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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 41.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

Poetry That Sounds Like a Sigh.

[By FATHER RYAN.]

Go where the sea waves are kissing the shore,
And ask them why do they sigh?
The poets have asked them a thousand times
Over,
But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed
it before,
And they're sighing to-day, and they'll sigh
it tomorrow.
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The waves will not tell you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the beach of the broad boundless
deep,
When the night stars are gleaming on high,
And hear how the billows are moaning in sleep,
On the low-lying strand by the surge-beating
steep;
They're moaning forever, wherever they sweep,
Ask them what ails them—they never reply:
They moan and so sadly, but will not tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The billows won't answer you—neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day,
When it passes and murmurs "Good bye,"
The dear little breeze! how it wishes to stay
Where the flowers are in bloom, where the sing-
ing birds play:
How it sighs as it lilies on its wearisome way,
Ask it what ails it—it will not reply:
The voice is a sad one—it will not tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The breeze will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, watch the wild blasts as they spring from
their lair,
When the shout of the storm rends the sky;
They rush o'er the earth and ride through the
air,
And they blight with their breath all that's
lovely and fair,
Ask them what ails them—they never reply:
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell
why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The blasts will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the rivulet's ill-fringed side,
And list where the waters rush by,
The streamlets, which forest trees shadow and
hide,
And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide
Are mourning forever wherever they glide,
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply:
On, and voiced, they flow, but they never tell
why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
Earth's streams will not answer—neither
shall I.

When the shadows of twilight are grey on the
hill,
And dim where the low valleys lie,
Go, list to the woe of the wild whip-poor-will,
That sings with the songs of the sisters still
And wails through the darkness so sadly and
shrill,
Ask them what ails it—it will not reply,
It wails sad as ever—but never tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The bird will not answer thee—neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,
And the voices that sound in the sky:
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me
They're a sigh in each chord, and a sigh in each
key,
And thousands of sighs swell the great melody,
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply,
They sigh—sigh for ever—but never tell why.
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"
The voices won't answer thee—neither shall I.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A conference of the clergy of the Deanery of Anghrim was held, Very Rev. Dr. Derry presiding.

The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Ossory, arrived at the Irish College, Rome, on Thursday, the 1st inst.

IMITATION ON CROSS-EXAMINATIONS BY A ROWDY ADVOCATE.—Witness are like steaks—the more you beat them the easier they are to digest.

A special telegram from Rome says: Rev. G. Logue, Professor, Maynooth, has been appointed by the Propaganda to the See of Raphoe.

The death is announced, at Drogheda, of the Very Rev. P. V. Moatthe, O. P. The deceased priest was born in Drogheda in 1820. He went to Lisbon in 1839 and was ordained in 1843.

The parochial clergy of Kilkenny acknowledge the receipt of £100, free of legacy duty, bequeathed by the late Miss Ellen Lalor, for the improvement of St. Patrick's Church, Ballyragget.

In North Worcestershire, England, snow fell on May 1, and the Clent Hills were covered with the fall. Vegetation is very backward, owing to the continuance of cold weather, and the season is several weeks behind the average.

The Passionist Fathers commenced missions at Cork, Cappoquin and Newry. The following Fathers are engaged in the work: Rev. Frs. Austin, Athanasius, Anthony, Aloysius, Bernardine, Daniel, Eustache, Isidore, Norbert, Pius, and Sylvester.

The late Mr. Patrick Brady, grocer, of Chancery-place, Dublin, has by his will bequeathed £100 to Canon McMahon, P. P. of St. Michael's parish, equally for the poor of the parish and the Female Penitential Asylum in Lower Gloucester street. Also £50 for the poor of Drumgoon, County Cavan.

Most of the wine used in England for the Holy Communion in Roman Catholic Churches, comes from the vineyards of the English colleges of Lisbon and Valladolid, and is white; but elsewhere red wine is usual. The Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches have no rule as to the color, but demand pure juice of the grape.

A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather soles employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

The new Convent of Mercy at New Inn was solemnly inaugurated, when the Archbishop of Cashel attended and preached. The Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, was also present. The building was commenced two years ago. It includes a schoolroom for 300 children, and accommodation for 18 nuns and four lay sisters. The cost has been about £2,500.

The Franciscan Fathers, who gave a most

successful mission at Ballynahill, arranged for a grand open-air procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession wended its way from the church after last Mass to a temporary altar a quarter of a mile away, where Benediction was celebrated in presence of thousands of kneeling people. Then the procession returned to the church, all who lined the way kneeling as the canopy came past.

RETREAT AT THE DOMINICAN CHURCH, NEWRY.—A week's retreat of the Arch-confraternity of the Holy Rosary was brought to a close in this church on the 27th ult. The services were conducted by the Rev. Father Smyth, O. P., and were attended by vast crowds, principally young girls, for whom especially the confraternity was established. A general Communion took place in the morning, and about 1,500 members, each wearing the medal and ribbon of the Order, approached the altar.

When, a short time ago, the secret police commissioned a well known writer to produce a series of anti-Nihilist articles, the loyal litterateur is said to have asked for the latest revolutionary pamphlets before setting to work. Imagine his dismay when the parcel that was to contain the subterranean literature, though sealed with the seal of the political police, brought him a letter from the Revolutionary Committee threatening death if he presumed to carry out the Government order.

Dr. Newman has been twice received in audience by the Pope, who expressed his satisfaction to his eminent visitor at the condition of the Catholic Church in England. His Holiness has requested Dr. Newman to draw up a memorandum containing the views which he expressed in these conversations, in order that they may receive proper consideration. Cardinal Nina has also received Dr. Newman very cordially. For the last few days Dr. Newman has been suffering from a cold, which confines him to the English College.

ORINATION OF PRIESTS AT GLASGOW.—At the request of His Grace Archbishop Eyre, who is, we regret to say, somewhat indisposed, the Right Rev. Dr. McLachlan, Bishop of Galloway, ordained as priests in St. Andrew's Pro-cathedral, Glasgow, the Revs. Jas. McCarthy, Thomas Cunningham, and Joseph Van Hecke, who have just completed their theological studies in St. Peter's Seminary, Patrick hill. The Right Rev. Bishop was assisted in the solemn ceremony, which was witnessed by a very large congregation, by the clergy of the Cathedral and of the Seminary, and the Very Rev. Dr. Munro preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion.

THE ANGELUS BELL.—The Lord Bishop of Ossory has published an interesting pastoral letter, urging devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The following extract will be found interesting as explaining the origin of a pious custom prevailing at the present day.—Each succeeding century presented some special tribute of its reverence and piety to the holy Mother of God. When the Saracens threatened destruction to all the Christian nations, the Angelus began to be tolled at morning, noon and evening, thus all the faithful might unite in offering to her their homage, and invoking her blessing upon the Crusaders. The danger which then threatened Europe has long since been averted; but the Angelus bell is still tolled throughout the Catholic world, inviting each fervent soul to salute the holy Mother of God, and to invoke her blessing on the spiritual crusade in which we are each of us engaged against Satan and this sinful world.

The Archduchess Marie Christine Desiree Henriette Felicitie Revere, of Austria, whom rumor mentions as likely to be the second Queen of Alfonso XII. of Spain, is the only daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria (who died the 20th of November, 1874) by his marriage with the Archduchess Elizabeth, the widow of Archduke Ferdinand Charles Victor of Modena. She was born on the 21st of July, 1858, and is consequently in her twenty-first year. The alliance does not seem to have been seriously entertained at Madrid until the condition of the Infanta Marie Christine had been pronounced hopeless, but from more than one point of view it must be considered a far more suitable match for the King than one with his deceased wife's sister. The Austrian Princess is a few months younger than the King, whereas the Duc de Montpensier's second daughter was more than five years his senior, having been born on the 20th of October, 1852. Her death has now left the Montpensier family without a marriageable daughter, and all the shuffling and scheming of Louis Philippe to bring about his son's union with the Infanta Louisa has ended in disappointment.

The Future Queen of Spain.
(From the Pall Mall Gazette, May 2)

Old Letters.
New York, May 20.—In the Tribune of today are printed for the first time the old letters, one written by Horace Greeley, on the plot to assassinate Jefferson Davis, in 1864, by three Union soldiers, and one by General Sherman, the same year, on the origin and the object of war. Greeley's letter is as follows:—Office of Tribune, New York, March 4, 1864.—"Sir, Trust God in all things, and work by his means; I submit that assassination is not among these. You generally mistake in supposing Davis of any special consequence. The monster that is devouring us is slavery, the passion for using the ignorant and simple, not for their own good, but for ours alone. Were this out of our own blood we should very soon see the rebellion crumble, and, as it is, the war will last no longer than we need its trying, and ultimately purifying, influence. Yours, HORACE GREELEY."

Sherman's letter was written from Georgia to an old lady friend in Baltimore. The following is an extract: "My own heart beats as warmly as ever towards these kind and generous families that greeted me with such warm hospitality in days long past," etc. etc.

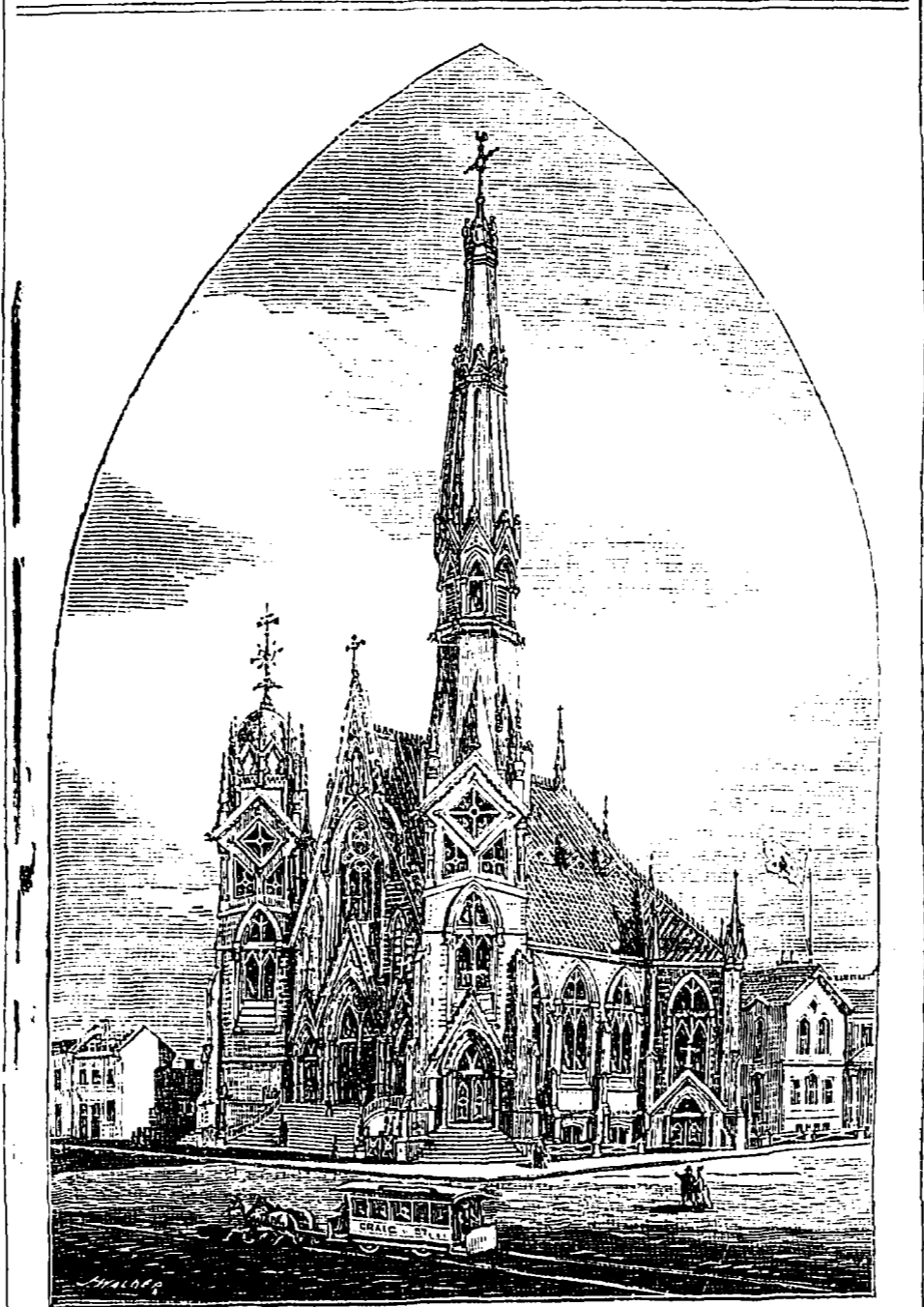
Partisan Journalism.

The Montreal Herald has recently been discussing the question of "Independent Journalism," and of course arrives at the conclusion that it is next to an impossibility that such a thing as an independent journal can be, and proves entirely to its own satisfaction, at least, that party journalism is a much superior article. For ourselves, we are of opinion that a newspaper which does not blindly attach itself to either of the contending political parties can exist, and that the public usefulness of such a journal becomes more and more apparent; and such a paper we assert the Spectator has proved itself to be.

An amusing feature in the argument against independent journalism seems to be, that any expression of opinion in such a journal is only to be regarded as the individual opinion of the writer of the article. In the name of

Official Boredom.

Kingston is making great preparations for the forthcoming visit of the Marquis of Lorne. But it looks like as if there was going to be a plethora of addresses. This is always the unsatisfactory part of a reception. It was the same in Lord Dufferin's case. He could not move a hundred yards without having an address read at him, and some of them were full of the most fulsome sort of flattery. If it be the intention to make the Marquis of Lorne's tour through the country miserable by the presentation of innumerable addresses, this is of all ways the best to accomplish that object. The moment he steps upon the station platform let him be bombarded with addresses from all sorts of societies, and a running fire of addresses can be kept up all the way from the station to the reception hall, where a



THE NEW ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH,
CORNER OF PASET AND CRAIG STREETS, MONTREAL.

common sense, what is the foremost editorial article in any paper attached to a political party, even the great Globe itself, but the mere individual opinion of the writer? and, if it has not truth and sound reasoning in it as a vital principle, it will hardly pass current, except through the influence of party tradition.

It seems there are many serious objections which might be cited as militating against the usefulness of a party journal.

One of the gravest errors in regard to party is that we crystallize our party traditions, and bind ourselves together by party connections, party leagues, party watchwords and party names, and so endeavor to give permanency to that which is really impermanent. A party, in the very nature of things, can never possess at any time more than a part of truth; to unite ourselves for ever to remain true and consistent to that party in its creeds, doctrines, associations and acts, is voluntarily to resign our right to reason upon public affairs as they arise, and so destroy the very ground which party life accomplishes, namely, the thorough sifting of opinion by earnest and serious discussion.—Spectator.

Party.
The electors could not do better than take the advice of the Montreal Spectator, and in the forthcoming elections shake off the tyranny of party and vote for the best man. As our contemporary says: "Liberal and Conservative are only names; let the electors seek the most capable and the least expensive Government." The electors are jurymen to whom it is their duty to try it according to the evidence that has been set before them. But many of them will pay no attention to the evidence whatever, and will go in with the party independently of all other considerations, although the ballot has been given them the better to enable them to vote with freedom whichever way they conscientiously believed to be best. What would be thought of a jurymen who declared that he intended to stick by one of the parties to a suit right or wrong, and give a verdict in his favor, even although the evidence pointed all the other way?—Toronto Telegram.

NEW STORY.—Next week will be commenced "MICHAEL STRGOFF, or the Courier of the East," by the celebrated writer, Jules Verne.

clothes-basketful could be emptied over his head by pulling a string at the proper moment. The presentation of these numerous addresses is made in all kindness, no doubt; but when a man has to listen to addresses at breakfast, dinner and tea, and is waked out of a sound sleep to be addressed anew, the thing really becomes monotonous. It is as bad as the case of the man who had mutton for dinner the whole year round.—Toronto Telegram.

Interesting Case.

Dr. Dufaur, a French physician, reports this interesting case: A common brown owl built its nest beneath the projecting roof of a farmhouse, where it had a brood of young. One day the farmer, moved by curiosity, drove away the old bird, took out the young owls, and, after looking at them, replaced them uninjured. In the evening, as he was entering his house with his servant, the latter suddenly heard the beating of wings, and felt the claws of the owl on his chin, and before he could defend himself received a blow from its beak directly under the eye. On the following day an unsuccessful hunt for the bird was instituted, but in the dusk it appeared again and attacked the farmer himself, striking him directly in the eye with its beak. Dr. Dufaur found a wound of the cornea and an abundant hemorrhage. The sight of the eye was completely lost, and the other eye was subsequently threatened with sympathetic inflammation.

The Irish Volunteers.

In 1879 the Irish Volunteer movement received the recognition of the Imperial Legislature, and was fairly set on foot as a legitimate national question. Exactly a hundred years before—in 1779—the arming at Belfast took place which was the real birth of the Irish Volunteers. Here is a historical coincidence which completes an era and starts a new departure. Again, this recognition of a national right, which only the other day would not be listened to at all, indicates the progress of a kindlier sentiment and the march of a more enlightened acquaintance with the true conditions of this country and the real character of her people. Altogether, the proceedings in Parliament have a substantial value and interest for the people of these Kingdoms and for the British Empire.—Irish Times.

IRISH NEWS.

The strike in the Belfast iron trade has ended so far as the boiler makers are concerned, who resumed work.

An order of the Lord Lieutenant in the Dublin Gazette revokes the proclamation of the 15th February, 1867, by which the county of Kerry was subjected to the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act.

Mr. H. A. Robinson, Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland, succeeds Sir A. Power, who has resigned the Vice-Presidency of the Local Government Board, and Dr. Kaye, Q.C., one of the Divisional Police Magistrates, succeeds Mr. Robinson in the Assistant Under-Secretaryship.

Three cases of suicide have just taken place in County Wexford, two in new Ross district, and one at Ballyhale, within four miles of the town of Enniscorthy. The last case was that of a man named William Hawkins, who lived with his brother, a comfortable farmer, tenant of James Mollat, Esq., J.P.

Seven persons have been arrested on the charge of being concerned in the wrecking of the Christian Brothers' school at Mallow. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of twenty-two others. Notice has been given by the Catholic Bishop of his intention to claim at the next presentation sessions £200 compensation for the damage done.

An Art Exhibition was opened in Waterford recently. The Mayor subsequently entertained 150 distinguished guests to dinner in the court house. The Marquis of Waterford, responding to the toast of "the House of Lords," said Ireland was the only country worth living for. Mr. Delahunty said Irish manufacturers should support twelve millions of inhabitants.

An inquest was held at Drogheda on Monday, by Mr. Costello, borough coroner, on the remains of Mrs. Ellen McCorry, of Stockwell-lane, lodging-house keeper. The deceased, who was rather advanced in years, had made a good deal of money. After full inquiry, and examination of Dr. J. J. Kelly, who made an examination of the body, the jury gave in a verdict of death from natural causes.

Constable Egan and Acting-Constable Bassett, of Ballinacree, arrested two tramps who attempted to force their way into Garbally Demense, the seat of the Earl of Canterbury, contrary to an order of the gatekeeper, who sent for the police, and while being taken to the station violently assaulted the constables. Informations were sworn before Edward W. Fowler, J.P., who committed the tramps to the petty sessions.

A party affray broke out in Corrain, just outside the town of Portadown. Which party actually began the hostilities it is impossible to say. The upshot of the affair was that the Roman Catholic party succeeded in breaking through the line of their opponents, but they had their drum broken and several of them were wounded. The police were unable to make any arrests; but a large number of summonses were issued against both parties.

According to the returns obtained by the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Metropolitan Police, who acted as enumerators at the several Irish seaports, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ended 31st March last, amounted to 6,780 males and 2,782 females—being 1,016 less than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1878, and 3,400 under the average number in the first quarter of the ten years 1869-78.

The house of Mr. Sinclair, a magistrate and deputy lieutenant, near Stranbane, was subjected to a regular fusillade. Twenty-five bullets were fired at the house, some of the bullets entering Mr. Sinclair's bedroom, and others injuring the furniture in other parts of the house. A watch-dog was killed by one of the shots. Mr. Sinclair happened to be absent on the Continent. Mrs. Sinclair was so terrified that she left the country. One man has been arrested on suspicion.

THE REPRESENTATION OF LIMERICK.—A Limerick telegram says:—Mr. James Spaight, J.P., and Colonel Verker are the only candidates up to the present for the seat. Mr. Spaight has already commenced his canvass. Mr. Thomas E. O'Brien, J.P., has been asked to stand, but has declined, and Mr. Robert McDonnell, it is said, is not likely to come forward. There is no sign of the other persons named, and everything continues quiet as possible out of respect for the memory of Mr. Butt. No addresses will appear until the intimation has taken place.

An Odd Case.

John J. Andrews, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago, and physicians told him that there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations, and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, or whose investigation he says: "He blistered me around the eye to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said: 'I know what it is not; it is not inflammation, and that is one point gained.' He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jaw bone and did some probing; finally he said: 'It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained.' He dosed me with quinine until he was satisfied, and then he said: 'It is not miasma, and that is another point gained.' Last Thursday he put me into a darkened room, and throwing an indescribably bright light into my eye, looked into my eye for two mortal hours. At last he exclaimed: 'I have the secret.' Looking through the pupil of the eye he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tapeworm." This was the first case of the kind in America, and was exhibited to most of the physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature.

Miscellaneous.

—Mr. Henry, inventor of the Martini-Henry rifle barrel and ammunition, is seeking in vain for adequate remuneration from the British War Office for the use of his patents by that Government.

—The production of the salmon canneries of the Pacific coast last year was 584,000 cans, or 29,032,000 pounds. Specimens weighing sixty to seventy-five pounds were caught by the Oregon fishermen. A peculiarity of the Oregon salmon is their contempt for all the anglers' lures. There is no salmon angling on the Oregon rivers. They are sometimes caught by trolling at the mouth of the rivers, but they never take the angler's fly.

—A walking match by two San Francisco men without legs, except wooden ones, proceeded uneventfully for three miles. Then one of the contestants, remarked, in reply to a spectator's question, that his legs had been cut off by a cannon ball. "Guess you mean a mowing machine," said the other pedestrian. "Then the race ended; for the veteran attacked his rival, and a fierce combat closed the contest.

—The London World relates that a complaint was recently made by the Archbishop of Paris that a priest was living at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli in a way that suggested an imperfect conception of his vow of celibacy. It turned out that the supposed backslider was a very ritualistic vicar of a living in Norfolk, England. As the discipline of the Western church did not allow him an altar in Paris, and as he was too high for the Anglican clergy there, he performed mass on his dressing table, his wife assisting and substituting pastilles for incense.—New York Sun.

—Saratoga is to have a new and elegant opera house this season, at the northeast corner of the Grand Union block, and a large skating rink on the Hathorn Spring grounds. A recent bad flavor in Congress water has been found to proceed from the running or surface water into the spring, and the cause of the trouble has been removed. James M. Marvin is to be this year's landlord of the United States; Henry Clair is proprietor of the Grand Union, instead of manager, as heretofore; B. H. Southgate and Charles Clement, the latter from the St. Louis Lindell House, will keep Congress Hall; and Charles Leland continues at the Clarendon. The music at the leading hotels will probably be better than last year. There will be fully as much boat racing and horse racing as ever.

—Of the diseases incident to humanity none is more appalling than glanders. A dreadful case occurred in London last month. A physician reported that he saw the young girl in hospital. A portion of her head was eaten away and the bone exposed in two places. The magistrate who examined the case said that he knew an engineer who died from glanders in three days, in consequence of the horse attached to a cab in which he was employed throwing off some matter which fell upon him. Twenty years ago a lady of high rank in Paris was caressing her beautiful carriage horse. She had a tiny wound in her hand and a little glandered matter from the horse's nostril got upon it. She died of dreadful convulsions. It is much better to put a piece of plaster over broken skin, however small.

American Provisions Abroad.

An English editor, referring to quotations of "prime Cheddar at 60s to 80s per cwt," and disclaiming a desire to be either impertinent or intrusive, would still like to ask on which side of the Atlantic the cheese which realized that price was made. He has travelled with these Americans and knows them to be "as cute as cats can be," willing to respect John Bull's prejudice, and sell him at round prices any style of English goods. He avers that twenty years ago American bacon had a character as distinctive as that of Dutch cheese, but now it is not easily distinguished from English bacon, and "may be passed off for it with little or no trouble." The fact is noted that the "Wildfire," "Irish," and other styles of cutting bacon are regularly taught in Chicago trade reports, and that the annals of Yankee agriculture and industry are "interesting as cunningly written fiction." Our advances in the preparation of provisions are gracefully acknowledged: "There is as great a difference between the American system of producing provisions for the English market now and twenty years ago as there is between travelling by an old stage wagon and a Great Western Railway train."—New York Tribune.

A Two Minutes' Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies—engaged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take exercise: run up the hill on a wagon, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, jump the ditches, wade the brooks and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required—is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pinning, crowded-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less modesty. Loosen your waist strings and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.—Exchange.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

Whether it was that her senses were rendered more acute by her anxiety, or that the thoughts that were whirling through her brain made her mistake internal sensations for the action of exterior things, she found it difficult to determine; but it appeared to her as if there was an ominous sound in the slightest motion of the air. There was, she fancied, a sigh in the slightest breeze that fanned her cheek, and a groan given forth as she heard the shutting or opening of a distant door, whilst the fierce howls of the dogs seemed to her the raging of a storm as it burst on a rocky shore, and with it was occasionally mixed the unnatural, hideous, new-noted yell of "the tiger," which seemed to come up to her from the court-yard as the agonized shriek of a dying wretch, whose last drowning cry is smothered by the foam of the relentless billow that is about to bury him down in the sea for ever.

Judith struggled with these feelings for a long time; bringing to her aid her resolute will, and native courage, and so occasionally conquering them—even though, after a few moments, they rose again in their strength to unnerve her. At length she believed she had overcome them completely, when a new species of terror assailed her—it was the dead, the awful, and the sudden stillness that she felt surrounding her. There was not a breath, not a motion, not a sound! It was as if nature or art had conspired or contrived that there should be such a complete absence of all motion, that the slightest noise made by her in attempting her escape could not fail to betray her.

Poor Judith! her long, sad, solitary confinement had made a deep inroad upon her constitution in weakening her body, and numbing her mind, blunting her brave spirit, and undermining her powers of endurance. Ah, me! how many sad, sad hours are there in this dreary, weary world! How many a noble spirit it quells, and how many a generous being it destroys, whilst selfishness reigns supreme, and with a cold but sure hand crushes to death many a loving heart! Who can tell the effects on an ardent spirit and an impulsive nature of coerced inactivity and compulsory lassitude? Its results may be calculated by gravestones; its sufferings can never be known but on that Day when shall be unfolded to an appalled universe a record of all that each of us had said, and done, and thought.

Poor Judith!—she was young, unaided, unadvised, and she was about to accompany, she knew not where nor for how long a period, a half-witted boy, whose imbecile mind, like his dwarfed body, appeared to place him beyond the pale of humanity. Who can be surprised to hear, under such circumstances, that the once valiant Judith was, for the moment, exposed to vain fears and baseless apprehensions, or that when she detected the slight noise made by opening the casement in the tower opposite to that in which she sat, an unaccountable feeling of despair fell upon her? Her spirit was abated, but her will was firm; and therefore it was with a steady hand she fastened the rope by which "the imp" could pass over to her.

The noise made by flinging across the rope around the vigilance of the dogs beneath, and their loud barks and yells were renewed with the same clamor when they observed Judith looking at them in the day time. Judith's lips trembled as she heard this outbreak of canine ferocity. She looked down into the court-yard, but could discern nothing beneath. She only knew the raging brutes were below by their untiring howls.

This clamor continued for some minutes, when she observed a lighted lantern moving beneath in the darkness, and heard words spoken in soothing tones to the dogs. She was sure she could remark "the imp" carrying some food along with his lamp, and the dogs following him; then there was again darkness for a minute or two, and at last the lamp reappeared, and was borne about to different parts of the yard, as if he who carried it was in search of something. It appeared to Judith as if one of the dogs was missing, and the person with this lamp was looking for it, and tempting the animal to come to him: for she was sure she heard the words, "Come, Sir,—hi, hi! here, good dog, come here!" This continued for a minute or two, and then again there was a deep, solemn, and profound stillness; and in the midst of it, and whilst still looking down into the dark court-yard beneath, Judith perceived "the imp" was beside her. Pulling her dress, he whispered in a low voice:—"Ready?"

"Yes—what have you done with the dogs?"

"Locked up."

"Go on, I'll follow you," said Judith. The imp cast the rope ladder into the yard, and then, getting outside the window, he said: "Follow me; I'll guide your feet; hold your whip in your mouth; you'll want both hands to hold fast."

Judith did as she was directed. She scarcely ventured to breathe as she felt herself in the air; her feet guided from step to step by the imp until she was sure she was near the earth, when her foot was let go, at the same instant that her conductor cried out:—"Oh, God!—jump, jump to the ground at once; one of the dogs I thought I had put up is out; he has a fast hold of me. Strike him on the head with your whip, or he will crush the bone of my legs to pieces."

"Where is the brute?" cried Judith, as she bounded to the earth, forgetting all her fears, the moment that a struggle was impending, and that a human creature appealed to her for assistance. "Where is the brute? and where are you?"

"Here! here! oh! I'm destroyed."

"Where?" said Judith, as she grasped the whip in her nervous right hand, and stretched out her left to find a death-blow on the dog. The hand of Judith, in searching for the key, lighted on the head of the dog, and it released its hold of the imp to make a snap at her hand, its fierce teeth touching the flesh, and tearing away a portion of the skin that covered the lowermost joint of the little finger. The brute thus missing its snap, stretched her feet; but before it could effect its purpose a blow from her whip had stunned it, and "the imp," with a single pull of a short knife across its throat, deprived it of life.

does not bleed much—but I don't care—I won't feel it when grand-daddy gives me my bottle."

"Bottle! of what medicine does your grand-daddy give you a bottle?" asked Judith.

"Usquebaugh, nice usquebaugh," said the imp, smacking his lips, though his leg was ringing with pain. "Come haste, you make haste."

"Will you not stop to bind up your leg?" "No! no! no! not time—haste, haste, haste. This way, give me your hand. Ha! he has bit you—I see—more sorry for you than myself! Brave girl! tried to save me! Come, come, come! haste! Pity you haven't usquebaugh. Come, come, come. I want my bottle to stop this pain."

Judith gave her hand to the boy, and he led her through what was to her impenetrable darkness. All she could ascertain was, as she wound her whip about, that for some time they were going through narrow passages; and then that they were at last in the open air, and as the darkness seemed to recede from her view, that they had passed beyond the walls of the fortress, and were walking upon grass; at last she heard the pawing of a horse, and then felt that such an animal was at her side.

"Mount," said the imp, "I'll ride before you."

Judith felt that a pillion had been provided for her, and in front of it was a small saddle for the imp.

"This is," observed Judith, as her practised hand ran along the horse's head, neck, and shoulders, "a very powerful horse. Have you the strength to manage him?"

"You'll see," answered the imp.

Judith at once mounted. The imp clambered into the saddle before her, and then uttering the ejaculation "Hi, Sir!" away dashed the animal as if it had started for a race.

"The horse cannot long keep to that pace," remarked Judith.

"Then another will."

"What, a relay of horses?"

"Yes."

"Who has provided them?"

"Daddy, I'm told."

"Who told you that?"

"Hi, Sir!" shouted out the imp, either not hearing, or pretending not to hear the question.

Judith tried again to speak, but each time that she began a question, the imp, upon hearing the first word spoken, again burst out, with his usual cry to the horse of "Hi, Sir!" and so balled all her attempts to keep up a conversation with him.

And all this time the horse was going on at a mad gallop. At last its pace began to weary, and scarcely did Judith note this change, than the imp cried out, "Another horse! then another—then another again! Jack-scur-and-away."

And so, four different times in the same night, were horses changed for Judith; but on no occasion could she perceive any one either in attendance with them, or to take care of those that had been used; but at each stage into which the journey was broken, there was a saddle and pillion ready prepared, with a fresh horse, on which to start her and her strange companion.

At last day came, and disclosed to her a portion of the country in which she could not recognize a single feature with which she had been previously acquainted. Before her was an old ruined square tower, for a long time discernible ere she reached it; but when she came opposite to its half-covered moat, the imp sent the horse, with a leap, bounding across it; and the next instant stopped, dismounted, nodded to Judith to do the same, and then, with his finger directed her to go inside the tower.

Judith acted upon the intimations of the imp. She perceived, upon entering, there was but a single room in the base of the tower—if that could be called a room which was without a roof, except a small portion covered over with a wooden shed, directly underneath which were trusses of straw, on which were stretched clean blankets. On a table, in the centre of the room, were two pitchers of milk, and two loaves of bread.

"For you," said the imp; "breakfast, dinner, bed—sleep till night; I'll then be with you—bring you to daddy."

As he uttered the last word he rushed out of the place, and in a minute afterwards she heard the words—"Hi, Sir, alive!" followed by the quick galloping of a horse.

The imp had vanished!

Judith was again alone. She hastened, as she heard the noise of the horse's feet, to the door in front of the tower, and when she sought to discover the imp he had disappeared. She walked all around the banks of the moat, and then perceived she was in the very midst of a desolate country, with moors and bogs on all sides, and not the smallest appearance of a living thing within her view.

The blank prospect was alike destitute of man or beast; no human habitation by the side of the rough paths, for no animals unworthy the name of roads, and no animals feeding in the fields.

"Again left to myself! again without a companion—a solitude as complete as that of my late prison; but, oh, how superior! for here are God's own works around me; but there were not only man's works, but man's iniquities. Ah!" said Judith, "how sudden and severe a pang, and from so slight a wound too!"

As Judith thus spoke, a tingling, torturing pain, that seemed to thrill in every nerve, shot up from her little finger to her arm, and made her tremble for the moment with the agony it caused her.

"This is strange! what can be the reason for it? I must look to an injury on which I never fancied I should have to bestow a second thought."

With these words, Judith unloosed the handkerchief she had bound around her hand the night before. She perceived that there had been but a slight discharge of blood once the handkerchief had been tied; but although the incision of the teeth was scarcely perceptible, and the small piece of flesh removed from the hand almost insignificant, still all the hand around the slight wound was red and swollen.

"Ah!" thought Judith to herself, "if I were in my usual health, this slight cut would be nothing; but now my long anxiety—my fears of being overtaken last night—the fatigue to which I was unused, and the long ride, have all inflamed my blood, so that the scratch of a pin would, I suppose, afflict me as much as the small nip given to me by that wicked, ill-conditioned brute. I must ask the imp which of them it was. Now, with a good batch of my hand in fresh water with this handkerchief steeped in cold water around it and with a sound sleep, I hope to be able to meet my dear father to-night, almost as well as ever I was."

The shades of evening were beginning to fall, when the imp stood by the side of Judith who lay in a profound sleep. He touched her with his hand, and said:—"Time to go."

"I'm ready."

"I was not disposed to eat, but I have slept almost ever since."

"Sleep! I'll never sleep again."

"Why?"

"Oh! this leg!—this leg!"

"What is it paining you?"

The imp pointed from his hip to his toe, and cried as if in intense agony—"Pain—pain all pain!"

"Which of the dogs was it that attacked us?"

"The white dog."

"Ah! the tiger," thought Judith to herself. "Why did you not shut him up at the same time with the other dogs last night?"

"I thought I did—but he hid himself. For some days back he did not come for food, and when I thought I had been tempting them all out of the yard, he must have stayed behind—hid his eyes from the light—and then, not knowing me in the dark, he bit me; and you he bit, because he did not know you."

"I have noticed," said Judith, "that same dog going on in a very strange manner for the last few days. Have you heard what is the matter with him?"

"Oh! yes."

"What is it?"

"Mad!"

"Mad!" exclaimed Judith; "the dog mad! Good heavens! Then you and I are both lost."

"Not at all!" answered the imp, with seeming indifference.

"Not at all! What do you mean?" asked Judith, hoping she had misapprehended the meaning of the imperfectly informed being before her.

"No harm can overtake him who has plenty of usquebaugh. I'll soon have plenty. What do I care for mad dogs?—mad dogs cannot do me any harm. Oh! this leg! this leg!" cried the imp, as he hopped about. "But come, no more time to lose. We must be off to meet daddy."

"Come! come! come speedily. If what you say of the dog be true, there is indeed no time on this earth for me to spare. First to see my father—that one last, sole happiness the world can give me; and then to meet that other Father, who seated in Heaven, looks down with the unceasing vigilance of ever watchful love upon His erring, poor, weak, mortal children."

"Come! come for the grand cure," cried the imp, as he mounted the saddled horse in front of Judith. "For the cave, and then for such an everlasting drink of usquebaugh!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"What a strange! what an awful! and what a gloomy-looking place is this!" said Judith, as, having crept upon her hands and knees through a long passage, she at length stood erect in a cavern, which looked like a natural hollow in a mountain side, dimly illuminated through a few crevices of the rocks of which it was composed.

"In what a strange place I am to meet my father! How unlike our last parting to our next greeting! Then I knew no sorrow—then health was rioting in every vein; and now—death is upon me! Yes! yes! that poor semi-idiot had told the truth. The dog was mad; and the poison that was in his foul body has infused its mine, and burns and chills by turns this poor wretched limb. Be it so! be it so! It was well received. It has fallen upon me in a good cause. It was injured in the effort to save another from injury; and better—far better—that life should be so taken from me, than that I should lose it when sinning, or thinking of sin. Yes; God is very merciful, and I must prepare myself to meet him; but then, my father—my poor, poor, dear father. What tidings are these I have to tell him! Oh! death! death! there is thy bitter pang. Leave me, boy, leave me, said Judith, turning to the imp, who had followed her into the cave, and who stood watching her, whilst she was thus soliloquizing with herself.

There was a new and a strange expression in the face of the imp."

So new and so strange was this expression that, despite of the sad and absorbing thoughts that filled the mind of Judith, she could not refrain from taking notice of the youth. Instead of the malignant grin, which at all times and upon all other occasions distorted the countenance of the imp, it now marked with profound sorrow, an anxious care and a deep gloom; whilst sighs issued incessantly from his lips, and he moved, not as he had been wont, with the agility of a baboon, but with the slow, hesitating, and halting step of a wounded animal. It was as if suffering and affliction, for the first time acutely felt were awaking in the intellect of this poor young creature faculties and sentiments that had previously lain dormant.

"Alas! alas!" cried Judith, as she looked upon him.

"I see in you face a confirmation of my fears. What can I do for you my poor boy? In what manner can I assist you?"

"No ways," replied the imp.

"Then leave me here," said Judith.

"I do not wish to leave you."

"Then remain."

"I do not wish to remain—and you do not wish to leave me here. What do you mean? Is it that I should not remain here?"

"Yes."

"But it is not here that my father is to meet me?"

"It is."

"Ah! then, be the consequences what they may, here I must—and here I will remain, until I see my father."

The imp's eyes filled with tears, and falling on his knees, and clasping her hands, he said to her, "I cannot, dare not tell all I suspect and fear; but you were bitten by the dog in trying to save me. You tried to save me. I—I—I want to save you; there's but one way of doing it; leave this place before your daddy comes."

My poor boy, cried Judith, deeply moved by this manifestation of feeling on the part of the imp. Not at all the world the wealth of the world—or the medical skill of this world could save you or myself from impending fate a horrible death! We are sad companions in misery!

I understand you. There is danger, I suppose, hanging over my father by his coming here; there is danger to my life in my remaining where I am. Much better for me then, to stay where I am, because, by so doing, I may in time give warning to my father of the peril that threatens him, and so prolong an existence that is dearer to me than my own."

"Come, come," cried the imp, catching Judith by her robe. "Come, come, or you'll be too late. Come, I say," he added, tugging impatiently, like a fretted and spoiled child, when one of its wishes has been unexpectedly thwarted. "Come! Oh! do come, or you'll be too late."

"Never—never," answered Judith. "Here my father is coming to meet me; and here, therefore, will I remain."

The imp started away from her, threw himself on his hands, and placing one of his horn-like ears to the ground, stayed in that listening position for a moment, then jumped up again, let fall his hands by his side, and howled rather than cried out, "Woe! woe! too late! too late! they are coming! they are

—here!" And so speaking, he dashed into the narrow dark entrance, and disappeared.

"My father! my beloved father!" cried Judith, as she flung herself upon her knees. Judith listened for the approaching footsteps; and, as she did so, she tried to pray, whilst her sense of hearing and her devotional aspirations were disturbed by alternate chills and flushes, which made her tremble now with cold, and then burn as if with a fever. A strange stiffness fell upon her neck, and there was the sensation as of a strong hand grasping her round the throat, and endeavoring to choke her.

Poor Judith!

Lawson and Ludlow were punctual in keeping the appointment made with Gerald Geraghty. At the hour fixed upon they were to the very moment in front of the old ruined square tower; and at the self-same moment Geraghty came from out of the tower, and greeted them from the mound surrounding it.

"You are welcome," said Geraghty; "not a moment too soon—not a minute too late, you, Mr. Lawson, to see your daughter, and you, Mr. Ludlow, to witness revenge for old wrongs fully satisfied."

"And too long delayed," remarked Ludlow.

"I agree with you, Sir—too long, entirely too long delayed; but that which is done completely at last, is still done in time," replied Geraghty. "I hope you are both well armed?"

"You may be sure of that," replied Ludlow.

"And you are not disposed, I suppose, to show the least mercy?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Lawson. "Mercy! is it I show mercy to the villain who has laid his brutal hands upon my daughter?"

"It is a crime not to be forgiven," remarked Geraghty.

"Oh! never! never!" replied Lawson.

"It is one of those wrongs that can never be appeased but in blood."

"So I say!" drily remarked Geraghty.

"But, come, gentlemen, I have but to mount my horse, and then I shall be with you."

Geraghty withdrew to the tower. He there looked carefully to a small iron box he had brought from Dublin with him—saw that the matches, tinder and fine powder were in due order—re-clasped the box—placed it beneath the flap of the saddle, and then, getting on his horse, rejoined Ludlow and Lawson in the high road.

"Have we much farther to travel?" asked Ludlow.

"Not more than two miles—scarcely two miles," replied Geraghty. "And now, to give you, gentlemen, the last directions, and to make our final arrangements. The place where the parties you are in search of are concealed, is in some sort of a hole, cell, cave, or cavern in one of these hills—I am not quite sure which it is; but a scout—a little boy, will be on the lookout for us. When we have met this boy, what I propose is, either that I should enter the cave before you, or you before me—whichever you please; or let one of you go first, I shall then follow, and another of you can follow me—I am indifferent which is done. All I want is that we make our arrangements now, and act upon them when we get there; for when there it will be necessary for us not to speak one word until we are all safe inside the place, face to face, and standing before old enemies whose villanies are well known to each of us."

"A very proper arrangement, and a very wise precaution," remarked Ludlow; "and sure to lead to a most desirable result."

"Most desirable, indeed!" again drily remarked Geraghty.

"Well, what do you propose, Lawson?" asked Ludlow; "I will do whatever you say."

"I was at one time in a cavern in a hill side in this part of the country," answered Lawson; "and nothing but the hope of seeing my child would ever induce me to enter another. Let the old man, then, go first, I will follow, and you can bring up the rear."

"Be it so," replied Ludlow.

"I have taken care," said Geraghty, "to have the news conveyed to Miss Lawson that her father is coming to rescue her; she will be then on the watch for you, Sir; and there is the chance that in the hope of seeing you she may be able to make some excuse, so as to get for an instant, at least, from the Fitzpatricks, and so to be able to see you alone for a few moments. If this supposition turn out to be correct, it would perhaps be better for you to enter first, for your friend to be by your side to sustain you, in case the Fitzpatricks are present; and then the most feeble arm in a combat, my own, would be the last to engage in it."

"It is the better plan of the two," said Lawson. "It is, too, the one most pleasing to me; for that which I most desire in this world is to see again my darling child—no matter how, no matter when, and no matter where."

"Now we understand each other perfectly," said Ludlow; "Lawson first, myself second, our friend here, last."

"And though last," added Geraghty, "not less anxious than either of you to see condign punishment inflicted by a father on one who has done him wrong. And now, gentlemen, from henceforth, silence. I will ride in front, so as to be recognized by the boy who is on the watch for me."

The old man, Gerald Geraghty, rode forward. The agility and the buoyancy of youth seemed to be restored to his withered limbs and wasted frame. There was a triumph in the manner in which he flourished his whip, and a species of waggery in the way he squared his elbows and turned out his toes, as he urged his horse to a more rapid pace than usual. Nothing but the powers of a dauntless convey an accurate transcript of the mingled expression of ferocity and fun of life and mirth that corrugated his brow and smirked about the hard lines of his toothless mouth, every time his eye rested for a moment on the two men who followed him.

A complete—and it was felt by Lawson and Ludlow as an awful silence—fell upon the party of horsemen for a full half hour.

On a sudden, as the rough, steep road made a sharp turn direct into the hills, the old man was seen talking for a few minutes to one so diminutive, that he appeared to Ludlow and Lawson to be a very young boy. They could hardly, however, hear the conversation that passed.

The conversation between the imp and the old man was very brief; but very important. Those who followed had no idea what his terrible consequences to themselves it was fraught.

"Is the woman in the cave?" The imp nodded assent.

"Does she suspect anything?" The imp again nodded.

"Why?"

"She is ill—very ill—in great pain, and so am I."

"You! What is the matter?"

"Both were bitten in the court-yard."

"How was that?" Why did you not secure the dogs?"

"I thought I had. The white dog would not eat food, and did not follow me. He first bit me, and then bit her in trying to save me. The old man turned ghastly pale, and his

lips trembled, as he said, with terror: "Unhappy boy! Hapless girl! bitten in trying to save the life of my grandson. Why is this miserable woman the daughter of such a villain? But there's no saving her now. She's already doomed. I could not save her if I would. But are you sure it was the white dog?"

"Sure!—right sure—I cut his throat."

"The white dog! Why he seemed for the last few days to be going—"

"Mad," answered the imp. "Sullivan, the keeper told me so on Tuesday. But I don't care. Usquebaugh, you know, cures everything. Have you got it for me?"

"Here it is," said the old man, producing a large bottle from one of the wide pockets of a large outside coat.

The imp made a clutch at it, but the old man was too quick for him. He drew it out of the reach of the boy, and thrusting it into his pocket, said:—"Not yet, not yet. Here is the fire-box. I have shewn you what to do with it. Now mind what I say to you. You are to keep your eye fixed on the place I shewed you; you can there see everything that is going on in the cavern. The people there, when they find me alone, may want to take your bottle from me, but I won't give it to them. In saving it I may be knocked down. If I am, your only chance to get your bottle is to take out the things from the fire-box, and to do what I told you. If they do not molest me, then I will leave them, and bring your bottle usquebaugh, and then—"

The old man smiled at the thought of being able, in safety, to complete the diabolical plan he had projected.

"Now, boy, away! Observe, if you see me struck or knocked down, then, not before then, use the fire-box."

The boy nodded assent, made a motion as if he was striking a spark from a flint, and ran off towards the hills.

As the boy disappeared, the old man turned to his fellow-travellers, and said: "All right! Your daughter, Sir, is in the cave, and you may be sure, anxious to hear your footsteps, because certain you will save her from her persecutor."

"That I will," replied Lawson, "or die in the attempt."

"So I expect," replied Geraghty. "Great caution, however, will be required. Let us dismount here. You can follow me on foot from this place to the entrance of the cavern. When there, you can easily find your way in, as the boy tells me there are a couple of lamps lighted. Their brightness in the midst of darkness will be a sure guide to you."

The horses of the travellers were tied together; and thence they proceeded by a precipitous path, through rocks, to the mouth of the cavern.

The night was dark; but still the path which Lawson was travelling seemed to be familiar to him, and when Geraghty pointed out the entrance to the cavern, he said in whispering accents, marked with some emotion: "I feel almost certain I have been in this place—certainly in one very like it—before now."

"Very probably you have," answered Geraghty, "but this is no time for talking. Your daughter is in there, if you wish to try and recover her."

Lawson said no more, but entered with firm and cautious steps into the mouth of the cave, closely followed by Ludlow. As they advanced, they found it necessary first to stoop, and finally, at last, to creep on their knees.

At last Lawson was able to discern, as he advanced by the light of the lamp, a woman on her knees, and from her dress and figure, he felt not the slightest doubt it was his daughter Judith; still he said not a word, but kept creeping on slowly, slowly. He at last emerged into the cave, and then, bounding to his feet, and without waiting for Ludlow, he made the cave ring with the salutation:—"Judith! my beloved!—here I am; here is your father!"

"Oh! my father! at last! my dear, dear—"

Poor Judith could say no more. She had started from her knees as she spoke, and rushed with open arms to meet Lawson; but before he could catch her she fell heavily, with her face to the earth.

"Oh! my child! my child! my darling child!" exclaimed Lawson, as with trembling hands he raised her from the earth, and covered her cheeks, eyes, forehead, and mouth with his kisses.

The unhappy man's short ecstasy of happiness was doomed to be of brief duration; for his daughter was awakened to consciousness by the fervor of his affection, and the ardor of his kisses. And as she opened her eyes, she flung her arms around his neck, and said, as she burst into tears, "Oh! father, father, do not venture to kiss me. Oh! do not, as you love me; dare not to touch my mouth with your lips; Oh! dear, dear father, make me happy, and save you have not touched my lips. Oh! father, forgive me if you have done so! for if you have I have slain you—slain you! Oh! God be merciful to me!"

"My darling child!" cried Lawson, bewildered alike by his affection and the strange words of his daughter. "What mean you? Why talk so wildly? Has sudden joy at our thus meeting crazed you? Kiss you, my beloved Judith! Kissed you! I have I, a thousand times. Wherefore not kiss you now as I ever have done?"

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happiness of your memory... Come, say the truth; did you not invent that quotation and give it to your father, in order that you might so make an opportunity for reciting it?"

No, on my honour, replied Lord Arran; "I only repeat the words he used. I believe myself to be utterly destitute of a poet's great faculty, fancy; but I do own to my taking some pride in my memory. I do assure you, Mrs. Vincent Fitzpatrick, I never forget an old love, nor an old friend; and as a proof, here is one for whom I have a great esteem. This is Alderman Elliot—Lady Diana Harvey; Mrs. Vincent Fitzpatrick, this is Alderman Elliot, an old friend of mine—the friend, too, of Colonel Fitzpatrick."

"Thank you—thank you heartily!" cried Kathleen, surprised. "Strange! I never should have heard that before. Pray, upon what charge was he confined as a prisoner in the Castle?"

"He was about two years of age," replied Elliot, laughing, "when he was prisoner. The charge against him was, being the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick; the offence of which he was guilty, being his large estates in Ireland. Had he not fortunately been rescued from his incarceration here, he would have been put to death."

"Put to death! oh! frightful!" exclaimed Lady Diana. "What monsters could contemplate a deed so barbarous?"

"Ah, madam!" answered Colonel Fitzpatrick, who, with Major Harvey, now joined the group, conversing together. "It is a long and a sad story, of which your valiant husband already knows most of the facts. Sufficient it is now to tell you, that all who were concerned in it have gone to their last and dread account. The worthy alderman, John Elliott, and myself, used our best effort to save them. They were enticed in a cave by a wretch, whose family had been slain when they were seeking to murder my son. We got some clue to the plot, and I and the Alderman, with a large force at our command given to us by Lord Arran here, were on our way to the death cave of Dundalk to arrest all the parties, and when we had reached within a quarter of a mile of our destination, a flame, as of an ignited powder-mill, was perceived, followed by the crash and noise of an earthquake, and then all was still. Upon an examination of the place, we perceived that the roof of the cave had fallen in, burying those who were inside under an impervious mountain mass of rocks, whilst outside and at a considerable distance from the cave, were found the mangled limbs of some poor boy who was, I suppose, near to the place at the time of the explosion. There can be no doubt but in this case crime was followed by an awful punishment; but what is to be most regretted is, that with the guilty was also slain the innocent—a young woman—the daughter of one of the parties who was, at the time that Alderman Elliot stood sentinel on the ramparts, concerned in the attempt to kidnap and slay my son. That son, you know, is Vincent, who now stands before you, but who then was the lost heir in Dublin Castle."

"The lost heir in Dublin Castle!" repeated John Elliott. "Most truly may it be said, that 'the heir' would have been lost in Dublin Castle but for the bravery and gallantry of one, whose name would be considered now a species of high treason to mention."

"You refer to Redmond O'Hanlon," said Lord Arran.

"I do, my Lord," answered blunt John Elliott; "I remember, as if it were only yesterday, the tall, fearless, stripling youth, disguised with the helmet and cloak of my comrade, Lawson, and bearing the boy in his arms over the ramparts, well knowing at the time that every step he took exposed him to certain death; and I remember making the remark at the time, as I pondered over what I had witnessed, that he had done that brave deed for the sake of those who, perhaps, would live to forget it. I am afraid, as the Colonel made no reference to the part which O'Hanlon took in preserving his son from destruction, that my surmise was a prophesy."

"It is the way of the world, however, worthy Alderman," observed Lord Arran. "So it has been, and so it ever will be. Redmond O'Hanlon's generosity, his gallantry, his chivalry, and his disinterestedness, will be forgotten, whilst all that will be remembered of him will be that he was a Rapparee."

"The evil that men do, lives after them: The good is oft interred with their bones." "Such is not the case with me," replied Colonel Fitzpatrick. "I have endeavoured to procure Redmond O'Hanlon's pardon, and I am already promised one—a conditional pardon from the government. The conditions are such as I hope O'Hanlon may accept and act upon. If they are, then I shall be able to prove by any acts, how sensible I am of the inestimable benefit he has conferred upon me and mine."

"And so acting, Colonel," added Lord Arran "you are proving that you are an exception to the general rules and maxims of worldly men. They are sincere in their omities, and untrue in their friendships; they never forgive a wrong, and are seldom mindful of services conferred upon them. Thus will it be with Redmond O'Hanlon. Those on whom he has lavished benefit will cease to speak of him; those whom he has punished for wrong-doing will never pardon him; and they will seek a justification for their own misdeeds in calumniating his memory. He who, if he had lived in former times would have been honoured by the nation and people in whose defence he fought as a Viatore, a Herman, or a Scanderberg, will, probably, be remembered in Ireland as nothing more than 'the Robber Chief,' and should such an incident this which has occurred in your family, Colonel, be told of him, it will be treated, perchance, as an idle story—a tale of Dublin Castle."

THE END.

A Calash.

Have you ever ridden in a calash? From the moment you essay to mount it to the moment you descend to the earth there is an excitement. Nervousness as to whether you accomplish the ascent; fear lest you will be thrown headlong upon the roads, and a "God be praised" feeling when you alight. We consider the calash an institution, and prefer using one which has nearly tumbled to pieces with age and hard work to the new carriage which is brought to the door on a canter. Give us a "calash" and we are happy. He who says us "Nay" is like the man they tell of out in Illinois. A delegation of Southern ministers waited on President Lincoln when he proposed to issue his Emancipation Proclamation, to remonstrate with him. He told them, "that he once saw a man out in his State, who was thrown from his buggy, and was lying insensible in a road. Getting to him, he found his head lying on a stone, covered with blood. He had hit upon his cheek, and that was so hard that it saved his life." The ministers waited for no more argument, and left. Next day came the proclamation, and four

millions of human beings were freemen. Never mind how hard our calashes ride, they always land you safe. So with Dr. Haenicke's SNOAR COATED PILLS. They always bring you home all right and tight, if you follow their directions.

LACROSSE.

Championship of Quebec. (From our own Correspondent.)

Quebec, May 20. Since the victory by the Independents over the Thistle Lacrosse Club, for the Championship of Quebec, which took place in the latter part of last summer, quite an interest has been manifested in lacrosse circles and by the citizens generally in this beautiful and exciting game. Many have been the speculations on the part of the different local clubs and their friends as to how long the Independents would retain the laurels for which they so nobly fought and succeeded in wresting from their opponents. As a consequence, they were almost immediately challenged by two or three of our city clubs to contest their rights to the coveted title, but up to the present the Independents have remained in undisputed possession of their well earned triumph.

The match on Saturday afternoon, which took place on the Thistle Lacrosse grounds, between the Shamrocks, also of Quebec, and the Independents, was of an exciting nature. The names of the teams are as follows:—Shamrocks—Bennet, in the goal; Doherty, Dragen, Boach, L. Kerwin, Kemp, Donovan, P. Kerwin, Foley, Kelly, Powers and Wells, Independents—Morrison, in the goal; Hunter, McLaughlin, O. Walsh, Cotter, M. Walsh, Boakes, Mathews, Lewis, Burke, Gilchen and Wallace. Mr. John Bruneau acted as referee. The first game, the ball was faced at 3:15, by Mathews and P. Kerwin; the latter succeeded in capturing it and soon sent it whizzing up the field for the Independents' goal, where it was stopped in its flight, and a tussle occurred. After some sharp fighting on both sides, Powers made a shot for home, but was rather wide of the mark. Hunter got the ball, and with a good long throw sent it well down the field, and was in turn stopped and sent to centre field, where Foley and Boakes had a run for it, and in the scramble Lewis got the ball and again sent it down in dangerous proximity to the Shamrock goal. The Shamrock defence men had hot work for some time, but the ball was finally sent back to centre field, and was captured by M. Walsh, closely followed by Kemp, who delivered sundry badly aimed blows with his lacrosse on Walsh's shoulder and arms. Walsh however got away and had his throw.

The fight at this stage of the game became hot and thick, when Gilchen got the ball, Doherty went to check, and was in turn checked by Burke, Gilchen hurling the ball through the Shamrock goal. This game lasted 45 minutes, during the course of which an awkward dispute arose between one of the Independents and the field-captain of the Shamrock, the former complaining that the latter repeatedly got in his way during the contest for the ball. Kemp, also of the Shamrocks, received a hard body check, and was forced to leave the field, a fresh man replacing him. Mathews, of the Independents, was similarly disabled from a serious body check in the stomach, and was compelled to discontinue playing for some minutes, attended by one or two of his own club. He, however, rallied and continued playing.

The second game was started at about 4:15, and Kerwin was again successful in getting the ball, and lost no time in sending it skimming through the air for his opponent's goal. McLaughlin very cleverly impeded its course, pressed closely by a couple of Shamrock men, when Hunter came to the rescue, and with one of his proverbial long throws sent it flying towards the enemy's flags. Here some quick checking and running took place, and the ball again found its way to the Independents' defence, where M. Walsh, Hunter and Cotter, on the part of the Independents, and Powers and Webb, of the Shamrock, did some good work; but the tide of war favored the Shamrocks, as the ball was forced through their opponents' goal in 31 minutes.

After an interval of five minutes, time was called, and Kerwin, with his usual dexterity, got the ball and sent it clear behind the Independents' flags. Morrison, ever on the alert, ran out of his goal, got the ball and sent it on its way to centre field. It was caught by Lewis, tipped to Boakes, who dropped for the Shamrock's goal. Wallace here skillfully secured the ball and threw for home; game was claimed by the Independents. A dispute arose, and the referee decided that the play should continue. The ball was again faced in centre field; an Independent captured and "tobbed" the ball to one of his own men. After some minutes' play Burke scored game for the Independents, with an over-hand throw; time, 45 minutes. This was the best game of the day; the men had apparently settled down to work and played with skill, there being less of that rough stick-handling that characterized the previous games.

The fourth game was won in good style by the Shamrocks in 15 minutes.

The fifth game was commenced at eight minutes past 6 o'clock and continued for some time, when, on a shot from Wallace, game was claimed by the Independents, but was again overruled by the referee. The game proceeded for some time after, when time was called.

Thus ended the first match of the season, the Independents still retaining the championship. They show a marked improvement since last fall, and play with taste and judgment.

The Shamrocks are in good condition, and their play, on the whole, was generally admired, particularly that of Powers, Wells, Donovan and Kerwin, of whom their opponents speak in terms of praise, both for their good play and gentlemanly behavior. On the part of the Independents, M. Walsh, Hunter, McLaughlin and Lewis covered themselves with glory, while Gilchen, O. Walsh, Burke, Wallace and Boakes excelled themselves.

The Independents complain bitterly of several decisions of the referee, they claiming game at one time during the course of a dispute at which part of the men of both teams were playing, no time being called. Great care should be taken in the choice of a referee, as the selection of one inexperienced may often lead to embarrassing disputes.

THE END.

Doing Honor.

Some English people have droll ideas of "doing honor" to departed worth. The late exercises at Stratford-on-Avon are a sample thereof. A London paper states that on one day of the "celebration," the genius of Shakespeare was celebrated by an animated chase for a pig with a curly tail, and several Shakespearean scholars then climbed a general pole, at the top of which was a leg of mutton. There were also, as the reports say, "three-legged races," though on whose three legs is not explained. The journal anxiously "hopes that no account of these amazing proceedings at Stratford will get into the foreign papers."

Dr. Dollinger.

London, May 20.—A letter from Rome says:—"There have been a number of contradictory reports concerning the approaching reconciliation of Dr. Dollinger with the Church. The true state of the case is now ascertained to be this: Shortly after the accession of the present Pope, he caused a distinguished ecclesiastic to call upon Dr. Dollinger and to express to him the sorrow with which the Pope had heard of his schism, and the hope that he would find grace to abjure his errors and to return to the bosom of the church of which he had once been so faithful and obedient a son and so staunch and able a defender. Dr. Dollinger made a somewhat evasive reply. He spoke of the utter grief and disgust with which the course of his fellow-schismatics had filled him, especially in the matter of the marriage of their priests. But still he did not find himself able to make an act of faith respecting the decrees of the Vatican Council. A few days afterwards he wrote the following letter:—I have neither written nor done anything which could have given occasion for such a rumor. Only three weeks ago I published a lecture, in which I stated in so many words, that no body possessing a scientific culture of mind can ever accept the decrees of the Vatican Council. Having during the last nine years devoted my time principally to renewed study of all questions connected with the history of Popes and councils, and, I may say, have gone again over the whole ground of ecclesiastical history. The result is that proofs of falsehood of the Vatican decrees amount to demonstration. When I am told I must swear to the truth of those doctrines, my feeling is just as if I were asked to swear two and two make five and not four. Six days after writing this letter Dr. Dollinger appears to have again experienced a change of mind, for a letter from him has been received here indicating his intention to make his submission."

Thomas Moore.

Mr. S. C. Hall, an old and attached friend of the poet, has published a little brochure, which he calls "A Memory of Moore." It is very nicely produced, enriched with some interesting illustrations, and written in a spirit of great affection for its subject. Some of the testimonies given by one who was so intimate a friend of the poet, are valuable, as, for instance, the following:—"I had daily walks with him at Sloperon—along his 'terrace walk'—during our visit. I listening, he talking, he now and then asking questions, but rarely speaking of himself or his books. Indeed, the only one of his poems to which he made any special reference was the 'Lines on the Death of Sheridan,' of which he said: 'That is one of the few things I have written of which I am really proud.' He has been frequently charged with the weakness of undue respect for the aristocracy; I never heard him, during the whole of our intercourse, speak of the great people with whom he had been intimate, never a word of the honors accorded to him, and certainly he never uttered a word of satire, or censure, or harshness concerning any one of his contemporaries. I remember his describing, with great warmth, his visit to his friend Boyse, at Bannow, in the county of Wexford; the delight he enjoyed at receiving the homage of hands of the green leaves under which he passed and the dances with the pretty peasant girls; one in particular, with whom he led off a country dance. Would that those who fancied him a 'tuff-hunter' could have heard him; they would have seen how really humble was his heart."

Inch by Inch.

A good joke is told on a certain gentleman which is too good to be lost. Our friend who shall be nameless, but who lives on Dorchester street, purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which upon being tried on at home, he found to be too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, which would make them the desired length. Being good, as a good many wives are, of teasing her husband, she told him "flat-footed" that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired finally without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left the room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch, as she had been asked to do. The family is composed of six female members, in addition to the "good man," and it chanced that each one of the five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between the man and wife about the pants, and after the latter had taken out the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family" and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut another inch. In this way did each of the aforementioned five ladies, all unknown to the other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers. The following morning, all unconscious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up his pants in a piece of paper and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short; but the owner was too well posted on that score, and insisted they were fully an inch too long. The tailor had no more to say, and our friend retired. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning when he came to put himself into a state of them he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused the tailor of having ruined the pants, and his indignation was expressed in language anything but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the knight of the shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that, altogether, the legs had actually been shortened to the extent of seven inches.

Mr. John Sullivan's Mexican Contract.

[From New York Papers.] The name of Mr. John Sullivan is familiar to many of our readers as being one of the contractors who had the construction of one of the sections of the Lachine Canal, which was recently successfully opened. In connection with Mr. Fagin, Mr. Sullivan has made a contract with English capitalists to drain a silver mine about one hundred miles from Mexico city. In order to carry out this contract, both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Fagin to-day started upon the steamer "City of New York," for Havana, en route. If there is anything prophetic in this first step certainly the undertaking will be a success, for the departure was an auspicious one. A perfect May day, bright sun, but cool refreshing breeze moderating its generous warmth, the

stepping gaily decked with flags, and the steamer crowded with smiling faces of dark-eyed Spanish beauties and their friends. As is the custom each departing passenger had his friends thronging around him to wish a hearty God speed for the journey. Mr. Sullivan was the centre of a group of earnest well-wishers, among whom were Mr. Clint Stevens, from Oneida; Mr. Balsom, Engineer Metropolitan Railroad; John Flanagan, proprietor Dye Street House; Mr. Clafie, large railroad supplies dealer of this city; Mr. John Cameron, now constructing improvements of Shenandoah Valley, R.R.; Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Jackson, and others. One of his friends humorously presented Mr. Sullivan with a horse-shoe, and it was promptly put over his state-room. As the steamer glided slowly away from the dock, three hearty cheers were given by Mr. Sullivan's friends, to which he responded by waving his hat. Mr. Fagin will remain in Mexico until the completion of the contract, which will take two years, but Mr. Sullivan expects to return in three months.

Sir Robert Peel and the Royal Family.

The present royal family are pulling the long bow, and if we are to believe a paragraph in a London paper, we are to credit the fact that they disdain not to infringe upon the very bulwark of the constitution which Magna Charta and Bill of Rights have builded up. Liberty of speech in the House of Commons was ever—as the greatest tyrant in English history will recollect—the greatest aim of all Englishmen for centuries. They esteemed it, and properly so, the source in which all other liberties took their rise. Sir Robert Peel lately made a speech in which he spoke in no way complimentary about that consummate old fool George IV. A society journal known as *Family Fair*, in reference to this speech, said: "Sir Robert Peel's recent speech in the House of Commons has very naturally given great offence in consequence of his disrespectful allusion to George IV. and his personal remarks upon the Queen, and several members of the Royal Family have declared their intention never to take any notice of Sir Robert in the future." Sir Robert Peel's reply, or portion of it, is worthy of being recorded: "Royal displeasure! Imperial censure! And because a member of the House of Commons dares to express his opinion in his place in Parliament, and to quote Thackeray and history in support of that opinion! After all, it is notorious that two members of the Royal family indulged in similar threats, and a great deal worse, I am sorry to say, as regards Mr. Gladstone, while the language of the commander-in-chief with respect to the late Government is too well known to need further comment at this present moment." Sir Robert sent the correspondence to the Prince of Wales, to see if there were truth in the statement, and the Prince, with true princely veracity, says: "The statements were not made either with his knowledge or authority." A very good answer. Here is really the stuff of which kings (modern ones) are made.

The Roman Catholic Deaf Mute Institution.

We have received in pamphlet form a copy of the annual report of the Catholic Male Institution for the deaf and dumb of the Province of Quebec for the year 1878, which contains a large amount of interesting information on the subject of which it treats. The total number of persons thus afflicted in the Province may be set down, it is thought, at about 2,000, but the exact number cannot be ascertained, as many parents strive to conceal such an infirmity in their children, instead of availing themselves of the means offered for their relief. Of the whole number, the males are reckoned at 1,100, most of whom are, of course, Roman Catholics. Of these 238 had been entered on the books of the establishment up to the time of the compiling of the report. The report contrasts the condition of the educated with that of the uneducated deaf mute, and earnestly urges on parents and guardians of children thus afflicted to take advantage of the provisions made for them, as it is their duty to do. More accommodation is needed in the institution, whose hygienic condition is not at all what it ought to be, a defect which, it is to be hoped, the munificence of wealthy Roman Catholics will soon remedy. The number of pupils last year was 74, of whom 13 have left, making the actual number 61. About 40 day pupils meet at the Institution on Sundays for religious instruction and advice. The income of the establishment is composed of the Government subsidy, \$5,135.50; receipts from boarders, \$900, and Savings Bank donation, \$300. It is under the direction of the Clerks Regular of St. Victor, Mile End. His Lordship Bishop Fabre is President of the Corporation, the other members being the Rev. P. D. Lajoie, Superior of the Clerks of St. Victor; the Rev. Alf. Belanger, Priest S. V.; Secretary; the Rev. F. M. A. Charest, S. C. V., Purser, and the Rev. Prof. Young, C. S. V. The Institution was awarded a prize medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1878 for the productions of the pupils.

How the Dutch Have Fallen.

From what a height the Dutch have fallen. First there were fisheries questions, including English jealousies, which resulted in the revocation of Dutch licenses to fish in English waters; then there was the whaling business, and next the carrying trade of the seas; and it may be mentioned that Cromwell did a good deal to break down foreign trade to England and Dutch shipping, which was largely employed by English traders, by imposing heavy customs upon foreign produce, and making the employment of home-built vessels compulsory. Then the Dutch, just as England has done, went into stock-jobbing and foreign loans. In 1700 the Dutch were the bankers of Europe, that had claims upon foreign debtors to the amount of 3,000,000,000 guilders. At the height of their prosperity their decline began. During the wars with France and Spain, Holland lost much of her trade to France, and England progressed in industrial work and commerce. England presently challenged her trade with other countries. First the English got hold of the Dutch trade with Russia; then they secured most of her Swedish and Danish trade; then they imposed fierce duties on foreign fabrics and shut out Dutch linens; they fought her for the commerce of the Mediterranean; France and England beat the Dutch in their competition for the Indian trade.—*Mail*.

Yakob Khan's Little Game.

There was a tramp, and he agreed to kill all the rats they had in the hotel for five dollars, and when he had comfortably dined he called for a hatchet and chopping block and seated himself calmly in the shade on the lawn and said "Now fetch on your rats," an observation which showed that there had been a misunderstanding in the terms of the contract. In Afghanistan the English have got hold of a tramp of the same sort—Yakob Khan by name. He came down to Gundamak and made terms with them about the dominion of the Afghans. He agreed to hold

that dominion subordinately to the English, to be a prince under their control, to act with due regard to the opinions of a British Resident at Cabul; and when he had agreed to all their points, and they were happy, he said, calmly, "Now, therefore, fetch on your Afghans." The present policy of the British Government is to unload, in pursuance of the glimpse of the future sketched in the programme as to the next elections. They cannot go before the people as they are, and ere the time comes when they must go before the people they hope to have their house in better order, to have the Zulus crushed, the Indian frontier determined, the troops returned to their places and the other troublesome issues put aside more or less happily. Hence the anxiety to make terms with Yakob and thereby avoid the tedious, expensive and uncertain enterprise of conquering the country. But Yakob has come in, has agreed to all they have demanded, and now makes the reciprocal demand that they shall go on with the conquest and that he cannot answer for his part unless they do. This may justly be regarded as provoking, and the worst of all is that it is probably the best they can do.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Land for Sale in England.

One is continually hearing an ignorant cry that there is no land for sale in the country. I believe the number of estates at present in the market is unprecedentedly large. Five pages of Saturday's *Times* are filled with advertisements of properties about to be sold by auction. The list includes Dunstons, the charming Sussex place of the late Mr. Nevill; Norris Castle, which adjoins Osborne, and is, perhaps, the most desirable yachting residence on the whole coast; and among the smaller lots is, Dickens's house of Gadshill, which is hardly likely to fetch so high a price as it would have done had it been sold outright directly after his death, as it is on the worst line running into London, and abuts on a road which is traversed by three times as many tramps as any other in the country.—*London Truth*.

Bank Holidays.

A Montreal bank clerk writes the Toronto *Mail* as follows:—"Upon behalf of the bank clerks of this province, permit me to contradict the assertions of members in the House that we enjoy thirteen or fifteen holidays in the course of the year. In some of the smaller French-Canadian towns, and in the city of Quebec itself, this may be the case, but in this city and the larger towns it certainly is not. The holidays hitherto observed have been only New Year's Day, Good Friday, the Queen's Birthday and Christmas Day, so that while the sister Provinces will get two days more, we shall gain nothing by recent legislation. This Provincial legislation by the Dominion Parliament is very unfair and adversely affects the majority of bank clerks in the Province of Quebec."

Exodus of Canadians.

Canadians are immigrating to the United States in unusually large numbers, and the immigrants are said to be of a much superior quality to those who have in past years been in the habit of coming to toil in New England factories, live with Chinese servility, and then go back to Canada with their accumulated earnings. The people who through the trains from beyond the border are mostly intelligent and well-to-do farmers and mechanics, and are bound for the far West, where they intend to settle permanently. As Canada is but thinly populated, she can ill afford to lose these sturdy husbandmen and artisans. The Canadian press seems to be entirely ignorant of the exodus.—*New York Sun*.

New Style of Shipping Butter.

Yesterday, a large exporting firm in this city received a shipment of very choice Canadian print butter, neatly packed in the drawers of a compact refrigerator case, about 24 feet long, 2 feet wide, and eighteen inches deep. The drawers containing the prints were constructed so as to slide in and out over the ice, and thus protect the butter against the injurious effects of the warmest weather. The shipper in the country, and the merchant receiving it here have each a key to lock and unlock the case. This fancy style of shipping butter was first introduced a short time ago in Philadelphia, and it is likely it will now be adopted generally during the hot weather. The quality of the prints was extra fine, and the shipment was quickly distributed among city consumers.

Approaching Crisis in Burmah—Aiming at War with England.

London, May 20.—The details of the defeat of the Russian army at Merv, April 15th, by the Turcomans, are yet but meagre. Merv is an important town in Turkestan, 300 miles southwest of Khiva. The Russian army there was rather of occupation and observation than of further invasion and conquest, but, under the orders of Gen. Kaufmann, detachments from its ranks had made several reconnaissances in force towards Herat. The battle of April 15th appears to have begun by a surprise on the part of the Turcomans. They fell upon the Russians without warning, and completely defeated them, with great slaughter, capturing much booty. The Russians retreated in some disorder. Advances from Calcutta to-day leave little doubt that the King of Burmah is thoroughly under the domination of the Cabal, which is bent upon urging him on to acts which will necessitate war with England. Letters received at Calcutta from Mandalay, as well as reports brought from there by natives, state that affairs are rapidly approaching a crisis. Acting under the control of the Cabal which governs him the king has issued an edict for a general enrollment and muster of all his fighting men; no foreigner is permitted to enter the royal palace, and the king knows no more of what is going on in the outside world than his favorites choose to tell him. The situation is considered to be extremely critical.

Trouble in British India.

The troubles of the British Empire in India do not seem to be likely to come to a speedy end, despite the promised settlement of the Afghan difficulty by a treaty with the Ameer, in which the chief objects of the British policy are to be secured. The prevailing disease and suffering have led to the organization of armed bands of robbers, who have been burning and plundering at will in the Poonah district, until they have grown bold enough to publish a manifesto, in which they threaten to put a price on the head of the Governor of Bombay, Sir Richard Temple, unless the modest demands they make are complied with. These are nothing less than the employment of all idle people on Government works (which are to be undertaken for the purpose), the encouragement of the native trades, the reduction of taxes and the abolition of high salaries paid to Europeans. Unless all this is conceded the Europeans are to be massacred, the Governor of Bombay is to be killed, and the Judge of the Court of Sessions of Poonah hanged.—*The*

troublesome natives recognizing the propriety of elevating the judicial over the civil branch of the government. The manifesto is signed by the leader of the predatory bands, who was formerly a clerk in the financial department of the government, and for whose capture a reward of one thousand rupees is offered. If he should be taken we might spare Citizen Justus Schwab to fill his place without seriously feeling the loss of the great communistic leader, whose employment, like Othello's, seems gone, so far as New York is concerned.—*New York Herald*.

Balloons in War.

The British War Department is on the point of at length adopting war balloons into the land and sea services. Movable apparatus for inflating and manipulating military balloons in the field had just been completed in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and been tried with two new balloons, specially constructed for military purposes. The appliances consist of a portable tank, weighing, 400 lbs., containing iron shavings, together with a portable boiler and furnace. These appliances can be moved about with troops on the field or on vessels at sea. Hydrogen is generated by passing steam through the iron turnings. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made it is in contemplation to send a few war balloons out to Zululand.

The Cattle Trade.

English statistics show that during 1878 there were landed at British ports from Canada 105 cargoes of live animals, consisting of 17,989 cattle, 40,132 sheep, 1,614 swine; and from the United States 381 cargoes, consisting of 68,450 cattle, 43,940 sheep, and 16,321 swine. Some idea of the precariousness of the trade may be gleaned from the fact that the enormous number 12,595 animals were thrown overboard in this one year because of casualties arising from stress of weather and hardships necessarily attendant upon the voyage. Of these casualties there were of Canadian animals 651 cattle, 2,000 sheep, and 418 swine sacrificed; and of the American animals, 2,034 cattle, 3,295 sheep, and 2,398 swine thrown overboard.

Popular Ignorance.

The magnitude of the difficulties which popular ignorance and superstition combine to throw in the way of every attempt at sanitary legislation in Russia is forcibly illustrated by an incident of the smallpox epidemic of 1870. On the first outbreak of the disease, which took place in one of the frontier towns of Asiatic Russia, orders were issued for the immediate vaccination of all the inhabitants. "The latter, always suspicious of anything new, easily gave credit to the absurd report that this operation was intended to mark them as recruits for the conscription. Instantly the whole town was in an uproar. Several thousand men hastily armed themselves with such weapons as they could find, and rushing in a body to the Medical Bureau, dragged out and cruelly murdered the head surgeon—a very able and experienced man—together with one of his assistants; nor was it without the employment of a strong military force and the sacrifice of several more lives on either side that the riot was ultimately quelled."

The Chinese.

It is a remarkable fact that a drunken Chinaman is a rare sight. During a long residence in one of the principal cities of the empire, I have not seen, on an average, more than one a year. The white man spends his wages for liquor, unites himself for work, and leaves his family in distress. This is the bane of our country and of our race. The multitudes of grogshops, supported almost entirely by workmen, and the millions of dollars worse than wasted every year, testify to the prevalence of the evil, and explain to a great extent why our people have to give way to the sober, docile, patient Asiatic. The advantage here is overwhelmingly in favor of the latter, and it is greatly to his credit that it is so. If the Chinese were patrons of the corner groceries and innumerable run holes of the city, the hostility of a certain class would be very much moderated. When Congress undertakes to enact laws to exclude certain foreigners from our shores, it cannot discriminate in favor of the drunken and unreliable as against the sober, industrious, and reliable.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

The Jubilee in Montreal.

1. The jubilee will commence on the day in which the present order is read from the pulpit of the churches and chapels and will terminate the last day of the month of August.

2. In the country parishes and missions the faithful will visit their parish church six times, or the chapel of the mission.

The faithful of Montreal will visit twice each of the churches designated, as follows:— 1. The parishioners of Notre Dame will visit the Cathedral, Notre Dame, and Notre Dame de l'Étite.

2. The parishioners of St. Patrick will visit St. Patrick's, the Gesù and Nazareth.

3. Those of St. James: St. James, Providence and Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

4. Those of St. Joseph: St. Joseph, the Holy Cross (Grey Nuns) and St. Ann.

5. St. Ann's parishioners will visit the Cathedral, St. Ann, and St. Joseph.

6. St. Bridget's will visit St. Bridget, St. Peter and the Sacred Heart.

7. Those of the Sacred Heart will visit their own Church, St. James and Our Lady of Lourdes.

8. St. Vincent de Paul parishioners will visit St. Vincent de Paul, St. Bridget and St. Peter.

9. Those of St. Jean Baptiste: St. Jean Baptiste, the Good Shepherd and Hotel Dieu.

10. Infant Jesus: St. Jean Baptiste, Hotel Dieu and Infant Jesus.

11. St. Cunegonde: St. Gabriel, Holy Cross (Grey Nuns) and St. Cunegonde.

12. St. Gabriel: St. Cunegonde, St. Ann, and St. Gabriel.

13. St. Henri and St. Joseph. The parishioners of Joliette will visit their parish church, the Chapel of Notre Dame de Bonsecours and St. Joseph. Sailors and travellers will gain the indulgence on accomplishing the work required by the Holy Jesus, in visiting six times the Cathedral or Parish Church of the place where they happen to be stationed or sojourning. The alms subscribed shall be sent to the Bishop—half to be employed as a commemoration of the Jubilee of 1879, to a chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in connection with the cathedral in course of construction, and half for another diocesan work. All the priests who are nominated this year confessors ordinary and extraordinary of religious houses, shall hear the Jubilee confessions of the Sisters, no matter of what community. On the last day of the month of August a Te Deum will be chanted in all the churches or chapels, where the above instructions are now read, as a thanksgiving to God for the graces of the Jubilee.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

By M. C. MULLIN & CO., Proprietors.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office.

Special Notice. Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. John Cass, 565 Sussex Street, Ottawa, has been appointed our Agent for that city.

The "TRUE WITNESS" Weekly Edition of the Montreal "Evening Post," is the cheapest Catholic Weekly in the World.

The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent.

Vice-Chancellor Blake. We are getting tired of the Vice-Chancellor Blake affair. We would like to see it settled and have done with it.

The Cattle Trade. Last year 188,447 head of cattle landed in Great Britain from the United States and Canada.

The Cabinet. There has been another shuffle of the cards in Ottawa. The Hon. Mr. Campbell has been appointed Postmaster-General.

Dead Letters. It is a dead letter to suppose that the law against the dissemination of impure literature is in active existence.

a snare. It is a dead letter to imagine that the number of churches in Montreal is a proof of the piety of the people, or that a steam whistle is more sinful than a falsehood.

Politics in Ontario. The pot is calling the kettle black in Ontario. The ultra-Reformers are abusing the Conservatives, and the Conservatives are abusing the Reformers.

Thomas Moore. The press of the United States are discussing the merits of Thomas Moore. The discussion takes the form of correspondence, and the question of Tom Moore's religion is one of the principal issues at stake.

The New Leader of the Home Rule Party.

Mr. Shaw, M.P. for Brandon, has been elected to succeed Isaac Butt as leader of the Home Rule party. This is, perhaps, the best possible choice the Home Rulers could make.

Independence in Politics.

A spirit of Independence in Politics pervades, to a remarkable degree, the Provincial elections in Ontario. The Reform and Conservative press have something to say about it, and they all feel that the backbone of Party serfdom in Canada is afflicted with spinal disease.

State of the Empire.

The Afghan war is over, and the terms of peace are favorable to British interests. An additional slice of territory has been obtained, a few commanding positions secured, a British representative will reside at Kabul, and Russia and England will be almost within arm's length of each other.

will be denuded of troops, and at the mercy of the foe. But the end must be disastrous to the Zulus, even if ten thousand more men have to go to the Cape.

Russia in Asia.

Russia has had an army of occupation or "observation" at Merv. From time to time this army of "observation" sent out detachments towards Herat, on the northwestern border of Afghanistan.

Quack Medicine.

Another child has died from an "overdose" of quack medicine. A somewhat similar case took place some time ago, and strangely enough through the agency of the same "soothing syrup."

Observance of the Sabbath.

England is agitated about the observance of the Sabbath. For years past this agitation has been disturbing the public mind, and a few days ago there was a discussion on the subject in the House of Lords.

Home Rule.

Mitchel Henry has, as we anticipated, been offered the leadership of the Home Rule Parliamentary party. He has, however, it is said, refused to accept the honor, and now who is the next best man becomes the question?

left in the ranks of the Home Rulers, and while there are many of them equal to the best men in the House of Commons, except Gladstone and half a dozen others, yet there is no great man to grasp the situation and mould the conflicting elements into harmony.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The County Glengarry Election.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Macmaster, one of the candidates in the present Parliamentary election for the County of Glengarry, has been accused here of being the counsel for the Oka Indians against the Seminary of Montreal.

Would you kindly oblige them by informing those interested, whether Mr. Macmaster was counsel for the Indians, and whether he is a person affected by religious prejudices.

AN ELECTOR OF GLENGARRY.

Alexandria, May 24, 1879. [Mr. Macmaster was not the counsel who was engaged to defend the Oka Indians. Mr. Macmaster is known in Montreal as a liberal-minded man, who is free from all religious prejudices.

WORM DRAUGHTS ARE GENERALLY so noxious, that children fight their little best to avoid them. But BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges are palatable, and will be easily taken to the entire destruction of any colonies of worms which may have taken lodgings in the child's stomach.

FOR THROAT DISEASES AND AFFECTIONS of the chest, "Brown's Bronchial Troches," are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold, or unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing success, by millions of mothers for their children.

Many people suffer terribly by Cramps in the limbs. A plentiful application of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment, will give instant relief, Cramps come suddenly, and it is not well to wait until the attack is going and by a bottle at once and have it ready, waiting for the dolorous wretch.

BILE, WIND, INDIGESTION.—DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, one of the medicines that really acts upon the Liver, giving immediate relief in all cases of Bile, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Wind, Sickness, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Giddiness, Spasms, Nervousness, Heartburn and Debility.

DIPHTHERIA.—The name strikes a chill to a mother's heart as she realizes what a dangerous malady it is. With a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house she feels that she has a still more powerful cure, and half the terror is destroyed.

Many clergymen who were obliged to withdraw from the pulpit on account of "Clergyman's Sore Throat," have recovered by using FELLOW'S SYRUP HYPOPHOSPHITES and are preaching again. This preparation seems peculiarly and wonderfully adapted to diseases of breathing organs.

NO STRONGER WARRANTY can be given for the merits of a cough medicine than we offer. We say to all who wish to use ALEX'S LUNG BALM, that unless it gives entire satisfaction they may return the bottle to us after they have used it 48 hours, and the money will be cheerfully refunded.

The Isle of Man. The disease of Manx, the Celtic language of the Isle of Man, has become rapid since the beginning of the present century, and the only parish church in which a Manx sermon can now be heard is that of Kirk Arbory.

Bismarck on Protection.

Prince Bismarck made a remarkable speech yesterday in the German Parliament in support of the new Customs Tariff Bill, which came on for first reading. He declared that Germany had become a refuge for the reception of the over-production of other countries, and that it was imperative for them to close their doors against it to some extent.

Attack and Defence.

The people of the United States have been under the pleasant delusion that foreign men-of-war could not bombard their seaboard cities because these could be defended by torpedoes. General A. W. Gilmore, in the U. S. Army and Navy Journal, now shows that these submarine weapons are not to be relied on, because by a very simple contrivance men-of-war are able to pick up the torpedoes intended to destroy them.

St. Patrick's "Protestantism"

A Learned Irish Bishop Eloquently Defends the Fathers of the Irish Church.

Bishop Donnelly of Clogher, an Irish prelate well known and widely respected in the United States, recently was invited to lecture for one of the young men's societies of his diocese. He took for his subject the early Irish Church, especially in relation to those sublime absurdities of Irish Protestants who courageously affirm that St. Patrick and the Irish saints were—Protestants!

In old times, Protestants used to concede that nothing save Popery and idolatry, pervaded this island of ours, before the era of the Reformation. They gave up the ancient Irish Church as a desperate case, and never thought of laying claim to St. Patrick or any other of our primitive saints. All was confessed to be hopelessly Popish in those bright times.

the great aim of which is to demonstrate that our blessed Apostle was a grand old Protestant who established in this country a distinctively Protestant Church. Not long after the appearance of Dr. Todd's bog, Irish Protestants began to feel the earth shaking under their feet. They saw, in the moral firmament, ominous signs of approaching disestablishment and disendowment, and felt the necessity of fortifying themselves against the coming struggle for the revenues of their Church Establishment.

PROTESTANTISM OF OUR PRIMITIVE CHURCH. Ireland they delighted to describe as a beautiful speck of pure Protestantism, standing amid the deluge of Popery which inundated Europe, even Britain itself, in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. Nothing was more strongly insisted on, from the pulpit and the hustings, in Parliament and out of it, in public lectures, at meetings of the Irish Protestant clergy and laity, it was descanted on, preached, proclaimed, re-echoed, firmly, loudly, universally, until the Protestant community of this country seemed to have brought themselves to believe in it with their whole heart and soul.

studded over thickly with convents and monasteries, filled with holy souls consecrated to God by vow, scarcely looks like a land inhabited by Protestants, such as we are acquainted with, who decry and scoff at all vows, and especially those of poverty, chastity and obedience. How frequently we read, in our ancient annals, of the confession of sin, of invocation of the saints, and especially our Blessed Lady, the Queen of saints, of prayers

for the dead, of the Eucharistic sacrifice, of miracles, relics of saints, pilgrimages and so forth. Now, how could these be understood of a country peopled with Protestants, such as we have now a days, who laugh at miracles and pilgrimages and purgatory, ridicule confession, and the Eucharistic sacrifice, and denounce as idolatry the invocation of Mary and the saints, or any respect shown to relics and sacred images? That, in the centuries which intervened between St. Patrick and the Reformation, there was no difference between the faith of Ireland and that of England, Scotland, continental nations, insufficiently evident—and, observe, these are the ages when our adversaries admit that all those other countries were overrun with what they call Popery. The annals of those times tell us repeatedly how students flocked from Britain and the continent to this country, to the colleges and monasteries of holy Ireland. They tell us, on the other hand, how holy and learned Irishmen travelled and taught and preached and settled, as apostolic missionaries and holy monks and learned professors, over Central and Northern Europe. We read how holy men from Ireland, in the seventh and eighth centuries especially, founded monasteries in England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. The Irish missionaries and pilgrims of those ages may be tracked, not over Britain only, but through Germany, France, Switzerland, and even in Italy itself—the Columbkilles the Columbanuses, the Kilians, the Livinuses, the Furseyes, the Columans, the Scotuses. In those times many holy Irishmen were appointed bishops, to fill important sees in Continental Churches, as St. Carthagus, made Bishop of Tarentum, St. Frigidian, Bishop of Lucca,—both of these in Italy,—St. Virgilius, made Bishop of Salzburg, in Germany, not to speak of many others. Now, I ask, how can such mutual intercourse, especially in matters of religion, be explained, if there existed in those times any difference in point of faith or essential discipline, between the Irish and the British and Continental Churches? Would not the supposed Irish Protestants of those days have been regarded in the neighboring and Continental countries in the same light as we regard the real Protestants of the present day—that is, as persons outside the pale of the Church, with whom no intercommunion should be held in religious or ecclesiastical concerns? If such a storm was raised against St. Columbanus, in the seventh century, on the Continent, because he differed from those around him merely as to the exact time of keeping the Paschal festival, how would he have been treated if found to differ from them in the most fundamental and practical dogmas of religion? That the Irish Church was distinctively Catholic at the time of the Reformation, no one, I suppose, will have the hardihood to deny. Alas! the Catholicity of Ireland at that period is murky but too clear by the

BLOODY RECORD OF THE PENAL LAWS.

Now, I insist that if Ireland was Catholic then, she must have been such from the days of St. Patrick. If this country passed from Protestantism to Catholicity between the fifth and sixteenth centuries, at what epoch did this transformation take place, and who were the actors in it? On this history is as silent as the grave. Why do not our ancient records give us some trace of such a momentous change? Why cannot Protestants point out the time and place when this change began, progressed and was completed, as well as the abettors and opponents of this great revolution? Are we to suppose that the whole nation passed over from Protestantism to Catholicity without one word of reclamation from clergy or people, without the faintest opposition or even discussion?—that the whole people from two sacraments came to adopt seven—that they accepted priestly absolution and necessity of confessing their sins, without one syllable of reclamation or murmur, though having never heard of such confession or absolution before,—that from believing the Eucharist to be but a symbol of Christ's body in mere bread, they came to believe that it contained His real body and blood, with His soul and Divinity,—that they came to accept the Eucharist as a daily Sacrifice, though having never believed it such in the past,—that they accepted the doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead, of invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and so many other Catholic doctrines and practices,—that such vitally important changes were made in the faith and religion of the whole nation, on questions so fundamental and entering into the daily religious life and practice of the people, and that all this was brought about without challenge or opposition from any quarter, without a single voice raised in defence of ancient and primitive belief and practice: or that if opposition reclamation had been made against such changes, this should not have come down to us in the records and annals of the time? Such a supposition, I say, is what my common sense revolts from,—that all experience and history forbid me to entertain.

The O'Gorman Mahon.

The O'Gorman Mahon, who has just been returned for Clare, Ireland, is of an ancient family in that county. He was the follower of O'Connell's in 1829, when he was returned for Clare, but quarrelled with the Liberator, which kept him out of Parliament until O'Connell's death in 1847, when he was returned and sat for many years for Ennis, the capital of that county. He was some few years attached to some diplomatic mission in South America and has generally resided abroad. Though near 80 years of age he is in vigorous health. He is a cousin, as is also Major O'Gorman, M.P. for Waterford, of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, of New York.

"Many fair" on Mr. Butt and Others.

As an expression of English public opinion the following is not bad:—"The home rule movement has been the means of sending to Parliament the very best representatives that at present Ireland can send. They are not, as a rule, sons of the nobility or well bred placemen with strong 'brogues,' good lungs and patriotic sympathies. They are only representatives that Ireland ought to send; we have had quite enough of her respectable or legal notabilities, who were wont to make Ireland a hunting ground for foxes or judicial promotion. Ireland has suffered from long centuries of disaster and oppression; the present Home Rulers know the story and can tell it. Many of them may seem wild and intractable; if they were not in Parliament they would probably be in jail or engaged in the leadership of secret societies. To Mr. Butt, who saw and boldly grappled with the position, is due the deep gratitude of every Englishman who prefers that the grievances of his fellow subjects should be discussed openly in St. Stephen's rather than that Ireland should become again the hot-bed of sedition, and the home of secret societies. It will be well for England if a successor can be found to carry on the difficult work, which, for the pacification of 3,000,000 of people, the genius of Mr. Butt was called upon to inaugurate."

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. GRAND DEMONSTRATION. 50,000 PERSONS PRESENT.

THE REVIEW AND SEAM FIGHT.

The special train of 15 cars of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Co., conveying the gallant 13th Brooklyn Battalion en route to this city, steamed out of the Grand Central Depot, New York, at 10:30 p.m. on Thursday evening, and having the right-of-way on the different railroads forming the most direct route, they expected to reach Montreal at 1:45 p.m. Friday.

THE DISTINGUISHING TRAITS of nearly all Americans—geniality and sociability—were soon manifested in the company of our gallant visitors, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the trip down the Rapids, and as they were informed of several interesting features concerning the route and its scenery they expressed their pleasure and satisfaction. In conversation, a reporter of the Express has learned a few historical facts which may not be generally known. A great number of distinguished military men have commenced their career as privates in this same 13th Brooklyn Regiment among whom are notably the Adjutant-General of New York, Major-General John H. Woodward, the late Major-General Thos. H. Dakin, and Major-General Jas. Jourdan, now President of the Brooklyn Police and Excise Board. In short, this Battalion is the parent organization of all the regiments in the city of Brooklyn to-day. During the late American war in 1861-62-63, this 13th Battalion was called out several times each year, and has served as long as three months at a time. Soon after the "Frigate" passed under the Victoria Bridge, the band, which had at intervals been playing such tunes as "Rule Britannia," struck up "God Save the Queen," and as the vessel steamed alongside the Laprarie wharf, directly opposite the City Hall.

MOST ADMIRABLE SCENE OF THE DAY was witnessed from the deck of the "Frigate." The lanting of twenty-two ships and eleven steamships were displayed, and the numerous flags and mottoes of welcome, together with the long line of detachments from the Prince of Wales Rifles, the Sixth Fusiliers, the Gurrison Artillery and the Cavalry Troop, drawn up on the dock, ready to receive their American brethren in arms, presented a spectacle not soon to be forgotten by the countless mass of excited citizens which thronged the squares and streets in that vicinity; every mast, window, and peak in sight was occupied for the occasion. The Thirtieth Battalion disembarked, and taking up their positions on the dock, the band again played the National Anthem, and the Thirtieth were then presented with the handsome American silk flag, containing the Canadian coat of arms in the centre, and which was all worked by hand at the Hochelaga Convent. Among the prominent citizens present were noticed in carriages Mrs Col F K Bond, Mrs Major Edw Bond, Mrs Major Stevenson, and Mrs Col Whitehead (Victoria Rifles), on horseback; also, Mrs E K Green and Mrs Captain Mott, in a carriage.

His Worship Mayor RIVARD read the following address, a copy of which he handed to Col Austin:—

COLONEL AUSTIN AND GENTLEMEN.—Your visit to our city, to assist in celebrating the birthday of our beloved Sovereign, is a welcome and as your Regiment fitly represents the intelligence and the feeling that exists throughout the United States, we welcome you with the most hearty goodwill in this your peaceful invasion. We trust that the effect of your visit may be to cement yet more firmly the hearts of your people and ours.

At a memo to your visit, it is my pleasing duty to present to you, on behalf of our citizens, this flag, which has been prepared by the ladies of the officers of the 1st Prince of Wales Rifles, our oldest volunteer regiment.

On your return home, we trust that the happy blending of the stars and stripes with the flag of our Dominion may be received by your people as an evidence of the friendly feeling that exists in the hearts of Canadians towards your great nation.

When the Rev. Mr. Beecher had finished, the Americans, still accompanied by thousands of friends, headed towards their destination along Notre Dame street, Place d'Armes, St. James street, Beaver Hall Hill, to the Victoria Skating Rink. The Battalion was led by their band playing the *Viva Regina* quickstep, the officers of the Regiment followed, after which came the Veteran Association, then marched members of the American and Canadian Press in brotherly union. The Battalion itself came next, and the whole cortege reached the Rink at 7:30. After Col. Austin had delivered a short address to the men, and they in turn had given three hearty cheers, the programme for the day was over.

A great many people from the Provinces were present, quite a number from Toronto and Quebec especially. Nor were the great American cities unrepresented, Montrealers many a time exchanging salutations with casual friends and acquaintances formed in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and other American cities.

The troops were all on the ground and in formation at 10:30 punctually according to order, and then it was that the scene was brilliant and pleasing in the extreme what with the flying over the ground of aides-de-camp, the bayonets glittering in the sun, the clanking of sabres, the flashing of bayonets, the different colors, the dark masses of the spectators immense in their numbers, gave Fletcher's Field an appearance which will not soon be forgotten.

The following is a military statement of the troops on the ground, all under the command of Lieut-General Sir Selby Smith.

ARTILLERY. The Ottawa Field Battery, four guns, Capt. John Stewart.

The Montreal Field Battery, four guns, under command of Colonel A. A. Stevenson.

The Bedford Field Battery, of four guns, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Theo. Amyrauld.

MONTREAL BRIGADE OF GARRISON ARTILLERY. Six companies, under command of Lieut-Col Frisner.

A detachment of two guns, from "B" Battery, Quebec, participate in the review under command of Lieut-Colonel T. B. Straube.

CAVALRY. No. 1 Troop of Montreal Cavalry, Capt. McArthur commanding; Lieut. Stewart.

of the State of New York—ten companies. The total strength of the 13th, including officers, is 628.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards, six Companies, Lieut-Col. Ross commanding.

THE SIXTH FUSILIERS. Lieutenant-Colonel John Martin commanding.

THE FIFTH FUSILIERS. Lt.-Col. J. D. Crawford commanding. Two excellent Highland pipers are attached to this body, and the beautiful airs rendered on the pipes serve to carry Scotchmen back to their native rocky lands or to the garisoned towns such as Edinburgh. A splendid brass band, unequalled in Canada, accompanies the Fifth Fusiliers, and serve to lighten their marches by martial music skillfully rendered.

THE EIGHTH ROYAL RIFLES, OF QUEBEC, Lieut-Colonel Alley command. Majors J Morgan, A C Stewart.

THE PRINCE OF WALES RIFLES, OF MONTREAL. Motto.—*Nullo Secundus*; Lieut-Col. Bond, commanding.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES, or the Victoria Volunteer Rifles of Montreal, familiarly termed the "Vics," Lieut-Col Whitehead commanding.

THE 60TH MOUNT ROYAL RIFLES, Lieutenant-Colonel Labranche, commanding. It was the intention of the promoters to have three companies of the battalion composed of Irish descendants, and the other three companies French. The question at the time caused great excitement, and the ranks of the Irish companies were speedily filled by extra-drawn men. After a month's drilling, and having measured for their uniforms, the order was rescinded for reasons unknown, the Irish companies being forced to disband and have their places filled by French-speaking citizens. The gallant Colonel much regretted this order, as he expressed himself highly chagrined at having to lose three such companies of splendidly built men, who learned their drill well and understood the military movements thoroughly. A brass band of 21 pieces is attached to this regiment.

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE INFANTRY, although existing, was practically unknown until a few years ago, when the present captain took hold of it, and reorganized the Company. Although this corps comprises but one company, a life and drum band of no mean talent is possessed by it. The officers are Captain M W Kirwan, commanding; Lieutenants: D Bury, P C Warren.

QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, OF TORONTO, Motto, *In pace paratus*, Lieut-Colonel W D Otto, commanding.

The pavilion for the reception of the Vice-Regal party, to the left of the grand stand, was got up in elegant style, the furnishings being bright and pretty, and the whole reflecting great credit on Owen McGarvey, the furniture manufacturer. At a little after ten o'clock the first detachment of troops arrived on the ground, being the Montreal Field Battery, commanded by Colonel Stevenson, followed immediately after by the Quebec Battery. Next came the Brooklyn Regiment, in open column of companies, which broke into fours from the left as it entered the ground. This battalion attracted great admiration for its bright, smart military appearance. The uniform of the band was something gorgeous to behold, covered with gold as it were. There were six mounted officers with tall black plumes waving. In the centre of the officers rode Henry Ward Beecher on a high, powerful looking charger. He did not feel at all at home on horseback—at least he did not look as if he did—but his plume danced just as merrily all the same. The bright bayonets of the 13th, and their rifle-barrels just as bright, flashed finely in the sun. In rear of each company was a negro carrying a tin vessel. On the whole the American regiment looked well. After this battalion followed the 6th Battalion, each headed by its band playing the regimental quickstep, and by 10:30 all were on the ground.

At twelve o'clock the Governor-General and the Princess Louise, escorted by the Ottawa Cavalry, arrived on the ground; the whole presented arms, the artillery fired a royal salute, the vast audience cheered, and the real proceedings of the day's proceedings began. Her Royal Highness, who rode a beautiful Arab steed and was dressed in plain black riding costume, bowed repeatedly in answer to the salutations of the people, as did His Excellency as well, lifting his hat every now and then from off his fair hair. The Marquis was dressed in civilian clothes, and both rode in front of the escort. The Princess wore a white veil, much to the disappointment of many. An open carriage contained the Vice-Regal suite, the magnificent liveries of the servants, and the amount of gold on them, exciting great attraction. Those splendid creatures were, by far, the most richly dressed people in the field, including even the cavalry. The Governor-General then went over the field and inspected the troops in a cursory way. He halted in front of the 13th Brooklyn, and said: Men of the 13th battalion, citizen soldiers of a great nation, in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, whom I have the honor to represent, I thank you for coming here to-day to do her honor, and hope you will come again, many and many a time, for our countries are the same in language, laws and great traditions. Long may they continue united in the bonds of friendship, and march forward together in the van of civilization.

THE SEAM FIGHT. At half-past one o'clock the *piece de resistance* of the programme, the sham fight, commenced. The force was divided into two divisions, the defence and the attack, and the enemy (the defence) comprised the Montreal Artillery and Engineers, the Kingston Cadets, and St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company. Their duty was to defend the Mount Royal road and prevent the attacking forces from turning their flank and occupy an important point in rear of which, if occupied, would be to them a defeat. The rest of the forces formed the attack. The battle commenced by the advance of the Montreal Cavalry to feel the strength of the enemy, but, as may be supposed, before they had penetrated the lines, a brisk fire was opened upon them, from both artillery and infantry, and they retired on their supports. The 6th Battalion were then extended in skirmishing order, supported with artillery, and with cavalry on their flank, who advanced cautiously to the attack, halting and firing, the skirmishers sometimes closing and acting as supports, while the old supports extended themselves as the relieving skirmishers halted. After a while the battle became general, and the attacking party, previously masked by the slope of the hill, now developed their strength and advanced to dislodge the enemy in battle array. At this point in the

different participating regiments set down to a substantial lunch in the Crystal Palace, which, being concluded, the Mayor delivered the following address:—

GENTLEMEN.—I am not only glad, but I am proud, that it has fallen to my lot, at this great banquet, to propose the toast which I am about to offer. I have but one regret; it is that I am unable to express in fitting terms my feelings on the present occasion.

The noble, virtuous and illustrious lady whom we this day honor, stands so high in the esteem and admiration, not only of the great empire whose destinies she presides, but of the whole world, that I apprehend any words I might utter in praise of her would fall short of what is due to Her Majesty.

The anniversary of the Queen's Birthday derives, this year, additional prestige and eclat from the fact that we have among us one of Her Majesty's brightest jewels, in the person of the Princess Louise; and that Her Royal Highness and her noble husband, the Governor-General were pleased to grace this day's proceedings with their presence.

This anniversary is also remarkable, and will long be remembered with feelings of pride and satisfaction by the citizens of Montreal, on account of the presence of our American friends of the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn, who were kind enough to leave their homes to come here and take part in our rejoicings, and whose steady movements and martial appearance contributed so much to the success of the grand review which we were greeted this morning.

I am sure that with the same chivalrous spirit which actuated them this morning at the Review they will heartily join us this evening in drinking to the health of our Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, which I now have the honor to propose?

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. A few of the Volunteers fell out of the ranks, struck down by sickness, exhaustion or the heat of the sun. These drawbacks, though lamentable in themselves, showed that the general organization was perfect, for the moment a man fell out he was at once taken in charge by two men of the Provisional Army Corps, bearing on their arms the famous red cross, and marched to the hospital marquee, erected for the purpose at the south entrance to the grounds. If the distance was too far, the patient was placed in an ambulance wagon, provided for the occasion.

A young lady fainted on the grand stand at the review this afternoon, on account of the shock she received from the report of one of the cannons.

THE DINNER IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING. A five minutes march at the close of the review brought the respective regiments inside the enclosure in front of the new Exhibition Building, which had been transformed into one huge dining hall, and such was the effect of military organization that after dismissal the entire force, with the exception of the officers, were comfortably seated at long rows of tables which covered the floors and galleries of the spacious building from one end to the other. Here more addresses were made.

COURT OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE. His Excellency the Governor-General, in the presence of H R II the Princess Louise, held an investiture of the most distinguished Order of St Michael and St George at the Windsor Hotel, immediately after the review, when, by command of the Queen, the following gentlemen were created Knights Commander of the Order:

The Hon S L Tilly, C B, The Hon A Campbell, The Hon C Tupper, C B, The Hon W P Howland, C B, The Hon R J Cartwright, The Hon Sir Narcisse F Belleau, The Hon Sir Alex Galt, C M G; and Sir Francis Hincks, K C M G, acted in the capacity of sponsors in introducing the gentlemen to be installed in His Excellency. Lieut-General Sir Edward S Smyth, K C M G, Lieut-Col McEachern, C M G, and Lieut-Colonel Fletcher, C M G, were present. Major De Winton, Captain Harbord and Mr John Kidd were in attendance. After the ceremony His Excellency entertained the gentlemen at luncheon.

THE BANQUET was served in the elegant and spacious dining hall of the Windsor, and itly terminated the day's proceedings.

At the conclusion of the sumptuous repast, Sir E. Selby Smyth rose to propose the first toast, scribly remarking that Her Majesty had been more blessed in her reign than any previous British Sovereign. He prayed that God might bless and prolong her useful life. (Enthusiastic applause.)

Band.—"God Save the Queen." His Excellency the Governor-General was enthusiastically received on rising to propose the next toast. His Excellency said:—

GENTLEMEN.—I have the greatest pride and pleasure in calling upon you to drink the next toast upon the list.—The health of the President of the United States. In asking you to drink long life and happiness to him, I desire to add the expression of a wish which comes from my heart,—and in speaking of the country I serve—when I say,—May the Divine Blessing be poured in richest abundance upon the noble and mighty nation over whom the President, as chief magistrate, has been called upon to rule. The President of the United States. (Cheers.)

AMERICAN CONSUL SMYTH replied as follows: Mr Lord and GENTLEMEN.—I thank you for the compliment you have paid the President of the United States. The fact which I take to be the most important and hopeful in the present condition of the world is the wide and growing dominion and influence upon its affairs by Great Britain and her Colonies and the United States; and the most pregnant part of that fact lies in this, that the whole of this continent between the Mexican Sea and the Arctic Ocean is inhabited and governed by a people of the same race, speaking the same language, with the same literature and religion, and with very similar laws, enacted everywhere by parliamentary bodies selected to represent the public will.

HENRY WARD BEECHER also replied. GENERAL SMYTH, in proposing the next toast, said upon the last celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday a terrible war appeared to be imminent, and we in Canada were preparing ourselves for what might fall to our duty in the events of the world. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with Highland honors, the pipers playing the "Campbells are Coming."

The Governor-General then rose and said:—

GENTLEMEN AND OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN MILITIA.—Allow me to thank you from the depth of my heart for the extreme kindness of your reception, but you must allow me to ascribe that reception to my official position, for I am fully conscious that I have been too short a time among you to be able to do more than to claim your kindness and consideration. With the Princess it is different, and I believe, I can claim for her personally a warmer feeling (Applause.) The manner in which the manoeuvres were performed to-day show how much value you have attached to his teaching—what vast advantage you have taken of all the opportunities given to you. And while I am on the subject of the review, allow me to congratulate you on having in your midst to-day, and forming so splendid a part of your spectacle, the gallant American regiment, many of whose officers I have the pleasure of seeing in this hall. (Great cheering.) I wish to repeat to them to-night what I had the honor of saying to the regiment at large, that I thank them most sincerely for having come this journey to honor our Queen's Birthday—(tremendous applause)—and I regard their having undertaken their journey, and having come here as a proof of that amity of feeling and sentiment which is as strong in the breasts of the American people as in their community with us in that freedom in which we recognize our common heritage. (Cheers.) Good will requires constant attention and care, and I believe it has certainly been the opinion of the spectators of the force to-day that officers and men have made the best use of the opportunities which have been given them. (Loud cheering.) Our Militia force is large in number, and we have had during the last two years the best proof of the spirit with which it is animated. COLONEL SMYTH, proposed Colonel Austen and the Officers of the 13th Regiment. COLONEL AUSTEN, in rising to respond, was received with volleys of cheers and applause. He said the 13th Regiment was proud of its welcome to the City of Montreal and the Dominion of Canada. The story of their visit will always remain recorded on the brightest pages of the regimental history, while the courtesies extended to them will be more than appreciated, not only by every member of the 13th Regiment, but by the City of Brooklyn and State of New York from which they hailed. His Canadian friends might be assured that a responsive heart beats with them throughout the United States, and that there is an additional link forged in that chain which has for ever so many years bound the two countries together in ties of strongest friendship, in the advancement of a common interest. (Loud applause.) The 13th Regiment is one of the oldest organizations of the major State of the Union. All calls for duty, made either by the State or National Government upon the regiment, are promptly responded to, so that the regiment feels that it is not altogether an unworthy representative of that National Guard system which in the Union is the bulwark of protection against domestic insurrections or foreign invasion; just as the militia force are the conservators of the peace in this Dominion. (Applause.) His Canadian brethren in arms might rest assured that not many months will roll by before an invitation is extended to some one or other of our volunteer regiments to visit the United States. (Applause.) He could only say that if they could only pay a tribute of respect equal to the heartiness of the greeting received by them that day, they would feel themselves abundantly satisfied. Might the Canadian greeting of that day and the 13th Regiment's tribute to our Sovereign Queen be whirled over the wide Atlantic, and to every house in the British Empire. He tendered his hearty thanks in behalf of the 13th Regiment for the friendly relations of the day. May they be continued through all the years to come. (Long and prolonged applause.)

LIEUT-COLONEL PANET responded to the toast of the Hon. the Minister of Finance. This concluded the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, and the festivities were brought to a close by the band playing "God Save the Queen."

SUNDAY. The city was again under martial law yesterday, at least in military occupation, but it was a very easy kind of law, and an occupation that threatened the property of no one, nor the liberty of any citizen. Fine looking men in uniform paraded the streets all day long and made friendships that may be yet put to the test on the battle field, but let us hope not. The feeling between the men of the 13th Brooklyn and the Canadians was cordial in the extreme. Joyous salutes were exchanged whenever they met, and cigars were given and received with great good feeling. Indeed, it was not easy to come across a group of the men in scarlet or black without a man in grey. The 13th looks better out of than in uniform. It is really a fine battalion, but appears rather strained in uniform. Our reporter spoke to several of the individuals of the corps, and they all seemed to be men of intelligence; some of them men of first-class education, who have passed through Harvard College. The troops formed up on the Champ de Mars at 10 o'clock, the men of the different corps marching in military array to their respective places of worship. Nearly half the Brooklyn Regiment marched to Notre Dame Cathedral, under command of Colonel Austen; Colonel Labranche, of the 6th, commanded the Catholics of the other battalions. Among the other officers present were Captain Kirwan and Lieutenants Barry and Warren. St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company; Lieut-Sinclair, Prince of Wales; Lieut Duffy, Engineers; Lieut Leprohon, Prince of Wales; and Lieut Courso, Victories. Quite a number of the veterans also attended to hear Henry Ward Beecher. The crowd in front of this church was very great, and considerable difficulty was experienced by those holding tickets in getting an entrance, although four policemen had been detailed to assist in keeping the passage clear. Religious enthusiasm does not care much for policemen, however, and the crush was, at the least, as great as if the Princess was inside. An immense concourse of people assembled in front of the Cathedral after Grand Mass, principally to see the popular 13th Brooklyn Regiment. The Governor-General and his Royal wife attended Christ Church Cathedral, which was crowded, of course, as was St. George's Church, where the Rev. Mr. Maynard preached.

DEPARTURE OF THE 13th. Crowds visited the camp, who took pleasure in conversing with the guests, who are to a man a fine, hearty set of fellows, having nothing approaching formality in their composition, but fraternizing in the open, kindly manner which characterizes the genuine American.

In the afternoon the guests, accompanied by their friends, went off for a drive towards our beautiful island, the picturesque scenery of which must have been a source of pleasure to the excursionists. It being an accepted fact that the regiment was to take its departure at 6 o'clock, crowds prior to that hour flocked to the quarters, the fair sex, who take no inconsiderable interest in public festivities, being well represented. About half an hour before the hour named, the driving parties began to drop in, all of whom were in high spirits, which proved their drive to have been a pleasurable one. About half-past five the order to fall in was given, which was promptly

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ly responded to by the "boys," who came trooping out laughing and chatting with their friends, and exchanging tokens to recall in after life the happy associations connected with their visit to this city. As soon as the Brooklyn men were in readiness, the different regiments acting as an escort fell into line, consisting of the "Vics," Garrison Artillery, 5th Fusiliers, Engineers, Field Battery and Cavalry, which were in the foregoing order; next came Dodsworth's band, followed by the Veterans and members of the 13th Regiment. At the Bonaventure Station long previous to the time fixed for the departure thousands had assembled. When the party had reached the depot the scene was an animated and a convivial one. Every Brooklyn boy had a little knot of friends and admirers about him who would again and again shake hands, wishing him "God-speed" and other pleasant exchanges, which lasted until the engine whistled "all aboard." And now the enthusiasm mounted to its highest. Every aperture in the cars was crowded with the Brooklyn boys, who shook hands with the thousands along the platform from end to end, showing the sincerity of their kindly feelings by such expressions as "God bless you, boys," "Come over and see us soon." The train now rapidly left the depot, the Plymouth pastor standing on the rear platform waving his plumed hat, and the flourishing of handkerchiefs was all that could be seen of those who carried away with them the best wishes of our citizens.

Dedication of the Cathedral in New York. New York, May 26.—The new Roman Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue whose corner stone was laid by Archbishop Hughes, on August 15th, 1858, was dedicated yesterday by his successor, Cardinal McCloskey, in presence of a great multitude of people. The ceremony was very impressive and interesting. A propitious day, with bright skies and cool breezes, added to the comfort of the thousands who were present and of those who took part in the ceremonies, a part of which was conducted in open air. The Cardinal himself was chief celebrant, and sang the Mass. The services lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. The interesting sermon by Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, consumed nearly two hours of this time. The music was remarkably good. There were two choirs, one in the organ gallery of 120 mixed voices, with orchestra and organ accompaniment, directed by Prof. Wm. F. Pecker, and one at the opposite or chancel end of the cathedral, composed of 200 men and boys, directed by Father Young, of St. Paul's. There are two organs, fine instruments, the gallery one said to be the most powerful in the world. After the dedication there was a dinner, at which the Cardinal, Archbishops Purcell and Gibbons, Bishop Ryan, Charles O'Connor and others spoke. In the evening vespers were held, the celebrant being Archbishop Gibbons. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, delivered the sermon. The visiting prelates and priests will be entertained by the Navier Union. It is said the cost of the Cathedral has already been over five million dollars, and that another million will be expended upon the finishing parts.

The Fruits of Home Rule in Austria-Hungary. We take the following suggestive article from the *Times* Herald:—

Few monarchs have had so many sad experiences as the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Called to the throne at the age of eighteen by the abdication of his father and the refusal of his uncle to wear the purple, he found himself at the head of a people which was in no small degree indisposed to submit to an absolute and irresponsible ruler. The events of 1848 did not, indeed, cause such a shock to the longing for free institutions as could be supposed. Hungary especially was resolved not to part with her ancient constitution and long established political traditions. It is to the credit and honour of Francis Joseph that he has been wise enough and strong enough to yield all that his people so ardently desired. There can be no doubt that his dynasty is far more firmly established on the throne of Austria-Hungary than it was on his accession thirty years ago. Twenty years ago his arms had yielded to the superior force of France and Italy combined. Some of the finest lands which owned the sway of his sceptre were torn from him and handed over to the new Italian kingdom. Seven years later the Austrian armies again suffered defeat at Sadowa. This time the spoils of the Crown were complete, and carried out to the bitter end. Francis Joseph almost ceased to be a German Sovereign; certainly his hitherto supreme influence in the fatherland was entirely destroyed. Vienna was given back to herself and to her native country. A weaker or less noble monarch might have sulked, turned morose, or abdicated. Francis Joseph rose to the occasion. He freely and absolutely resigned all claims on the Italian Provinces he surrendered. He yielded gracefully his claims in Germany to the House of Hohenzollern, which had superseded him. Then he turned to his own countries—to Austria and to Hungary—and in these he saw that he had a great work before him still. He would be no more an absolute monarch, but a constitutional ruler. The work was begun and is still progressing. It was no easy task which the emperor took in hand, for each half of the empire must be ruled separately, on the principle of Home Rule, and yet in harmony with the other. But, whatever the difficulties of the situation may be there has never arisen the smallest shadow of doubt as to the good faith and capacity of the emperor. His people rejoice with him on the present occasion with a marvellous unanimity and heartiness. However unfortunate he may have been in war, his domestic relations, both in his more immediate home circle and in the affection of his people, have been of the happiest. Even in Italy he is regarded with esteem, although a generation ago his name was the symbol of oppression and tyranny.

England's Future. London Correspondent New York Sun. Every department is in a state of extreme prostration; the foreign trade has year by year been dropping away since 1872; other countries are changing their fiscal policy in the direction of higher tariffs, which will naturally still further depress the trade of this country, and at every centre of mining and manufacturing industry the once cordial relations between employers and employees are entirely gone and the two parties now stand everywhere at swords' point.

In the beginning of the present century England was essentially an agricultural nation—agricultural, at all events, to the extent of growing the entire food supply of her people. Then she gradually changed to an almost exclusively trading nation, and now she imports nearly one-half the entire food of her people. Up to 1790, the country was an exporter of wheat, instead of an importer. In 1841, only 22 per cent. of the whole people were engaged in agriculture, and the country then imported nearly one bushel of wheat per head of the entire population. The total export trade was then about \$250,000,000 a year, and had increased only about 25 per cent. in forty years, while the population had increased by fully 70 per cent. The export trade of the country remained nearly stationary until 1849, and that year showed an increase of fully \$50,000,000 over the previous year. The year 1850 showed a further increase of nearly \$40,000,000 over 1849, and trade then from year to year bounded swiftly upward, until in 1855 the exports were much more than double what they were in 1840. In 1872 British trade reached its highest mark. The total value of exports of British and Irish produce in that year was \$1,281,287,735 (reduced to dollars at \$5 to the pound sterling), being an increase of 540 per cent as compared with 1840, while the population had only increased 20 per cent in the same time. During all those years there was never once an important break in the wonderful progress of British trade.

Since 1872 England's export trade has fallen off, though until the past two or three years the falling off has been in value chiefly—not in quantities. The past two years have shown very large reductions in quantity, as well as in value. In 1878 the value of the export trade was nearly 25 per cent. less than in 1872, the amount of the falling off being over \$350,000,000, or 20 per cent. more than the entire volume of the trade in 1840. For six successive years there has been a falling off in the exports. At present less than 11 per cent. of the people of England and Wales are engaged in agriculture, and in the whole Kingdom, the percentage is not above 12 or 13 at most.

from the royal sources which have made you their most impudent mouthpiece, I shall send a copy of your statement, together with a copy of my reply, to the Prince of Wales and to the Duke of Cambridge." Thereupon the Prince of Wales took the matter up and disclaimed that the editor had been authorized to make the statement he did. At the same time, it was remarked that he did not explicitly deny having declared his intention of snubbing Sir Robert Peel. Sir Robert is, in every sense, politically and socially, a loose fish. He has until lately been a violent Jingo, and a friend and ally of the Court. But it must certainly be admitted that he has the courage of his convictions, and it looks as if he did not propose to keep his mouth shut simply because what he said might be distasteful in certain quarters. Altogether, it seems to be a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and the members of the royal household who were going to snub Sir Robert have probably realized by this time that they woke up the wrong passenger. The melancholy feature in the case is that nobody has had a word to say on behalf of that highly moral personage George IV.—*Toronto Telegram*.

Ritualism in Philadelphia. The ritualistic services in St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, were conducted as usual on Sunday last, in spite of the formal censure that had been applied. Many of the worshippers made genuflections in the aisles, and crossed themselves on entering the pews. Upon the altar was the chalice, covered with an embroidered veil. Candelabra were on the super-altar, at each end of which was the figure of a kneeling angel, with a large cross in the centre. On the small table in the chancel, known as the credence, were a basin, a mikin, and two cruets holding wine and water. Four banners were displayed, one being the picture of the Virgin and Child. There was also a golden crucifix, and a perpetual light. At the commencement of the services a procession entered, composed of robed boys bearing crosses and candles, twenty-four boy chorists in cassocks and surplices, twenty-four men chorists similarly dressed, two cornet players, two violinists, and finally three clergymen. These marched through all the aisles of the church. During the service the choir stood in the chancel, the celebrant kissed the altar several times, acolytes assisted and frequently knelt, and the preacher was escorted to the pulpit by two cross bearers. After the sermon the chalice was uncovered, ten candles were lighted, and the communion service was conducted with more than the usual forms.

Opening Museums on Sunday. *Monitor*, commenting on the Archbishop of Canterbury's speech on the opening of museums on Sundays, says:—

"I consider the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the opening of museums on Sundays to be the worst speech that was ever delivered, even by an Archbishop, in this world. Take his concluding sentences: 'Whatever amelioration of society might be supposed to take place (and any amelioration taking place) from opening museums and libraries, he feared there would still be vast numbers of persons to whom the greatest pleasure in life would be to add to the wretched wages which six days' work gave them.' First of all he admits the possibility of an amelioration of society (taking place, by opening museums on Sundays. He concedes in the premises, which Lord Thurlow insists upon; and, having conceded, he proceeds to show why he disapproves! What are his reasons for disapproving? Because the poor creatures who earn wretched wages in six days would take pleasure in adding to those wages by working for seven days! What are my Lord's wages? Something, I suspect,

HOME READING.

Fire-side Sparks. [From PUNCH.] The Kitchen Range fender.—The Police-m... A Seasonable Quest.—Where is the May-flower? Gone on a pilgrimage to America in search of the Spring.

Poisoned with a Postage Stamp. Young ladies who think proper to correspond with rejected lovers would perhaps do well to take a hint from the following curious case, which is, however, authentic. Mile, Felicie Maxy, who lives on the farm of Pentecote, on the Belgian frontier, was on the point of being married, when she received a letter from an old suitor asking her to reconsider the matter, and send him an immediate reply. The postage stamp was gallantly inclosed to defray the cost of transmission. The answer duly written, Mile Maxy applied the stamp to her fair lips; but hardly had she done so when she felt a sharp pain in her tongue, and in less than no time that interesting member became horribly elongated and inflamed and covered with noxious sores. The disconsolate one, Alfred Camin by name, a farmer at Pichon, in the Nord, has been arrested; but he declares that he used no noxious drug, but simply moistened a corner of the stamp with his own lips—a delicate way of stealing a kiss. Such is the state of the case as it stands at present, but the tale carries its own moral.—Paris Correspondent London Telegraph.

New Remedy for Hydrophobia. (From the Hartford Times.) A Barisan veterinarian has recently announced his discovery of a certain antidote to the virus of rabies. To prove its value he inoculated sixteen dogs with the virus, abandoned eight of them to nature, and placed the remainder on active treatment. The first eight shortly became rabid and died; the others are still alive and apparently in sound health. In connection with the question of hydrophobia, the London Farmer, quoting L'Italia Agricola recalls a circumstance little known abroad, which was put on record many years ago by Dr. Maraschotti, an Italian surgeon attached to the hospital at Moscow. While traveling in the Ukraine, in 1813, there were introduced to his notice fifteen persons who had just been bitten by a dog that was undoubtedly rabid. As the doctor was preparing his remedies he was waited on by a deputation of respectable persons, who requested that a peasant of the neighborhood, whose skill in curing hydrophobia was in high repute, might be permitted to undertake the care of the patients. Doubtful of his own chances of success Maraschotti consented, on condition that he should be allowed to be present and personally supervise the measures adopted by the countryman. The latter gave fourteen of the patients a decoction of broom-flowers to drink, and twice a day he carefully examined the inferior surface of their tongues, to see, as he expressed it, "whether any buttons containing the poison had formed." Where these appeared they were at once opened and cauterized with a red hot iron. The whole of these fourteen patients recovered, and Maraschotti saw them three years afterwards in perfect health. The fifteenth patient, who was under ordinary medical treatment, developed symptoms of hydrophobia at the end of the seventh day, and succumbed to that disease. Willing to learn from every source, Maraschotti thenceforth adopted the method of treatment employed by the peasant quack, and relates that by its means he was able to cure four patients subsequently coming under his notice in Poland, who had been bitten badly by dogs that were undoubtedly rabid.

When the excavations at Olympia were first undertaken, the German Postmaster-General, Dr. Stephan, drew attention to a passage in Pausanias's description of Greece, in which he mentioned a statue that had been erected in honor of a courier of Alexander the Great, and begged that special search might be made for it. News has just reached Berlin from Olympia that the basis of this statue has been found, with a well preserved inscription, which runs thus: "By the King Alexander's Runner and Traveller of Asia, Philinides, son of Totos, from Kretan Chersonesos, this was dedicated for the Olympian God."

"A lady friend who dearly loves flowers and, like all others who do, succeeds well with them, has no end of 'good luck' in raising young bedding plants of almost all the popular kinds. Her complete but efficient contrivance consists of a deep plate, filled with water, in a warm sunny window. In this are placed various cuttings of coleus, geraniums, heliotropes, roses, etc., and in surprising short time white roots are emitted from the base of the cuttings, when they are potted off singly into pots. In winter this plate of cuttings is almost as refreshing to the eye as a plate of cut flowers, so that instead of being objectionable it is really an ornament. Every florist knows that oleander cuttings suspended in bottles of water will always succeed better than when placed in sand, and they really have a pleasing effect in the window greenery." Strange to say, no shade whatever is given the above, but the full rays of the sun are allowed to strike squarely on the cuttings.

Proverbs in Cookery. Never put a pudding that is to be steamed into anything else than a dry mould. Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them. Billed fowl with sauce, over which grate the yolk of eggs, is a magnificent dish for luncheon. The yolk of eggs binds the crust much better than the whites. Apply it to the edges with a brush. Whenever you see your sauce boil from the sides of the pan you may know your flour or corn-starch is done. In cooking a fowl, to ascertain when it is done, put a skewer into the breast and if the breast is tender the fowl is done. Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them, wipe in a dry towel. To make macaroni tender put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk. Good flour is not tested by its color. White flour may not be the best. The test of good flour is by the amount of water it absorbs. To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the egg the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them. In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes, and then put them in cold water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black. The only kind of a stove with which you can preserve a uniform heat is a gas stove; with it you can simmer a pot for an hour, or boil it at the same rate for twenty minutes. Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twenty-four hours. It is best for tea and coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change it to butter.

THE MOUNT ST. BERNARD DOG.—People who desert themselves during July and August in the sunny watering-places down below, wearing their lightest summer clothing and complaining of the heat of the valley, or perhaps taking refuge in their comfortable hotel at the first breath of the evening breeze, have no idea of the wild winter storms which are raging among the mountains at the time, or of the clouds of sharp, needle-like snow flakes which flutter round the savage cliffs, blowing in the face of the half-frozen traveller, and completely hiding his path. In those upper regions terrible dangers are everywhere lurking; and those who escape death at the hands of the avalanche and treacherous snow-storm too often perish from hunger and fatigue. However, the monks and their servants keep constant watch over the lives of the wayfarers, and are greatly assisted in this arduous labour of love, by the faithful St. Bernard dogs. The little band of watchers take no rest night or day; even when the sun is shining two servants are constantly pacing to and fro on the look one work out for travellers, and in stormy weather the whole establishment turns out to search for those who have lost their way, and to administer restoratives to such as have, become exhausted and unconscious from exposure to the cold. The grave-looking, beautiful building of dark freestone which stands in the midst of this dreary desert, is deservedly looked upon with admiration, as are also its inhabitants, both men and animals, who have renounced the sunshine and other attractions of the valley below; and it is with a feeling of reverence that one enters within their generous hospitality to so many hundred thousand human beings. Unfortunately, the genuine old breed of St. Bernard dogs had almost, if not altogether, died out on one time, owing to the unusually severe weather which occurred in the winter of 1830, when both packs, male and female, were taken, and a great number perished. Lately, however, the original breed has been revived at Hollingien, near Bern, and has been re-introduced in this and other hospices.

The Priests of Ireland. The priests of Ireland are, for self-sacrificing devotion in furtherance of the sacred cause in which they are engaged, as well as for heroic and unselfish patriotism, quite unparalleled by any similar body of men in the world. Their loyalty to the highest cause in which it is possible for man to enlist—that of "Faith and Fatherland"—has been well attested through years of active persecution and centuries of unintermittent oppression. The power of the Catholic clergy of Ireland is enormous. It is a power that is neither all spiritual nor all temporal, but both. It can only be properly comprehended by those who have studied it on the spot, and have gone back, aided by the light of history, through those fearful times when penal enactments were directed against the priest and a price laid upon his head. It was at those periods of misery and cruel persecution, when the law proscribed the Catholic worship and exiled, murdered and subjected to almost every species of indignity that the ingenuity of heretical bigots could devise those who practised it, singling out, of course, for special outrages the heroic clergy—it was then that the splendid virtues of the Catholic priests were exhibited in grand relief. The more crucial the ordeal, the brighter they became—like gold, that displays with more effectiveness its purity and worth the more it is tried in the fire. The explanation of the vast influence possessed by the Irish priests is perhaps to be found in the fact that they had never been as one with the people, the poor despoiled people of Ireland. When all around was dark and drear, and the rich usurping landlords had extracted, with minions of the merciless and tyrannic government at their back, every penny they could from him, the poor peasant went to his priest for consolation and advice and assistance; and he was not disappointed. Everyone who has read the story of Ireland's wrongs is familiar with the spectacle of the hunted priest celebrating Divine mysteries in sequestered barns and secluded caves. What a glorious sight! Who that has a spark of religion and patriotism in him would not deem it an exalted privilege to have been a member of one of those proscribed yet incorruptible congregations?

Miscellaneous. Umbrellas are now made of paper. In the Mississippi penitentiary there are over two hundred convicts who are imprisoned for life. The Hon. Algernon Stanley, brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, has entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome as a student. Mr. Gladstone says that Parliament has been gradually reduced to fulfilling the functions of a Registry office to the Government. Lord Derby was recently asked whether M. Waddington, the Prime Minister of France, was an Englishman. "Yes," he said; "and the Prime Minister of England is not an Englishman." The London Times says that adequate provision has been made by the thoughtful generosity of a few Roman Catholic noblemen to enable Cardinal Newman to maintain the state befitting his dignity. A new German invention for rendering boot soles flexible and almost indestructible is to mix a water proof glue with ground quartz and spread it on the soles. The roughness of the sole prevents slipping. The proprietor of the Pullman car invention reports that paper wheels have run 400,000 miles under his cars without repair, while the average running power of an ordinary wheel is from 55,000 to 60,000 miles. The Negro Exodus is reported to be dying out. Any crowd of discontented blacks can find a Moses, but there are no Egyptians innocent enough to lend them gold and silver, nor any manna and poultry to be picked up en route except by risking a sojourn in county jails. Paris has a splendid new club, "The International," where strangers from all parts of the world are entertained. Musical fetes and other intellectual and refined amusements take place in its magnificent saloons, which are fitted up with the utmost taste. James Russell Lowell, United States minister to Spain, reports a bull fight in Madrid. He says: "I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped a bull. It was my first bull fight, and will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalizing spectacle, in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull."

The first archconfraternity of the Roman Catholic Church known to have been established in England has just been founded by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, who has erected the Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost attached to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Baywater, into an archconfraternity. It is stated that other religious confraternities in that country will be similarly raised by the Pontiff. A financial scandal is expected shortly to be brought to light in London. A statement has been sent to the Treasury, asserting that when the telegraphs were transferred to the Government, a sum of money variously estimated at from \$3,500,000 to \$5,000,000, was paid in excess of the real value of the undertaking. The rumor is that some persons well-known in the political world are seriously compromised by the transaction. Blood, Iago, blood!—Against whom does the charge of massacre now lie? asks a correspondent of the London Echo. "Two thousand five hundred Zulus killed, against 220 British! How long, Sir, is this to go on? Surely the equation of blood is at last worked out for which we have been waiting since Isandhlwana! Our policy of prestige has at last achieved its triumph. Or is our thirst for slaughter absolutely unquenchable?"

AGRICULTURAL. Timely Hints. Sow your wheat and oats as soon as the ground will harrow dry, the earlier the better. However, never harrow unless the dust flies around. Remember that wheat requires a well beaten soil; therefore, harrow well and then roll heavily. A cloth crusher does better generally than the smooth roller. Grass seeds should be brushed in, or harrowed in with a light harrow. Sow them before the drought sets in. Fodder corn will prove useful on most farms. Sow, three bushels to the acre, at various dates, after the warm weather has fairly set in. Many sow broadcast; we prefer sowing in drills three feet apart and highly manured. The horse shoe always helps on the corn crop wonderfully. Pearl millet and Early Amber Sorghum are highly spoken of both as forage and as sugar producing crops. Should you try them, do so carefully, and let us know in the fall, the results obtained. With green fodder, pastures need never be without it. When not wanted as summer food it will prove useful in winter. Hired can men now be had, the year round, for very nearly what a farmer has to pay for help through the busy season only. Take advantage of the hard times, and give work to the poor. There is hardly a single farm in this Province where an additional hired man could not be kept at profitable work the year round, by a little careful planning on the part of the proprietor. Formation and Management of Gardens. We cannot too earnestly recommend the careful reading of the following article; most of the rules therein contained apply as well as general farming. Were farmers and gardeners to carry out these very elementary principles to perfection, the crops in this Province would soon be doubled and tripled. We have in a few instances made some changes to suit our own circumstances; these are printed in italics. THE SITUATION. The most suitable situation is a very gentle inclination towards the East or Southeast, that it may have all the advantages of the morning sun. All good gardeners take pride in having early crops, and this inclination insures an early maturity of the vegetable. A Northeastern aspect is to be avoided, as our westerly storms and from that direction. A Northwestern exposure, though cold, and late, is less liable to injure from late and early frosts, as vegetation in such situations is sheltered somewhat from the rising sun, and does not suffer so much if it becomes slightly frozen. It is not the frost that injures the plants so much as the direct heat of the sun falling upon the frozen leaves and blossoms. Cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, lettuce, and other salads are more easily brought to perfection in a Northern exposure. Many of these, in the more southern climates, run up to seed immediately if exposed to the full sun. The soil, too, is usually richer, and will retain its fertility longer, other things being equal, in a Northern exposure. It is a great advantage, if the garden aspect all, to have a slope in more than one direction, giving a choice of exposure, and generally also of soil, as it is thus adapted to both late and early crops. When the drainage is good, a level is not un-desirable, but whatever the situation or aspect, the surface must be smooth and level. Care should be taken that the productiveness of the garden be not diminished by the proximity of large trees, which are injurious by their drip to all plants beneath them, and by their shade and extended roots, to those more remote.

THE SOIL. In selecting the grounds, it is of the utmost importance to have the soil of a healthy, quality, being mellow, dry, and capable of being worked with a spade. The best soils are of a friable and loamy texture; the worst, those of a very light sandy, or stiff, clayey description. In a garden designed for the cultivation of a variety of plants, both sand and clay soils are desirable. But the best soil, for general purposes, is a loam of medium texture, arising from a suitable admixture of the two, as they reciprocally correct the defects of each other, and with the addition of organic matter, form a soil suited to the cultivation of nearly all garden productions. Any soil, with judicious culture, draining and manures, can be converted into such a loam. THE FORM. The form will often depend upon the situation of the garden, or the inclination of the ground; however, it is of no great importance, and may be arranged to suit the peculiar taste of the proprietor. When it is a matter of choice, a square or parallelogram is most convenient for laying out the walks and beds. A parallelogram, extending from east to west, gives a long south wall for shading plants in summer, and a long sheltered border for forwarding early crops. In plantation gardening, an oblong square shape has the further advantage of giving longer rows for the plow. FENCING. The objects of fencing are to procure shelter for delicate plants from cold winds; also, shade for those that require it, and above all, to keep out of the garden intruders of all kinds, that the owner may enjoy its fruits without molestation. A high, close, board fence answers a good purpose, but a stone or brick wall is preferable; and, what is better still, in sections where it can be cultivated, a living hedge closely planted evergreens. THE SELECTION OF SEEDS. The most healthy and vigorous plants are generally produced from seed, and this is the only method of obtaining new varieties. Some seeds retain their vitality but one or two seasons, while others grow better by keeping. Great care should be used, in the selection of seed, as upon its perfection the growth of the young plant depends, and the cost of cultivating an improved variety is no more than a degenerated one; hence the necessity of purchasing only such seeds as are offered by RELIABLE HOUSES, or men who pride themselves on sending out none but the best or most improved kinds. Above all, do not buy cheap seeds, thinking to save a few cents in the purchase, for they will prove far dearer in the end. SOWING SEEDS. This is one of the most important garden operations. Seeds, to germinate well, require light, heat, air and moisture. They should be sown when the ground is mellow and fine, and, if possible, before a gentle rain; and the soil should be rolled or gently pressed upon the seed, after sowing. The freshest seeds of some varieties often fail from improper management in sowing. When sown too early, while the ground is wet, they are apt to rot. When sown too shallow, in a dry time, there may not be sufficient moisture to sprout them, or they may be destroyed by dry and hot weather after they have germinated. Insects may destroy the plants before or as soon as they appear out of the ground. Strong man-

ures, such as hen dung, guano, and chemical manures, if under powerful fermentation, will frequently destroy the vitality of seeds, and sometimes kill the tender plants. Complaints frequently made that seeds sown are not good, may quite as often be attributed to other causes as to the quality of the seeds. The first effect of air, heat and moisture upon the seed, is to change its starchy matter into a sugary pulp, the proper food of the embryo. If, at this time, the seed be withered by exposure to heat, without sufficient covering, it will perish. (To be Continued.) Water-Cresses as an Appetizer. Vendors of water-cresses in the city finding their hotel orders suddenly stopped, recently, and naturally wanting to know the cause, made enquiries. One hotel-keeper quietly told him that since he had served up water-cresses on his table, his boarders had become perfect gourmands, until he could put up with the appetizing vegetable no longer. The dealer reminded him, however, that he had bought the cresses according to his orders, and asked him what he was to do with them? To this the hotel-keeper testily replied: "I don't care, Mr., sooner than do with them on my table any more this season, I will pay for them, and you can eat them yourself!" Railways. Forty-eight railways were sold under foreclosure in the United States during 1878, representing a total mileage of 2,902 miles, \$190,014,500 bonds and debt, and \$151,616,700 capital stock—the entire amount of bonds, debt, and stock being \$311,631,200. The foreclosure sales for the last three years across the border have been— Year No. of roads. Mileage. Capital invested. 1877..... 30 3,815 \$217,348,000 1878..... 51 3,875 198,981,000 1879..... 48 3,902 191,681,000 Total..... 132 11,623 \$728,463,000 These figures are appalling, and should warn us to move slowly in the matter of building new lines if we would not present the same kind of a record.—Mad.

Scarcity of Bread in Spain. Spain appears to be suffering from a partial famine. The scarcity of bread is so great that the Government has had to take control of the bakers and the bread market generally. A proposition has been brought forward to abolish the duty on foreign bread-stuffs, but it is strongly opposed by the landed aristocracy, whose influence in the Cortes is at present paramount. The rumors that King Alfonso XII. is going to marry the Austrian Archduchess Mary appear to have some foundation. At all events, an intimacy has sprung up between the Courts of Madrid and Vienna. Archduke Rudolph, heir apparent to the Imperial throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at present visiting in Madrid, where he was received in grand state. Gastronomy Extending. The Paris National publishes the details of a wonderful gastronomic feat performed the other day by two Hayti negroes. They betted \$200 that they would eat without stopping for six hours, and won easily, sitting down to table at noon and not rising before half past six. In the long interval they succeeded in consuming eight soles au gratin, twelve lamb cutlets, a joint of roast veal weighing eight pounds, three kilograms of asparagus, and an omelette of twelve eggs, besides a Dutch cheese, twelve pounds of bread and fifteen bottles of wine. At the conclusion of the performance the two negroes left the house with a very satisfied expression of countenance, dividing between them the fifty lous which they had thus pleasantly earned.

The Discoverer of Gold in California.—John A. Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California, is living in comparative poverty at Litz, Pa. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times visited him recently, and found him a hale old man, fond of relating his Pacific coast experiences. He went to California in 1839, became the Mexican agent, acquired immense landed possessions, and was for a while literally monarch of all he surveyed. He first saw gold there in the hands of playing children, and soon his land, to which he had no legal title, was taken by miners. Litigation completed his financial downfall, and he came to the East. The man who first found gold in Arizona is equally unrewarded, according to a correspondent of the Chicago Times, who came across him at Horse Head. He is an old Spaniard, named Barardo Treyes, and keeps a miserable tavern; but once he was wealthy, the yield of his first "find" being \$60,000.

The Latest Medical Idea. The latest Boston medical idea is an elaboration of the blue glass theory. Sunlight is thrown into water through colored lenses, and thus curative qualities are imparted to the water. The inventor says so, at least. "The sun's rays," he explains, "are composed of actual substances with their exquisite and wonderful chemical powers, and aided by spectrum analysis, I have been able to give the leading elements that compose each color. Each color has its own distinct power to heal." Red, orange, and yellow are warm colors, and directly exciting in their nature, while blue and violet are soothing. His manner of applying these remedies is as follows: "Health comes from the equilibrium of colors in the human system, and whenever any one color is so much in excess as to produce disease, harmony must be brought about by finding the color which is its chemical affinity. Thus, if a person abounds in redness, as in red hair and flushed skin, he needs blue light. Whenever the blue prevails too much, so as to give blue veins, blue finger nails, and a pale, cold condition, the warm red and orange light is needed. When a person has too great a nervous activity, the yellow, together with some red elements of his system, are too active, and he needs the violet and blue elements of sunlight to harmonize his forces and act as delightful nervines." Converts to this new school of medicine suspend colored lenses over bowls of water and drink the warmed fluid.

English Sportsmen Coming to Canada. The Liverpool Journal of the 10th instant says:—In consequence of the Canadian Government having advertised in English papers, that the tributaries of the St. Lawrence were to be let for salmon fishing, several noblemen and gentlemen who have hitherto gone to Norway and Sweden for their sport, have rented Canadian rivers. Colonel T. O. McNeill, V. O., and Lord Elphinstone sailed by the Allan mail steamer "Sardinian," recently for their annual fishing tour, and it is understood that the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Reed, Bart., and Mr. Florence, intend starting from Quebec early in the summer on a six weeks' fishing expedition. The Natashquan River, a magnificent salmon stream, has been rented by Mr. Sothern (Lord Dundreary) for five years from the Department of Marine and Fisheries at a yearly rental of \$400.

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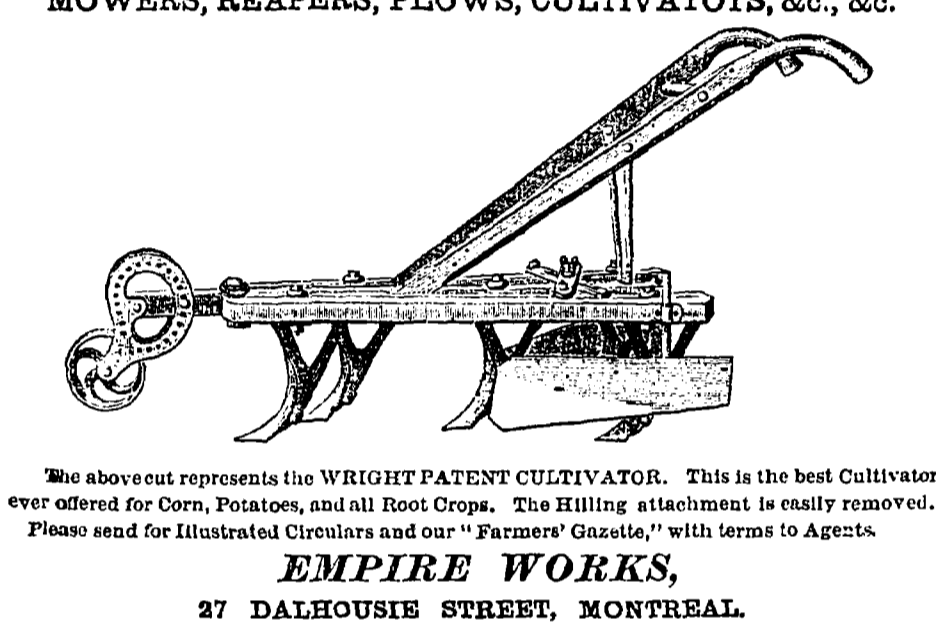
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THE WAR IN ZULULAND.
Present Disposition of the Army—Making Ready for the Advance on Ulundi.
Telegraphic despatches from Madeira acquaint us with Lord Chelmsford's dispositions for the opening of the campaign. As we have already anticipated, he will advance in two columns, one under Major-General Hope Crealock, C.B., moving by the coast road, having Durban as its base; the other, under the personal command of Lord Chelmsford, moving in from the northwest, with Utrecht as its base.
General Crealock's division will be formed of three brigades, under Colonels Pearson, Pemberton and Law. The 1st Brigade will consist of the 3rd Buffs, the 88th Connaught Rangers, and the 99th Foot; the 2nd Brigade will comprise the 57th, the 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles and 91st Highlanders; the 3rd will have a battery of Royal Artillery, a naval brigade 700 strong, with four guns and some Gatlings, Barrow's Horse, and a native contingent attached to it. Prior to an advance, posts will be established at the Amatukulu and Inyazane River. Col. Glyn, C.B., with the 1st Battalion 24th, now reinforced to its ordinary strength, will hold Helpmakaar and Rorke's Drift.
Lord Chelmsford at Kambula will have General Newdegate's Division, consisting of the 2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion 24th, the 58th and 94th Regiments, with M and N Batteries, 6th Brigade, Royal Artillery, Wood's Brigade of the 13th and 90th Light Infantry, Tremlett's Battery of Artillery, and Butler's Light Horse. Major-General Marshall's Cavalry Brigade will also be attached to Lord Chelmsford's column, and will contain the King's Dragoon Guards, 17th Lancers, and Russell's Horse. Major-General the Hon. Hugh Clifford, V.C., C.B., will remain in command at the base of operations, having as his senior Staff officer Major T. Butler, C.B.
Some little time must elapse before any further advance can be made. The resources of the colony will be taxed to their utmost to provide for the wants of an army of close on 20,000 men, and the transport organization will require the most careful supervision before a move can be contemplated.
It may be urged (says the Times) that the retirement from Ekowe places us much in the same position that we occupied prior to the opening of the campaign. Such is not the case. Lord Chelmsford and Cetewayo have measured swords, have tested each other's power, and know full well the course that now must be adopted—the one to advance slowly and with caution, avoiding all chance of night surprise by the construction of fortified camps, in judiciously selecting spots; the other, if indeed he does not surrender before renewing the arbitrament of battle, falling back and so entangling his enemy in the wooded mountain recesses of the Umvolosi country. We commenced the campaign with 6,000 British troops, with an inadequate artillery and without cavalry. Our enemy's forces were then estimated at 40,000 men—truly long odds even for Englishmen to fight against! Now we have 14,000 well-equipped British soldiers on the border of Zululand, with 30 guns and two regiments of cavalry exclusive of a valuable rough-and-ready mounted volunteer force. It must be conceded that Cetewayo's losses have amounted to fully 6,000 men since the commencement of the war. These have not been filled up. These odds, consequently, have been considerably reduced. Recent actions have shown our foes that mere numbers cannot avail against skillful handling. There is no doubt that Lord Chelmsford's columns are large enough to prevent their being overwhelmed. Our men have gained sufficient confidence in themselves, their weapons, and all their leaders to make the issue of the campaign a matter of certainty that, even in the open, the British soldier will prove more than a match for his dusky enemy. The campaign is about to open on a third act. It may well be longer than its predecessors, which closed at Isandlana and Ekowe, but that it will be completely successful there is no reason to doubt.

SIR BARTLE FRERE IN THE TRANSVAAL.
The High Commissioner arrived in Pretoria on the 10th April, and was received with an address of welcome by a Reception Committee. In his reply His Excellency stated that he had come to see that the existing laws were obeyed, and that the inhabitants enjoyed the same protection as other portions of the Queen's dominions. "I find," he said, "that there are those who think the country may be given up again; but I think you will see in the promptitude with which the reinforcements lately asked for were sent a clear proof and guarantee that no territory over which the British flag has once waved will ever be abandoned."
It was arranged that His Excellency should meet the people on Saturday, the 12th, at Erasmus Farm, about six miles from Pretoria. The Administrator sent a message that the farmers would be allowed, as usual, to outspan in Church Square at Nachtmaal, and he had instructed the mail carts to end from Pretoria to stop for half an hour at the camp.
Official accounts assure us that Sir Bartle Frere is satisfied that, as far as the Transvaal is concerned, matters will be settled amicably, the majority of the people being in favor of annexation.

The War in Zululand.
It is impossible to imagine a more critical situation than that now existing around the frontier of Zululand. It is no exaggeration to say that British territory from the mouth of the Tugela to the river Pongolo lies at the mercy of the Zulus. One of our divisions is compulsorily stationary on and beyond the Lower Tugela. From the Lower Tugela to Rorke's Drift a hundred miles of the frontier lies uncovered save for some detachments of unreliable natives, and one company of Natal police. Three companies of the 24th hold Rorke's Drift necessarily wholly on the defensive, and another handful at Rorke's Drift at Helpmakaar. At Durban, further round, are two companies of the 24th and eight guns, also necessarily confined to the defensive. Further north is a gap till Colonel Wood's positions are reached. Col. Wood at Kambula fails to cover Utrecht and the vicinity.
News from Pretoria indicates that the Zulus have learned military wisdom from military experience. They are no longer easying to hur themselves on the deadly breechloaders. Their new *not d'ordre* is to avoid the encampments and armed detachments, carrying intervening defenceless territory, carrying away cattle and property. Two large detachments of Zulus are reported as already at this work, and the Utrecht district is said to have suffered severely. If the Zulus extend these tactics they may wreck the whole colony before we are prepared to protect it; but, indeed, Lord Chelmsford's strategic scheme provides only for the invasion of Zululand, and elaborately denudes the colony of the means of defence. When his divisions shall have concentrated respectively at Durban on the one flank, and

Gingholovo on the other, ready to march on into Zululand, there will, as at present arranged, remain protecting British territories barely a single European battalion, broke up into some half-dozen detachments, with no other potentiality than defence on their own respective positions.
Lord Chelmsford, from Durban, cannot reach Cetewayo's kraal under a fortnight, no matter how he presses on, but the Zulus, from the Tugela, can reach Maritzburg or Durban in twenty-four hours, and everything intervening, save the posts here and there, left at the mercy of their raid. Meanwhile, the troops of Newdegate's division are studding the long line of march between Durban and their place of final concealment at Durban. It is expected that the last infantry regiment will reach the latter point about the end of the month. The cavalry are behind. Marshall's brigade is expected to reach Lady-smith on the 10th of May, and Durban is several more marches.
The 20th of May is spoken of as the date when the division will be ready to cut drift from Durban on its career of invasion, but even should nothing compel an infraction of the present arrangements the march can scarcely begin so soon. Crealock's division is to concentrate at Gingholovo, some twenty miles north from the Lower Tugela, and about the same distance from the sea. It will remain there for a time clearing the country in front and on the left flank, and then advance towards the Umvolosi River, whence it is intended a forward movement on Ulundi is designed to be made in accordance with the progress of the other divisions communicated as best it may be. The proverbial hazards of combinations are intensified indefinitely under such conditions. Meanwhile Ekowe having been abandoned, thus nullifying the benefit of the advance, and thus far throwing away the prestige of its defence, the force that held and relieved it has been withdrawn to Gingholovo, where General Crealock has about 2,000 men; of these 200 are reported down with a bad form of dysentery. He, with the remainder of the division, is on the Lower Tugela, about Forts Pearson and Tenedos, the latter of which is being enlarged. The intention is to build a bridge across the Tugela. Crealock's communications between the Tugela and Gingholovo are very precarious, the road sometimes clear for convoys, at other times beset by flying bands of Zulus. For the present Crealock is delayed in his concentration at Gingholovo for want of transport. He has sixty ox waggons standing idle for want of oxen, of which he requires 600. Oxen are scarce in the colony, and transport officers are made freely as far as the frontier, but the owners will not hire out teams for Zululand, insisting on purchase with the waggon at £20 per ox, and £150 per waggon. The cute Natal colonists, if the war brings them risk, are determined to thrive financially, and famine prices reign for everything.
The transport difficulty occasions much anxiety. Martial law is desiderated by the military authorities conferring the right to requisition, and the civilian authorities are inclined to comply. So it will probably come into effect, but no martial law will hinder the black drivers from bolting from duty in their reluctance to enter Zululand.
Another transport problem involved is the necessity for carrying all supplies with a moving force. As soon as the concentration points are abandoned beyond, there is not a depot for maintaining the current of supplies and sheltering casualties; so each division will march accompanied by supplies for two months, besides transport for the sick and wounded, which must be brought along. The reserve ammunition and other supplies along for five thousand foot soldiers for two months will extend a distance of two and a half miles. The rest of the train will be nearly as long, and remember that adequate protection will have to be afforded against a Zulu rush from adjacent cover. You will then understand some of the difficulties and risks in our path in transporting alone.

EDWARD HANLAN.
What the Tynesiders Think of the Canadian Sculler—His Victory Over Hanlan—A Bitter Pill—Hanlan Makes a Speech—Betting on the Counting Championship Race with Elliott.
[Correspondence of the New York Herald.]
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, May 8, 1879.
The Newcastle people have not yet finished laughing over the manner in which Hanlan trifled with his unfortunate opponent in the late race, and the most startling tales are told about the American champion's extraordinary performance by the imaginative sportsmen of Newcastle. We know how Hanlan frequently stopped during the race to admire the scenery and smile upon the crowds, how he floated along on the tide when the water became uncomfortable, how he calmly drew in his oars and sponged out his boat, and how he lazily paddled home a winner, while Hanlan hadn't another breath in his body. But these little matters shrink to insignificance before the real facts, as vouched for by trustworthy eyewitnesses, who assert that Hanlan went ashore and got a glass of beer at a waterside drinking saloon, after which he took a few strokes and was soon three lengths ahead; and soon after he drew in his sculls and took a short nap, only to awake and again rush ahead; finally, he went ashore and walked to Blyden, where he telegraphed to the Marquis of Lorne that he was a sure winner, and then returned just in time to get a lead of four lengths at the finish. These are only a few of the stories that are going about, and some of them should be received with caution. The wags are joking Elliott about his coming race and the possibility of more amusement over Hanlan's audacious tricks. The English champion says little, but during an interview with him the other evening he grimly remarked, in his indescribable Northumbrian dialect, "Whether I win or lose, I'll take odds I don't give him time to mop his boat out."
A LESSON FOR ENGLISH SCULLERS.
The victory of Hanlan over Hawdon, taken in connection with the beating that Wallace Ross gave Emmet, has completely revolutionized the Englishman's ideas about sculling. Tynesiders are deeply chagrined, but frankly admit that their own scullers have been over-rated, and after the two severe drubbings their representative men have had they are asking what they shall do to make themselves as good as their Canadian victors. The race between Hanlan and Hawdon was a fair comparison between the two styles of rowing. Both men were almost exactly the same age, there was only one pound difference between their weights, their physical strength was about the same, and though Hawdon was easily defeated he showed himself a man of great stamina, determination and skill. According to the Tynesiders' view, Hanlan should, under the circumstances, have easily beaten his opponent; but they now know by actual experience that their man is a mere freshman in the school of rowing, and that Hanlan's knowledge of the theory and practice of sculling is immeasurably superior to that of the famous Tyne men. When Hanlan and Ross came over here a short time

ago their greater use of the sliding seat, the swivel rowlocks, their broad-bladed sculls, etc., were quietly sneered at and called "peculiar notions." The idea of a stroke of from 26 to 30 being more efficacious than 30 to 40 was considered little short of insanity. But when Ross defeated Emmett without turning a hair there was considerable consternation and the reason for the Canadian's victory was eagerly sought for. It was easily found. The "Yankee notion" of swivel rowlocks was the cause of it, and immediately everybody rushed off and got swivel rowlocks. Hawdon put them on his boat, Elliott on his. Swivel rowlocks were discussed the length of the Tyne and the Thames, and the sporting papers discoursed learnedly upon the great invention which, it was believed, had carried Ross to victory. But now it is a very different song. Swivel rowlocks are seen to be only the means to an end and that all the English scullers' preconceived ideas about the art of boat-rowing must be completely upset in order to account for the fact that after the first few strokes Hanlan played with the Tyne sculler and could easily have won the race by a long half to three quarters of a mile.
A BITTER PILL.
It is a bitter pill, but let it be said that the rowing men swallow it gracefully. The Newcastle Chronicle remarks:—Hanlan's twenty-eight strokes to the minute were more effective than Hawdon's thirty-six per minute. We cannot believe it possible that any other sculler on the Tyne, rowing in the Tyne style, could afford to do such a thing with Hawdon. Throughout the race the contrast in the two styles was vastly dissimilar. The long sweep of the Canadian, combined with the wonderful way in which he creeps up to his work and knits his body together for the pull through when he gets hold of the water, stood out distinctly from the short stroke, in comparison, taken by Hawdon. The Canadian sculls with broader blades, with much shorter length of outboard of sculls, and proportionally shorter inboard than our Tyne men now commonly use, but he brings his stretchers much nearer to him, does all the early work from the hips and brings in the arm power at the finish of a stroke, which is, perhaps, longer in its sweep than ever Chambers' was. Unquestionably he is an accomplished sculler and a perfect waterman, the latter acquirement having doubtless been attained by his early experiences at Toronto Island. Hanlan is a man that trails himself; metes out the amount of work both on land and water he has to do every day, and from the slight personal acquaintance we have had of him we should think that a keen intelligence guides him in the thousand and one little considerations of training.
BETTING.
Some important betting has taken place here on the coming race; \$2,000 to \$1,000 have been laid on Hanlan in one bet, and another gentleman holds \$1,500 at the same rate of odds on Hanlan. An offer of \$5,000 to \$2,500 on Hanlan was refused, but a backer of Elliott offered to take \$5,000 to \$2,000, which the Canadian in turn declined to lay.
HANLAN MAKES A SPEECH.
Hanlan, the American sculler, had a benefit Tuesday night at the New Tyne Concert Hall, where he is giving nightly exhibitions of Indian club exercises. Before the performance, the curtain rose, disclosing on the stage Edward Hanlan, William Elliott, Wallace Ross, F. A. Plaidist, Mr. J. Taylor, Mr. Chris Barrass and John Higgins. The American Champion was introduced by the chairman, Mr. Vivian, and the audience gave him a most enthusiastic reception. Hanlan begged to be excused from making a speech as he had a cold, but he assured the audience that he was sincerely grateful for the kind way in which they had received him. He said he regretted the absence of Mr. Hawdon, and here the champion showed great embarrassment and finished abruptly amid tremendous cheering.

Special Notice.
We print to-day in our advertising columns recommendations of the most celebrated of the Piano and Musicians in regard to the New York Piano, which for perfection of tone, action, power and durability, are said to be unapproached by any maker, that a considerable number of the London Musical Record says that even there Albert Weber stands in the front rank of all manufacturers. They are used by a list of the most eminent Artists and Musicians by all great musicians and by the leading Concertists in the United States. The great pianist, Mr. Louis Hyde-King, says "The Weber Piano is the finest instrument I ever played my fingers on." The Continental judges say "They were the finest Pianos they had ever heard or seen." Many of our leading citizens are taking advantage of the present opportunity to procure them before the advance in duties adds so much to their price. Sold wholesale at the New York Piano Co.'s Store, 133 St. James street.

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—A perfect fossil specimen of the archæopteryx, the most ancient bird of which there is any knowledge extant, and which by some is considered the connecting link between birds and reptiles, was recently purchased by a professor in Gené, Switzerland, for \$6,000. The first specimen discovered is in the British Museum, but it is imperfect.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.
The Programme Prepared for the Ceremonies of Dedication on the 25th Instant.
The beautiful stained windows of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth avenue, were illuminated last night, and the pealing organ, accompanying the choral service, indicated the rehearsal for the coming dedication on the 25th inst. The musical programme includes two choirs in the chancel, under the leadership of the organist, W. F. Pechor, and Father Young. In the gallery an orchestra will assist the grand organ. The celebrant will be Cardinal McCloskey; the assistant priest, Father Quinn; the first deacon of honor, Father Donnelly; deacon of the mass, Dr. McGlynn; sub-deacon of the mass, Father McGeary; first master of ceremonies, Father Farley. The morning dedication sermon will be by Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, and the evening sermon by Bishop Keane, of West Virginia.
Archbishops from all parts of the United States have been invited to participate, and are expected to assist in the ceremonies. The morning service will begin at 10 o'clock. A procession of about two hundred priests, acolytes, chanters and sanctuary boys will enter the cathedral from the sanctuary and pass down the central aisle, accompanied by appropriate music. The sanctuary choir of one hundred and fifty will join in this procession. Then the Archbishop and Bishops in cope and mitre, each attended by a chaplain. Last will come the Cardinal and his suite, with cross-bearer, deacon of honor, deacons of the mass and other attendants.
Passing down the middle aisle out of the front entrance, the head of the line will turn to the south, pass along the front wall of the cathedral towards Fifth street. At the front entrance the Cardinal will give the first blessing. The entire procession will then move around the south part of the cathedral, through Fifth street and Madison avenue to Fifth avenue back to the main entrance, thus making a complete circuit of the building, while the choir chants the "Miserere" and the Cardinal blesses the walls. Then the procession will enter the main aisle, the sanctuary choir chanting the litany of the saints. The chapel of the Blessed Virgin will be entered on the Gospel side of the grand altar and the members of the procession will be seated within the sanctuary. The Cardinal and suite will kneel at the grand altar during the singing of the litany. Then the Cardinal will bless the grand altar and sanctuary, and pass around the cathedral blessing the interior, while the Psalms of the Blessing are chanted alternately by the choir and the suite. The grand Pontifical High Mass will be sung, the dedication sermon being delivered at the end of the first gospel. The morning service will close with the Te Deum.—New York Sun.

A Fearful Leap.
PROSPECT HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., May 21.—At 2:40 p.m. to-day, as previously announced, Harlan, P. Peer made his unprecedented leap from Suspension Bridge into the surging river beneath, a distance of 192 feet. A scaffold four feet long had been erected near the centre of the bridge and projected over it. There were about 1,000 spectators scattered in viewing distance along both sides of the bank and on the bridge. Peer came forward, bare-headed, mounted the platform, was dressed in tights, a wide rubber life-preserver of his own construction fastened around him, reaching from the hips up under his arm-pits, funnel-shaped, so as not to prevent his velocity or hinder his actions in the water, a sponge tied over his mouth and nose and two smaller ones stuffed in both ears, a leather shoulder suspender with two small brass rings attached just above the shoulder, fastened to these was a fine brass wire coiled on a roller to assist him in keeping his equilibrium; crossing his legs he adjusted a wide elastic band just above his knees and another across his insteps to keep his feet from spreading. When all was ready he let himself through a square hole in the platform, suspended by his hands, when he let go and made his fearful drop, occupying 33 seconds. Three boats were in the river waiting to pick him up. One manned by Conroy (guide) was the first to reach him and conveyed him safely and uninjured to the shore. On interviewing him after his feat, he said he felt no fear. After striking the water he sank some 11 feet, when an undercurrent in the river threw him on his back and carried him some 50 feet, when he arose to the surface, being under water two seconds. He is 34 years of age, weighs 140 pounds, five feet one inch high, is of slim build and pleasant appearance, with determination in his countenance. His father is a Prussian, and his mother an Irish woman, resides at Teeterville, is married and has one child. He got his first idea of jumping when a sailor, seven years ago, in the Caribbean Sea, accidentally being knocked off a topmast into the sea, a distance of 108 feet. After that in Milwaukee, being accidentally thrown from a vessel's mast 62 feet; and not being injured in these falls, he jumped from Watson & Co.'s elevator, Milwaukee, a distance of 72 feet, turning over twice in his descent. This was his last jump till to-day. There are no jumps recorded to exceed this. The next is Sam. Patch's jump at Niagara Falls of 142 feet in 1829. Peer intends to repeat the feat to-day at the same place on the 4th of July next. He walked to the Prospect House this afternoon to make arrangements with a number of prominent railroad men for a series of excursions.

A Dilapidated Place.
Of all the dirty military rookeries in and around this old fortress city, we certainly believe it is the Citadel of Quebec. We happened yesterday, in company with several merchants of Gaspe and Bouaventure, to visit this locality, and after viewing the place, felt ashamed of it, compared to its look when the British troops garrisoned the place. The walls are crumbling down, the wooden frames around the earth works are in a rotten state, while the rooms in which they dwell abound with rats and vermin under the floors. If the authorities at Ottawa could afford time to inspect the quarters of the men, the roads and avenues, and all the buildings in the Citadel, it would be in the interest of the young men of this country, who have to dwell there during a military training of about three or six months, during which time they are apt to catch cold and die from the effects of improper air and quarters, which are so necessary and requisite in military matters. Our visit to the Citadel was discouraging to guests, who felt that the authorities ought to keep the place in better order, if not for the comfort of the officers and men, at least for visitors, who come from the most remote regions to visit our Canadian Gibraltar.—Quebec Telegram.

Two pupils in a Sunday school at Nodaway, Mo., quarrelled in church, and went out together to a field near by, where one killed the other.

