two or three days after its production. If a system of sewers were built so as to be capable of conveying the contents of all the sewers to the outlet within that time, there would be comparatively no complaint.

The sewerage seems to have been built in utter ignorance of sanitary science. There seems to have been no respect paid to the relation which should exist between capacity and quantity in the construction of the sewers, and as a consequence some of these sewers retain their contents, decomposing and putrefying for weeks, thus producing sewer gas which is emitted through every crevice in the entire system where it can find an outlet.

Sewer gas, being much lighter than the atmosphere, will always ascend, and seek to escape to the highest part of the sewer. When disease exists in the lower parts of a town, the gas produced from the decomposition of the excreta discharged from that locality into the sewer, will ascend and seek an outlet at the highest points.

How often it has occurred that when a case of diphtheria or small pox breaks out in a locality, the next case will occur at the distance of a mile, and in a locality supposed to be unexceptionally healthy.

In former years, when there was little or no sewerage works in existence any where, the lowest parts of every city were the most unhealthy; it was there disease committed the greatest ravages; for all fluid refuse gravitated to these localities and was left to decompose and poison the atmosphere in the immediate vicinity; but in latter years, after sewerage had been built, the disease became spread as far as the sewerage extended, each sewer and drain serving as a duct or chimney for the gases to ascend to the more elevated parts of the town, and each house drain serving as a flue for the gases to escape into the houses.

Sewer gas is very light and will diffuse itself rapidly on its escape from the sewer. When free in the open air it becomes diluted with the atmosphere, and after a short time is comparatively innocuous, but when it forces

its way into the atmosphere of a room the poison it contains may work its fatal effects. Sulphuretted hydrogen is found in all sewers in which the sewage itself or its mucous matter adhering to the sides of the sewer or pipe assumes a certain degree of putridity.

Viewing the sanitary condition of Montreal as represented in the reports of the Board of Health, it appears manifest that the citizens are being imperceptibly poisoned every day by sewer gas.

Quicker than you could have said, J. Robinson Crusoé, accoutred as I was, I plunged in, and bade him follow me!

But ere we could arrive the point proposed, Cæsar weakened, and cried: "Help me, Casus!"

He had the fever and ague when he was Canvassing for a book in Spain; And when the chill was on him...

Now, in the name of all the gods at once, Who heretofore this, our Cæsar, patronize, That he hath grown so great?

LATEST ARTILLEQU PROGRESS.

(From the Times.)

The progress of artillery has of late years advanced by a series of leaps, and one of the greatest of them is at this moment being taken.

It will be remembered that 64 rounds were fired at Spezia towards the end of the year 1876 from the 100-ton gun supplied to the Italian Government, that the guarantee of the makers was much exceeded, and that the gun was then returned to them to be chambered—that is, to be enlarged at that part of the bore which contains the powder charge, in order that a still higher power might be developed.

The object of the trials was threefold—first, to obtain the ballistic data for the chambered gun with the same data for the unchambered gun; secondly to try the Italian Fossano powder, which was described in the Times of the 6th of January, 1877, and compare its action with that of the English powder as used for the heaviest ordnance and known as P2; thirdly, to determine the best form of cartridge and means of igniting it.

The results with reference to the first question may be summed up as follows—Taking the proper charges for the unchambered and chambered guns fired in each case with a projectile weighing 2,000lb.

The initial velocity of the former was 1,324ft. per second, the energy of the shot 28,130 foot-tons, and the pressure, inside the powder chamber—that is, the powder tending to rupture the piece—was 18.3 tons per square inch of surface.

With the chambered gun the initial velocity was 1,385 feet, the shot's energy 34,836 foot-tons, and the pressure on the interior of the chamber fell to 17 tons per square inch. Thus we see that the result of chambering the gun was to add 161 feet to the velocity of the shot, and about 6,700 tons to its energy, while reducing the pressure on the interior of the gun by more than a ton per square inch.

This addition to the striking power of the shot is almost exactly equal to the whole energy of a shot from the English 35-ton gun at 1,200 yards with a charge of 10lb. of powder. Again, the highest charge fired from the unchambered gun during the former experiments was 375lb. The highest from the chambered gun with English powder was 463lb. The results in each case were—

Velocity. Energy. Pressure.

Unchambered gun... 1,324ft. ... 28,130ft.-tons. ... 18.3 tons

Chambered gun... 1,385ft. ... 34,836ft.-tons. ... 17.0 tons

No armor, whether intended to guard ship or fort, has ever been constructed capable of resisting the shot delivered from the chambered 100-ton gun with the charge given above.

We now come to the second question—that of the English and Italian powders. And here the result is again extraordinary. There is no necessity to jump to a conclusion as to the superiority of the Italian powder for guns of very great calibre. It may be found hereafter to have defects not yet observed, but until such defects are discovered it may be well to study its advantages.

All other things being equal, the best powder will be that which imparts the highest energy to the shot with the least strain on the gun. Taking this maxim as our guide, we will compare certain rounds fired during the experiments this year with different charges. In each case the mean pressure per square inch on the interior of the chamber is given—

Energy. Mean Pressure.

P2 powder... 28,078 ft.-tons. ... 17.1 tons

Fossano powder... 30,221 " " ... 17.9 "

P2 powder... 33,507 " " ... 17.5 "

Fossano powder... 34,836 " " ... 17.2 "

P2 powder... 38,710 " " ... 20.3 "

Fossano powder... 46,313 " " ... 17.4 "

Taking the average of these rounds we find

that the Fossano powder gave about 1,000 foot-tons more energy than the English, with a reduction of four tons in the pressure on the interior of the gun. On the other hand, it must be remarked that the quantity of Fossano powder used was considerably greater than that of the English powder.

At the time of the first experiments at Spezia there were men who, not without reason, asked whether artillery science could not produce guns which, with less weight of the piece and its projectile, would penetrate the sides of ships; whether, in short, the old triumph of the English rifled over the American smooth-bore guns could not be carried a little further, so that the new English weapons might throw the old ones into the shade.

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cruisers armed so as to match merchant steamers which carry light, far-reaching guns, such as can now be given to them, may be another and a potent argument in favor of peace. All such developments as those we have explained—the largest guns for smashing exceptional ironclad defences, and the lightest guns to produce any given effect—are fortunate acquisitions at a moment when the peace of the world may depend on England's readiness for war.

IRISH ACTION IN PARLIAMENT.

SPEECH OF MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, M.P.

We copy the following from the Freeman of Monday, July 1st:— At a meeting of the Greenwich branch of the Home Rule Confederation, for the purpose of organising the registration of the Irish vote in view of the approaching election, Mr. W. J. Oliver presided, and, having explained the objects of the meeting, called on Mr. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., to address it.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy said that when he rose to ask questions containing possibly some men of strong views as to the utility of constitutional action to aid in party organisation and conflict, he always asked himself what he could point at to encourage them in that direction. He could that evening point to the prospect of immediate success on an important educational measure, the history of which was a striking commentary on Irish Parliamentary policy.

When he introduced the subject in 1874 the inefficient state of education, the necessity, and, what was more, the feasibility of reform was admitted, and a promise was given to consider the subject and legislate on it. This promise was often since repeated, but its fulfilment was constantly delayed.

There could be no doubt that it was to the energy displayed with reference to the Queen's College estimates that they owed the present forward state of the Intermediate Bill. That energy had done something more important than the advancement of the Education Bill, valuable as he held that to be. It had proved that late events had developed a mode of action which was capable of realising just claims on the part of Ireland, a mode of action which no earnest politician could object to, which ought to, and he thought would, unite all such men in successful activity, and relieve some of them from the inducement under which their isolation had hitherto placed them, of having recourse to measures in Parliament which a united body of fifty determined men would never be driven to adopt (cheers).

He would ask them to be patient with the Irish party. They were few compared with the English party organisations. Their position was novel. They could not win by their own numbers, nor by unequalled alliances without sacrificing their independence. Four or five years or a longer period of experience was not too much to derive a good system of tactics, but the country had a right to insist that when a mode of action had proved successful, men should adopt it earnestly and honestly. With reference to the Education Bill he had no fear that it would be endangered. Indeed, he could say on the best authority that none of the Irish Home Rule members had any notion of doing anything by which its immediate discussion would be prevented (cheers).

WHAT COURTNEY SAYS ABOUT RACING HANLON.

Courtney, when asked about the prospects for a race with Hanlon, said he would probably meet his great Canadian rival next fall, most likely in the month of September. It is generally understood between them that they are to come together. Three different boat builders are now at work constructing shells for Courtney to choose from to row the race in. Waters, of Troy, will build one of paper, a New York shipwright is modelling one of cedar, and another builder in New England is anxious to float a craft that will suit the champion's fancy.

Where the race will be rowed is another question, which will enlist a deal of discussion. Hanlon is averse to cross the border. Toronto will make a big bid for it, but Courtney as much as said that he would not think of locating the race there. His reasons are simply those of preference for better water, the Toronto course being nearly all the time a sea of trouble. Montreal is suggested and it is not unlikely that the inducements which will be held out by that metropolis will eventually secure the prize.

SONG LONG INTERVIEWED.

A CELESTIAL OPINION OF THE LATE TROUBLE.

It is so hard to find a man in these times who can take an unprejudiced view of the late troubles, and yet it is so necessary to give an impartial account, that one of our reporters, after looking carefully around for such a person, pitched upon Song Long, the intelligent Chinaman who keeps the well known laundry on Craig street, and concluded to give him a call and learn his opinion, as a Celestial cannot possibly entertain settled views on a question so eminently terrestrial.

After the usual salutations, such as "May your shadow never be less," "I hope you have eaten a good deal of rice to-day," and such other Oriental modes of showing friendship, the following dialogue took place:—

REPORTER.—Well, Song Long, what do you think of the 12th of July business?

SONG LONG.—When I speak to you I address you as Mr. —, and I think that the common politeness which your boasted civilization pretends to teach might urge you to grant me a like courtesy.

R.—Well, Mr. Long I confess you are right and I apologize for my lack of politeness, which after all is common to most newspaper men.

Mr. L.—What is a newspaper?

R.—It is a sheet of paper on which is printed the news of the day, that is to say, there are small marks made with ink on the paper, a certain number of those marks represent words and words represent actions.

Mr. L.—I think I understand you. Now explain yourself as regards the object of your visit.

R.—On a certain day on each year a certain section of our population turn out with bands and banners, and gay regalia, and march up and down.

Mr. L.—Well I don't see much harm in that; do they prevent the passage of other barbarians?

R.—No, I can't say they do.

Mr. L.—What do they complain of then; it seems to me we did that in China. I remember making one of a party, that went round, beating tom-toms, and wearing bright colored calico, and it gave no offence to no body.

R.—I must try and make you understand; there are two sections in our community who worship God in a different way, and the fact of one party going round, as I have mentioned, offends the other.

Mr. L.—Well, I really don't see why any party should offend another by marching round. I understand you all had your particular Josh Houses. However, if marching and playing is your mode of worshipping, I don't object, only we do those things better in China. It is very absurd.

R.—I see I must explain myself more fully. The truth is that they don't worship the

Creator travelling round in that manner—quite the contrary. One hundred and eighty-eight years ago a battle was fought in Ireland. The antagonists were Protestants and Catholics, the Protestants were the victors. Ever since when the anniversary of that battle comes around, the descendants of the victors, or those who pretend they are such, take the means I have mentioned of celebrating, at which the others are mortally offended.

Mr. L.—How long ago did you say it was since the battle was fought?

R.—188 years.

Mr. L.—Where is Ireland, and how far is it from here?

R.—It is in the Atlantic Ocean, and over 3,000 miles away.

Mr. L. (After swearing in the Chinese language)—That is very strange. One of my ancestors was beaten and killed at the battle of Hoang-Ho, forty years ago, and yet I was never reminded of it.

R.—Well, beside that, the Catholic section of the community have a profound veneration for the head of their Church, and one of the times their opponents play a "Well Kick the Pope (the head of the Church) before us."

Mr. L.—That is still worse. Can't you call on the authorities to cut off the heads of the offenders?

R.—No, we don't do those things in Canada, but what the Mandarin Beandry did do was to stop the procession.

LONG LONG.—Well, I entirely agree with him, and you are a fool to come bothering me with such silly things and I having thirty-three shirts to iron. Bon jour.

Now the above is Song Long, the laundry man's opinion, very simply expressed.

THE ORANGE FIASCO.

If ridicule could kill, then assuredly Orangism in Montreal would be dead as a door nail, for the outcome of the grand parade in the City of the Rapids was as ludicrous as it was contemptible, and that is saying a good deal for its comicality. Through many weeks the Montreal lodges had been preparing to commemorate the day of the Boyne by a "procession with banners." No influence, though never so cogent, availed to turn them from their offensive purpose. The interests of business, the public tranquility, the safety and good name of their city appeared as dust in the balance when weighed against the gratification of arrogant bigotry.

The Orangemen scorned the remonstrances of influential residents, they were deaf to the expostulations, and even to the inhibition of the authorities. They knew their rights, and would abate no jot or tittle. They would march through the streets in full regalia, through every step were a crimson stain. By the great gods they swore it; and all men took them at their word. Mayor Beandry, having been fortified in his obstructive position by an opinion from four counsel learned in the law, swore in five hundred special constables to aid the police in arresting the marchers. Catholic rowdies gathered from all quarters to pick up the glove that was about to be thrown. Troops poured in from Kingston, from Quebec, and out of the Eastern Townships to keep the peace of the streets against all disturbers. Lieutenant-General Sir Selby Smythe came from Ottawa to take command of the soldiers. The hospitals were put in order and accident wards prepared to meet the cruel emergency. Carpenters worked day and night, at making wooden shutters to guard the shop windows along the threatened route. Correspondents of the press hurried from a thousand miles away to report the impending conflict. And still the Orangemen stood firm. Their motto was, "No surrender."

At last the day came, and the hour; but the men, thank Heaven, were wanting. The hall was full of them, Orangemen, Young Britons, apprentices—what not. The streets, too, were crowded with special constables, wearing white cockades, backed by a turbulent multitude prepared for battle. In front of the door, Fred. Hamilton, the chief marshal of the procession, sat in his saddle. He, at least, appeared ready for the utmost fatality of the advance, for he was to have the perilous distinction of riding at the head of the line, as William Johnston rode during the Orange riots in New York seven years back. Then all men held their breath, expecting every moment to see the leaves of the door to fly back, and a great splendor of yellow pour forth in gallant array. But the Orangemen did not come. They looked out of window, and the more they looked, the less they liked the prospect. It is no reproach to their manhood that they shrank from the encounter, for trained soldiers might have found difficulty in issuing by narrow files into the middle of a hostile crowd. When Mayor Beandry proposed a test arrest of six of the leading Orangemen, it was a welcome relief to a position already strained beyond safety and growing insupportable. A total collapse followed in short course, and the flight of the beleaguered brethren by the cabul, under escort of the police, closed the day of discomfiture.—Boston Sunday Herald.

WEARING THE ORANGE.

It was a little after five o'clock, on the 12th of July evening, and the Bowery was fairly crowded, when there appeared in the densest quarter of it a jaunty pair clearly bent on an enthusiastic observance of the day. A big fellow came rolling along escorting a winsome damsel who had equally crude ideas of locomotion. The male was decked from head to foot with orange ribbons. There was a yellow blossom in his hat, a buff streamer around it, and arms, legs and waist were elaborately bedecked with the colors of the redoubtable hero of the Boyne. The lady had an orange scarf, various rosettes and ties of the same tint scattered over her dress and a lily stuck conspicuously in her bonnet. The pair swaggered along, flaunting their finery before the onlookers in a defiant, devil-may-care way, and both were drunk as fiddlers. Of course, they became the cynosure of the Bowery arabs in no time, and such a multitude gathered around them as only a free show of the most attractive character could assemble. First came jeers, then groans, and soon the factious instincts of the denizens of the neighborhood declared themselves in a general bombardment with rotten apples and rubbish of all kinds. The wearers of the Orange behaved heroically under fire, though they fulminated no end of unlovely remarks at the crowd, and the man at last in a martial frenzy made an assault upon an observant small boy, who brought him in contact with a passing gentleman. The latter was brushing by the fantastic fellow when he turned upon him, knocked off his hat, and then charged the crowd amid another discharge of missiles. His female friend was waxing quite demonstrative too, when Officer Hughes, of the Tenth Precinct, grabbed them both and took them to the Eldridge-street station, much to the delectation of a large and noisy procession. The man said his name was Albert Crosby, that he was aged 28, and lived at No. 124 Mercer street, and the woman gave her name as Catherine McKenna, of Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue. They were taken before Judge Flammner yesterday morning, to whom

they pleaded they were only celebrating the 12th of July properly. The Judge, however, declined to indorse their procedure, and sent Crosby to the Island for one month and Catherine for ten days.—Sunday's N. Y. Herald.

CHARLES DICKENS ON CANADIAN ORANGEMEN.

"It is a matter of deep regret that political differences should have run so high in this place, and led to most discredit and disgraceful results. It is not long since guns were discharged from a window in this town at the successful candidates in an election, and the coachman of one of them was actually shot in the body, though not dangerously wounded. But one man was killed on the same occasion; and from the very same window whence he received his death, the very flag which shielded his murderer (not only in the commission of his crime, but from its consequences), was displayed again on the occasion of the public ceremony proposed by a Governor General, to which I have just alluded. Of all the colors in the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed: I need not say the flag was Orange." (AMERICAN NOTES, chapter XV.)

Such was Dickens' opinion of Orangism, thirty or more years ago. The scene of the above outrage was Kingston, Upper Canada. No man ever chose the right view of a subject more instinctively than Dickens. No man has ever spoken with greater scorn of bigotry and ignorance. Orangism in Canada is to-day what it was thirty years ago, a warp of hatred on a woof of ignorance.—Boston Pilot.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Turks are evacuating Shumla.

The Quebec Legislature was prorogued on Saturday.

The civic holiday of London the Lees takes place on the 12th of August.

Large quantities of fruit are being shipped by the Lewiston steamers to Toronto.

The strikes in France are likely to end peacefully in consequence of the concessions of the employers.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE AND WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.

CALENDAR—JULY, 1878.

THURSDAY, 25.—St. James the Greater, Apostle. St. Christopher, Martyr.

FRIDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SATURDAY, 27.—Office of the Immaculate Conception. St. Pantaleon, Martyr.

SUNDAY, 28.—SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

MONDAY, 29.—St. Martha, Virgin. S.S. Felix, Simplicius, Faustianus, and Beatrix, Martyrs.

TUESDAY, 30.—S.S. Nazarius, Celsus, and Victor, Martyrs, and St. Innocent, Pope and Confessor. S.S. Abdon and Sennen, Martyrs.

WEDNESDAY, 31.—St. Ignatius of Loyola, Confessor.

Mr. Clearly, who is authorized to solicit subscriptions for the TRUE WITNESS and EVENING POST, will shortly visit Cornwall and St. Andrews. He will call upon those of our subscribers who are in arrears.

THE HON. MR. MACKENZIE AND MAYOR BEAUDRY.

The cat is out of the bag! In a long correspondence, copied from the Gazette, which we published in the TRUE WITNESS of last week, between the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and the Hon. Mr. Beaudry, the views of the Premier and those of the Mayor, on the procession question, are given to the public.

The correspondence is to the effect that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie urged protection for the Orangemen and eagerly jumped at the chance of affording it. The Mayor held on to the law and could not see his way to protect an illegal society, and asked the Premier to assist the civic authorities in preventing an armed invasion of Orangemen on the twelfth.

The Hon. Mr. Mackenzie said that that was a matter entirely in the hands of the local authorities, and that the fact of Orangemen being an illegal society did not deprive them of the right of protection, or of the right of walking the streets, either individually or collectively.

The Premier offered to do all in his power to "protect" the Orangemen "in the exercise of the right." These are his words. We rejoice to know the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's views upon the situation, and we wonder how he feels now, that peace has been maintained after a fashion not his own.

Orangemen have "rights" in the Province of Quebec, no one charged with the administration of the law could deny them whatever pieces of protection these "rights" afforded them. That members of an illegal society can walk the streets, no one questions.

That they can walk the streets in procession without regalia may be possible, but that they can walk the streets carrying emblems of their illegality appears to us to be more than strange. We cannot understand how a law makes a society illegal and the members of it guilty of a misdemeanor, and yet the law will protect the same men in the exercise of the act the law prohibits.

Such a policy would be a satire upon all legislation. It would condemn individuals, and yet it would not only "protect" them in the exercise of an illegal act, but it would tax the country for their protection, ruin trade and bring stagnation to all commercial enterprise.

There is, we know, a good deal of law that bothers the brains of outsiders, but if this be law, it is the oddest kind of law we ever heard of. But we prefer to take the opinions of the four eminent legal advisers to the Mayor to that of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, particularly as we have no proof that that opinion was sustained by the law officers of the Crown.

We are glad the Premier has shown his cards; and he may depend that the Catholics of Canada will not forget it to him. His letters to the Mayor are violent requests to "protect" an illegal society—a society that transgresses upon the laws of the Province of Quebec, and which insults the vast majority of the population.

Mr. Mackenzie our regret at the tone of his letters, and our determination to sustain the laws of this Province, even against the individual opinion of the Premier of Canada.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE 53RD BATTALION.

What are we to think of the press of Montreal? Our youths are shot down like dogs by armed bands of men, who disgrace the British uniform, and yet not one paper in the city says one harsh word against the ruffians who were guilty of the crime.

All silent—as silent as Trappists. The outrage was glaring, unmanly and cowardly, and yet the press—the press that is loud in its denunciation of the Quebec "roughs" and the "specials"—is silent, as silent as the grave. The truth is that these men came to commit murder, and we can prove it.

THE PAY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

The volunteers are getting the Premier into trouble. Last night, in the Legislative Council of Quebec, they were the cause of giving another rebuke to the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. By a vote of 15 to 6 the Council decided that the Province of Quebec should not pay for the services of the Montreal volunteers who visited the Capital during the late riots.

The burden will now be borne by the Corporation, although there are strong reasons to believe that the Premier thought they should be borne by the Province. We believe this indiscriminate calling out of the volunteer militia will, some day or other, lead to mischief. If the authorities do not take warning in time, and organize a force which can be relied upon, the country will, very much fear, some day have to foot a bill for which it will be but little prepared.

PERNICIOUS LITERATURE.

Parents should learn a lesson from the incident of the three little girls who ran away from their homes in Toronto and went to New York. They had been reading the sensational periodicals of the day, *The Boys and Girls Weekly*, and they became crazed with the idea of adventures which almost led them to destruction.

Fortunately for the little ones, they fell into good hands and were rescued from a fate worse than death. And whose fault would it have been? Whose, but the fault of those entrusted with the training of the poor children, more than the fault of the children themselves.

When parents or guardians allow those under their charge to read the sensational trash that is showered from the bookstores of New York, over the continent, then on these parents and guardians the stain of criminal neglect must rest. Pernicious literature has turned the head of many a boy or girl, who would otherwise have become a useful member of society.

THE PROTESTANT MINORITY.

The New York Herald has a travelling correspondent just now in Canada, and this gentleman has startled America by discovering that the Protestant minority of Quebec is in favor of annexation. We think the Herald should withdraw their man, for of a surety he makes a mountain out of a mole hill.

And the Herald falls into the trap, and writes a leading article about "Envious Canadians." We suppose the facts are these.—The Herald correspondent was in Montreal during the 12th, and from here he went to Quebec. In Quebec he came into contact with a few gentlemen of the ultra blue complexion, who, smarting under the defeat of the Orangemen at Montreal, said something about annexation.

At once the news is flashed along the line, and all America reads with stern satisfaction that the Protestants of Quebec are "Envious Canadians," thirsting for the freshets of American institutions. And this is the way news is manufactured. We never yet heard that the restriction of Orange parades was an infringement upon Protestant rights, and if it was, we certainly would be no party to oppose them.

THE ELCHO CHALLENGE SHIELD.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance to find that the Irish marksmen at Wimbledon have again carried away the Elcho Challenge Shield. It is singular, because there are so few riflemen in Ireland, as compared with either England or Scotland.

be, from time to time, picked such a number of marksmen as can carry away the coveted Shield for the possession of which England and Scotland strive with all their might. We must remember too, that at the shooting at Creedmoor the Irishmen averaged a higher score than either the Americans or the Englishmen, and that it was an Irishman who made the most points.

DR. HINGSTON.

There is a feeling among the Catholics of Montreal that Dr. Hingston, during the last year of his mayoralty, "protected" the Orange parade in St. James street. This, we are informed, is a mistake. The question of the Orangemen walking to church on the 12th of July, 1876, was like '77 and '78, "doubtful" up to the last moment.

Dr. Hingston, on the night of the 11th was, however, authoritatively assured that the Orangemen would not attempt to walk, and he was attending to his usual business on the 12th, and was coming leisurely into town when he heard that the Orangemen had walked and were protected. It is time that the truth about this matter should be known.

It was the Chief of Police who, without consulting the Mayor, protected the Orangemen, having picked up a couple of the Police Committee to give his proceedings a legal aspect. We must remember that what a man is in authority he cannot twist the law to answer his own purpose.

THE SPECIALS AGAIN.

The Witness is doing all in its power to blacken the character of the special constables sworn in to preserve the peace on the twelfth of July. In its issue of Thursday last it singled out "John Gunnung Bell, of Papineau Square notoriety; Edward Coyle, who is suing the city for having been arrested on suspicion in the Hackett case; Fabey, who was discharged from the fifty special constables for drunkenness, and whose record of wife-beating, &c., was published at the time; and Patrick Mullins, who, on the first day of this very month, was fined \$20 or two months for assaulting Lieutenant Dayid."

Now, as to Gunnung Bell, what was his crime? He was walking home one evening, and he was set upon and shot by Orangemen. The evidence proved that he was not the offender, and yet the Witness has the bad grace to hold him up as "of Papineau Road notoriety." Then in case of Coyle, we see a man defending his character against the grave charge of murder, and that is his crime.

He takes an action against the city for false arrest, and ergo he should not be a special constable. These men appear to us to have been more sinned against than sinning. With reference to Fabey and Mullins, we must leave them to defend themselves; but drunken men are not uncommon even in regular police forces, and we make no excuse for the assault upon Mr. David. But if the special constables were all the Witness says they were, surely the Witness can do better than this.

Out of five hundred men it picks one or two against who, it appears, it can advance a charge! What if we give the names of fifty or one hundred men, whose lives have been spotless in the estimation of the public, men who have interest at stake, and whose good name is the "immediate jewel of their souls." That there were a few hard cases in the five hundred, who were hurriedly brought together, is more than likely, but they were very few, for the overwhelming majority of them were respectable men, and very unlike the motley crowd of Orangemen who came into the city on the twelfth, from Cornwall.

ORANGEMISM AND THE CHASSEURS.

There is a long and interesting account in last Friday's Gazette of the Association of Chasseurs—the Association which was the primary cause of having the Act against seditious societies passed in the Province of Quebec. It was a plot against the English Government, and it originated in 1838. The plot failed, and the Act now in operation was passed in 1839, and was consolidated in 1860.

This Act, as we before said, was principally aimed at the Chasseurs, but the question of its application to Orangemism is the question which will soon be tested in the Courts. But it is well to bear in mind that Orangemism was established in Canada, and, we believe, in Montreal, before the passing of this Act, and it is just likely that the framers of the Act had the Orange Association in view as well as the Chasseurs.

We cannot forget, too, that it was only a short time before the passing of this Act that the Orangemen conspired against the accession of Her Majesty to the throne in favor of Duke Earnest. It is, therefore, not at all unlikely that the framers of the bill may have had the spreading of Orangemism in Canada in view. Sir John Colborne was a loyal man, and at that time Orangemism had a disloyal sound; so, it is not unlikely that the Act was so framed as to cover Orangemism as well as the Chasseurs.

THE GAZETTE.

The Gazette of Friday had an appeal to the Lieut.-Governor not to sign the Party Procession Act. Just so. The Conservative Gazette appeals to the Reform Lieut.-Governor Letellier not to do this act of justice asked for

by the City Council and the Chamber of Commerce, and passed through the Lower and the Upper Houses. The Gazette wants to perpetuate the evil days, by which we are surrounded. We shall remember this act of kindness to the Gazette, and if our people do not remember it, too, it will not be our fault.

THE QUEBEC SESSION.

The session in Quebec has closed in a becoming manner, by the Legislative Council refusing to extinguish itself. The Reformers go home retaining office—the Conservatives go home, after presenting their leader with an address and assuring him that he will yet "lead them to victory." One is happy in having power, the other is happy in the hope of obtaining it.

And so ends one of the most remarkable sessions ever held on this continent, or indeed, anywhere else. In any of the old countries, a minority holding on to office by a majority of one, or worse still, holding on by the casting vote of the Speaker, has never been heard of. We suppose, however, that the Conservatives would do the same, and thus public opinion treats the matter lightly.

MORE REGULARS.

Canadians want a regular force of soldiers, and the sooner we have them the better. The time is already upon us when a small standing army has become a necessity. Delay may be disastrous, for the people require to be saved from each other as well as from foreigners.

The note of alarm has been sounded everywhere throughout the country, and we expect to hear a good deal of it at the forthcoming elections. Sir P. Macdougall and Sir E. Selby Smyth would, we believe, favor the formation of such a force, for they know that it is by the impartial administration of power that faction and riot can be suppressed. The independent press favors the idea, and whatever opposition may arise is sure to come from politicians, who will use the pros or cons as they may answer their own purpose.

PETTY ROWS.

From time to time Montreal is scandalized by hearing of petty brawls and rows which take place at night, and which are paraded and sometimes exaggerated, next day in the press. Every citizen must deplore this state of affairs, and do his best to prevent these fretful outbreaks of party warfare.

In one of our contemporaries, one party is always declared the aggressor, and perhaps we may be equally disposed to take an opposite view of the situation and blame those from whom we think all this bad feeling emanates. We think these brawls are all traceable to the whistling or singing of offensive tunes—tunes which are intended to insult, and which generally succeed.

As for our part, we think that men who will insult people by these means are not worth noticing, and it exhibits a more manly character, and a keener sense of the duties which we all owe our neighbors, to let blackguards insult until they are tired, and to take no notice whatever of them. This may be hard, but it is more dignified.

THE BOSTON PILOT ON THE MONTREAL TROUBLES.

It is quite evident that the Boston Pilot does not understand the question of Orangemism as it appears to us in Montreal. It thinks that Orangemism would be best combated here by severely avoiding it. It has written as harsh things of Orangemism as ever appeared in the TRUE WITNESS, but it discourages the action of Mayor Beaudry.

In fact, the Pilot appears to forget that the Mayor of Montreal was bound, by virtue of his oath of office, to prevent the Orangemen from walking. It attributes to prejudice what the Mayor was obliged to do by law. Besides, Orangemism in Montreal is unlike Orangemism in any town on this continent.

Here an Orange procession would be an innovation. Here we have certain rights guaranteed by the Treaty, and these rights place the Catholics of Quebec in a position not occupied by the Catholics of the other Provinces. Again, in no city in the world, where the Catholics are in anything like a respectable majority, do the Orangemen walk in procession, and it is too much to make Montreal an exception.

THE DISPUTED CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club deny the authority of the Lacrosse Association of Canada in the matter of the disputed championship. They say that according to the rules of lacrosse, that the decision of the referee shall be final.

to take advantage of the situation. The Shamrocks had ceased playing when the ball was said to have been put through the goals, a fact which appears to us as good proof that both "like" and "foul" were called.

THE HERALD AND THE SPECIALS.

The Herald of last Saturday thinks it odd that Mr. D. Lyons and Mr. Stephen Quinn, two Government employees, should have been sworn in as special constables on the 12th, and it suggests that the heads of their departments should give them an opportunity of spending their time "in their chosen sphere of action."

In fact, the Herald suggests that these two Government employees should be dismissed for absenting themselves from duty on the twelfth. We do not object to the Herald hailing Government employees over the coals for exhibiting partisanship or for taking part in party strife.

This is all right, but may we suggest to the Herald to extend its range of vision and look at the other side of the question as well. What about Dunbar Brown, Mr. McBratney and J. R. Thompson. These gentlemen are well known Orangemen.

They attend public meetings, make Orange speeches, absent themselves from duty to go to Orange business, and the Herald's a blind all the time. But it is the same as the rest—afflicted with ophthalmia except when it can make a point against our side of the house.

THE REV. L. DESBRISAY.

The Gazette of Monday last publishes a synopsis of a sermon delivered last Sunday by the Rev. L. Desbrisay. The synopsis is a reference to the late troubles in this city, and in the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman, speaking of the Orangemen, said:—

"A large number of Christians are insisting upon their rights to enjoy liberty of conscience. They are perfectly right, if it is conscience and not any of those things that are mistaken for conscience. But from what I see, I feel that I must beg of them to calmly examine it. Some Protestants let me appeal to you as fellow-Christians. Ponder this question well. Is there not mixed up with this conscience a considerable share of the spirit of opposition? Is it not the notorious fact that, while you make this demand, you are bitterly opposed to another body of Christians? And if this is the fact, can you plead that you are not actuated by a selfishness? Are you not also actuated by bitter memories and by a determination to keep alive these memories?"

This is the language of a Christian clergyman. The men who rave about "conscience" care nothing for the "conscience" of others. It is a spirit of "bitter opposition," of triumph and of insult, and not "conscience," that directs the movements, and agitates the brain of those who would glory in trampling upon the "conscience" of peaceable men.

THE SPECTATOR.

The Spectator of Saturday has a fling at the special constables, another fling at the Mayor, another fling at the Jesuits, another fling at ecclesiasticism, and a final fling at Orangemism as well. Of the Orangemen the Spectator says:—

THE INMATES OF BEDLAM. First must be reckoned the Orangemen—some of them good, respectable members of society who say Orangemism is not here what it is in the Old Country—is not meant to stir up ill-feeling, or promote discord—but is a good and useful institution, working well for Protestantism; some of them indifferent, having joined the order they scarce know why, and never taking an active part in its matters; and some of them, being of no purpose of good, but only of mischief. Notably the Orange Young Britons—mere boys, who can neither reflect nor reason; who could hardly distinguish between the written creeds of the two opposing religious bodies, but who have got hold of the tail end of an idea, and think they have the right to walk through a mangrove of wild beasts with raw meat in their hands—the right to flaunt it in the eyes and before the noses of tigers—and all for the purpose of demonstrating before all mankind that they are not afraid of the tigers, but that man can vindicate his manhood when "protected" by iron bars and keepers.

This is to say, they have the right to forget their rights to all others; the right to excite and offend a large portion of their fellow-countrymen; the right to paralyze trade, send peace-loving citizens out of the city, make it necessary to call in the militia, at a cost to the city of from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars, and otherwise hold the city up to the shame and contempt of the civilized world.

After this we can forgive what it says of the other side. The Spectator strikes out at everybody and so it says that the Orangemen have—

teers, but according to our reading of the Act, and military usage, a volunteer out of uniform has no more privileges than a citizen, and in uniform he may, if not a commissioned officer, be searched for other arms than those allowed by regulation.

MR. TOM ROBINSON.

We thought that the Government of Mr. Mackenzie had prohibited their official, Mr. Tom Robinson, of Kingston, from attending Orange demonstrations. It was so rumored, if not authoritatively, at least with some degree of proof, that such an order had been issued.

If such an order ever was issued, Mr. Robinson disregards it. In fact, he is as violent as ever, and if his violence is of a harmless nature, yet it is threatening as well. Last year Tom Robinson predicted "Woe to Montreal," and on the evening of the twelfth he made a speech at Kingston in which he predicted a likelihood of "forming themselves together on next St. Patrick's Day and sweep the streets" of Montreal. What a hideous phantasmagoria—Tom Robinson limping down the streets of Montreal at the head of his braves. Finis St. Patrick's Day! Exit Popery! But seriously is it not time to send this old man to grass? Should not the public service be so managed that such displays of partisanship would be rendered impossible?

We shall see how the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie will treat the matter—if indeed he notices it at all.

THE FISHERY AWARD.

Our friends across the line are still hostile about the Fishery award. They cling to the dollars with true American pertinacity, and indulge in all sorts of contortions to plead "not proven." The latest effort in this direction is a defence of Mr. Kellogg, the United States Commissioner, which has appeared in the Boston Herald, and which defence reveals some surprising facts indeed. When the award became known, the Americans said that their Commissioner was insane, and now the Boston Herald has discovered that that is not the case, and that the gentleman entrusted with the high mission of Commissioner was sound in mind, if not in body.

That charge disposed of, another one is made public. It appears that Sir Edward Thornton was courteous and attentive to Mr. Kellogg's family, and this is assigned as another reason why Mr. Kellogg lost his head, and voted for the award. These excuses are unworthy of the American people. If the United States cannot produce men who are above selling their country for social ties, or who are insane upon international obligations, then it is a bad state of things for the United States.

ORANGEMISM IN THE VOLUNTEERS.

According to the laws of the Dominion, 31 Victoria, Chapter 40, passed in 1868, the Militia of Canada is subject to the Queen's regulations and orders for the army. The special section in which this is mentioned is section 64 of the same act, and it says:—

"The Active Militia shall be subjected to the Queen's regulations and orders for the army, &c."

"Now the 'Active Militia,' according to section 6 of the same act, 'shall be composed of the Volunteer Militia, the Regular Militia, and the Marine Militia.' Thus we have the entire Militia force of Canada subject to the Queen's regulations and orders for the army. This is as it should be, but is it true? Let us see. The Queen's regulations for the army, in the 'Confidential Reports' contains the following:—

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers are forbidden to institute, countenance, or attend Orange Lodges, or any other meetings, whatever party or political purposes, in barracks, quarters, camp or elsewhere."

Now, how does this effect our Active Militia? The simple fact is that a large proportion of the Active Militia is composed of Orangemen, in direct opposition to the Queen's regulations, and in defiance of the law. The fact is that in Canada the Active Militia is not subject to the Queen's regulations where Orangemen are concerned. They defy the Queen's regulations, just as they attempted to defy the laws of this Province. But the question is a fair one for discussion in Parliament, and we shall take care to bring it before the public when the proper time arrives.

THREATENING THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the St. Gabriel Street Presbyterian Church, has thought proper to threaten the French Canadians with the pains and penalties of his anger. The reverend gentleman preached a firebrand sermon on Sunday evening, in the course of which he said that it was an evil day for the French Canadians when they were "seduced from their easy tolerance and led on by the fiery bigotry of their Irish co-religionists."

CHEAPSIDE

(ESTABLISHED 1810.)

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. 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 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-Blank Goods-Dress Goods.

ANTLE DEPARTMENT, Up-stairs (West side) Style and Fit Warranted.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT, Up-stairs (East side).

Splendid assortment of Tricots and Cloth. For Tailoring, go to CHEAPSIDE.

Dress Goods.

New Canterbury Cordis, in gel brown, green, navy blue and olive green. Persian Cordis, all colors, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, etc. Debeiges, grey and brown (old wool), 9c to 6c. Cashmeres, all wool, 20c up. Trousering, all wool, 20c up. Lustre and Brilliantines, all colors, 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c.

Grenadines.

Plain Black Grenadine, 20c to 40c. Black Gize Grenadine, all prices.

Small Wares.

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

Corsets-Crompton Make.

Quee Bess Corsets, with shoulder straps and knit supporters. Corsets for Children. Children's Bands. Corsets, French Goods, at 30c each.

Domestic Goods.

English Prints, from 6c to 15c per yard. Brown Cotton from 5c up. White Cotton from 7c up. An extra bargain in 30 in. White Cotton for 10c, worth 15c per yard.

Twill Cotton, a good make, for 20c, worth 25c; sold elsewhere for 35c.

Table Linens, in all makes, from 30c to \$2.50 per yard.

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

Oxford Stripping, from 10c to 40c per yard; all splendid value.

We believe in the best goods always!

White Shirts-a good line for 75c each, warranted full finish for every dress.

A good assortment of White Dress Shirts, from 75c to \$1.25 each.

Our 75c White shirt is the best value in the trade.

Regatta Shirts, assorted.

Oxford Shirts, assorted, for \$1.50 each, two colors, same as sold elsewhere for \$1.75 and \$2.00.

Chintz and Alexandra Quilts, at greatly reduced prices.

A good 10-4 Quilt for 85c.

Gents' Ties and Scarfs.

Gents' Collars and Cuffs.

Gloves.

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

ALEXANDRES!

IOUVIN'S! JOSEPHINES! Best Makers.

Silk Thread Gloves, all colours, 5c up. Plaid Silk Gloves, all colours. Pure Silk Gloves.

Umbrellas.

Cotton, 30c up. Zaniella. Alpaca. 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 1810.)

CITY NEWS.

ORANGE ASSOCIATION.-The members of the Supreme Grand Lodge, who were in this city to watch the case of the arrested Orangemen, left for their homes Friday. They held a meeting previous to starting, at which, it is said, it was stated that a fund of \$10,000 could be easily raised for the purpose of pushing their case to the utmost limit.

THE PARTISAN VOLUNTEERS.-A well known and respected merchant of Valleyfield called upon us, and stated that the 50th Battalion while returning home, after spending the 12th in Montreal, waved Orange handkerchiefs, while the band played such soul-inspiring tunes as "Croppies lie down," "The Protestant Boys," "We'll kick the Pope before us," and other choice productions.

SINGULAR.-According to the Witness, the fact of a man having been shot by an Orangeman should ever prevent him coming forward as a promoter of the peace. It cites Harney as a case in point. Of course, if the man who wanted to commit murder was sworn in as a special object of the Witness would immediately vanish. This reasoning is rather tortuous, but still it is reasoning.

THE PROGRAM.-About 800 of the party who left West Farnham lately on a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, arrived here Friday morning, in charge of his Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, on their return home. Three remarkable cures have been effected among this number, viz.: Mrs. J. B. Anger, of Carrobert, Rouville county, who before the pilgrimage, had not the power either limbs, can now walk perfectly; a little girl named Laurette, from St. Alexandre, with the same complaint, was cured in like manner, and Mr. Charles Beauchemin, of Windsor, who had been heretofore dumb, had his speech completely restored.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.-At a meeting of the Commission Merchants' Union, on the 17th inst., the following resolution was adopted:- It was moved by F. P. Dupuis, Esq., seconded by W. Arsenault, Esq.: That the Commission Merchants' Union approve of the conduct of His Worship, the Hon. J. L. Beaudry, Mayor of Montreal, on the occasion of the anticipated troubles on the 12th of July, and they congratulate him at the same time in having, by his rare energy and activity, maintained intact the honor of the civic chair of Montreal.-Minerve.

COMPLAINT.-In the Witness of Thursday, a complaint appears that one of the men of the city police had been taken off his duty, and placed about the premises of Mayor Beaudry. It seems somewhat strange that such objection should be made to customary attention to the Chief Magistrate, while the same paper, when Mayor Beaudry was in power had nothing, whatever to say, although there were four men detailed for duty around his premises at the time of his mayoralty. The man on duty at Mayor Beaudry's house was sent there on account of some damage having been done to that gentleman's property a few days ago. Mr. Beaudry never asked for such protection, and it was furnished by the police authorities because they considered it their duty to do so. During the term of office of Mayor Cousin, Workmen and others, notice were placed about their premises, but strange to say, no objection was ever raised. Mayor Beaudry, however, has made himself obnoxious to some of the "Civil and Religious Liberty" loving residents of this city, and of course, must expect exceptional treatment.

ORANGEMEN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.-On the 12th of July, 1877, Mr. J. R. Thomson, one of the employees of the Government, and drawing salary as a clerk in the warehouse-keepers' department of the Custom House, exhibited on his desk a pot of Orange lilies. The matter was then referred to in the columns of the True Witness, but the Collector and other persons interested did not seem to think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant any investigation into the circumstances. Since that event the employees of the warehouse department of the Custom House have a date box, which, though movable, is continually made to register the 12th of July. The article is thus virtually of no use whatever for the purpose for which it is intended, and a few days ago, about the eleventh instant, a picture of King Billy was affixed to the wall of the office, where it to-day can be seen by any person desiring to gaze upon it. It would be well if the authorities took some action in the matter and enforce the law, which prevents the exhibition of patriotism in any shape whatever.

CANADIAN NEWS.

A number of cattle have died in Belleville from the effects of the intense heat.

The ship laborers of Quebec hold their annual procession on Wednesday next.

Charters, the man sunstruck at Toronto, is in a dangerous state.

Dr. Conroy, the Delegate Apostolic, is seriously ill, in Newfoundland.

Archbishop Lynch has received information that Dr. Conroy, the Papal Ablegate, is improving in health.

It is said Larkin & Co's. tender for the graving dock is the lowest, and Mr. F. B. McNamee's second lowest.

The Quebec Customs authorities have seized two large oil paintings which came from England in the barque "Irene."

A farmer, named Wm. Holden, living near Whitley, was sunstruck on Saturday while working in the fields and died instantly.

OTTAWA, July 18.-Bishop Duhamel has issued a pastoral forbidding the holding of public or political meetings at church doors on Sunday.

The by-law to grant a bonus of \$20,000 to the Stratford & Huron railway was defeated on Saturday last in the township of Brant by a majority of 17.

Heavy gales and thunder storms are reported as having taken place on the upper lakes Sunday. Some damage to shipping is expected.

A reward of \$300 is offered for the recovery of the body of the late Mr. Frank Howland, who was drowned in Toronto Bay a few days ago.

The officers of the Inland Revenue Department at Goderich seized a distillery and malting establishment in Culross township, for illicit traffic.

BURNING IN EFFIGY.-L'Union des Cantons de L'Est of the 18th instant says:-The Orangemen of Sherbrooke burned Mayor Beaudry in effigy on Monday evening. They regret, no doubt, that they were not in a position to burn him in person.

TORONTO, July 18.-Fancy bills, advertising an excursion of the Young Irishmen, being extensively posted through the city, has excited the ire of "Protestant," who published a letter in last night's Telegram, asking if it was not this same Society that brought the "Felman rascal, O'Donovan Rossa," here. It was by means of letters (evidently written in the Telegram office) that the Rossa riots were

brought about, and many now feel sure that the same journal is resorting to the same means to get up some sensational news. The publication of this letter, and others may be expected daily, will soon for the Orange and Green flame into vast proportions, thus affording ray hints for the Orange proprietor of the Telegram.

CLOSING OF THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

QUEBEC, July 20.-This day at 12 o'clock, His Excellency the Lieut-Governor proceeded in state to the Chamber of the Legislative Council, in the Parliament Building. The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, the following Bills were assented to in His Majesty's name, by His Excellency the Lieut-Governor, viz.:

An Act to amend the Act incorporating the Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence Junction Railway Co.

An Act to place the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway under the control of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

An Act to provide for the abolition of District Municipalities.

An Act to consolidate and amend the law to secure to wives and children the benefit of insurances on the lives of their husbands and partners.

An Act to amend Article 190 of the Civil Code.

An Act further to amend the several Acts incorporating the City of Quebec and to raise a further loan.

An Act to amend an Act respecting the indemnity to members of the Legislature and the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

An Act to further amend the municipalities of the Province of Quebec.

An Act for the suppression of Party Processions.

An Act to amend the Quebec License Law of 1878, 41 Vict., Chap. 3.

An Act to further amend the Act respecting the sale and management of Public Lands, 32 Vict., Chap. 1.

An Act respecting the publication of Orders-in-Council, Proclamations and Departmental regulations.

An Act to amend the Phosphates mines Act, 41 Vict., Chap. 4.

Then the Honorable Speaker of the Legislative Assembly addressed His Excellency the Lieut-Governor, and presented for His Excellency's acceptance a bill entitled "An Act granting to the Province of Quebec a reduction in the interest of the Government for the financial year ending on the 30th June, 1878, and for other purposes connected with the public service." To this bill the Honorable Speaker presented the following words:

In Her Majesty's name the Lieut-Governor thanks Her Majesty's subjects, accepts their benevolence, and assents to this bill which His Excellency the Lieut-Governor was pleased to close the First Session of the Fourth Parliament of the Province of Quebec, with the following speech:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.

I have been deeply gratified by the legislative measures which you have passed during this session, and particularly by that which, ensuring to the Province a reduction in the interest of the Government, looks to a re-establishment of an equilibrium between our income and our expenditure. You have proved by your important deliberations to be attached to the lot of the people of this Province, the inalienable right of being consulted in all matters connected with their interests.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted the supplies, and I shall take care that they are wisely expended with a view to the greatest advantage of the people of the Province.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I beg of you to accept the good wishes which I offer for your welfare and for the general prosperity of this Province, prosperity which can only be assured by the respect of all for constituted authority, and by the maintenance of peace and order of which you are the chief guardians.

Then the Speaker of the Legislative Council said:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

It is His Excellency the Lieut-Governor's will and pleasure that this Provincial Parliament be prorogued until Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of August next, at the same place, and the Provincial Parliament is accordingly prorogued until Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of August next.

On arriving at the Parliament House, His Honor was received by B. Battery drawn up as a guard of honor under Col. Montzambert, while the usual salute was fired from the Citadel.

His Excellency was attended in the Legislative Council Chamber by a brilliant military staff, while a number of ladies and official gentlemen occupied seats upon the floor of the House.

SUNDAY AT THE PROTECTORY.

HOW THE TWO THOUSAND BOYS AND GIRLS PASSED THEIR WEEKLY HOLIDAY.

Sunday is always a welcome day at the New York Catholic Protectors in Westchester to the Brothers, the Sisters of Charity, the two thousand boys and girls in their charge, and the skilled artisans employed to direct the industry of the latter. When the sunlight entered the windows of the boys' great dormitories yesterday morning, it found many wide-open eyes, for the first event of the day was to be a bath in Westchester creek. The creek empties its waters in the Sound, and gets a return of salt water when the tide changes. Three days in the week the Brothers take the boys to bathe, and on the alternate days the Sisters take the girls.

At about 6 o'clock the boys, carrying with them their Sunday clothes, set out for the creek. When the bath houses of the Protectory were reached, the week day clothes were replaced by bathing tights in the twinkling of an eye. Then there was a mighty splash, and nearly fourteen hundred boys were swimming, diving, and splashing about in the creek. When the Brothers thought that the bath had lasted long enough, they called out, each to his own section: "Boys, the time is up." Without murmur, the boys promptly returned to the bath houses and dressed themselves. Then they marched back to the Protectory and ate breakfast. At 8 o'clock they filed into the chapel and heard mass. Next they went to the class rooms, and were instructed in the catechism. Then they filed out into the quadrangle and formed long lines. The prefect mounted a slight elevation, as a General who desired to inspect his corps might have done, cast his eyes over the body before him. The Sub-Prefects stood at the head of their divisions. As the silver clock in the tower overlooking the quadrangle struck 10, the Prefect made a signal, and the Sub-Prefects led their divisions toward a great gate in the west wall. Through this gate most of the boys passed into the vast playground beyond. But some, who had stripes of yellow in their brown suits, were turned back by the gatekeepers. They were allowed to amuse themselves as they pleased within the quadrangle, but not to go outside. The striped suit is the chief punishment of the offending boy in the Protectory.

While the boys were at play, Brother Adrian, the rector, and Superintendent Dooley piloted a Sun reporter through the Protectory. In the dormitories the hygienic rules of the British army barracks, probably the best in existence, are enforced. Every occupant has a separate cot and six hundred cubic inches of pure air. Watchmen are on the alert, at night to see that the air does not become tainted. White curtains only divide the alcoves in which the prefects sleep from the dormitories. Absolute cleanliness rules here, in the class-rooms, the refectories, and the kitchen, where food for more than a thousand mouths is cooked by steam. The shoe shop, which turns out upward of \$200,000 worth of

shoes; the printing office, which does nearly as large a business; the canning shop, where the best kinds of chairs and settees are caned; the tailoring department, which supplies clothing for all of the boys; the carriage shop and smithy; and the base ball factory were successively visited. Five boys were in the infirmary, and Dr. Purroy, ex-Alderman Purroy's brother, had just paid them a visit. Three of the boys were up and dressed, one of them playing checkers with a boy who was in bed. The fifth boy lying dozing in his white cot. He is dying of consumption. The four new infirmaries, mainly on the pavilion plan and isolated in gardens, and the ophthalmic hospital, contained only nine or ten boys, and not more than five of these were abed.

At about noon the waiters, boys detailed for the week to wait upon their companions, began to put dinner upon the hundreds of tables in the principal refectory. Wearing blue aprons they stood in a line and in turn approached the carver's table. The carvers, older boys, gave them great pewter dishes of Irish stew, roast beef, and string beans, broad platters of bread, and big pots of coffee, which they set out neatly on the tables. At noon the boys fell out after grace with keen appetites. When they wanted more, they called one of the waiters and asked for it. After dinner there was an adjournment to the play ground. The relatives of the boys then began to arrive, with baskets of good things. Whenever there was no objection on account of misconduct, Superintendent Dooley gave them permission to take their boys out of the limits for an hour or two, and unaccompanied by them were soon organized in every play spot.

The earlier part of the day in the Girls' Protectory was more quiet. After early mass in the chapel, which is adorned with an altar of white marble, decked with newly-cut flowers, and surrounded with beautiful paintings, the sisters and the girls strolled in the grove, chatted in quiet nooks in the cool and still house, fragrant with freshly-gathered flowers, or read in the library. Many went to the play room, in the basement, and sang in chorus. Mother Regina, whose courtly manners reminded those who know her history of the day when she was a reigning belle in this city, went from one group to another. During the hotter part of the day the baby boys and girls, in their separate homes, played in the shaded rooms. In the neat infirmary in the upper story of what was the old Verrian manston, the nucleus of the Protectory, not even one cot was occupied. But at a window, hung with snow-white Swiss curtains, sat a young girl, who is dying of consumption.

Brother Adrian, the head of the Protectory, the largest reformatory institution in the world with branches in Utica and Troy, is still young. He carries all the figures of the immense revenue and outlay of the institution at his fingers' ends, and his piercing black eyes are everywhere. He was the assistant of Brother Tellow, the founder of the Protectory, for years. About five years ago they were invited to the Republic of Ecuador by the Government of Garcia Moreno, to establish a Protectory in the city of Quito. A million acres of land were set apart for the purpose. Soon after this Moreno was assassinated.-N. Y. Sun.

EMIGRATION STATISTICS.

New York receives the mass of emigrants arriving in the United States. The Superintendent of Castle Garden has lately prepared a statement, showing that the whole number of arrivals from May, 1847, to June, 1878, was 5,683,604. The principal nationalities were represented as follows, beginning with the highest figures:-

Table with 2 columns: Nationality and Number. German 2,146,491; Irish 2,014,732; English 742,207; Scotch 159,515; Swedish 121,855; French 109,347; Swiss 83,801; Norwegian 47,455; Italian 47,618; Dutch 39,957; Danish 33,475; Welsh 28,692; Austrian 26,668; Polish 25,085; 11,291.

The Germans have passed the Irish in a few years, and now hold the lead. German immigration, since January 1st, 1877, as recorded at Castle Garden, has been almost twice as great as the Irish, the figures being:-German, 25,471; Irish, 13,021. England is now sending nearly as many emigrants to this country as Ireland. Many of them go to Utah to join the Mormons. The Irish don't want.

A RELIGIOUS MONOMANIAC.

STRANGE HALUCINATION OF A MAN NAMED COLLINS-HE RENS SAKED THROUGH A VILLAGE AND NEARLY KILLS THE JAILER.

NASHVILLE, Tenn. July 16, 1878.-The people in the village of Rhea Springs were thrown into wild excitement on Sunday by the peculiar antics of a religious monomaniac named Collins. At five a.m. he went into a Methodist church and tore up all the books, as he said, to get the devil out of them. He then passed through and out of the town, a distance of two miles. Concluding the devil was in his clothing and that Jesus had commissioned him to go into the church as naked as he had come into the world he pulled off his clothing, and in a state of nature started back on a run, followed by a constantly increasing multitude of people, who failed to overtake him. Passing through the town he finally approached the church, then occupied by a Sunday school. A man attempted to stop him and was knocked senseless by a stone; another, he felled with his fist. By this time a crowd had gathered about him, wishing to a profuse perspiration which made him as slippery as an eel, it was difficult to hold him. One secured and bound he was taken to the goal at Washington.

AN ATTACK ON THE JAILER.

On Monday morning the jailer went into his cell to give him his food, and he seemed perfectly quiet and harmless. The jailer passed inside the cell door and turned to lock it. Collins at that moment picked up a heavy board and struck the jailer on the back of the head, knocking him down and then beating his head into the condition of a jelly. The jailer's wife subsequently came in to see what had become of her husband; but, raising her dress to go up stairs, she did not see Collins until she got to the top. He was covered with blood from head to foot. Collins in once struck her a violent blow on her head, knocking her down the stairway and then rushed to his cell, in which was his bloody victim, and locked himself in.

RELIGION AND RUM.

Collins is an Irishman, and was until two years ago a Catholic; at that time he joined the Methodist Church, South, with the understanding that he was to cease drinking intoxicating liquors. A religious meeting had been in progress and it was not known that he had become a religious monomaniac until Sunday morning.-N. Y. Herald.

James G. Bennett contemplates a double expedition to the North Pole. The "Jeannet" expedition will cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.

There was a very large attendance of market gardeners at the markets to-day, and all classes of goods were more abundant.

POULTRY.-The prices are very little altered since last week. Spring Chickens remain firm at from 25c to 40c; Ducks, 40c to 60c. Turkeys are somewhat lower, and are offered at from 80c to \$1.40. Pigeons are very plentiful at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per dozen.

VEGETABLES were very abundant and have increased greatly in size and quality. Very large New Melons were offered to-day at from \$3 to \$3.75 per dozen; Cabbage, 30c per dozen; Carrots, 25c per dozen; Cucumbers, 40c per bushel; Onions, 15c per dozen; New Potatoes, 90c to \$1.20 per bag; Turnips, 50c per bushel; Lettuce, 15c per dozen; Bermuda Onions, \$1.25 per crate; Green Peas, 60c per bushel.

FRUIT.-The prices are a shade lower than last week. New Apples, \$2.50 to \$4 per bushel; Oranges \$7 per box; Lemons \$7.50 per box; lower port Blueberries are quoted at 90c per box, being a decrease of 50c since last week; Raspberries at from 60c to \$1 per bushel; Red Currants 35c per gallon; Black do 30c; to 40c per do; New Peas were in the market to-day and are very scarce, and were sold for \$1 a barrel.

BUTTER.-Fresh Print was a little more abundant to-day, and sold at from 22c to 30c per lb; Medium Butter 12c to 13c.

GRAIN.-Oats 50c per bag; Bran 70c per do; Corn 55c to 80c per do; Flour \$2.30 per bag; Indian Meal \$1.20 per do; Moulie \$1.20 per do; Old Pens \$1.

NEW YORK, July 23.

Gold, 100; Sterling Exchange, 48s.

MONTREAL, July 23.

Greenbacks bought at a discount of 1 per cent.; Greenbacks sold at a discount of 1 per cent.; Drafts on New York, 1 per cent.; Silver bought at a discount of 6 to 8 per cent.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchasers served during week ending July 20th, 1878. 5,111. Same week last year 4,371. Increase 737.

GREAT REDUCTION.

IN DRESS GOODS.

Splendid lot of Scotch Debeiges, worth 25c, reduced to 15c per yard.

Splendid lot of Scotch Debeiges, worth 25c, reduced to 15c per yard.

Splendid lot of German Debeiges, worth 30c, reduced to 22c per yard.

Splendid lot of all-wool French Debeiges, worth 35c, reduced to 25c per yard.

Splendid lot of all-wool French Debeiges, worth 35c, reduced to 27c per yard.

SPECIAL REDUCTION.

Special lot of Vienna Cloth, in all the newest shades, worth 35c, reduced to 25c per yard.

Special lot of English Serges, in all the newest shades, worth 35c, reduced to 25c per yard.

Special lot of German Serges, in all the new colors, worth 35c, reduced to 25c per yard.

Special lot of Washing Mohair, worth 25c, reduced to 15c per yard.

Special lot of Kara Sulting Cloth, worth 7c, reduced to 5c per yard.

Special lot of all-wool Cashmere Debeiges, worth 45c, reduced to 34c per yard.

JOB LOT.

A lot of Black Grenadine, reduced from 22c to 5c per yard.

A lot of Black Grenadine, with Silk Flowers, reduced from 35c to 5c per yard.

A lot of all-wool Debeiges, reduced from 28c to 10c per yard.

A lot of Washing Challis, reduced from 25c to 10c per yard.

A lot of German Barges, reduced from 25c to 10c per yard.

A lot of Spanish Skirting, reduced from 28c to 10c per yard.

S. CARSLY'S PRICES OF COTTON UNDERWEAR.

Men's good Cotton