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SOUTH AFRICA  
LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.  
GREAT BATTLE.  
IMMENSE LOSS OF LIFE.  
GEN. COLLEY KILLED!  
General Roberts Appointed to Command.  
THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.  
A Gallant People.

London, Feb. 26.—A despatch from Durban says that heavy fighting has taken place at Pochestroom. The Boers are busy around the defences of Laing-nek. Heavy rains have fallen.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

London, Feb. 25.—The following has been received at the War Office:—From the General Officer commanding in Natal and Transvaal to the Secretary of State for War. Received 11th February, 1881.—10th February, 1881. The following is a corrected list of the casualties on the 8th:—Staff Captain MacGregor, R. E., Assistant Military Secretary; Mr. M. Stuart, Resident Magistrate (my interpreter), killed. King's Dragoon Guards—One man wounded. Royal Artillery—Captain Greer and three men killed; Lieutenant Parsons and ten wounded. 58th Regiment—Two men killed. 60th Rifles—Lieuts. Garrett and O'Connell and 56 men killed; Second Lieuts. Pitzler, Hawthorn, Thistlethwaite, and 52 men wounded; Lieut. Wilkinson and eight men missing. Army Service Corps—One man wounded. The wounded are all removed to Newcastle. The dead buried on the field. Lieutenant Wilkinson is believed to have been drowned crossing a stream, taking aid to the wounded after the engagement. In searching for the body Daworth dangerously wounded, Pitzler and Parsons severely and Thistlethwaite slightly. Nominal rolls of the dead will follow. The following is the list:—Killed—N Battery, 5th Brigade R.A.—Gunnery Casidy, Snowling and Webster; 58th Regiment—Lance-Corporal Bayer, and Private Lyons; 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles—Colonel-Sergeant May, Sergeant Buckingham, Corporals Bistow and Nash, Lance-Corporal McHugh, Bugler Howe, Privates Ashworth, A. Bailey, Butten (856), Brown, Burnett, Buckett, Bull, Burke, (1983), J. Clarke, G. Coleman, Finn, Forsyth, Guthrie (631), J. C. Harris, H. Hodges, F. Dome, Hyster (3831) W. Jackson, Knowles, Kynnam, Mearry (1964) J. Murray, Millard (2253), F. Morgan (776) W. Murphy, W. J. McCann, McNulty, Mearns, Nelson, Phiby, Pike, Pankarst, O. Russell, Randall, M. Russell, Kadford, J. Roberts, (175), G. Smith, Suckling, F. Seymour, W. Seymour (2061), E. Smith, Smart, (3566), Stone, Suck, (Stinson, (1810), R. Taylor, J. Thomas (3533) W. Wilson (897), and W. Watts. Wounded—1 Dragoon Guards—Farrier Davis, N Battery, 5th Brigade R.A.—Shoemaker-Smith, Bombardier Shimo, Gunnery Ashton, Bowen, Hales, Hallsman, Drivers Foster, New Rowlands and Woods, 3 60th Rifles—Sergeants Hillman and Prince, Corporals Horton, Lovett, and J. Watson, Lance-Corporals Eady and Hambling, Bugler Field, Privates Exford, Brett, J. Berry, Babington, Broker (897), Bryant Collyer (2171), J. Cotton, Cordery (2085), D. Corbett (2087) Clarke, Caron (1067), E. Davies (3517), Edwards, Fibbans (3455), A. Greene (1480), R. Grey, T. Gillman, Gostelow, Dawson, Harridge (3508) Harris, Harwood, Inman, H. Lovelock (2811), T. Lyons, Maple, Macrow (1265), W. Nash, Poplett (1581), C. H. Palmer, T. Pocock, F. Sawyer, W. Styles, Sommers, Somerville, Simonds, Sraer (3470), W. Turner (2503), W. Wood, Wiseman (1523), and R. Welch (1695). Army Service Corps—Trumpeter Fionn, Missing—3,60th R.A.—Privates 994, J. Connor, Doody, Grava (4492), R. Jackson (2426), E. Lovelock, Paintin, Snowton and Whybrow.

London, Feb. 28.—A despatch from Durban says a great battle has been fought in the Transvaal. On Saturday night, Gen. Sir Geo. P. Colley proceeded with twenty officers and 627 men of 58th, 3rd battalion 60th and 92nd regiments and naval brigade, to occupy Magets mountains, which overlooks the enemy. The Boers attacked the position on Sunday morning, and by midday the firing had increased. Then there was a sudden change of position, and much confusion on the hill, and at 2 o'clock the British lost the hill, and the men were obliged to retire under heavy fire. Col. Bond reports that Gen. Sir Geo. Colley was killed. Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood telegraphs to the War Office later details. He says the British were driven back, and that while they were retreating that they lost 100 men. He confirms the death of Gen. Colley. There are no details as to how many men were lost; it is feared that the list will be very long. Col. Bond will send to the field of action for the purpose of removing the wounded and burying the dead. Gen. Sir

Evelyn Wood says he will go back to Newcastle.

London, Feb. 28.—A despatch in the second edition of the *Telegraph* says General Colley was shot through the head. The loss to the 60th Foot is supposed to be light, as all the officers escaped. The other regiments suffered heavily. Commander Bomilly, of the Naval Brigade, is said to be dead.

The dismay caused by the news of General Colley's death, the almost entire extinction of the 58th Regiment, and the killing of Colley himself, is widespread and intense. As later and fuller details of the terrible calamity arrived, the overpowering character of the defeat is more and more apparent. When the ammunition of the English was exhausted, the slaughter became terrific. The Boers closed up on them and mercilessly shot them down. The English made a desperate rush to break through the lines of the Boers, but were too late and driven back to death. In leading the charge, General Colley was shot through the head and fell dead on the field. Only seven members of the 58th Regiment escaped; all wounded. The Boers are everywhere triumphant, and are loudly rejoicing over the victory. A consultation regarding the situation at Natal is now being held at the War Office. Officials express the fear of a general rising of Boers in South Africa. The situation is considered most alarming. Latest reports from the scene of trouble say it is believed the correspondent of the *London Standard* was killed at Laing's Nek.

A Mount Prospect despatch says the Boers carried the British position at Spitzkop by a rush. A correspondent was taken prisoner, but afterwards released. He says Colley's body is on the hill. It is clear that the loss of the hill was not due to any failure of ammunition. Colley over-estimated the strength of his position, and left its most vital part which the Boers attacked in force, but was poorly defended.

London, March 1.—General Roberts has been appointed to succeed Gen. Sir G. P. Colley, and he will proceed to Durban at once. It is hoped, however, that Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood will have done his work well before Gen. Roberts arrives. The *Standard's* correspondent, who was among those that escaped the slaughter at Magis mountains, says the Boers are very civil, and ascribe their victories not to their heavy, but to the righteous cause in which they are fighting.

The terms offered to the Boers are peace on condition that they give up their chief arms, and place their territory at the disposal of the Cape Parliament.

London, Feb. 28.—On account of the reported reverse to the British arms in the Transvaal, the War Office has ordered the Admiralty to get the troopship *Orontes* ready to embark the 9th regiment at Bermuda, the *Esperante* the 85th regiment at Bombay, and another steamer at Colombo to take the 100th regiment and 2nd regiment to Durban, with the greatest promptitude.

London, Feb. 28.—Just when the delinquent Britons were daily expecting news of the wiping out of the Boers and when the peace loving section of Englishmen were hoping that conciliatory legislation would lead to a cessation of hostilities, news comes that the Boers are now victorious, that the British were defeated with great slaughter and that General Colley has been killed. It painfully recalls the defeat at Isandula. Gen. Colley is condemned generally, and the utmost horror at the number of lives sacrificed is expressed amid condemnatory ejaculations and expressions of confidence of a future victory, a demand for more reinforcements, and the vindication of the British arms. There is not one sympathizing word, not one just acknowledgement of the bravery of the handful of Dutchmen, who bravely fought their right to independence and liberty.

The *Standard* says:—“Hitherto it has been with impotence and with an uneasy sense of shame that Englishmen have heard that their Government was negotiating on equal terms with the victorious and defiant rebels. This is all at an end. There can be no more talk now of conditions until the victorious British general at Pretoria publishes the terms which shall be granted to such of the defeated insurgents as shall come in and sue for pardon. There is more to be done than to settle terms with the Boers. The stigma of defeat must be wiped out, and the honor of the British arms triumphantly vindicated.”

The *Daily News* says:—“The Boers will certainly not prove more tractable than before. Whole concussions from our side have been rendered tenfold more difficult.”

All the newspapers say that the credit of the army must be vindicated at any cost. This too, is the feeling in military circles.

The *Echo*, a strong Radical paper, says bitterly:—“Peace will only now be brought about by further bloodshed and additional misery. In the presence of this national indignity the Radicals, who made the platform less than twelve months ago, roar with their indignation at the war in Zululand, and the fathers of liberalism, where are they? In office. The cause of the defect is attributed to Gen. Colley's own imprudence as to his endeavor to imitate Lord Chelmsford by securing victory to wipe away the disgrace of past mistakes. All agree that the moral effect of the Boer victory will be the chief result, as the Dutch throughout South Africa need but little encouragement to join their forces with the Boers. The Boers themselves are now committed to war to the end. As one paper remarks: 'they are in the position of Macbeth.'”

London, March 1.—General Roberts will have by the time he arrives at Natal 19,000 men. Detailed accounts render it certain that the British were driven from Spitzkop because they were fairly beaten. The fight ended in a rout. The most moderate estimated loss places it at 300 killed and wounded. The latter lay exposed to a heavy rain from Sunday afternoon until early on Monday morning.

London, March 1.—A correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the late engagement: Spitzkop is about 300 yards

from the Boer position. Two companies were left at the base of the hill, the remainder of the troops toiled up the hill which was very steep on their hands and knees. The whole force reached the summit before daylight and about five o'clock began firing. The Boers were completely surprised but promptly returned the fire. Our men had little cover. I estimated the number of Boers at the base of the hill at 2,000. Up to midday their loss was certainly heavier than ours. General Colley was conspicuous for coolness and courage. He kept up a constant communication with the camp by signal. Shortly after noon, the Boer fire, which heretofore averaged about 50 shots a minute, increased to a terrific volley. Our men wavered, but rallied, wavered again, and ran. The Boers climbed the hill and followed them with a terrific fire as they went down the other side.

This correspondent was captured by the Boers, who treated him well and gave him a pass to return to the camp. He identified the body of Colley on the field.

THE FINANCIAL PANIC IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE PENDING BILL—THE N. Y. "HERALD'S" INTERVIEW WITH JAY GOULD.

New York, Feb. 28.—The Washington special to the *World* says: Bayard is hopeful that the Funding Bill will pass with Carlisle's amendment struck out.

The *Tribune* says: There is much speculation as to how far Sherman can go in his efforts to relieve the monetary stringency. It is generally agreed he will, if necessary, anticipate the requirements of the Sinking Fund up to the end of the fiscal year, making allowance for the bonds called thus far. The balance of \$8,500,000 remains available for bond purchases any time before June 30. Assistant-Secretary Upton says the Secretary cannot pay out any part of the money deposited by the National Banks to withdraw bonds, as it constitutes a separate fund for the redemption of outstanding national bank notes. Randall is determined the Funding Bill shall not fail to pass if he can prevent it.

The *Herald* reports a four column interview with Jay Gould, in which the latter says:—“Corporations are powerful, corporate property was never so widely scattered in this country as now. If corporations menace our institutions they endanger to our institutions comes from the people. When you hit corporations you hit the people. My theory of investments is to go into everything that promises profit. I believe in the future of this country and its almost boundless resources. We are all slaves, and the man who owns a million dollars is the greatest slave of all, except he who owns two millions. No man can control Wall Street; it is too vast and full of eddies and currents. The thing to do is to watch them, exercise a little common sense, and come in on the top of the wave of speculation. Public opinion and newspapers magnify the individual man in Wall Street. I was interested in the American Union. We found we could not compete with the Western Union, which has a system of cooperation with the R.R.'s. Competition was ruinous and consolidation resulted. Tolls will not go up if I can prevent it. I look for returns upon a greater volume of business when tolls are low messages are longer. If the Western Union should fail in serving the public I think Government control is inevitable. There is not a city of any consequence along the investment belt of the country which does not contain Western Union stockholders. By investment built I mean the line of country feeding and bordering on the great trunk lines. The great bulk of the bonds and stocks in this country are held by residents of that region. It is not safe for capitalists to monopolize great commercial enterprises. To scatter them is the surest and strongest safeguard of capital. We shall have our new cables round the world laid in two years and two to Ireland will be laid this summer. Railroad business is strong and healthy, not being overdone except in one or two directions. The principal theatre of the railroad developments is south-west, and what we want now is foreign markets, especially the Mexican market. I look for an immense development in that direction. I do not think De Lesseps is in earnest about his Panama Canal scheme. There is nothing in it. It would not pay; business across the Isthmus and across the Continent will be done by railroads not canals. The Canadian Pacific Railroad is visionary. It will be a good excursion line for English tourists and Canadian statesmen when Parliament adjourns. Our country is most prosperous. There is one peril, viz: injudicious interference by Congress and State Legislatures with business. It was legislation that precipitated the panic of 1873, and Grainger legislation of the north-west, some years ago, cost the country more money than it will ever know. Nothing is so easily frightened as capital. As to his controlling the Associated Press Gould said:—“This is the most absurd of all. No man in this country, outside of a lunatic asylum whom I know, imagines for a moment he could control the press or mould the opinion of this country.” As to subsidies, Gould said:—“I am opposed to subsidies for both railroads and steamships. I believe they are wrong and vicious. I believe that was the great mistake made by the gentlemen who built the Pacific Railways. They have been worried and harassed ever since.”

FURTHER AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR IRELAND.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 1.—The House of Representatives last evening passed resolutions of sympathy for Ireland.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.  
THE COERCION BILL PASSED  
THE IRISH MAGISTRACY  
The Speaker's New Rule  
AND THE WAY IT WORKS.

London, Feb. 22.—The House of Commons to-night, took up the Protection Bill, as amended in Committee, and several clauses moved by the Home Rulers as additions were rejected. The clause moved by Sullivan, providing that no person be discharged at a greater distance than five miles from place of arrest, was agreed to. Forster's amendment limiting retrospective of the bill to the 20th September, 1880, was carried.

In the course of the debate Farnell declared the Fenian organization in Ireland was never less active than at present. Paris was Stephens' residence, and he had merely returned thither from a tour in the United States, where he had been opposing the Land League.

Harcourt said the Government had grounds for believing Fenianism still existed, and still designed carrying out its object by most attainable and desirable means. He referred to O'Donovan Rossa's utterances in the *United Irishman*, and the violent speech by John Devoy, formerly a political convict, in America.

London, Feb. 23.—In the Commons to-day Gladstone gave notice that if the consideration of the Protection Bill, as amended, was not concluded to-day, he would give notice of motion for having the amendments put forth with at seven to-morrow evening and for immediately afterwards commencing the debate on the third reading.

The question of the evacuation of Candahar is exciting increasing interest. The subject will be shortly raised in the House of Lords by Lord Lytton, supported by the whole strength of the Conservatives. To excite public feeling against the evacuation, and for preparation in this debate, a series of meetings are being held, the first at St. James Hall yesterday. Twenty members of Parliament were present. On the other hand Col. Gordon to-day published a letter in favor of evacuation.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone will not make public the details of his proposed Land Bill until he introduces it in the House with reasonable prospects of having the bill come to a vote at an early day without its being subjected to fruitless delays and obstructions.

In the Commons, the consideration of the Protection Bill continued in a dilatory manner. Two Home Rule amendments, intended to introduce distinct provisions in the Bill, that prisoners be leniently treated, were rejected. Mr. Forster saying that the Government would do its best to prevent hardships. T. P. O'Connor was warned and Healy silenced by the speaker for irrelevance and repetitions.

The consideration of the Bill was not finished when the House was obliged to rise by the rule governing Wednesday's sittings.

London, Feb. 25.—In the House of Commons last night, under the use of the closure rule, all of the amendments moved by the Committee to the Coercion Bill were passed. Mr. Forster, in about a dozen words, moved the third reading of the Bill. Mr. McCarthy moved its rejection, and after further obstruction by the Home Rulers the debate was adjourned.

It is believed that if the present intentions of the Government are carried out, the Land Bill will be introduced in the Commons on Tuesday. It is intimated that a division shall be made on the third reading of the Protection Bill to-morrow night, that the bill may reach the Lords on Monday.

London, Feb. 26.—The House of Commons last night passed the Coercion Bill. The Home Rulers fought to the last extremity. Mr. Forster made another strong speech, in which he said that he would have passed the bill of his own free will if he could; it would have been premature last November, but he had waited until January, in order to marshal facts. The Government would not forget how the Irish people were tempted to outrage by those thinking themselves safe. Parliament had delivered Ireland, and he hoped to settle the land question so that no more coercion would be necessary. Mr. McCarthy's amendment to reject the bill was negatived by a large majority. The third reading of the bill was then carried by a vote of 303 to 46 after further opposition from the Home Rulers. The measure was passed amid immense cheers.

Bradlaugh, Burt, Labouchere, Thomson, McDonald and Cowen, voted against the third reading of the Protection Bill.

London, Feb. 28.—Lord Hartington said it was no fault of the Government that the Land Bill was so long delayed. It was the fault of those who wasted time over the Protection Bill. The supplementary votes for the army and navy in connection with the Transvaal war and the Irish Constabulary are very pressing, and it is necessary to pass them early.

Sir V. Harcourt said he would move to-morrow for leave to introduce the Arms Bill.

Lord Hartington said it was impossible to name a day for the introduction of a Land Bill.

On a motion for going into Committee of Supply, O'Donnell (Home Ruler) moved an amendment that the conduct of the Irish

Magistrates in refusing bail for bailable offences was most unjust.

Several other Home Rulers supported the amendment.

After some discussion O'Donnell's amendment was rejected.

McCoon, Home Ruler, called attention to the constitution of the Irish Magistracy and to the whole body of county officials, and condemned them as operating against Catholics.

Johnson, Liberal, stated that the appointments of Magistrates are made without any regard to religion, and if county officials are wrongly appointed the remedy must be found in the forthcoming reform of the county government.

The Home Rulers continued the discussion, thus preventing the Secretary of War from introducing the Army Estimates.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

It is evident from the following taken from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, that Ireland has a friend, and one who knows something, in the distant North-West:—

Sir,—It is creditable to your judgment and sense of justice that the speech of Professor Blackie on 'Hielan' lairds' appeared in your issue of Saturday last. The case put for the Hielan' peasantry is that of their Irish kindred, and the Professor's strong declaration that 'neither the Lords nor the law made any provision for the protection of the peasantry' is, in its every word, applicable to Ireland, as witness the dictum of an Irish (Tory) Chief Justice, Ponniffather, in addressing a jury in Dublin not many years ago:—“The entire landlord and tenant code, he said, goes to give increased facilities to the landlord. It never uttered the head of the legislature to make provision for the tenant; and all these enactments, at least thirty-two, are invasions of the common law, without any declared intention to invade.” Is it to be wondered at, then, that a Tory peer, the Earl of Devon, reported that his Queen, some thirty years since, that “the Irish agricultural laborer was badly fed, badly clothed, badly housed, badly paid for his labor, and suffered more, and with more patience, than any other man in Europe.” And is it to be wondered at that agrarian crime, even the occasional slaughter of a landlord, should result from such a system? When people denounce these savage crimes, how often do they forget the savage provocation. Lord Melbourne, when Chief Secretary for Ireland, uttered a judgment on one victim which unhappily might stand for many of his class:—

“If one half of what is told me of him be true,” he wrote, “and it comes from many different quarters, if he had forty thousand lives there would have been no wonder if they had been all taken.” (McCullough's *Torrens's Life of Lord Melbourne*, vol. 1, p. 228).

A remedy, in some form or other, for the ills of Ireland cannot be far off; but I fear it will not be found in the expulsion from the House of Commons of such men as Sir John Gray, Justin McCarthy, O'Connor Power, and even Parnell. The cool judgment of the world will decide that these men were treated, not because they were wrong, but because England is strong—the only apology she can possibly offer for her long continued injustice to Ireland.

OBSERVER.

Feb. 7, 1881.

TELEGRAMS CONDENSED  
Tuesday, March 1.

A revolt has broken out in Albania.

Rev. J. F. Ware, of Boston, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, died on Sunday.

In France there are 70,000 Catholic schools which continue open in spite of the Government.

The Rev. John Hewitt Jellott, B.D., has been appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

The citizens of St. Eustache, Que., propose to use the water of their pretty river by means of an aqueduct.

Mr. A. E. Robitaille has established a factory for the manufacture of vinegar in the Parish of Lotbiniere.

A Canadian named Exilda Lachapelle recently won \$13,75 in a pedestrian tournament at San Francisco, Cal.

Edward Haulan arrived in New York yesterday, and was enthusiastically received by a number of friends and admirers.

Carl Schurz has accepted an invitation to attend a public dinner to be given in his honor by prominent citizens of Boston.

Twenty-five members of the next House of Congress have formed a "Free-Trade Congressional Alliance." Sunset Cox is the President.

According to rumour a branch line will shortly be constructed to connect the Pusanaisic Railroad with the Quebec Central at Lennoxville.

Carville bequeathed his Dumfriesshire estate to the University of Edinburgh, for founding an endowment for indigent students in the Faculty of Arts.

Rev. Father Lacense is at present visiting the Counties of Bonaventure, Lotbiniere and Megantic. Colonization is progressing rapidly in this part of the country.

The Princess George and Albert Victor, sons of the Prince of Wales, though still boyish enough, have been received with all sorts of social honors in South America.

Prominent physicians declare that the winter cholera, which is prevailing to an alarming extent in Chicago, is traceable to the extensive use of buttermilk, in the composition of which hog products largely enter.

The Belleville City Council on Saturday night appointed a deputation to proceed to Ottawa to oppose the Quebec & Ontario Railway Bill. They will also ask for an increased appropriation for the Murray Canal.

THE POET'S CHILD.  
LINES ADDRESSED TO THE DAUGHTER OF RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS, BY PATER R. WYAN.

Child of the Heart of a Child of Sweetest Song!  
The Poet's blood flows through thy fresh pure veins;  
Dost ever hear faint echoes float a lo.  
Thy days and dreams of Thy dead Mother's strains?  
Dost ever hear,  
In musical times,  
With inner ear,  
The strange sweet cadences of Thy Father's hymns?

Child of a Child of Art, which Reason doth give,  
To low, to very few as unto him;  
His songs are wandering o'er the world, but live  
In his child's heart, in some place: love and die.  
And nights and days  
With vestal eyes  
And soundless sighs  
Thou' repeat watch above thy Father's Lays.

Child of a Dreamer of Dreams all used a filled—  
(And thou art, child of a living dream of him)—  
Dost ever feel thy spirit all enthralled?  
With his lost dream, when summer days  
Wandered  
When suns and godwin,  
Then song of the dead singer,  
Dost sigh at eve and morn  
O'er the brow that pale before it was on the crown?

Child of the Patriot! Oh, how he loved his land,  
And how he mourned o'er Erin's glory we must  
Child of the singer! he swept with pen and hand  
The oceans of all ages, until his own:  
The Subject of the song,  
And now through thee  
It cometh to me,  
Take a shadow song from some of these rhymes.

Child of the Wanderer! and his heart the  
Shrine  
Where three loves blended into one by one—  
His own, thy Mother's and his Country's, and  
The child  
To be the living ray of such a great orb  
His own, thy Mother's, and  
And thou, within thee,  
And thou, within thee,  
An star on the Midnight sea.

Child of thy Father! I have read his songs—  
Thou art the sweetest song the ever sang—  
Parnell as Parnell, but when a Country's  
Wrogs  
Sweep o'er his heart he sternly said he was  
Young,  
Held too soon—  
Someday will say  
Before he reached Parnell's age.  
His are the letters in a book—his a soldier's  
Ray.

LAND LEAGUE CONVENTION.  
Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 26.—A call has been issued for a Land League State Convention in this city on March 27, to provide for the complete organization of those who approve of the principles of the Irish National Land League, to the end that a similar Convention may be held in every State and Territory.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.  
The forty-seven Irish societies of Chicago, following the wise lead of the Edin' societies of Boston, have resolved not to parade on the 17th of March, but to have a great meeting, to be addressed by eminent men, and send the proceeds to the Irish Land League.

The Societies have invited General Butler and Wendell Phillips to be the orators, and we trust that at least one of these gentlemen will be able to accept their invitation.—*Boston Pilot*.

PARNELL'S LETTER TO HUGO.  
Paris, Feb. 26.—Mr. Parnell has sent the following letter to Victor Hugo:—

PARIS, Feb. 24, 1881.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR.—The nobility of heart, the deep sympathy with human suffering, and the exalted in favour of oppressed nationalities which have distinguished you through life, encourage me to invoke your powerful advocacy in defence of the suffering Irish people. The question is not a sectarian question. In its present aspect it is a purely social question. It is the cause of five millions of working men struggling for justice and for the right to live by their labor in their own land, against a small and privileged class, foreign in their origin, foreign in their spirit, and supported in their injustice and tyranny by the armed forces of a foreign nation. What have been the results of the domination of this class? They are written in the history of recurring famines, a devastating generation after generation.

No human words can paint the miseries and sufferings which have been witnessed even by the youngest among us. Millions have been driven from their homes in despair. Hundreds of thousands have perished miserably of hunger in a land teeming with food. Half of our population is constantly on the verge of famine, while 10,000 landlords, many of whom have never seen a Ireland, riot in extravagance and luxury on the concentrated product of the people's labor. It is against the system which has produced these evils that we struggle.

It is to put an end, once and forever, to this detestable state of society that we appeal to the consciences of all good men, without distinction of creed, of party or of nationality, to aid us in shaming the Government of England to do justice to our people.

To you, honored sir, who have known how to awaken the sympathy of mankind for "Les Misérables," we feel that we shall not appeal in vain when we ask that your voice shall be raised in behalf of a brave but unfortunate nation.

Accept, illustrious sir, the assurance of my high esteem.

CLEVELAND STEWART PARNELL.

The French papers describe Parnell as one of the greatest characters in history.

All the British Columbia newspapers express satisfaction at the passing of the Syndicate Bill.

The *Emersonian*, Mar. 1, 1881, advocates the extensive cultivation of the high bush cranberry in the North-West.

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

They rarely found much to say to one another when papa was present; they had got past the talking stage, and one word or two or three looked like the business now. There was music, and silence, and bliss; and at ten o'clock it was all over, and time for him to go.

The last night! She gave him her hand shyly and wistfully at parting, and went up to her room. The earl gave him a friendly clasp.

"To-morrow," he said, with a smile, "until to-morrow, Redmond, my lad, good-night." The November wind was howling wildly through the moon-light splendor; he saw nothing, thought of nothing now but Lady Cecil Olive. What a night that was—what a long to-ing and fro-ing, of hope, of fear, of longing. He did not despair—he was young and sanguine, and he had the best of it. He knew she loved him; had not looks, smiles, and blushes, a thousand and one things and ink can never tell, assured him of it? And what an angelic being like that was the dress of wealth, that it should stand between two devoted hearts? Thirty thousand a year—the Cornishman had that—how he hated that Cornishman! Well, thirty thousand per annum is a good round sum, but there was wealth in the world for the seeking, and the labors of Hercules were as nothing compared to what he was ready to undergo for her sake.

An O'Donnell had made his mark in Spain—McMahon in France—a Wellington in England—all Irishmen good and true; what they had done he would do. Yes, the Cornishman and his fortune might go *ex diabolo*; she would be true to her love and to him; she would trust him and wait.

Next morning, lest he should be tempted to break his promise, and his feet, in spite of him, take him to the cottage, he mounted Kathleen and went aloping over the hills and far away with the first peep of sunrise. The afternoon was far advanced when he returned; the last glancing rays of the autumn sunset were streaming ruby and orange over the smiling moors as he knocked at the cottage-door.

It was opened by grave, gentlemanly Mr. Gregory. Mr. Gregory in hat and greatcoat, and everywhere litter, and dust and confusion. Carpets taken up, pictures taken down, packing cases every where—an exodus evidently.

He turned pale with sudden terror. What did it mean? Where was she? His heart was throbbing so fast, it seemed to stop his very breath.

"Where is Lord Ruyland?" He turned almost savagely upon her. Gregory, with pale face and excited eyes, but all the well-to-do Irishmen from Derry to Connaught were not going to meet the equanimity of a well-trained English valet.

"One, Mr. Redmond, sir—a sudden summons. I believe it was. His lordship left about nine o'clock this morning, sir—Lady Cecil has, which there is a note for you, Mr. Redmond, sir, which is a doubt explains. Wait one moment, if you please, and I'll fetch it."

He never spoke a word. He leaned against the door-post, feeling sick and giddy, all things seeming in a mist. Mr. Gregory returned, the note in his hand, a look of mingled amusement and pity struggling with the national and professional gravity of a Briton and a valet. Did he expect the truth? Most likely—servants know everything. He placed it in his hand; the young man went forward a pace or two, and the white door shut very quietly and decidedly behind him. He tore it open; it contained an enclosure. The earl had very little to say—half a dozen lines held Redmond O'Donnell's sentence of doom.

"My Dear Boy—I spoke to Cecil after you left. It is as I feared—you have deserted your life. Her promise, however, she has no wish or intention to break it. And she had no idea of the state of your feelings. She joins with me in thinking it best for all parties she should go to one another meeting, but she has no intention of leaving you. With real regret, and best wishes for your future, I am, my dear boy, sincerely yours,

"RUYLAND AND."

The enclosed was in the slim, Italian tracery of Lady Cecil—strangely cold and heartless words.

"My Aunt—I am inexpressibly distressed. Papa has told me all. What he said is true. My promise is given, and must be kept. It is best that I should go. Farewell! My eternal gratitude and friendship to you, Gregory."

Only that—so cold, so hollow, so heartless, so false! The golden sunshine, the green lime-trees, the violet hedges turned black for an instant before his eyes. Then he completed the letters in his hand and walked away.

Mr. Gregory was watching from the window. Mr. Gregory saw him stagger like a drunken man as he walked, and some twenty yards from the cottage flung himself downward on the waving heath, and lie there like a stone. Mr. Gregory's masculine sympathies were touched.

"Poor young chap," he soliloquized. "Murther's been and given him the slip. He's fell in love with her ladyship, and this 'ere's the kyp-hat. Serves him right, of course—poor as a church mouse—still he's a nice young fellow, and I quite pity him. I remember 'ow I felt myself when 'Arriet Leachur long ago jilted me."

"He lay there for hours. The sun had set, the night, with its stars and winds, had come, when he lifted his head off his arm, and Mr. Gregory and the packing cases were miles away. His haggard eyes fell on the notes he still held, and with a fierce imprecation he tore them into atoms and scattered them far and wide.

"And so shall I fear her—laid, heartless, mocking jilt—out of my life. Oh, God! to think that every smile, every word, every look was mockery and deceit—that she was fooling me from the first, and laughing at my presumptuous folly, while I thought her an angel. And here while I live I'll never trust man or woman again!"

Are we not all unconsciously theatrical in the supreme hours of our lives. He was not, although there was a heart throb in every word. And with them the boy's heart went out from Redmond O'Donnell, and never came back again.

CHAPTER XI.

LADY CEIL then was heartless—you say a flirt, a deceitful flirt, from first to last—being with innocent eyes and soft, child-like smile, even at sixteen, only to fling her victim away the moment her conquest was made. Wait.

There was a tender, tremulous happiness in the soft hazel eyes that watched him out of sight, a faint half-smile on the rosy, parted lips. She scarcely knew what her own playful mien meant; she never thought of falling in love—was she not to marry Sir Arthur Trengenna?—only she knew she had never, never

been half so happy before in all her life, and that Ireland was fairer and lovelier than the "Islands of the Blessed" themselves.

"Good-night, papa," she said, taking her candle and turning to go.

"Oh—wait a moment, Queenie, will you?" her father said, somewhat hurriedly; "I want you to do a little copying for me before you go to bed."

"Copying?" She sat down her candle and looked at him in wonder. He did not choose to meet those large, surprised brown eyes. "Yes, my dear. Don't look alarmed; only a line or two. Here it is. Copy it off, word for word, as I dictate."

"Write 'Mon Ami!'" She wrote it. "I am inexpressibly distressed. Papa has told me all. What he has said to you is true. My promise is given, and must be kept. It is best that I should go. Farewell! My eternal gratitude and friendship are yours. Now sign it, Cecil! That will do. Thanks, my dear. What a very pretty hand you write, by the way."

"Papa," his daughter began, still with that disturbed face, whom is this written for? "What does it mean? I don't understand."

"Don't you? Please don't ask too many questions—curiosity has ever been the bane of your sex. Remember Eve and Lot's wife, and be warned. Perhaps I want your autograph. Apropos of nothing," he was very busily folding the note now. "Therese will wake you early to-morrow morning. We start immediately after breakfast for Ennis-killen."

"Ennis-killen?" She said it with a sort of gasp. "Papa, are we going away?"

He laid down the letter, and looked her full, keenly, steadily in the face. Her eyes shifted and fell under that pitiless scrutiny.

"And if we are, Queenie—what then? If I had said we were going to the antipodes you would hardly look more agast. Your attachment to—ah, Torryglen, of course—must be very strong, my dear, since the thought of leaving it affects you thus."

She shrank away from his sneer as though he had struck her. Her sensitive lips quivered, her face flushed. Again she took her candle and turned to go.

"Good-night, papa." Her voice sounded husky, and the earl watched the slight, fragile figure ascending the stairs, with compressed lips and knitted brows.

"Not one second too soon," he thought. "Another week and the mischief would have been irrevocably done. Given a lovely country house, and two moderately well-looking people, thrown constantly into proximity, a love affair invariably follows. My young friend O'Donnell, I thank you for speaking in the nick of time. You have a pride that burns in proportion to your purse or prospects, and I think those two points little notes will effectually wind up your business."

Lady Cecil slept very little that night—a panic had seized her. Going away! Did he know? Would she see him to say good-bye before she left? Would they ever meet again? And that note—what did that cold, formal note mean? Whom was it for? Her cheeks were quite white, her eyes heavy, her steps slow, her tones languid, when she descended to breakfast. She was already in her riding-bout and the horses were saddled and waiting. During breakfast her eyes kept turning to the door and windows—up the valley road leading to the O'Donnell's ruined keep. Would he come? The earl saw and smiled grimly to himself.

"No, my dear," he said, inwardly. "You strain your pretty brown eyes for nothing—he will not come. A handsome lad and a brave, but you have looked your last upon him."

They rose from breakfast—the hour of departure had come. Then out of her desperation Lady Cecil gathered courage and spoke with a great gulp:

"Papa—does Mr. O'Donnell know we—?" She stopped, unable to finish the sentence.

"Mr. O'Donnell," with bland urbanity, "well, I'm not quite positive whether I mentioned to him yesterday our departure or not. I shall send a note, however, of thanks and a farewell. Of course it wasn't necessary to tell him, my dear—a very nice fellow indeed, in his sphere, and much superior to the rest of the peasantry—a little presumptuous, though, I fancy of late. Come, Cecil, the horses wait, and time is on the wing."

What could she say?—what could she do? There was passionate rebellion at her heart—pain, love, regret, remorse. Oh, what would he think? How basely ungrateful she would appear in his eyes. How unkind—how cruel of papa, not to have spoken last night before he left, and let them say good-bye, at least. She could hardly see the familiar landscape for the passionate tears that filled her eyes. Here was the river—only a placid stream now, where he had so heroically risked his life to save hers, under the steep, black cliff up which he had scrambled at the risk of his neck, to gather a cluster of holly she had longed for. There were the grim, rugged, lonely towers and buttresses of the once grand old Irish castle, there the spot where she had sat by his side hundreds of times sketching the ruins. And now they were parting without one word of farewell—putting forever!

They rode on; the tower was reached. All the way she had scarcely spoken one word—all the way she had been watching, watching vainly for him. They dined at Ballynagart, and started in the afternoon for Ennis-killen. They made no stay—only that one night; in two days they were in London.

They remained a week in the metropolis, at the residence of a friend. The earl returning home to dinner one evening, sought out his daughter, with an interesting item of news. In Regent Street that day he had come suddenly upon whom did she think?—their young Irish friend, Redmond O'Donnell.

She had been sitting at the window looking out at the twilight street. At the sound of that name she turned suddenly. How was and this she had grown in a week—how dull the bright brown eyes. Now a sudden light leaped into them—a soft, hot flush of joy swept over her face.

"Papa! Redmond! You saw him?" "Yes, my dear," Lord Ruyland said, carefully, "and looking very well, too. I asked him to come here—and you would be glad to see him—very sorry at having to leave Ireland without an opportunity of saying good-bye, and all that—but he declined."

"He—declined!" The pale lips could but just shape the words.

"Yes, and rather discourteously too. Said he did not mean to stay in London over a week, and that his papa would be full y message. He did not even send you a message; he seemed filled with boyish elation over his own affairs. He is going out to Algiers, he tells me, to seek active service under the French flag. These hot-headed Irishmen are always 'spooling for a fight.' He seemed in

great spirits, and quite wild to be off. But he might have found time to call, though, all the same, I think, or even send you a message. It's out of sight, out of mind, with these bare-brained sort of people, though, always. Go the diakens to do any one a service, and forget them for good the instant they are out of sight."

Dead silence answered him. He tried to see his daughter's face, but it was averted, and the gathering twilight hid it. He need not have feared. She had all an English girl's "pluck." Her eyes were flashing now, one little hand clenched hard, her teeth set. She had liked him so much—so much, she had not known one happy hour since they had left Ulster, for thinking of him; and now he was in London, and refused to come to see her—talked to her father, and would not even send her remembrances—on the eve of departure forever, it might be, and could find no time to call and say good-bye. She had thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night, and he returned it—like this!

"I'll never think of him again—never!" she said, under her breath. "I am glad, glad he does not dream how much I—like him!"—a great sob here, "I'll never think of him again, if I can."

If she could! One thing is certain, she never uttered his name from that hour, and slowly the sparkle came back to her eyes, the joyous ring to her laugh, and La Reine Blanche was her own bright, glad smile once more. "Love's young dream" had come and gone, had been born, and died a natural death, and was decently buried out of sight. But this also is certain—no second dream ever came to replace it. Good man and true bowed down and fell before Lord Ruyland's handsome, dark-eyed daughter; names, titles, hearts, fortunes, and coronets, were laid at her feet, to be rejected. The world could not understand. What did she mean? What did she expect? She felt a sort of weary wonder, herself. Why could she not return any of this love so truly lavished upon her? Men had asked her to be their wife whose affection and name would have done honor to any woman, but she rejected them all. Many of them touched her pity and her pride—not one her heart. Her father looked on patiently, quite resigned. None of these admirers were richer than his favorite, Sir Arthur Trengenna. Sir Arthur Trengenna, when the time came she should marry.

In all these years of conquest, and triumph, and pleasure she had heard nothing of or from her Irish hero. Long before, perhaps, his grave might have been made out yonder under the burning Arab sky; dead or alive, at least he was lost forever to her. She could even smile now as she looked back upon that pretty, poetic, foolish idyl of her first youth—smile to think what a high he had been in her eyes—how willingly she would have given "all for love," and thought the world well lost—smile to think what simpatons love-sick girls of sixteen are.

And now six years were past, and he stood before her. Stood before her changed greatly, and yet the same. It was a superbly soldierly figure—tall, stalwart, erect, strong but not stout—mucular, yet graceful. The fresh, beardless face of the boy she remembered she saw no longer; the face of the man was darkly bronzed by the burning Algerian sun; a most becoming, most desirable burn beard and mustache altered the whole expression of the lower part. It had a stern something of a tired look, the lips a cynical curve, the blue eyes a keen, hard light, very different from their old honest simplicity and frankness. No; this bronzed bearded, Algerian chasseur was not the Redmond O'Donnell she had known and liked so well, any more than she was the blushing, tender heart of six years ago.

She stood for an instant looking at him. The surprise of seeing him here, as suddenly as though he had risen up out of the earth, almost took her breath away. But for the Lady Cecil Olive to lose self-possession long was not possible. A second later, and she held out her hand to him with a smile and glanced as bright, as frank, as pleasant as any that had ever been given him by the Lady Cecil of Torryglen.

"It is—it is, Captain O'Donnell. And after all these years! And so changed by time, and whiskers, and Algerian campaigning, that I may well be pardoned for doubting his identity."

He bowed with a smile over the little hand a brief instant, then resigned it.

"Changed, no doubt—and not for the better; grown old, and gray, and grim. And you, too, have changed, Lady Cecil—it might seem like flattery if I told you how greatly. And yet I think I should have known you anywhere."

Queenie has grown tall and doesn't blush quite as often as she used at Torryglen," her father interposed. "You have had many hair-breadth escapes by flood and field since we saw you last, but I don't think you ever had a narrower one than that evening when we saw you flatter the idoncy."

Captain O'Donnell laughed—the old, pleasant, mellow laugh of long ago—and showed very white teeth behind his big trowper's mustache.

"Yes, the risk was imminent yesterday; my nerves had hardly yet recovered the shock of that—tempting in a teapot. I am glad to find the lady I rescued so heroically from that twopenny-halfpenny squall is none the worse for her wetting."

"Here she comes to answer for herself," returned the earl, as his niece came smiling up on the arm of Major Frankland. "Major Frankland, behold the preserver of your life from the hurricane yesterday. Lady Dangerfield has already thanked him. Major Frankland, my friend Captain O'Donnell."

Major Frankland bowed, but he also frowned and pulled his whisker. Why need the fellow be so confidently good-looking, and why need women make such a howling over a trifle? He hadn't even risked a wet jacket for Lady Dangerfield—he had risked nothing in fact; and here she was for the second time pouring forth her gratitude with an effusion and volubility sickening to hear. Captain O'Donnell here it all like the hero he was, and stood with his "blushing honors thick upon him," perfectly easy, perfectly self-possessed.

"So you were the knight to the rescue, Captain O'Donnell?" Lady Cecil said, with a laugh that had a shadow of her father's sarcasm in it. "I might have known it if I had known you were in the neighborhood at all. You have an amiable mania for saving people's lives. First person singular, he saves my life, second person singular he saves his life—meaning Sir Arthur over yonder. Really, if the tournament and tilting days were not over you might ride forth a veritable knight-errant with visor closed, and corselet clasped, and lance in rest, to the rescue of fair maidens and noble dames in danger. But all this while, papa, you do not tell me what good fortune has sent Captain O'Donnell to Sussex, of all places in the world?"

"And why not to Sussex, Lady Cecil? One could hardly select a finer county to ruralize in. However, the chance on this occasion was not mine, but my sister's. She

wished to come—why, Heaven knows—I never presume to ask the reason of a lady's whim. She wished to come to Sussex, to Castletford, and—bore we are."

"Your sister?" Lady Cecil said, interested. "Yes, Mr. Wyatt told me in town she was with you; in ill-health, too, I am almost afraid he said."

"In very ill-health," the chasseur answered, gravely; "and I set her anxiety to visit this place down to no blag but an 'arvalid's meaningless whim. My great hope, is that its gratification may do her good."

"Your sister here, and sick, Captain O'Donnell?" Lady Dangerfield cut in, "and me not know it? Abominable! Where are you staying?"

"In very pleasant quarters," with a smile at her *buquerie*; "at the Silver Rose."

"Very pleasant for an Algerian soldier, perhaps—not so pleasant for an invalid lady. Your sister comes here, Captain O'Donnell—oh, I insist upon it—and shall make Scarswood her home, during her stay. You too—Sir Peter and I, will be most happy; indeed we shall take no excuse."

But Captain O'Donnell only listened and smiled at inextinguishable smile of his.

"Thanks very much; you are most kind; but of course, it is quite impossible."

"No one ever says impossible to me, sir," cried his lady, imperially. "Miss O'Donnell—is she Miss O'Donnell, by the bye? She is. Very well, then, Lady Cecil and I will call upon Miss O'Donnell to-morrow at the Silver Rose, and fetch her back with us here—that's decided."

"Gad my dear," interrupted Lord Ruyland, "if you can prevail upon O'Donnell to say yes when O'Donnell has made up his mind to say no, to give you a greater diploma than I ever gave you credit for. 'Pon my life you should have seen and heard the trouble I had to induce him to honor Scarswood with his presence even for a few moments to-night. Said it wasn't worth while, you know—intended to leave in a week or so—didn't want to put in an appearance at all, by George, even to see you again, Queenie, one of his oldest friends."

It is characteristic of Captain O'Donnell to treat his friends with profound disregard. Not over flattering to us, is it, Geneva? By the way, though, I should have thought you would have liked to see Sir Arthur Trengenna again, at least. He certainly would have put himself to considerable inconvenience for the pleasure of meeting you."

"What!" O'Donnell said, his eyes lighting with real pleasure. "Trengenna here! You are right, Lady Cecil, I shall be glad to meet him again—the best fellow!—Ah! I see him—very pleasantly occupied he appears to be, too."

"Mirthing with the governess," put in the earl, stroking his iron-grey mustache. "Miss Hernecastle must have something to say for herself, then, after all; she has succeeded in amusing Trengenna longer and better than I ever saw him before since he came here. How is it she comes to be among us to-night, Geneva? Her first appearance, is it not?—and very unlike your usual tactics."

"Queenie would have it," Lady Dangerfield answered, with a shrug; "she persists in making the governess one of her family."

"Oh Queenie would have it, would she?" the earl resented, thoughtfully looking at the earl's daughter. "Very considerate of Queenie, and she likes to have the governess amused—naturally. Captain O'Donnell, you honor Miss Hernecastle with a very prolonged and inquisitive gaze—may I ask if you have fallen a victim as well as Sir Arthur?"

"A victim? Well, no, I think not. I am trying to recollect where I have seen Miss Hernecastle before."

"What?" cried Lady Dangerfield: "you too? Oh, this is too much. First, Lord Ruyland, then Sir Peter Dangerfield, now Captain O'Donnell, are all transfixed at the sight of my nursery governess, and insist that, dead or alive, they have met her before. Now where was it you knew her, Mon Capitaine? Surely not in Algiers?"

"Not in Algiers, certainly. Where I have seen her before I cannot tell: seen her I have, that is positive—my memory for facts and faces may be trusted. And here is not a face to be seen and forgotten, yet just now I cannot place it."

"Our waltz, I believe, Lady Cecil" exclaimed a gentleman, coming up and saluting her before her. It was Squire Talbot of Morecambe; and Lady Cecil, with a few last smiling words over her white shoulder to the assuring, took his proffered arm and moved away.

"How strange," she was thinking, "that Captain O'Donnell should have known her too. Really, Miss Hernecastle is a most mysterious personage. Why is it, I wonder, that she attracts and fascinates me so? It isn't that I like her—I don't; I don't, I distrust her. Yet I like to look at her, to hear her talk, to wonder about her. How right Sir Arthur looks! I never succeeded in enchanting him like that. Four hours ago he was on the brink of asking me to be his wife—and he looks as though there were not another woman in the scheme of the universe than Helen Hernecastle. Am I jealous, I wonder?—do I really want to marry him after all? Am I the coquette they call me?"

She smiled bitterly as she looked toward them. Squire Talbot caught that look and followed it.

"Eh! Quite a flirtation going on there, certainly." He was rather obtuse—the squire. "Didn't think Sir Arthur was much of a lady's man, but 'gad to-night he seems—oh, good Heaven!"

He stopped short—he started agast! Miss Hernecastle had lifted her stately head from the book of engravings and turned her face full toward them. And for the first time Squire Talbot saw her.

Lady Cecil looked at him and laughed outright. Amaze, consternation, horror, were actually pictured upon his face.

reading compared to her. Really, if she keeps it," glancing people in this way, I greatly fear, Lady Dangerfield must send her away. A living ghost can't be a pleasant instructor, as of you."

"She does not seem to frighten Sir Arthur Trengenna, at least," said Squire Talbot, beginning to recover from his sudden shock. "And so she is only the governess. I never saw such a resemblance, never in all my life. What would Edith say, I wonder, if she could see it?"

"My sister, you know used to be Katherine Dangerfield's bosom friend and confidante, married now, you know, De Vere of the Plungers and gone to south of France for her health. Gad! I don't think it would be safe to let them meet she's nervous, Edith is, took Katherine's death, poor girl very deeply to heart; and if she came suddenly upon this fac-simile, by George! of her friend, I wouldn't answer for the consequences. Never saw such a striking resemblance in all my life."

And then they whirled away in their waltz. How strange! how strange! Lady Cecil kept thinking. Perhaps that was why her eyes rarely wandered from these two at the table. No one interrupted them. It was a most pronounced flirtation. Even Captain O'Donnell declined the request of his hostess and the earl that he should go up and speak to his friend."

"By no means," he said with a smile; "that can wait. It would be a pity to interrupt him, he seems so well amused."

It was Miss Hernecastle herself who broke up the tete-a-tete. Sir Arthur had become so interested, so absorbed in his compassion and the pictures, as to quite forget the flight of time.

Women never forget the proprieties, less conveniences, in any situation of life. She arose, Lady Cecil still watching her with a curious look and interested expression, spoke a few last half-smiling words, and hurried away. Like a man awakening from a dream, she saw Sir Arthur rise. No, Lady Cecil, you never succeeded in holding him spell-bound in this way, with all your beauty all your brilliance. Then from an inner room she saw the tall chasseur make his way through the crowd, and approach. She could even hear his deep mellow tones. "Trengenna, my dear fellow, how goes it?" Then with a look of real pleasure lighting up his grave face, she saw the Cornish baronet clasp the hand of the Irish soldier of fortune. Was there anything in the sight of the comital hand-clasp of those two men unpleasant to the sight of Lady Cecil Olive? Over the fair face an irritated flush came, into the brown, bright eyes a sudden, swift, dark anger passed. She turned away from the sight of her next partner, and for the rest of the night danced and flirted without intermission. Her laugh was gay, her eyes brighter, her cheeks rosier than any there had ever seen them before. Light at all times, some touch of feverish impetuosity and anger within, made her positively dazzling to-night.

The "fative hour" drew to a close; the guests were fast departing. The music was swelling forth its last gay strains, as for the first moment she found herself alone. No touch of fatigue dimmed the radiance of that perfect face; that stately light gave her eyes the gleam of dark diamonds; the fever rose tint was deeper than ever on her cheek, when looking up she saw approaching Lady Dangerfield on the arm of Captain O'Donnell—Sir Arthur, stately and dignified, on her other hand. Her brilliant ladyship was vivaciously insisting upon something, the chasseur laughing but resolutely refusing.

"Oh, here you are, Queenie!" her ladyship impatiently cried. "What an inveterate dancer you are becoming. It was fascinating only to watch you to-night. Perhaps you will succeed where I fail. You and Captain O'Donnell appear to be old friends; try if you can prevail upon him and overcome his obstinacy."

"To overcome the obstinacy of Captain O'Donnell I know of old to be an impossible task. But to please you, Geneva! On what particular point is our Chasseur d'Afrique obstinate now?"

"I want him to leave the inn at Castletford, with his sister, and come here. The idea of stopping at an inn—a lady, too—preposterous! Sir Peter insists, I insist, Uncle Raoul insists, Sir Arthur insists—all in vain. And I need to think Irishmen the most grateful and yielding of men—could not possibly say no to a lady if they tried. I shall have another opinion of Captain O'Donnell's countrymen after to-night."

"You will come," La Reine Blanche said, with a glance of her long, luminous eyes, that had done fatal service ere to-night. "Few men had the moral courage to say no to those bewitching eyes. You will. Our motto is 'The More Merrier. We will do our best not to bore you. Scarswood is a pleasant place than the Silver Rose. You will come—I wish it."

"And nobody ever says no to Queenie," Lady Dangerfield gaily added; "her rule is absolute monarchy."

He looked down into the beautiful, laughing, imperial face, and bent low before her, with all the gallantry of an Irishman, all the debonairity of a Frenchman.

"I can believe it," Lady Dangerfield. And that La Reine Blanche may have the pleasure of a new sensation, permit me to say it—once. To please Lady Cecil—what is the mortal man would do that? In this trivial matter she will, however, let me have my own obstinate way. If the Peri had never dwelt in Paradise, she would not have wept in leaving. I may be weak, but past and experience has taught me wisdom. I take warning by the fate of the Peri."

His tone was very gentle, his smile very pleasant, but his will was invincible. The velvet gloves sheathed a hand of iron; this was not the Redmond O'Donnell she had known—the impetuous, yielding lad, to whom she had but to say "come," and he came—"go," and he went. Was she testing her own power? If so, she failed signally. As he turned to go to the cloakroom she heard him humming a tune under his breath, a queer, provoking half-smile on his face. She caught the big end of the words:

"For the bird that struts in the tolls my dear, Can never be caught without chaff?"

That half-amused, half-knowing smile was still on his mustached lips as he bared her a gay good-night, and was gone. The Irish idyl had been written, and this was its English reading.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

The small parlor of the Silver Rose looked very much to-day as it had done this day six years, when little Mrs. Vavasor had been its occupant. A trifle dustier and rustier, darker and dingier, but the same; and in one of its venerable, home-made arm-chairs, under its open front windows, sat another little lady, looking with weary eyes, up and down the street. It was Rose O'Donnell—the captain's sister. She was a little creature, as petite as Mrs. Vavasor herself, of fairly like, fragile proportions, a wan, moonlight sort of face, lit with large, melancholy eyes. Those

sombre, blue eyes, under their black brows and lashes, reminded you of her brother; the rich, abundant brown hair, that was but a warmer shade of black, was also his; but otherwise there was no resemblance. In repose the expression of that wan, "small face," was one of settled sadness; at intervals, though, it lit up into a smile of wonderful brightness and sweetness, and then she was more like her brother than ever. She wore gray silk without ribbon, or lace, or jewel, and she looked like a little Quakeress, or a small gray kitten, coiled up there in her big chair. She was quite alone, her delicate brow knit in deep and painful thought, her hands clasped and unclasping nervously in her lap, her eyes fixed on the passers by, but evidently not seeing them.

"This is the place," she said to herself, a sort of whisper; "this is the town, at Scarswood was the house. At last—at last! But how will it end? Must I go on to grave knowing nothing—nothing—whether he be living or dead, or am I to find out here? If I only dared tell Redmond—my best brother, my dearest friend—but I do not. If he be alive, and they met, he would surely kill him."

An inner door opened, and her brother, straw sombrero in one hand, a fishing-rod the other, came in with his sounding troops.

"Rose," he said hurriedly, "I did not mention it at breakfast, but I was absent last night. I met an old acquaintance, and I insisted upon taking me with him. I spent the evening at Scarswood Park."

"Scarswood Park?" It was almost a startled cry, but he did not notice it.

"Yes, Scarswood Park—place some four or five miles off—belonging to Sir Peter Dangerfield. Didn't see Sir Peter—was with Lady, though, and—here is where the future comes in. She insists upon your leaving this hostelry and becoming her guest."

"Yes. I chanced to do her some trifling service the other day—absurdly trifling, make such a fuss over—and she insists upon magnifying a mole-hill into a mountain, saying I saved her life and all that. She is all the more hospitable lady I ever met, and I want to insist upon that both pitching camp here in Scarswood. For myself, I decline to do so still, of course; but for you—I have been thinking of it over, and am not so sure. This isn't just the place of a lady in a park yard can't be agreeable to a well-constructed female mind. They are going to call to-day, and if they insist, and you prefer it, why not with them, if you will."</



The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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Commencing Dec. 22nd, 1880 all subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For March, 1881. THURSDAY, 3.—Feria. FRIDAY, 4.—Most Holy Passion of our Lord...

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. T. K.—We are not responsible for rejected manuscripts. We do not undertake to return them.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as Agents for The Post and True Witness in their respective localities...

If the tone of the Canadian press is changing in a sense favorable to Ireland more of the credit must be given to Mr. Peter O'Leary...

The bill to incorporate the Orange Order of Ontario has been defeated in the Legislature by a vote of 56 to 19.

We have received the sum of \$35.25 from the people of Marysville, Ont., for the Parnell and Gladstone Fund...

It now turns out that it was not the mountain which visited Mahomet, but it was Mahomet who humbly paid his respects to the mountain...

AND now has fallen the heaviest thunder-bolt of all. The Editor of the Canadian Spectator is displeased with Mr. Parnell and does not hesitate to say so.

lecturer. It is utterly impossible. But let us have no hypocrisy, you know. The Editor abused the Catholic Clergy in his lecture and the Editor abuses them in his paper...

His Grace Archbishop McCABE, of Dublin, has been kind enough to send advanced sheets of his denunciation of Parnell and three-fourths of his countrymen to the New York Herald...

The New York Sun says:—The Fenian "fright" in London caused all the Guardsmen in that city to spend the night of February 2nd in barracks, officers and men sleeping in their clothes...

A MOVEMENT is on foot—started in Toronto—to present an address of congratulation to Her Majesty the Queen, on her attaining her 62nd birthday...

We are happy to be able to state that the TRUE WITNESS is taking with enthusiasm all over Canada, but chiefly in Ontario and New Brunswick...

COLONEL BUTLER in the Contemporary Review gives a graphic sketch of the Boers and their allies the French Huguenots. According to that fair-minded Englishman it is the Celtic French who are the guiding stars of the slow phlegmatic Boers...

NOTWITHSTANDING the erratic conduct pursued by Mr. Gladstone during the past six months the news of the serious accident that has befallen him will be heard with regret by none more so than Irishmen...

It is now turns out that it was not the mountain which visited Mahomet, but it was Mahomet who humbly paid his respects to the mountain, or in plain English, it was Rochefort who went to see Parnell, and not Parnell who called upon Rochefort.

man is withered into a party politician. Nevertheless, he has rendered services to freedom in his life, and for this the future historian will give him a place in history...

ANOTHER terrible disaster to the British arms in the Transvaal, this time accompanied with the death of their General. It looks as if the Transvaal was to be the Caudine Forks of the British Empire...

Mr. FORBES, the celebrated war correspondent, may be as brave as his boots and as enlightened as—as, well, as the Duke of Cambridge, but he is not a gentleman...

It is with the most poignant regret our readers will learn of the death of Monsignor Cazau, which melancholy event took place this morning at ten minutes past one o'clock.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. No one can fathom Bismarck's Eastern policy. The march of events has placed Germany in the front rank among the nations and she to-day yields more influence over Turkey than France and England put together.

is keeping strangely quiet on the surface though her Slav Committee is reported to be working with extraordinary energy and industry, and we all know what that means.

is keeping strangely quiet on the surface though her Slav Committee is reported to be working with extraordinary energy and industry, and we all know what that means.

THE IRISH LAND MEASURE. The Central News—a leading English paper—claims to be able to state that the following will form the basis of the Government Land Bill for Ireland.

MGR. CAZEAU. It is with the most poignant regret our readers will learn of the death of Monsignor Cazau, which melancholy event took place this morning at ten minutes past one o'clock.

He commenced his studies at the College of St. Roch and terminated them at the College of Nicolet; was ordained Priest on the 30th of January 1830; was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese in 1850 and was elevated to the dignity of Prelate of the Pontifical house in 1875 by Pope Pius IX.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Patrick Power, of Halifax, father of Senator Power and formerly member for Halifax.

far from 1851 to 1854; a Commissioner of Schools for the same city for several years, and has filled the presidency of the charitable Irish society. He sat for Halifax in the Dominion Parliament from the general election in 1867 until 1872, when he was defeated...

ENGLISH AND DUTCH.

Ireland for the present takes a second place in the eyes of the world as a disturbing element in British politics, and the Transvaal looms ominously to the front assuming more gigantic dimensions every day.

ENGLAND VS. IRELAND.

Six months ago Ireland stood almost alone to-day she has many friends and sympathizers in her quarrel with England. And it is a quarrel. Any one who takes the trouble to go over the English papers will see this at once, especially the illustrated papers.

Empire the armies employed by the Caesars were composed chiefly of foreign mercenaries. The Romans had become too wealthy and luxurious to encounter the hardships of the field, they satisfied themselves with the baths and the circus. They lost their nerve and their courage and then they lost their empire.

Mr. Brand, the Speaker of the British House of Commons, has branded himself as a firebrand and partisan of the first water. He is entitled to a retiring allowance of \$4,000 a year, so that he should know on which side his bread is buttered.

Montreal Land League Meeting

The usual weekly meeting of the Land League was held in the St. Patrick's Hall on Sunday afternoon. The President, P. Carr...

Mr. P. A. Quinn then addressed the assembly and said that the English press and agencies of Ireland had falsely judged...

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

DEAR SIR.—The never failing topic of conversation here the past week, is the weather. The thermometer gradually rose from 4 above...

The mail and injustice of what cannot be better termed than the Tory press of this city, with the Herald always at the head...

office cannot be procured for love or money. Those fortunate enough to have apartments...

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table with 2 columns: Donor Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'TARD WITNESS DONATION', 'A. Wexford Quebec', 'E. MacElliott', etc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness: Sir,—I have been a constant reader of the True Witness for the last eight years...

The journals published in this Province are all political papers, and when the Editor of any of them takes to play the role of a Catholic journalist...

I have been Inspector of Schools for the Eastern half of this Province since July, 1879, and in my intercourse with Catholic teachers...

To the Editor of the Post and True Witness: DEAR SIR.—It is with feelings of pardonable pride that I now undertake the feeble yet arduous task of contributing a mite to the columns of your excellent journal...

its sensible and reliable accounts of current events, and its many powerful, logical and learned correspondences from eminent and distinguished writers are less strong features in its character.

I am, yours, &c., L. Croas.

Beaujeu, Antipohish Co., Feb. 14th, 1881.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., a solemn Mass was held in St. Mark's Church, Prescott, for the repose of the soul of F. E. O'Donnell, the late incumbent pastor of the parish.

ST. GABRIEL'S ACADEMY.

A musical and literary entertainment was given by the pupils of this institution on Tuesday evening. The programme comprised choruses, recitations, an operatic allegory 'The Revolt of the Bees,' and a drama entitled 'The Great Elzik.'

Sir Miles O'Bryan, Bart., whose rise in the world from a Navvy on the Lachine Canal to that of a Civil Servant—tying up red-tape packets—at Ottawa, and subsequent elevation to the Irish Peerage through his Lordship's death of a relative, causing his Lordship an infinity of joys and sorrows, including both the cotting and other difficulties, is about to leave his adventures, as detailed in The Post and True Witness, in book form.

A PARALLEL.

We take the following splendid editorial from Ireland's representative daily paper, the Freeman's Journal of the 3rd of February.

The Speaker's action yesterday was "perilously near"—or, to use another authorized Parliamentary formula—it was "within measurable distance" of one of the most revolutionary acts of Oliver Cromwell; and the precedent is not an entirely lucky one for a Ministry that is learning to depend on Jingo toleration.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Roman Catholic Church in the United States lost last year by death one bishop—Dr. Peilicer, of San Antonio—and eighty-five priests.

DRIVEN TO DESERATION.

It looks as though the English Government intended to drive the Irish people to desperation. Tenants are to be evicted by thousands; the landlords will in their agitation...

THE MEMBER FOR CAVAN.

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The habitues of the galleries of the House of Commons have had the best of it this week, that is as compared with members on the floor of the House.

It has all been talk-talk, of which the Irish members have had their full share. The only thing remarkable about the five days' wrangling is that the Speaker in the House has managed to instil a wholesome dread in the minds of 'weavers of long tales.'

the member for the Irish county of Cavan. He is quite a character. He is not more than five feet in height, is hump-backed, and can hardly be seen above the benches when he rises to speak.

ROUND THE WORLD.

Denis-Keane wants to go to Ireland to fight the British. Penco is said to have been concluded between Chilli and Peru. Mr. Robert Bonner will, next month, sell twenty of his fast trotters.

Denis-Keane wants to go to Ireland to fight the British. Penco is said to have been concluded between Chilli and Peru. Mr. Robert Bonner will, next month, sell twenty of his fast trotters. Edwin Arnold wrestled with the "Light of Asia" for eleven months. Froude, Lecky and Moncreu Conway, are each at work on Carlyle's biography. Baconfield never reads over his M.S. papers, but entrusts the revision to some obliging friend. Professor Swing, of Chicago, says that those who most dislike novels, should be the ones to read them most. Hayes takes his "smile" just the same as any other man—that is—at other people's tables and expens.

IRELAND!

PUBLIC OPINION!

The Government Universally Condemned.

THE LEAGUE

STILL STRIVES

For the People's Rights.

THE "PROTECTION" BILL!

[By Telegraph to Post and True Witness.]

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The Standard this morning asserts that a decision of great importance has been taken by the Cabinet, viz., to drop the Arms' Bill and introduce a land bill without any delay.

DUBLIN, Feb. 22.—Parnell has written an important letter to the people of Clara, in which he withdraws the portion of his speech made last Sunday advising the ploughing up of lands in order to prevent landlords from grazing cattle thereon, and says that action would be against the criminal law, and that he cannot justify it. There are rumors that the Government have an eye on this speech, and it will probably lead to serious consequences for Parnell.

Accounts from Sligo County represent that many farmers, who lately refused to pay rents higher than Griffith's valuation, are now hastening up the rents on the landlords' terms.

CORK, Feb. 22.—A private powder magazine here was forcibly entered, and a large quantity of gun and blasting powder stolen. It is rumored that the Government will interfere with the Parnell demonstration here on Sunday.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 22.—A meeting was held this evening to protest, on behalf of Ireland, against the Coercion Bill. Judge Elcock presided, and the meeting was addressed by Fathers Horstmann and Barry, John Murdoch, editor of the *Highlander*, and Col. Forney. Letters were read from Speaker Randall and others. Resolutions were adopted condemning the course of England, and commending the leaders of the Land League.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Many Irish members will address their constituents on Sunday, by which time it is expected the Protection Bill will be passed.

It being considered unnecessary to keep the coast guard ship Belleisle on the north coast of Ireland any longer, therefore she has been ordered to return to Kingstown.

DUBLIN, Feb. 22.—Last evening Wendell Phillips delivered a lecture in the Music Hall for the benefit of the Shawmut Rowing Club. Mr. Phillips reported his views upon the present condition of Ireland. He criticised the press for the position it takes on the Irish question, and said that Parnell does not stand at the head of a nation of paupers, and asserted that O'Connell and his followers have done more to make Ireland intelligent, law-abiding and prosperous than the whole brood of English statesmen that have dallied over the problem for a hundred years. Speaking of Gladstone, he said the Prime Minister must have taken a leaf from the book of a certain Irish Baronet, who once uttered an Irish blurt that he was willing to sacrifice the whole of the constitution to save the remainder. Gladstone, he said, is a little man in a great place; a weak man elevated above his head. The Coercion Bill is an oak of terrible necessity planted in a China vase and the vase will fall in pieces. There is no twin between the men at the head of the English Government and the epoch that needs their aid, for it is the convulsion of Christianity and civilization itself; it is science marrying the industries of that continent to this. The world cannot be held in such chains as the Government attempts to put upon Ireland. They might as well make Ministers of cast iron and make them preach by steam as to attempt to control the Irish people by the Coercion Bill signed by Victoria. Mr. Phillips said he took no stock in the plea that the agitation is a Catholic question, discussed the Land question and exhorted his audience to stand by the Irish leaders and give them moral and material support.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—*Le Debats* this morning comments upon Mr. Parnell's manifesto at considerable length, and praises its moderate tone. At the same time *Le Debats* is skeptical of its having any great effect. A flattering biographical sketch of Parnell by "Ignotus" appears in this morning's *Figaro*.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—A small farmer was shot dead near Buttevant, County Cork, yesterday, in consequence of a land dispute.

BOTSWAN, Lunenburg, Feb. 23.—A large quantity of pistols and ammunition have been forwarded here for the use of the police in the event of a Fenian outbreak.

LONDON, Feb. 23.—The Home Rulers are determined to exhaust the sittings of to-day and to-morrow with amendments to the Protection bill. Parnell embarked for France to-day.

DUBLIN, Feb. 23.—Father Hurlley, a Catholic priest of Kilkenny, near Parsonstown, was to-day evicted from his farm. There was no rioting, although an immense crowd of people was present, and a force of 160 constabulary and military.

Parnell, previous to his departure for Paris, handed the temporary leadership of the Home Rulers to Justin McCarthy. A report that the Government intend to seize Parnell on his return from Paris causes much comment. It is not known when he will come back.

DUBLIN, Feb. 23.—At a meeting of the Land League to-day detectives outside took note of all who attended. A letter from Mr. Egan was read, which stated that the Paris press of all shades of opinions cordially indorsed the League. Mr. Dillon read a telegram from Mr. Parnell, advising the League to postpone the meetings which were to be held on Sunday, as it was desirable the terms of the Land Bill should be known before the meetings were held. Mr. Dillon denied that rents were being generally paid. The small farmer reported shot near Buttevant was only wounded. Two large farmers, members of the Land League, have been arrested.

LONDON, February 23.—Our Dublin correspondent telegraphs that at the Land League meeting there a letter was read from Mr. Egan, now in Paris, denouncing Mr. Shaw's manifesto as an audacious assumption of leadership, and asking, "who in Ireland ever for a moment believed that the handful of rascals who follow Mr. Shaw represent the country?" He adds: "Do the Shaws, the

Erringtons, the Blennerhassetts, the Bellinghams, the Colthures, the Martins, the Henrys, the Foyes, and the rest of the traitors who basely deserted the Irish leader in the face of the enemy, think they can drag the country back into the slums of corruption and Whiggery, or that they will induce the people to adopt Bonaparte Gladstone, to idolize Bright, the corduroist, or to offer thanksgiving for what is well described as a mixture of buckshot and good intentions which is being offered them by Chief Secretary Forster." He says that the cause of the League is receiving support from the press of all shades of opinion in France.

Mr. Dillon announced that a sub-committee had been formed for the purpose of more completely organizing the legal department of the League. He said that a number of letters had been received asking if it was safe to send money to the League. It might have been remarked that there was a sensible falling off of the subscriptions from home branches this week, but not from America. It was natural there should be a feeling in the country that money sent would be intercepted by the Government. He advised all country branches to send what money they had on hand, and if any of it was intercepted they would give immediate notice, so no more would be lost. They had observed that there was a conspiracy on foot to intimidate the tenantry throughout the country. It was represented that the tenants were running and their landlords to pay their rents, but all they could say was that they would have been supposed to know something about such a thing if it were taking place, and they had no knowledge thereof. Doubtless, some of the larger farmers had broken down, but to say there was anything like a general break down of the people was a gross falsehood.

Our correspondent adds that it is believed that there were far more potent reasons for abandoning the Sunday meetings than anxiety to see the Land Bill. The impression prevails that the Government intended to take advantage of the opportunity to make some important arrests under the Coercion Bill, and it is quite probable that a great majority of the demonstrations would have been prohibited.

An agrarian outrage, which was first reported to have resulted in the death of the victim, has been perpetrated between Buntawald Mallow, in County Cork. A ploughman, named Lenham, was working on a farm recently purchased by Mr. Wm. Fyghill, on the estate of Viscount Doneraile, when a shot was fired at him from behind a hedge, and he was wounded in the head. He states that about four o'clock he saw two strangers in the next field. When he fell, the assassins came up and commenced beating him on the head, shoulders and body with a piece of iron attached to a short rope, inflicting a severe wound. Lenham was left unconscious and supposed to be dead. He recovered, however, and crawled home. He was unable to describe his assassins. Two farmers, named Connors, members of the Land League, were arrested on suspicion. The local league has condemned the outrage and offered a reward for the arrest of the perpetrators.

DUBLIN, Feb. 24.—At yesterday's meeting of the Land League Mr. Dillon remarked that there was a sensible falling off of subscriptions from the home branches this week, but not from America. Thirty thousand cards of membership are being issued every week. The amount received this week was £1,236—£300 from the Irish branches and the remainder from America.

The *Times* announces that extra vigilance against Fenianism is being exercised and likely to be continued for some time. During the past fortnight the number of suspected persons who arrived in London is reported double what it was in the first two weeks in January.

Most of the suspected persons who lately arrived in London came from Ireland; some are from Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester and other large towns, and America. Certain members of Parliament continue to receive threatening letters, the most of which are handed to the police, and others burned. Precautions continue at the several barracks. The rifle ranges of the volunteers are still unused, owing to the want of ammunition, which has been all removed from the magazines.

Parnell's departure for Paris was more owing to severe nervous prostration than to the requirements of the Land League. A Dublin correspondent reports that the Emergency Committee is preparing to supply landlords with Protestant tenants from England and Scotland to occupy farms from which tenants can or may be evicted in the South and West of Ireland. The representatives of the Committee continue to attend the land sales occasioned by the non-payment of rents. The police and soldiers are obliged to protect the Committee's officers in some cases.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—At a meeting of the Directors of the National Steamship Line, yesterday, the opinion was expressed that emigration to America this year would greatly increase owing to the Coercion Bill. The profits of the line last year were over £100,000.

Parnell writes that it will take a week to finish his business. He will call on the Archbishop of Paris, and will be introduced to Marshall McMahon, who takes the greatest interest in the Irish question.

It is denied that Labouchere has become connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—A farmer has been beaten to death at Gormanstown, King's County. Deceased was one of a number of men who have been going to various houses demanding arms.

The Irish demand for revolvers from Birmingham has completely subsided, probably owing to the Coercion Bill.

A Roman Catholic priest having commented unfavourably upon Parnell's alliance with Rochefort and Hugo, a merchant at Cork wrote to the press, stating that Parnell went to France to enlist the aid and sympathy of the whole of the French nation, and not a section thereof. Parnell endorses the statement.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—The *Intransigeant* says that Mr. Parnell has come again to Paris for the purpose of extending relations with that portion of the Republican press which upholds the cause of Home Rulers. Parnell returns to London to take part in the discussion of the Land Bill.

The Archbishop of Paris publishes a note warning Parnell that the Irish cause should not be mixed up with the revolutionists. It is thought the Archbishop will not see Parnell.

PARIS, Feb. 26.—Parnell intends to call upon the Archbishop of Paris and also M. de Lesseps. The French press condemns the mixing up of the Irish cause with the Communists as ruinous.

LONDON, Feb. 26.—A despatch from Paris says Parnell has again been interviewed by a correspondent. He denies that he sought Rochefort, but says that the latter sought him. He, however, admits appealing to Victor Hugo.

Concluded on Eighth Page.

Alas for the monks of St. Bernard and alas for the noble dogs. The St. Gothard railway is about to do away with them, and heroism and chivalrous charity go with them.

A PLEASANT EVENT.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

O'Donovan Rossa would undoubtedly have received a cordial welcome from his countrymen in this city had he been able to fulfil his engagement with the Hibernal Society, but for little disappointment or regret was felt at his non-appearance he has only himself to blame for sending so pleasing a substitute as his charming and talented wife. Nordheimer's Hall held very few vacant seats on Monday night week, and the large audience assembled was united in its hearty greeting of the fair reader, when she was introduced by Mr. J. C. Fleming. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Fleming made a few introductory remarks, explaining the reasons which compelled Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa to remain in New York. Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa then arose and said that although her welcome had been most cordial, she felt assured there must be some disappointment at the substitution of readings for a lecture, for she was certain that the audience would have preferred living words to those of authors who had lived in other times, and although she was accustomed to give expression to the views of other people, she felt rather timid in expressing her own ideas. After a few other remarks of a pleasant nature, between the eloquentist and those who had assembled to hear her, Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa commenced her programme. The first selection was a poem by O'Donoghue entitled "We're Irish Everywhere." The strong national sentiment pervading the piece aroused the enthusiasm of those present to the highest pitch; and even if it had been deficient in poetry Mrs. Rossa's rendering would have made it a poem. Her clear voice, enriched by as sweet an Irish brogue as ever reduced the English language to a semblance of beauty; her gift of elocution, made perfect by graceful and unerring gestures; her varied programme, at once national, sentimental, and humorous, combined to furnish an entertainment pleasing alike to the wrought feelings of the patriot, to the readily irritated risibles of the mirthfully inclined, and to the trained ear of the cold critic. Among the most important of Mrs. Rossa's selections were "Orange and Green," "Fenianism," "The Beautiful City of Derry," an amusing sketch entitled "Molly Muldoon," and a poem in the Irish language, descriptive of the beauties of Ireland. Her recitation of Davis' magnificent poem was almost as realistic as a painting of the famed battle field. In "Molly Muldoon," Mrs. Rossa's evident full appreciation of the humor gave an added effect to the charm of her elocution, and although the simile has rather a sombre cast for application to anything of a mirthful nature, we might say that there was a ghost of a laugh trilling through every word and expression used. But striking beauties might be pointed out in each selection but it did limited space not forbid.

As the notice of O'Donovan Rossa's inability to come to Montreal did not reach the city until almost the last moment, the Committee of management had no time to procure local talent to assist Mrs. Rossa in the evening's entertainment, and, therefore, Mr. J. C. Fleming found that it suddenly devolved upon him to fill up intervals in the programme with addresses. His first subject was taken from the prominent part taken by women in Irish history, where they had fought not only in the field of politics but on the battlefield for the rights and liberties of Ireland, and referring to the dull wit attempted by the English press in its allusion to the present stand made by Irish women, which was laughing in a somewhat ghastly fashion at the Ladies' Land League movement, said that the English evidently forgot that they were brushed out of France by a woman, and that they were now under petticoat government.

With regard to the effort which Ireland was making to obtain a redress of its grievances, he said that it was the duty of Irishmen in Canada to follow, and not to lead the Irish at home, and that, therefore, the present land agitation demanded their hearty support.

Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, alluding to these remarks, said that she went further than Mr. Fleming, and thought that nothing was ever to be obtained from England through her Parliament. However, it would be as well for the Land Leaguers to remember that should they fail they had the skirmishers at their back, and it was not injurious to the national cause if England should happen to know it.

In his second address Mr. Fleming related the story told of Dr. Johnson, who in a walk through the streets of London one day, stopped to watch a butcher who was skinning an eel. The fish, which was naturally pained by the operation, wriggled and squirmed until the butcher lost his patience, and began to use some very bad language. Dr. Johnson remarked that he supposed the eel had to be skinned, but he did not see the necessity of the butcher swearing because the eel did not submit quietly to the operation. Dr. Johnson passed on, and did not wait for the fish. The eel finally wriggled out of the butcher's hand, and winding itself around his throat strangled him. This incident applied to the position of Ireland and England. England had been skinning Ireland for centuries past, and if the skinning operation was not soon discontinued the latter might yet wrest itself from the former's grasp, and winding itself around its butcher's throat thus destroy it. The moral drawn was then discussed at length, after which Mrs. Rossa resumed her programme. Subsequently Mr. Fleming delivered what might be termed an essay upon the Irish language, and as a final contribution pointed out the evils resulting to Ireland from the existence of the Orange organization. Each of his subjects was suggested by an item in the programme.

At the conclusion of the entertainment Mr. P. J. Coyle, in a brief but very stirring address, proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, and he was seconded by Mr. P. Carroll, President of the local branch of the Land League, who suggested the feasibility of the formation of a ladies' branch.

Mrs. Rossa returned her thanks in a graceful speech, after which three cheers were called for by Mr. P. J. Coyle, and heartily given.

The platform was decorated with Irish, French and American flags, and before the appearance of the talented eloquist the Irish National Band played a number of national airs. The remarks of each of the speakers were enthusiastically applauded, and the sentiments expressed appeared wholly identical with those held by the audience.

SHREWDNESS AND ABILITY.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle*.

THE IRISH BALL

A Grand Affair.

GREAT SOCIAL SUCCESS

Rank and Beauty of Canada Represented.

DRESSES, ETC.

At the risk of being considered even second-hand plagiarists we use the following lines from Byron's poem of Waterloo, copied from this morning's *Herald*:—"There was a sound of revelry by night, And Canada's capital had gathered then Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

And without any manner of doubt, any one walking into the Windsor at ten o'clock last night, mounting the stairs, turning to the left, advancing along the magnificent passage, making way through the crowd which generally blocks up the entrance, and looking into the ball-room, would, no matter how badly developed were his tastes for aesthetics, have been actually dazzled by a glorious sight. We use the word glorious simply because we can find no other which would portray the truth without risking the subtleties, for, certes, it was a brilliant sight to see, and one to be remembered; one in fact, the like of which has not been witnessed in Montreal within living memory. There they were, about half a hundred groups arranged into cotillon order and harmony, handsome men, some of them, and beautiful women of all them, describing circles and segments of circles; going through the poetry of motion to the sound of music most melodious, resembling nothing more than the flight of birds or nothing less than constraint. But we repeat it was a sight to see, and the great trouble was with those not claiming to be either connoisseurs or dilettanti, to judge which was the more charming, the dresses of the ladies or their pretty faces, God bless them. And this last expression obviates the difficulty at once, and gives the palm to the faces, for whoever heard of a pleasing being called upon a piece of silk. Faces there were of blonde the purest and brunette the rarest; eyes of azure approaching to amethyst, and eyes of gray resembling diamonds in brilliancy. The whole *tout ensemble* simply beggars description. It would take the pen of a Hugo or a Beaconsfield to describe and a Salvador Rosa to do justice to the scene as a whole. Perhaps the greatest compliment we can pay to the dresses is to say truthfully that the colors were so chaste and the toning so refined that they fade from the memory. There were not half a dozen low-necked dresses to be seen, and we can easily believe that next year there will not be one at all. It may be a little unkind to say so, but the simple truth is that in former times more attention was given to the success, as an estimation of the Irish ball than to the social status of the personnel, while as regards last night's affair nothing was omitted. The cream of the Irish people of Canada was present and all that was symptomatic belonging to their order of dress. Among the invited guests our reporter noticed His Honor M. Robitaille, the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Arthur H. Murphy, M. P. P. Thomas White, and a good many other distinguished men whose names will appear in their proper places.

It is necessary to pay a tribute to the officials of the Windsor Hotel for their courtesy and foresight, and to state that the *salle de danse* is one of the best on the continent. It is large, roomy, commodious, and from its capacity for containing air we should say decidedly healthy, as also from the fact that notwithstanding the large number of dancers no complaints were made of undue warmth or overcrowding.

There is a lady staying at the Windsor at present who is a *Canadienne*, though married to a French gentleman, and whose home is in gay Paris. This lady was attracted by the music last night and looked in. She seemed struck with what she saw and exclaimed "Mon Dieu, quelle beauté! quelle scene!" This was a compliment as spontaneous as it was deserved, and describes better than we can the general appearance of the Irish ball at the Windsor last night.

Mr. George Dory was President of the ball, and to him chiefly must be attributed credit for the new departure, which, in point of social excellence, causes the annual Irish ball to claim precedence to either the *Calendonian*, St. Andrew's, or any other national *foire* of like nature.

The Lady Patronesses were Madame T. Robitaille, Mrs. W. H. Hingston, Mrs. M. P. Ryan, Mrs. M. Doherty, Mrs. J. S. Wurtel, Mrs. Thos. White.

The Reception Committee were Messrs J. J. Arnton, Charles J. Doherty, M. Guerin, Henry Kavanagh, S. H. Ewing, John D. Parcell, John J. Hay, E. P. Ronayne, G. Bury.

Floor Committee—J. J. Milroy, P. J. Ronayne, M. J. Quinn, J. U. Shortiss, Edmund Guerin and D. McEntyre, Jr.

Invited Guests—Lieut. Governor Robitaille and Madame Robitaille, Hon. Edward Baka, Hon. John O'Connor, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Hon. E. J. Flynn, John Costigan, M. P., Hon. W. Lynch, Dr. Berzin, M. P., Mayor Ton of Halifax and Hon. J. A. Chabreuil.

It would look like slandering if we praised every one, but Mr. McIntyre is certainly entitled to thanks for his perfect floor arrangements. There were no *contretemps*, which is saying a good deal. Nor must the supper be forgotten. It was perfect. The bill of fare was complete, the wines were excellent and the invited guests did not drink champagne enough if it was not because it was not good nor that their hosts were not generous.

We regret that we could not procure a complete list of the ladies' dresses and met beg our readers to accept what we are enabled to furnish.

LADIES' DRESSES.

- Mrs. J. Stewart, maroon velvet and mauve overskirt trimmed with lace, gold ornaments. Mrs. Thos. White, black velvet, trimmed with black lace; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Hingston, black satin and lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Foley, black satin and white lace trimmings; gold ornaments. Mrs. McEntyre, cream-colored silk; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Kimpston, black velvet and lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Moorey, garnet velvet and lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Barry, garnet velvet and cream colored silk; lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Milroy, pink satin shired, with lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Murphy (Quebec), cream silk.

- Mrs. Mullarky, pink silk, and lace trimmings; pearl ornaments. Miss Harwood (Vaudreuil), pink silk, with white organly overskirt and flowers, silver ornaments. Miss Stewart, pale blue satin, silver ornaments. Miss O'Brien, cream-colored silk, with cherry-flower trimmings, diamond ornaments. Miss Mountain (Quebec), cream-colored silk and satin, silver ornaments. Miss Mooney, cream-brocaded satin. Miss White, pale pink satin. Miss Barclay, white silk. Miss Bella White, pink satin, lace trimmings. Miss MacGillis, Ecu India mull, with lace trimmings and flowers, gold ornaments. Miss Guerin, white cashmere, silk fringe, gold ornaments. Miss Wilson, white silk. Mrs. Small, Pompadour satin and cardinal, diamond jewellery. Miss Mount, cream satin, trimmed with smilax and flowers. Mrs. Parent, pale blue satin brocaded silk, trimmed with down. Miss Paterson, cream silk, trimmed with spangled tulle, gold ornaments. Miss Macdonald, pink silk, trimmed with lace and flowers. Miss O'Flaherty, white satin, trimmed with heather blossoms and poppies, diamond ornaments. Miss Doherty (Sherbrooke) white tarlatan, diamond ornaments. Miss Agnes Doherty (Sherbrooke) white cashmere, trimmed in white satin. Mr. Walter Kavanagh, pale blue silk dress, with pink bodice, Limerick lace trimmings. Mrs. Wm. Davis, white satin and lace trimmings, diamond jewellery. Miss McCullum, pink satin. Miss Shorrey, pink satin costume and diamond ornaments. Miss Cronin, green silk, white tulle trimmings and ivy garlands, gold jewellery. Mrs. Stafford, pink silk and satin, gold ornaments. Miss Whelan, white silk, blonde trimmings, gold ornaments. Miss Rafter, rose pink silk and satin, with gold jewellery. Mrs. J. McCready, white silk, thread lace trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss McGlynn, pale blue silk, with cardinal roses and gold ornaments. Mrs. V. Roy, grey silk, satin trimmings, gold jewellery. Miss Crompton, pink satin shired, diamond ornaments. Miss O'Brien, red silk, faced with satin, gold ornaments. Miss McLaughlin, red velvet, point lace coverings, diamond ornaments. Miss McGrail, pink satin dress, with gold ornaments. Miss Murphy, white satin and gold ornaments. Miss McIntyre, blue silk, gold ornaments. Miss E. Wilson, white satin dress, gold ornaments. Miss Shea, Brooklyn, pale blue silk and satin, real lace trimmings; diamond jewellery. Mrs. Corbet, Brooklyn, black silk velvet, real lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. M. P. Davis, pale purple silk with real lace trimmings; diamond ornaments. Mrs. P. McGauran, pale blue silk with garnet velvet and roses; gold jewellery. Miss V. Mount, white silk, with lace trimmings, gold jewellery. Mrs. L. Mullarky, white silk and satin, gold ornaments. Miss O'Donoghue, Kingston, white satin, Spanish lace trimmings, diamond ornaments. Miss Muldoon, purple velvet with lavender overdress, gold jewellery. Mrs. H. Muldoon, white satin with green diamonds, gold jewellery. Mrs. J. McGarvey, white silk and satin with moss rose garlands, diamond ornaments. Miss Hayes, white satin, lavender silk overdress, with down trimming. Mrs. Tribey, black silk, with diamond jewellery. Miss Tribey, black tulle, cardinal trimmings, with gold jewellery. Mrs. Donovan, pink satin, real white lace drapery, diamond ornaments. Mrs. McKean, white damask, satin trimmings, diamond ornaments. Miss McDougal, black velvet, lace trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss Lupton, Ottawa, cream hunting, with blue satin bodice; gold jewellery. Miss Egan, black silk, with cardinal roses; gold jewellery. Mrs. P. Patton, white satin brocade, pany trimmings and diamond ornaments. Miss M. Patton, white silk with gold ornaments. Miss Jackson, white satin quilt, brocade bodice and diamond ornaments. Miss Mullin, maroon blue silk, white flower trimming, gold ornaments. Miss J. Tribey, blue silk with white tulle trimmings, gold ornaments. Mrs. J. P. Whelan, pale blue silk, trimmed with Limerick lace; gold ornaments. Mrs. Kavanagh, light blue silk with red satin tudies and Limerick lace trimming; diamond ornaments. Miss Cochenhalter, black silk velvet, long train. Mrs. McGinn, pink dress, white silk flowers and long train. Miss Gortle, pink silk dress (short).

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures: Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

[FOR THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS] HOPES.

If my thoughts will ever hover 'Round the bright and joyful past, And I live the old days over, That seemed too bright to last. Yet I know those days are ended, And will come to me no more, Yet my sighs with hope are blended, For the future days in store. For that future holds a treasure, Be it near or far away, And I'll gather in my measure As it fall atwart my way. If by fortune now I'm jilted, Will I cry out in my pain, When I know if one hope's wilted Other hopes will rise again. If the present brings me sorrow, Other hours will bring me rest, For the sun shall shine to-morrow Though he sinks now in the west. CHRIS.

Group can be cured in five minutes by the combined use of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and Yellow Oil. Indeed, Yellow Oil is in itself a specific used internally and applied outwards; but to heal and strengthen the lungs the Pectoral Balsam may be used with great success. Both of these matchless remedies should be kept in every house. To be obtained of all dealers in medicine. H 29-2

AN EMPRESS FOOLED.

SOME LATE VIENNA GOSSIP ABOUT ROYALTY. A private letter recently received from an American lady, sojourning in Vienna, contains the following interesting gossip. We have been very much disappointed this week at the announcement of the postponement of the marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria with Stephanie, the Belgian princess, for which preparations, on a grand scale, have been going on here all winter; a perfect carnival season the nuptial week would have been. The postponement is indefinite; the reason given is the princess' extreme youth; her parents say she is but a mere school child, not strong, and they fear that the balls and festivities, generally given in her honor, would be too much for her, particularly as she has not yet been to a ball or anything of the kind. You know royal etiquette obliges her to come to Vienna to be married—her husband being of higher rank—an emperor's son, and she only a King's daughter, and besides, as Austria is a first and Belgium only a second-rate power. Poor little thing, I do not doubt she was so homesick at the idea of coming away off here so far for to be married, that her father and mother had not the heart to let her go. Alas! for the fine innumerable costumes of the countesses and princesses which through the kindness of a shopkeeper, or modiste, we are privileged, as strangers, to gaze upon—of superb material, still with embroidery in crystal beads, chenille, gold thread, silver, jet and garnet. Among the Viennese modistes there is a good deal of bitter feeling, as the Empress sends to Paris for almost her entire wardrobe, and, as she is at the head of fashion there, other ladies of course follow her example, which robs the Viennese of their wealthiest customers.

But they were all well pleased just now to hear the following story:—One of the leading modistes of the city—hoping to succeed where others had failed—took several of his newest costumes to the Empress. With one of the dresses she was enchanted, and anxious to purchase it, but his price was more than she thought even she ought to afford. She coaxed him to sell it for less; but no, he would not, so he departed. All day and all that night she thought and thought about that dress, and the more she thought, the more she desired to possess it. So, early in the morning, she sent a messenger to the shopkeeper to order the dress. She must have it and would take it at any price. Alas! the manager returned, looking very woful, having the shopkeeper's regrets that her majesty was too late, as he had sold it to the Emperor the afternoon before. Then she thought, "that dear man, some one has told him I looked for that dress and so he is going to surprise me with it; but he shall not get ahead of me, the dear old duck." So off she drove and bought the finest present she could find, took it to the Emperor, and presented it with a sweet speech and sweeter smile. He accepted it with the utmost grace, showing both his pleasure and surprise. She withdrew, and waited and waited for the expected gift. It came not. Later in the day she learned that her dear Emperor had purchased it for, and presented it to, a favorite opera singer. One can imagine the weeping and gnashing of teeth about that time in the Austrian Winter palace.

MARON WINDS! The sudden changes and high winds which prevail in March make a bottle of *Down's* Elixir always necessary to have at hand. It is a sure cure for sudden colds and all lung diseases. 25-4

*Winter's Mandrake Bitters* will cure all these diseases. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per bottle. Try it. 29-4

The best remedy for strains and galls on horses is *Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment*. Good for man and beast. 29-4

FOR COUGHS AND THROAT DISORDERS use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. 22-20

WE HAVE FREQUENTLY HEARD mothers say that they would not be without MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, from the birth of the child until it had finished with the teething stage, on any consideration whatever. It gives an infant, troubled with colic pains, quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest at night. 29-4

A DOSE OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE Comfits or Worm Lozenges, creates great constipation among the worms, which twine and twist in the stomachs of many children, and even adults. There is nothing in these Comfits which can injure anything but the worms, and nobody cares for them. 29-4

A PAIN IN THE SIDE MAY BE THE precursor of a pleuritic attack. It should not be neglected. If you have none at home, send to your druggist and buy a bottle of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment, bathe with it frequently the parts affected, and the danger and pain are passed. 29-4

*Holloway's Pills*—The Female's Friend.—So soon as the human functions are disordered they should be rectified. It is a hopeless delusion to leave the malady to its own course. A few appropriate doses of *Holloway's Pills* at the proper period will prevent many a serious illness. They arrest all morbid influences, and prevent disease from extending and affecting more distant organs. Their primary action is upon the blood, stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels. Their secondary action strengthens the nervous centres. No drug can be at once so harmless, yet so antagonistic to disorders affecting the other sex. The most perfect reliance may be placed upon their purifying, regulating, and renovating virtues. They may be safely taken by females at any age.



IRELAND!

Con'ued from Sixth Page. LONDON, Feb. 26.—The Irish Obstructionists can congratulate themselves, after all, on having delayed the Coercion Act to some purpose. They have shown the law of some of its terrors, and no inconsiderable part of its duration. The Government having pacified Forster by giving exceptional powers, the Irish Executive is said to be disposed to use these powers sparingly. Members of Parliament have asserted that over a thousand processes have already been served in Ireland. Evictions will follow, and consequently human misery in its sickening aspects.

DUBLIN, Feb. 26.—At a meeting at Tuam, King's County, of the Land League to-day, Harris, one of the Traversers in the recent State Trials, in reply to questions, said the amount of money invested by the League is considerably under £5,000, principally in American securities. A portion will be placed in French securities, but Gambetta's hostility has caused complications in that direction.

At a Land League demonstration at Borriokane, Tipperary, to-day, Dillon advised tenant farmers to boycott those who violated the laws of the League, despite the Coercion Act. He urged them not to believe agitators who told them Boycotting was illegal, as Boycotting was the right arm of the League.

DUBLIN, Feb. 28.—The Archbishop of Dublin's pastoral says that Catholics who join the Free Masons, Ribbonmen, Funlans or Good Templars or take any part in their meetings incur the censure of the Church.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—In all the Lenten Pastors by the Irish Catholic Archbishop and Bishops on Sunday the strong hope was expressed that the Government would deal effectually and promptly with the land question. The people were warned against joining illegal secret combinations, the strongest sympathy being expressed for the people.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—A large body of police has entered Wick, Louth, where the evidence of the existence of a number of Fenian lodges has been discovered, and arms seized.

LONDON, Feb. 28.—Dillon, in a speech at Borriokane yesterday, said that when anybody had been accused of taking an evicted farm or having assisted a landlord in any way, or when anybody had been rack-rented, the case should be brought before the Local Board of the Land League, and a committee should decide the question. Police should not be allowed to enter any room where a League committee was sitting. Signs of disunion and weakness in the organization of the Land League are reported more numerous under the continuous action of the Government. Many secretaries of local branches of the League have resigned, and favor emigration. The payment of rent is becoming general. Even in the most disturbed districts there is now little difficulty in serving writs. The removal of the League funds to a foreign country is regarded by the tenants with suspicion.

DUBLIN, Feb. 28.—Hearne, a land agent to a brother of the late Lord Mountmorres, was fatally shot by two men at Ballinroe. Secretaries of the Land League have received a communication from Parnell advising the League to be ready to hold representative meetings on some Sunday following the introduction of the Land Bill. Two members of the Land League were arrested at Tralee in connection with the raid of the armed band in Kerry.

CORK, Feb. 28.—Parnell's alliance with the Corn Lawists has produced an unfavorable impression among the Catholic clergy and laity here, and the Land Leaguers are striving to counteract it. The Branch League of Kinturk passed a resolution declaring Parnell justified in seeking the assistance of any party regardless of religion. Fifty armed men visited several houses in Kerry County and compelled farmers to swear that they will pay only Griffith's valuation, and stole forty guns and some money.

CARE FOR YOUR LIVE STOCK would seem an almost superfluous piece of advice to farmers, cattle raisers, horsemen and others, whose cattle is largely invested in quadrupeds. Yet how often are the diseases and sanitary requirements of horses and cattle disregarded; how often are they left to the care of the ignorant and brutal, and irrationally treated when unwell? No stock yard, farm or stable can be said to be properly equipped where an efficient remedial agent is not provided. The best and most highly approved by veterinarians is Thomas' Electric Oil, which besides being a thorough remedy for lung complaints, bronchitis, rheumatism, neuralgia, sores and hurts of the human race, remedies with certainty Galls, Contractions or Cracking of the Hoof, Distemper, Scours, Curb, Corks, scratches, sore teats and other disorders and troubles of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORTON & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont. 52-A

Finance and Commerce.

TRUCK WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, March 1, 1881. FINANCIAL.

There was very little demand for accommodation in Money and Exchange to-day. Loans were negotiated at 4 to 5 on call and 5 to 6 on time, and the rate of discount was 7 to 7 per cent. Currency drafts on New York were drawn at about 1/2 premium. Sterling Exchange in New York was 4.75 and 4.81, while here the rate was 53 1/2 between banks, and 9 over the counter.

On the Stock Exchange this morning bank shares were weaker in consequence of the failure in the iron trade of W. & F. P. Currie. The most active stock was the bank of Montreal, which institution is more deeply affected than any other. The stock opened at a decline of about 1/2 per cent, but recovered rapidly, and at the close of the board showed only a drop of 1/4 per cent.

Morning Stock Sales.—85 Montreal at 18 1/2; 35 do at 18 1/2; 25 do at 18 1/2; 9 Ontario at 98; 27 Toronto at 146; 50 Merchants at 117; 98 Commerce at 139; 15 Hochelaga at 73; 40 Exchange at 62; 135 Richelieu at 54; 125 do at 53; 75 do at 53; 100 Gas at 153.

At the stock board this p.m., Montreal closed at 18 1/2 bid, a decline since yesterday noon of 1 per cent. Merchants, at 117, was 1/4 weaker; Commerce dropped 1/2 to 138; Montreal Telegraph rose 1/2 to 120; and Richelieu 1/2 to 53 bid.

Afternoon Sales.—35 Montreal, 18 1/2; 300 do, 18 1/2; 50 Montreal, 110; 5 do, 110; 57 Ontario, 98; 25 Toronto, 146; 15 do, 145; 10 do, 145; 25 Commerce, 139; 54 Hochelaga, 73; 82 Richelieu, 53; 280 City, Passenger, 118; 48 Montreal Cotton, 175; 25 Loan and Mortgage, 109; 25 Consolidated, 163.

New York, March 1.—Stocks strong: R. I., 123 1/2; Ill. Cen., 130; N. Y. C., 143; J. S., 125; C. S., 70; M. C., 105; Erie, 87; pld., 85; N. W., 123; St. Paul, 107; D. & A., 12 1/2; J. C., 103; W. St. L. & P., 43; U. P., 115; M. P., 45; pld., 70; W. U., 106 1/2; Am. Ex., 64.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS. During the week now under review the merchandise markets have exhibited all the appearances of a healthy activity. Troubles have overtaken the iron trade, and in the suspension of W. & F. P. Currie we have lost one of our leading firms, but in all other wholesale departments of trade there has been an improvement rather than otherwise, in so far as the great volume of business is concerned.

It is true that our local securities listed at the Montreal Stock Exchange show a decline in sympathy with the New York stocks on "Black Friday," but it is also a fact that that decline has been recovered, that the New York panic was merely a Wall street affair precipitated by the bad policy of Congress and of the banks in regard to the 3 per cent. refunding bill, and that the said panic cannot possibly have any deleterious effect on the merchandise markets.

ST. GABRIEL CATTLE MARKET.—Feb. 28. There was a large supply of good cattle under offer to-day and a fair demand for butchers' cattle at 4c, 4 1/2c and 4 3/4c. The majority of the sales were effected at Viger market where about 200 cattle, principally from the West were in the yards.

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.—Feb. 26. The high prices asked for horses by farmers this week checked business somewhat, still a good number of steeds passed into the hands of Americans. The average price realized was \$95, as against \$75 four weeks ago. Wednesday was the heaviest day—eleven cars of horses being shipped direct to the States on that day.

AGRICULTURAL.—Elsewhere you will find the information you wish, in the article on the poultry yard by Mr. Stewart. Eggs are not spoiled for cooking by being frozen, if they are thawed out in cold water, but they are spoiled for pastry, as they do not beat up light, and they are of no use for setting.

LEATHER.—There has been a letter enquiry, manufacturers of boots and shoes having run out of stocks in many instances. Splits and Pebbles are easy, but all other descriptions are firm and in good demand. We quote—Hamlock Spanish sole, No. 1 B A 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; ditto No. 2 B A 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; No. 1 Ordinary 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; No. 2 do 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; buffalo sole, No. 1, 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; No. 2, 1 1/2c to 2 1/4c; hemlock slatting No. 1, 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c; waxed upper, light and medium, 3 1/2c to 4c; do heavy, 3 1/2c to 4c.

WHOLESALE PROVISION MARKET. MARCH 1. The amount of business being done is trifling, and confined to a few small purchasers from city storekeepers, or an occasional small order from the outlying districts. The advance of 6d in cheese, as mentioned in cable advices from Liverpool, is a powerful factor in favor of holders, but the butter trade is in no such luck, and is written down both at New York and Liverpool. Eggs here are inactive at 23c to 25c, with a tendency to ease.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.—MARCH 1. The was a very dull market to-day, the miserable condition of the roads doubtless being responsible. Little or no butter was offered, as far as we could learn, and hence quotations are nominal. Apples were selling slowly at \$2 to \$3 per bush, there being a large quantity of poor stocks on the market. Owing to the export demand from the New England States, potatoes were firmly held at 45c to 50c per bag. Eggs were easier.

Wool.—The market is steady and quiet. The demand is less active, owing to the longer period of daylight now experienced. We quote car lots, per Imperial gallon at 24c to 24 1/2c; broken lots, 25c to 25 1/2c; and single bales, 25c to 27c.

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. CONSUMPTION. Positively Cured. All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try DR. KISSNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, that we guarantee you that there are no humbugs, we will refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. LINDING FOR YOUNG Women at 47 Juror street for 50 cents a week.

SCOTCH NEWS. A destructive fire broke out at the Victoria Docks, London, at ten o'clock on Tuesday night. A number of barges laden with grain and several railway trucks were destroyed. The result of the plebiscite in connection with the Free Library movement in Edinburgh was declared on Tuesday. Out of the 41,853 voting cards issued, 24,683 were returned. The "Ayes" numbered 7619 and the "Noes" 15,709—being a majority against the scheme of \$890.

TOOLE, THE COMEDIAN. An English journal has the following anecdote of Toole, the celebrated actor: "One of the most humorous of Toole's jokes was made when he was playing with Brough in 'Dearest than Life.' Toole in a very poor dress, and Brough, in the uniform of the workhouse, were on their way to the stereoscopic company, or some other eminent photographers, to sit for their portraits in character. On the way, in a fashionable neighborhood, Toole remembered an acquaintance who was well known for his snobbish propensities. He was wealthy and kept a fine establishment. Toole and Brough, leaving their cab at the corner of the street, quickly got out and called upon their friend. They knocked at the door. The footman, seeing them, was inclined to shut it in their faces, but he descended to give them an opening of a few inches. 'Anything in our way to-day,' said Toole, 'any windows want cleaning?' 'No, no; go away,' said the footman. 'No odd jobs?' said Brough, in his husky voice; 'couldn't you clean the silver, 'cos we're relations of the guv'nor's?' 'Go away; I'll send for the police,' said the footman. 'Will you young man?' said Toole. 'I'll have you turned out of this. Do you think we don't know Tommy?' 'Rather,' said Brough, looking round at Toole. 'How've you'll call again, said Toole. 'Tell the guv'nor his two uncles from the workhouse have called. On the guv'nor's return home the footman and other upper servants all gave notice; they could not possibly remain in the service of a person whose uncles came to visit him from the workhouse.'

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. TO IRISHMEN! Portrait OF PARNELL, (M.P. for Cork, Ireland.) A portrait of the illustrious Charles Stewart Parnell, the brave defender of the rights of Ireland, has just been published, and is for sale by local agents, at the price of 25 CENTS. It is printed on paper 15 to 21 inches, and is suitable and intended for framing. ATTENTION. This Portrait will be sent, post paid, to any dealer requiring not less than 100 copies, at a discount of 10 per cent. to every part of Canada or the United States, on receipt of a Post Office money order for the amount. A further discount will be allowed on orders exceeding 500 copies. Please address to the Publisher of Parnell Picture, P. O. Box 1,012, Ottawa. Sample Sent by Mail. 383DAW

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