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ODE TO IRISHMEN SNOBES!

Hail! nature's poor abortions! spaniel souls! Born in the mire to creep and crawl and fawn...

LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST. By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

(Reprinted from Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.)

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Colonel Blake passed a sleepless night after his distressing interview with Pennant. The varied events of his life crowded upon his recollection—his early glory, his first love, his bereavement, his wanderings, his ultimate desire to dwell in peace under the old roof...

"Maurice, what has happened? You are ill." "I'll be in mind, and sorely in want of counsel and support," said the Colonel, extending his hand.

"Maurice," interrupted Mike, "I am sorry to see you so depressed; but it's your habit to magnify matters; to an unquiet mind trifles appear as insupportable burdens."

"Mike," resumed the Colonel, "I have heard appalling news. Lieutenant Pennant is Ulick Martin's son."

"to tell anything; still, 'tis best to let him rest." Again the filmy eyes were opened; the sufferer's strength seemed partially renewed; he made an effort and sat almost upright.

"Stoop down and put your ear close to me, for I can't speak loud; you remember what I told you the other night, Colonel; the Lieutenant is Squire Ulick's son; it's all written in a paper that you'll find in the pocket of my coat below, directed to himself and witnessed by the surgeon. I told him 'twas my will, I brought it with me to Lunseverick, intending to give it. Get him his own," he cried, after a few moments' pause, while convulsively grasping the Colonel's hand; "promise me that before I die, and I'll bless you. His father suffered—" The last word of the sentence was only heard by the Colonel. The surgeon poured more brandy down his throat.

"This," he said, "will most probably be the last agony." After a short interval, the stimulant produced its effect. Jim again revived.

"Bring Dick, my chummy, here." Dick, who was close at hand, was immediately confronted with his dying messmate, who gazed on him for a moment in silence, and then, as if having roused all his remaining energy for the exertion, he spoke, his speech becoming as he proceeded more faint and broken by increasing weakness.

"Dick, I am now going to die—acknowledge all to the Colonel—and and help to save me from damnation. If you do—I'll never—I'll forgive—"

"Clap irons on the villain," shouted Captain Beaumont; "he's the murderer." "Why should I be accused so?" retorted Dick, while being handcuffed; "he hasn't said I did it, and if he had, 'twouldn't avail; he's raving."

"No," resumed Jim; "I have my senses, and if you tell that only to the Colonel. Oh, do—do," he said, suddenly raising himself, and attempting to throw his arms round Dick's knees.

"Damn you for a fool," roared the latter, as he fetched him a kick upon the chest with all his force.

The dying man sprang to his feet, and shrieked out, as he pointed toward his assailant. "Twas he who—" he gasped for breath, there was a gurgle in his throat, his mouth twitched, his eyes closed, he fell heavily forward and was dead.

and Mrs. O'Mahoney, Captain Jack and Mike were on the lawn, attentively watching a "curragh" or "canoe," which having crossed the lake, was now nearing the shore; a youth pulled both paddles, and a country girl sat in the stern.

"The 'mistress' on receiving the signal, burst into a fit of laughter, and had just sent the gentleman in to order dinner, when her attention was attracted by a noise and confusion on the other side of the house, and before she had time to raise an alarm, Captain Lammy, of the Tubbercurry Yeomanry, followed by four dismounted troopers, was beside her; at the same moment, the girl from the boat approached, carrying a basket of fowl upon her arm.

"What would I want with chickens," exclaimed Mrs. O'Mahoney, "and the yeomen come maybe to burn my house, as if I was a rebel? I want no chickens, be off; but after making some remark to Lammy, to engage his attention, she added, 'my girl I may want them, and if you'll just sit down there on the grass, and wait till I'm done with these gentlemen, if they don't bring me to jail, I'll buy them.'"

"Now, sirs," to the yeomen, "come in, no apologies, Captain, do your duty; I wish the search to be as strict as possible. I hope you have the back door guarded, and the boat secured, so that no one can get away."

"You needn't be uneasy about that, ma'am," said Captain Lammy, "the house is surrounded and neither the Pope himself, or all the devils in hell can escape me, if they be within. If the rebelly rascal, Lord Edward, be here, I'll have him as sure as you're standing there, and every man-jack of you'll eat your supper in the jail. Sergeant Woods, you go to that wicket-gate, keep a sharp look-out, and let no one pass."

"The search continued. Every room was entered, and every bed and possible place of concealment ransacked, without discovering the traitor; Mrs. O'Mahoney all the while keeping the Captain, and the man who accompanied him, continually occupied by her caustic remarks upon their proceedings. When they arrived in the kitchen, she said, 'Now, Capt. Lammy, I suppose you are satisfied?'"

"Perfectly, ma'am, perfectly, and on my soul, ma'am, I'm divilish glad I didn't find him here, on your account."

"Well, now, my good fellows," to the yeomen, "you'll be good enough to walk out of the back-door, and, Captain, we shall be happy if you remain for dinner."

"Go, my boys, go," said Lammy. "Hawkins, you'll have a report drawn up." "And," interrupted the mistress, "you'll remain."

came undisguised; he hated the Pope, without well knowing who or what the Pope really was, and boasted "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William," without having the most remote idea as to which of the three sovereigns of that name, who had filled the British throne, those flattering epithets were applied.

The yeoman chief was not accustomed to the elegancies of the table; and for the express purpose of enjoying his awkwardness, old Moore, the butler, encumbered him with every article that could possibly be required: To a green wine glass he most emphatically objected at the very outset.

"Take that away, my good man, I don't like the color; I'm sure, ma'am," (to the mistress), "you didn't mean to insult me by putting a rebelly glass before me, but common fellows, such as servants, are always disloyal. I'll never deny my colors, true blue, ma'am, and I'd remain dry, 'till I got the murrain, afore I'd drink a drop of liquor out of anything green; upon my conscience, since the Papishes are beginning to hold up their heads, I can't bear to look at a glass field, and my lawn is ploughed up for oats, that I may have something yellow, even if it isn't altogether orange, before me."

"As dinner proceeded, and the wine circulated, Captain Lammy lost a good deal of the awe with which the well-known station and character of Mrs. O'Mahoney had inspired him; he even felt inwardly comforted at having it in his power hereafter to say that he had been a guest at her house. By the time the cloth was removed he became as free and easy as if he were at home.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but being a loyal man and placed in important posts, I can't help giving the 'Health of the King, God bless him.' Fill your glass, and don't shirk it, Mr. Blake; it's dangerous in these times, sir, to be considered doubtful, and I'd like to protect you, and make a good report of you if I could—upon my soul, I would—on Mrs. O'Mahoney's account—there, now, all's right—hurrah—hurrah—hurrah—and now, ladies and gentlemen, an glorious bumper for the 'constitution—our glorious constitution that descended to us from our Dutch ancestors, and was brought over from Holland by William the Conqueror. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah; you did that right, Mr. Blake, I think I'll be able to make something iy yet; I'm not afeard of Captain Jack, ma'am, it's his duty to be loyal, for he lives by the King. And now, Mrs. O'Mahoney, honey" (putting his hand upon her shoulder), "I know you'll let me give just one little toast more, and no offence; upon my conscience, ma'am, it's a pity ye're a Papist, for so hospitable a woman ought to be a Protestant; it's more genteel and more fitting for a person having such a stake in the country as you have; now that I'm intimate with you, to tell you the truth, I was often ashamed to see your carriage drawn up at the door of a common Mass-house; and, believe me, the times is coming when it'll be hard for the likes of you, if you continue in idolatry, to keep yer lands. Now, Captain Jack, set a good example, and Mr. Blake, now don't you get getting rambunctious; fill yer glass, higher if you please, sir—to the very brim. Here's to the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, that saved us from brass money and wooden shoes, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah—"

"If the Papishes stir, sirs, we'll give them the rope." "So up with the orange, and to bell with the Pope."

"When I dined with the General the other day, he added a great deal more to the toast that I forgot. He's a queer fellow that, an' I'm sure he'd fight well if he was thirty years younger, and wasn't so troubled with the gout. He gave us a great description of the French that they're threatening us with; why, ma'am, they're no bigger nor 'prechauns, and 'they're fed upon frogs; if all he says be true; but, upon my conscience, I doubt that, for he wanted to persuade me that the world was round, and wheeled upside down every four-and-twenty hours; sure every one knows that if that was the case, when it came to our turn to be underneath, we'd all drop off; and he spoke of the stars being fixed, when I could take the Bible myself that I've seen them fulling in kreffels."

"Being called for his toast, Captain Jack gave 'The Prince of Wales'; and when Mike's name he proposed 'Edmund Burke.' "Hum—hum," said Lammy, sngniscantly shaking his head, "that's suspicious; before I drink to him, tell me honestly, Mr. Blake, is he a Papist, for I never had the pleasure of hearing of him afore." On being assured to the contrary—"Well, then, here's to him, although," he added, "all I can say is, that's a queer name to open a church pew with."

"It may easily be supposed that the yeomanry officer's conduct and conversation were not agreeable to his society, but he was too far beneath Mike's notice to excite his anger, and there was much to be gained by allowing him to take his own way. As he became drunk he became communicative, and Mrs. O'Mahoney managed to extract from him all the information she required relative to the stations and intended movements of the yeomanry corps, then the only military force in that part of the country. At ten o'clock, by which time Captain Lammy was as far gone as it was prudent to make him, the tramp of horses announced the arrival of his escort, and 'the mistress' took the opportunity of making a last request:

on the men than on me; such of them, you see, as is mounted on mares is obliged to bring the foals that's too young to be weaned about with them, which you see is very troublesome to our manoeuvres, and a great loss sometimes to ourselves. Tompy Nott, poor man—you know Tompy, ma'am—a true blue to the backbone—a fellow that 'd burn a chapel or shoot a priest; if I bid him, ma'am—he lost a fine horse foal, that died from over-work the other day, and when I claimed compensation from the General, the answer I got was, 'that he wished every other foal in the corps was dead, too; that's not right—that's not the way to treat loyal men that's sacrificing themselves to support Protestant succession in Church and State.'"

"By this time the sergeant had entered, and as he stood quaffing the tumbler of punch, which Moore had prepared for him, the gentlemen were horrified to see the chicken-girl at his elbow.

"Plase yer honor, ma'am," she simpered out "the butler sent me up to know if ye wanted any more hot water?"

"You and the butler," quickly replied "the mistress," "may go to bed (aside, or to the devil), if you like—we have a jug-full, and tell him so."

"When Captain Lammy got into the open air, the effects of the wine and punch became more manifest, and he was obliged to take the sergeant's arm, as he proceeded towards where the troop had drawn up, and his horse awaited him. When mounted, an operation in which Hawkins was obliged to assist him, he hiccupped out:

"Are ye all there, my honies?" "All yer honor—every man-jack, Captain," was responded from the ranks.

"Then, boys, dears, let us do unto others as we would be done unto; animals must be nourished as well as men, and it 'd be a hard case, if after enjoying myself, I didn't remember the innocent creatures that's dependent upon me—so here goes—attention, honies; rear rank, take open order, rein back three paces, and give the foals suck."

"Plase, yer honor, Captain" (interrupted the sergeant), "the foals is all at home, and comfortable; we never bring them out on night duty."

"So much the better, sergeant—so much the better—then march, my boys, and go wherever Willy Hawkins tells ye." "We have but a few houses that's not far off to burn the night," said Hawkins, who was now supporting his chief on horseback.

going to see how the horses were made up. "I'm an old sodger, Mr. Connor, and I wouldn't sleep the night if I wasn't certain that the men did their duty by the beasts that carried them."

"Lor! love ye, sergeant dear, while you were out looking after the sentries in the town, the yeomen that returned with you from patrolling cleaned their horses, until they were as sleek as rats; and it 'd be cruel to wake them and the poor animals now."

The sergeant, however, persisted, in his intention, when the landlord, having made a signal to Darcy, said he'd take a look at the night before they went out. While fumbling with the lock of the back door, he held an underbreath conversation with the guide.

"Pass as quickly as you can; I'll keep him engaged until I think you're safe; but mind, there is a sentinel at the end of the town, and you must manage him the best way you can; it doesn't matter much what you do with him now, as it's certain the French are at Bantry; they'll rid us of these villains to-morrow, and it will be ours to hang and burn them."

"It's could and windy, sergeant" (as he returned), "and in troth it'd be better not to disturb the creatures that's snug and comfortable."

The sergeant declared that nothing would prevent his discharging his duty.

"Well, then, at least, we'll have another glass to warm us," and while mixing the punch, Connor commenced humming one of the loyal songs of the day, in which, as he anticipated, his companion lustily joined. The noise awoke the trumpeter, whose first impulse was to sound an alarm, but the landlord quickly seized his arm.

"Why, then, what on earth would you be about, Mr. Morrow, to blow a blast that 'd waken the town and bring the captain down on top iv ye?"

"Trumpeter—trumpeter—why, sir," exclaimed the sergeant, "why, sir, would ye dare to sound without orders from your superior officer? Ye don't know yer duty, sir; how could ye, that niver saw a riglar regiment in yer life. Put up yer trumpet, sir, and wait for commands."

CHAPTER IV.

The temporary barrack consisted of a long line of stabling, a part of which was partitioned off and fitted up as a sleeping-room for the men, the only access to it being by a door leading from that portion of the building which was occupied by the horses.

The men sleeping under the same roof, and the guard-room being close by, a sentinel was considered unnecessary, the more particularly as one was placed at either end of the straight street, through which alone an enemy could advance.

After he had communicated with Connor, Darcy quickly returned, cut his great coat into twelve pieces, and gave four, with as many bits of twine, to each of his companions, reserving a similar number for himself. Then, cautioning them to remain quiet until he made a signal to them, he boldly entered the stable, just as he perceived by the light from the windows that the sergeant and Connor were proceeding to the other apartment.

While the latter was stumbling from bed to bed as he made his rounds, the landlord acted as a screen for Darcy, who actively detached two cloaks and as many helmets from where they hung close by the entrance, and regained the yard in safety. After having finished his inspection, the sergeant left his follower to lock the door, while he staggered towards the house. Darcy was immediately beside Connor, and seizing the latch, held the door, while the landlord turned the key and shot the lock to make believe that he had secured it. Before the host and sergeant had well entered the house, Darcy commenced talking aloud in the stable, so completely imitating the voice of Sergeant Woods, that one of the yeomanry, who had been roused from his sleep by the noise, requested his superior to withdraw and allow them to take their rest undisturbed. With the aid of the two gentlemen, three of the troopers were soon saddled, their feet meantime being covered with pieces of Darcy's coat tied round the fetlock, and hay strewn on the ground to prevent all noise.

halted at some distance from the main thoroughfare, where a large block of bog oak lay alongside; to this the yeoman (still gagged and pined) was firmly tied, and then, Darcy donning the cloak and helmet of his captive, mounted his horse and dashed along at a sharp canter. The troopers were stout and fresh; as day dawned they were safe from interruption or danger, and could distinctly see the French fleet at anchor in the bay below them.

"What a glorious sight!" exclaimed Lord Edward, in ecstasy, as they proceeded. "Now, Mike, now success is certain, and our liberties are secured. And yet," he added, "forty-six vessels of all sizes left Brest; I count only twenty-seven here; but that matters not; with Hoche and half the number embarked, there can be no doubt of the result. How I long to grasp the hand of the young Conqueror of the Rhine!—The Pacificator of La Vendee; no better commander could be chosen for our purpose. Uniting the talents of an able diplomatist with those of a first-rate soldier, he is just the man to render justice to all, and to command the confidence of the different political and religious parties into which our suffering country is so unhappily divided. Ha! see! another ship is full in view, and I think I can discern more still further off; all's well, all's well. How surprised you will be, Mike, to see Mon Ami Hoche, only twenty-six years of age; with the appearance of a boy and the modesty of a girl; he has already achieved glorious actions, which will emblazon his name in the page of history, and if he lives is certain to reach the highest military honors his country bestows."

Springing from their horses, Lord Edward and his companions jumped into a boat, which was laden with provisions for the fleet, and pulling to the nearest ship of the line, demanded in French to see the Commander-in-Chief. After some delay, they were permitted to come on board, but were left peering the deck while awaiting an introduction to the General, who had not as yet quitted his cabin. From one of the officers who joined them Lord Edward learned that the fleet had experienced very severe weather since their departure from France, and that, on the very night they sailed, a seventy-four, with all on board, had perished; that subsequently the Commander-in-Chief and the Admiral, both embarked in the same frigate, were, with some vessels of war and many transports, separated from them, and had not yet reached the rendezvous. At length, after some preliminary inquiries made by an aide-de-camp, they were conducted below, and on entering the cabin, found themselves in the presence of a man in the prime of life, but of cold and cautious manners. Conscious of his own social and political position, Lord Edward advanced towards him with the self-possession of a man of rank, and the warmth of an Irish gentleman; but he was formally, even suspiciously, received, the disorders and indeed almost indignant condition of his own and his companion's dress, half military, half civilian as it was, rendering them, as it appeared, persons of suspicious character in the eyes of the General. Hurt for a moment, but at once remembering that appearances were against them, Lord Edward commenced by felicitating the General on his safe arrival, and on the favorable opportunity which chance had given him of distinguishing himself by striking a blow at English power before the arrival of his chief. But the compliments and anticipations seemed alike thrown away. Grouchy's manner remained the same—haughty, reserved, and unconfiding. At length, after a pause in the conversation, Lord Edward fairly proceeded to business:

"I presume, General, that you will lose no time in effecting a disembarkation. The wind has fallen to a calm, and there is not a regular soldier within twenty miles to oppose your progress. By at once marching on Dublin, the whole country will rise as you pass, and within the city you will find aid enough to render its capture a matter of little difficulty."

"Sir," replied Grouchy, "it is not for me to say what proceedings the General-in-Chief may adopt, should he arrive. I am only second in command, and though no doubt, in the absence of my superior, I am entitled to act on my own opinion, still, in such a very critical position as I find myself placed, I do not feel inclined to incur additional responsibility."

"But surely, sir, you will not hesitate to act. You have escaped the English fleet, which will no doubt be soon upon your track. By landing your troops and stores, you may at once dismiss your ships, and allow them to avoid an action. Your force is amply sufficient; the whole country is armed and prepared to join you."

"Sir," interrupted the French General, "you will pardon me for declining to communicate any plans, or to adopt yours. I may say, however, that it is not likely that I shall undertake with ten thousand men a task which Hoche demanded sixteen thousand to accomplish."

"I shall take all responsibility on myself," hastily answered Lord Edward, "and hold you harmless both to Hoche and the Directory."

There was a smile of sneering incredulity on Grouchy's lips, as he replied:

"Really, sir, I must decline any further conversation with you upon the subject of my duty. I have not the honor of your personal acquaintance. It is possible that you are Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as you represent yourself to be, or (pardon me for saying it) you may be for aught I know an English spy. All the Irishmen who accompany the expedition are with the Admiral, and unless you have some means of proving your identity, you cannot reasonably expect me to have faith in your statement or confidence in your advice, the more particularly, to speak plainly, as I see on your helmet the royal arms, and on the buttons of your cloak the crown of England."

The justice of the remark struck Lord Edward dumb. He carried no document, not even his card, to prove his identity which, up to the present moment, it was so necessary for him to conceal. He looked blankly at Mike, and the General, ascribing his silence and confusion to guilt, seemed more confirmed than before in his unfavorable opinions. Lord Edward explained the occurrence in their flight, which would account for the eccentricity of his costume, but the story, improbable as it was, only added to Grouchy's caution.

"Assuming all you say to be true, sir, as regards the steps you were obliged to take for safety on your journey here, such facts tally badly with your assertion that the people are armed and prepared to rise; if such were really the case, surely the acknowledged leaders of the insurrection could have no difficulty in passing through the country without having recourse to a disguise which, disaffection being abroad, would be more likely to hazard his life than to secure it."

"There is much truth in what you say, and I shall not further seek to convince you. Hoche's arrival will soon set the matter at rest; but once again I entreat you to not vigorously; you will soon ascertain the truth of my assertions, and we shall remain as hostages in your hands until the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief. Meantime, as we have ridden far and farred badly, we would gladly avail ourselves of your hospitality—we really require something to eat."

The free and easy manner of Lord Edward found no sympathy in Grouchy's breast. Rising from his seat, he coldly remarked, "that it was impossible they should remain on board, for he had determined on putting to sea again that very day, and was quite uncertain as to whether he should any longer await Hoche on the Irish coast, or at once return to France." Then ringing his bell and bowing them out, his steward was ordered to provide them with breakfast.

They had scarcely finished a lasty meal, when an officer announced that a boat was alongside to take them ashore. Lord Edward asked to see the General, but he was positively refused another interview; and to his remonstrances that surely he would not be forced on shore to be thrown into the hands of his enemies, the only answer returned was, "that the orders were peremptory and must be obeyed."

"What misfortune!" cried Lord Edward, when they were left alone on the beach. "A curse seems to attend every effort made for Ireland's freedom. Here is a force sufficient twice over to attain the object, nothing to oppose their landing or their progress, and the fatal chance which has placed a coward or a traitor (for he, too, may have been bought by Pitt) in command mars all our projects, and may utterly ruin our cause. But," after a moment's pause, he added gayly, "with that transition from the desponding to the hopeful which was so habitual to him, 'all is not yet lost. Hoche may still reach our shores in time, and if he does—'"

"But, in the meantime, what's to become of us? The arrival of this fleet will soon bring the loyalists into the neighborhood; we are strangers, and will certainly be arrested. Better beg an asylum on board and run the risk of a return to France if it cannot be avoided."

"Impossible for me. Should this armament return without effecting anything, we must then act for ourselves, and were I absent, what chance would there be of getting the secret committee to move? Fools and poltroons as they were, they declined the offer of the militia regiments to seize the Castle and arrest the Lord Lieutenant. Had I been there, both should have been in our power, and a general rising been accomplished. No; to Dublin I must attempt to go, no matter what the consequences."

"And I shall not desert you," replied Mike.

As they hastened back, almost unconsciously, towards the hill from which they had first seen the French fleet, Darcy joined them. Having relations in the neighborhood, he had procured corn for the horses and breakfast for himself. His manner expressed astonishment at the apparent result of the visit to the French ships, but he asked no questions, rightly conjecturing that Lord Edward was not in a humour to be interrogated.

"Should we remain here for the night, can you procure us beds or even a waste house to sleep in, Darcy?"

"Why, then, your lordship, it'd be a droll thing if I could; I don't my mother's third cousin, Terence Macgillivuddy, live not a mile off—he's related to Macgillivuddy of the Reeks, and has the strongest faction in 'the parish;—he's a man of the right sort, and so is his wife; and maybe they won't receive ye both; aye would they, if there was a dozen of the likes of ye."

"Then, like a good fellow, go and see about it. But, mind, be cautious; our names must not be known. I need not tell you that there are advertisements and rewards for taking me, and that being found in my company would be fatal to Master Mike."

"My lord," said Darcy, with the air of a man offered and hurt, "d'ye think I'd bring you where there was any danger of breachery? The bank couldn't buy Terence or his wife, or one belonging to them; and it's proud they'll be to their dying day, and their children's children after them, to have it said that they sheltered you, if the house was burned over their heads and they lost every four-footed beast they have in the world on your account."

"Come, come, Darcy. I could suspect no one who had a drop of your blood in their veins; but people are incautious, and if I were discovered, I should run, perhaps, more danger from the love of my friends than from the vigilance of my enemies."

"Keep," said Darcy, when about to leave them, "along the brow of this hill close by the sea; get into some hollow, where you can see without being seen; nothing can come near you from the water, for there is three hundred feet of clean rock; but mind well the land side, and if there is any danger make for that old tower, which ye can get up, and stay there till I come to ye; don't be near the horses that are in yonder old walls, on any account; they're likely to be looked after, and if found here, they'll think that the French stole them."

The gentlemen proceeded as directed, and not finding any suitable place of concealment, continued their walk until they arrived at the tower, which they were anxious to explore in case they should afterwards be obliged to have resort to it as a place of concealment or resistance. It was one of those round towers, peculiar to Ireland, about which antiquarians have had such learned discussions with such unsatisfactory results, their origin and object remaining still undiscovered! Above one hundred feet in height it was ascended by a circular stone staircase, and from its top, which was open, the view seemed almost boundless. Although this tower had been roofless for a least the Christian era, and the walls were exposed unprotected to the effects of the weather, still the cement resisted the attacks of time, and the building was as complete, and much more solid, than any modern erection. The stairs were here and there broken; in some cases the steps had been altogether removed, but, evidently, those defects arose from mischievous idleness, or from a desire to apply the abstracted stones to some domestic purpose; although there were many such breaches in the stairs, the ascent was easily enough accomplished, either by means of a rope, or by the broken steps which still remained, or by holes in the walls, which enabled the person ascending to make his way with little risk of danger.

As the friends mounted, Lord Edward, who led the way, remarked: "This is a God-send; nowhere could we find a place more suitable for our purposes; from hence we can, even with the naked eye, observe the motions and the of the fleet, defend ourselves if attacked, and, if need be, sell our lives dearly." There's a prospect," he continued, as he moved along a bench or sort of gallery, which ran all round the interior of the building at a few feet from the top; ha, by this inexpressible coward is about to abandon us; but no," he added, after a moment's pause, "I wronged him. See, the leading ship is heading northward; perhaps, after all, he is right to keep the open sea, when he hesitates to effect a landing; but, oh! what a glorious sight, and what an opportunity lost; oh! for the arrival of Hoche. Do you see a ship to the south-westward—aye, two—two certainly. I see, Hurrah! Mike, the cause may still be saved—see, the vessels below us are making signals as they pass; hurrah! my Heaven be thanked!"

(To be continued.)

Irish Catholic Intelligence.

The Very Rev. Canon Rooney, P.P., Clontarf, is dead.

The Rev. C. Mognane, P.P., Drumconrath, died last week.

The Rev. Richard Gavin, P.P., Rothdrum, Co. Wicklow, is dead.

Recently was the Rev. Cornelius Sheehan, P.P., Castlemaize, county Kerry, was proceeding to his chapel at Keel, the horse which he was driving took fright and jumped over the bridge at Glounacra, near the "White Gate." The reverend gentleman's right arm was broken, while the driver, a young lad, sustained a compound fracture of the leg and ankle. The wonder is that both men were not killed.

The ceremony of opening a new and splendid organ in the beautiful church of St. Patrick's, Belfast, took place recently in presence of the bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Dorrinan, and a large congregation. Rev. Stephen Nicholl, O.M.I., preached the sermon. Mr. Telford, Mus. Bac., T.C.D., performed on the organ. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Burns. A large collection was realized.

At Waterford, recently his lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, made a strong appeal on behalf of the collection for the Christian Brothers. His lordship warmly eulogized the labors of the Brothers, and the admirable fruits of their teaching, and exhorted the congregation to subscribe liberally. He specially called upon the poor, who can not give large sums, to maintain the existing penny a week collection from house to house.

The Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, P.P., V.G., Newcastle West, a few weeks since, gave a very able and exhaustive lecture on rhetoric to the students and pupils of the Diocesan College, Limerick, in the presence of the Bishop of the Most Rev. Dr. Butler, of the President of the Diocesan College, of the President of the Killaloe Diocesan College, a large number of the clergy, &c. The lecture was heard throughout with great interest, and in several passages the lecturer was interrupted with vehement applause.

The death is announced of Rev. James Dore, P.P., Fenike. His mission in the upper parish of Fenike commenced about the year 1848, and his zeal to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the flock entrusted to his charge was zealous of the most beneficial effects. He rendered innumerable services to the poor and struggling farmers, and his memory should be cherished on account of his charity to the poor. At his own request the remains were conveyed to the family burial place at Ballingarry, county Limerick.

**Montalambert on Irish Catholicism.**

Contrast the magnificent churches which the Irish are building to-day in Ireland with those which they are helping to build in America; with what they had in 1829, when Montalambert's *Lettres sur le Catholicisme en Irlande* were published, and in which there is to be found the following passage: "I shall never forget the first Mass which I heard in a country chapel. I rode to the foot of a hill, the lower part of which was clothed with a thick plantation of oak and fir, and alighted from my horse to ascend it. I had taken only a few steps on my way when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude, and the higher I ascended the larger became the numbers of these kneeling penitents. At length, on reaching the top of the hill, I saw a cruciform building, badly built on stone, without cement, and covered with thatch. Around it knelt a crowd of robust and vigorous men, all uncovered, though the rain fell in torrents, and the mud quivered beneath them. Profound silence reigned everywhere. It was the Catholic Chapel of Blarney, and the Mass was saying Mass. I reached the door at the moment of the elevation, and all this pious assembly had prostrated themselves with their faces on the earth. I made an effort to penetrate under the roof of this chapel, this overfilled with worshippers. There were no seats, no decorations, not even a pavement. The floor was of earth, damp and stony, the roof dilapidated, and tallow candles burned on the altar in place of tapers. I heard the priest announce in Irish the language of a Catholic people that on such a day he would go in order to save his parish, and the trouble of a long journey to a certain 'cabin' which should for the moment be turned into the house of God—there to administer the Sacraments and receive the humble offerings with which his flocks supported him. When the Holy Sacrifice was ended, the priest mounted his horse and rode away; then each worshipper rose from his knees and went slowly homeward; some of them wandering harvestmen, carrying their reaping hooks, turned their steps towards the nearest cottage to ask the hospitality to which they were considered to have a right; others, with their wives riding behind them *en croupe*, went off to their distant homes. Many remained for a much longer time in prayer, kneeling in the mud, in that silent enclosure chosen by the poor and faithful people in the times of ancient persecutions."

**Catholic Missions in India.**

The official calendar recently published at Madras contains full particulars of the establishments connected with the Catholic Church in India, Ceylon, Burma, and Siam, from which it appears that in 1877 there were 23 Vicars Apostolic, 21 Bishops, 1098 priests, 1,088,000 professing members of the various churches, besides 1,422 schools, containing between them 51,404 pupils. The Archbishopric of Goa contained 766 priests, having under their charge flocks to the number of 1,561,000. These numbers compare with 20 Vicars Apostolic, 16 Bishops, 790 priests, having congregations of 915,590 persons and 710 schools, with 27,068 pupils, in 1866. The *Journal du Commerce Maritime* says that in the prefecture of Pondicherry alone there were in 1866 69 priests, whose flocks numbered 112,000, and 90 schools, with 1,300 pupils; in 1877 the numbers had increased to 85 priests, 141,250 persons professing the Catholic faith, and schools with 4,000 pupils. Of this number of Catholics in the French colony of Pondicherry, only 3,000 were Europeans. Of the 85 priests, 25 were natives of India. The number of adult converts from heathenism baptized in 1877 was 1,920, besides 1,513 children; and 87 Protestants are said to have been converted to the Catholic faith in the same period. Pondicherry has four separate orders of sisterhoods. The greater part of the natives professing Catholicism are said to be descended from the converts made by the Jesuit missionaries of the 17th and 18th centuries.

**Distress in Sheffield.**—A deputation waited on the Mayor of Sheffield for the purpose of inaugurating an organized effort to relieve the great distress existing amongst the working classes of Sheffield in consequence of the continued depression in trade. The distress was great last winter, and £4,000 were distributed in relief; but a much greater effort will be required this year, as the distress is more urgent and general than it has been hitherto.

Irish News.

Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon has been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal.

Mr. Bridge is about to retire from the management of Mr. Buckley's Galtee estate.

A banquet was given to Barry Sullivan in Dublin on the evening of November 23rd.

**CURATOR MESSRS.**—A meeting was held in the new hall of the Catholic University for the purpose of considering the question of reform in church music.

**THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.**—Dr. Houghton made a genial and patriotic speech in favor of a grant of a charter to the Catholic University.

**THE IRISH LANGUAGE.**—The revival of the Irish language is progressing more favorably than its most sanguine friends could have anticipated. Twenty-six thousand of the "First Irish Book" have been sold.

Lately a man was cut literally to pieces by a train passing the Lansdowne-road station of the Dublin and Kingstown railway. The fragments of his remains were collected. The dress is apparently that of a respectable artisan.

**NEW BRIDGE AT CARRICK-ON-SUIR.**—A new bridge is to be erected at Carrick-in-Suir. The townspeople have petitioned the Lord Lieutenant to have a portcullis made in the bridge in order to allow ships to pass through.

**TENANT DEFENCE IN GALWAY.**—A meeting was held in the chapel yard at Kilmannin, County Galway, to protest against some evictions that recently took place, and to form a Tenant Defence Association. The meeting was a success.

**AN IRISH COLLEGE FOR AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.**—The *Cork Examiner* has a long account of the contemplated college established near Cork, for the purpose of training missionaries for work in Africa. Permission has been obtained from the Bishop, and Father O'Haire is pleading for assistance.

**IRISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF INTemperance.**—This society is progressing favorably. It has a guarantee fund of £2,000. The society resolved to communicate with the Commander of the Forces in Ireland regarding the sale of drink to civilians in the military canteens during prohibited hours.

**LINEN MANUFACTURERS.**—A deputation of linen manufacturers of Ulster, waited on Mr. Lowther a few days ago for the purpose of urging upon him the expediency of certain alterations in the Linen and Hemp Manufacturers' (Ireland) Bill. Mr. Lowther received the deputation with an equivocal answer, meaning nothing.

**THE FRANCHISE.**—It is well known that the borough franchise in Ireland is much higher than it is in England. The Irish people naturally think this a great injustice. In the last Parliament, the question of assimilating the franchise was rejected, and now we learn that the Dublin Corporation has petitioned to have the same elective rights granted to the people of Ireland.

**THE COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION IN BELFAST.**—It was stated in Belfast that in one of the extensive flax mills on the Falls-road, in that town, a notice has been issued to workers, stating that they will only be employed four days in the week owing to the depressed state of trade. It is believed that similar notices will be issued in some of the other mills in that town.—*Express.*

**ORANGE OUTRAGE.**—Recently the Orangemen tore from the gable of the Catholic church at Killyman, County Tyrone, the crosses, and wrecked the church. The locality is notoriously Orange, many lodges being in the vicinity. The reverend pastor of the church—Canon Quinn—is sympathized with by the whole people. He is a popular gentleman. The perpetrators are not discovered.

**ORANGE ROUNDTOPPING.**—It is a custom on Saturday evenings for Orange bands with big drums to march through certain quarters of Belfast, playing party tunes, and insulting any Catholics they chance to meet; recently the ruffians groaned and yelled on passing a Catholic bookseller for having religious articles displayed; this took place next to the palace barracks, but no arrests were made.

**THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN T.C.D.**—The young men who misbehaved themselves at the recent inaugural meeting of the College Historical Society were up before the Board on Saturday. One of them, who was preparing to stand his Degree Examination next month, was punished by being required to pass another Senior Sophister Examination prior to that of his Degree. A second, who was preparing for his Little-go Examination, was similarly punished, an intermediate examination being imposed on him. Two others, in consequence of the evidence given in favor of their previous general good conduct, were let off with pecuniary fines.

By the death of Cardinal Cullen, the number of members of the Sacred College has been reduced to 59, viz: 6 Cardinal Bishops, 48 Cardinal Priests, and 9 Cardinal Deacons. Of these the three senior Cardinal Priests (Prince Schwarzenberg, named Jan. 24, 1842; Asquini, promoted Jan. 22, 1844; Carafa di Traceto, appointed July 22, 1844), are all who remain of the creations of Gregory XVI. The remaining 55 were raised to the purple by Pius IX. The reigning Pope has not yet created any Cardinals. Cardinal Cullen was the fifth member of the Sacred College who has died since the election of Leo XIII.; the others were Brasais Saint Mare, Amat, Berardi, and Franelli.

The office of Assistant Librarian in the Local Legislature has been abolished, and one of the messengers appointed to do the work.

The latest fish story is that of four Long Branch fishermen, whose anchor line was seized by a whale which made straight for the open sea, towing the boat at tremendous speed. After being dragged about a mile the frightened fishermen cut the rope and pulled hastily for shore, whilst the whale continued its seaward progress with the end of the rope. Next!

**A DOG'S LIFE.**—A gentleman the other day lost a beautiful squire terrier, over 20 years old. It had been taught all manners of tricks, among other things, to wake his master at 7 o'clock, every morning by biting his toes. One day the gentleman slept until 9. When he got up he looked at the clock and found it had stopped at exactly half a minute to 7. The faithful dog, true to his trust, would not wake his master until the very stroke of the bell.

**A NEW INVENTION.**—A citizen of Montreal has invented a machine which he has christened the manophone. It is for placing in the back yards of a night where cats, especially Tom's, abound in any considerable quantities. It is on the same principle as the telephone. It will catch the "me" on the bound, and siting the sound a mile away, and then be ready for the "au," which it will treat in the same manner. Its object is to take all caterwauling away from your back door, and enable cats dwelling several miles apart to enter into conversation with each other.

Scotland.

The haddock fishing at Eyemouth is poor. The Skye lochs have suddenly and unexpectedly become stocked with shoals of herrings.

The Marquis of Lorne retains his office as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Argyll and Bute Artillery Volunteers.

The sum of £1,200 has been guaranteed towards the proposed hall in Edinburgh for free discussion.

There is a serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia on several farms in the Stewartry, Kirkcubrightshire.

The Glasgow School of Cookery was opened for the winter session on the 5th ult. with an increased number of students.

J. Nicol Fleming, ex-director of the City of Glasgow Bank, against whom a warrant was issued, has actually escaped to Spain.

Snow fell heavily on the 9th ult., and street traffic, including the running of the tramway cars, was to some extent impeded.

A civil debtor named Peter Cook, a powerloom tender, committed suicide in Dunfermline Prison by hanging himself on the 4th ult.

The teacher of the Gaelic School in Greenock has been sued for £50 for damages said to have been caused through his having flogged a pupil.

Mr. Kenneth MacKay, miniature painter the first of the originators of the Royal Scottish Academy, has died at Edinburgh at the age of 76.

On the 9th ult., during the busy part of the day, a bag containing £100 in silver was stolen from the counter of one of the banks in the New Town.

Polmadie has declined annexation to Glasgow, even though it was assured that the city ratepayers would pay half its taxes for it for five years.

Dr. Montgomerie died at Ayr on the 1st ult., aged 68 years. He had been an invalid for some time. All who knew him esteemed him highly.

The Queen has decided that the old tapestries of Holyrood Palace, which are in a very dilapidated condition, should be restored at the Royal tapestry works, Old Windsor.

On the 3rd ult. the Tramway Company started a Sunday car between Patrick and Glasgow. It is expected that there will be a strong protest against the innovation.

William Tesdale, a billsticker, was killed in the Dumfries theatre on the 10th ult. by the explosion of a rotort while he was producing gas for the lights in the theatre.

The tenantry on the Airrie estates having agreed to present Lady Blanche Ogilvy with a present on the occasion of her marriage to Captain Hozier, have forwarded to her a handsome sum of money to be used as she thinks best.

The shareholders of the Greenock Railway Company have agreed to sanction the excess of stocks, amounting to £215,000, fraudulently issued by the late secretary, and to permanently reduce the dividends to cover the deficit.

All the workmen in the employ of Ramage & Ferguson, shipbuilders, Leith, except a number of boilermakers and riveters who belong to the Trades Union, have accepted a reduction of seven and a half per cent. on their wages.

Mr. Alex. Falconer, Sheriff-Substitute in Nairnshire, died at Nairn on the 12th ult., after a very brief illness. Mr. Falconer was the oldest Sheriff-Substitute in Scotland, having held that office for the long period of 55 years.

Legacies have been bequeathed by the late Dr. Scott, who had for over fifty years been a medical practitioner in Perth, to various societies and institutions in Perth and elsewhere for charitable and religious purposes to the extent of £3,000.

**Persons and Things.**

Ice cast formed in the Washington mine, Lake Superior, two or three years ago, was so well congealed that it still remains ice.

Miss Rosina Heikel, the first lady doctor in Finland, has been given an encouraging start in her profession. The women of Wasa, where she settled for practice, gave a grand concert in her honor and are making preparations for a public dinner.

The present Duke of Northumberland has presented to the town library of Lexington, Mass., a portrait of Lord Percy, who conducted the retreat of the British forces after the battle in 1775. The gift was made through the Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington who has been the Duke's guest during the last month.

Proceedings in a California court, in regard to the widow of William C. Ralston, the "banking prince" of San Francisco, who committed suicide, show that she has squandered a fortune of \$120,000 in the three years since her husband's death, and unless a guardian be appointed, will beggar her children.

Ernest Longfellow, the poet's son, and a successful painter, has some pictures on exhibition in Boston which are attracting marked attention. He is thoroughly American in his style, although his pictures are painted in Europe. In his figure pieces he is said to show the poetical talent inherited from his father.

**The Caledonian Society.**

The following communication, in reply to a memorial presented last week, was received from His Excellency the Governor-General:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, December 7, 1878.

To the President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Caledonian Society of Montreal:

GENTLEMEN.—In reply to your memorial, I am instructed by His Excellency to say that it will afford him great pleasure to accept the office of honorary patron to the Caledonian Society of Montreal.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, F. DE WYKON, Major R. A., Governor-General's Secretary.

**Challenged.**

Norman Taylor, of Boston, challenges John Hughes, of New York, John Rainey, of Ottawa, or D. J. Ross, of Quebec, to run a race of twenty miles for \$250 a side. Should the challenge not be accepted, Taylor says he will claim the championship, and at once undertake to run twenty miles in two hours.

—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Mr. Frederick Leighton, who stands in the first rank of English artists, has been elected President of the Royal Academy. The appointment of Mr. Leighton is a departure from the practice too long in vogue of putting fashionable portrait painters at the head of English art.

Miscellaneous Items.

English counterfeiters have of late turned their attention to Russian bank notes.

A new bird of paradise has been found on the west coast of New Guinea.

A memorial window to Livingstone, the African explorer, is to be put in Westminster Abbey.

Marie Fechter, daughter of the tragedian, has abandoned the operatic for the dramatic stage, and makes a charming actress.

The Prince of Wales has concluded arrangements for renting Maclellan Castle, Radnorshire, and will occupy it early next year.

Miss Helen McDonald argued her own case in an infringement of her dress protector patent in the United States Court in Boston the other day. Ben Butler was on the other side.

Orson Hyde, one of the Mormon "Twelve Apostles," and for many years among the ablest and most active workers in behalf of the Latter-day Saints, died in Utah on Thanksgiving Day.

Madame Rose gave her impressions of America to a Chicago reporter: "I like it very much," she said. "Indeed, I love it, and no wonder. People have been so kind and good. We have had a delightful summer."

Anna Salome Hill is a new singer, who inherits her musical genius from her grandfather, Col. Lehmanowsky, who commanded the First Napoleon's body guard, and was known throughout Europe as a celebrated vocalist.

A SWEEPING OPINION.—Professor Thorold Rogers, of Oxford, speaking at a meeting held last week, said that every man without a head upon his shoulders, every swindler, every pick-pocket, and every man on the turf belonged to the "Tory party."

LOFTY STRATEGY FOR A SERMON.—The dignity of the pulpit is rising. The subject of a sermon preached about a fortnight ago in a church in New York was, "The Witch of Endor—Was She a Spiritualist?" The preacher was the Rev. W. Hatfield, a Methodist Episcopal minister.

The Limerick counts of the Marquis of Conyngham have held a meeting and adopted resolutions requesting his lordship not to dispose of his property and continue their landlord. Those resident on the Kilkee property have succeeded in inducing the Marquis to abandon the sale.

The "social" papers continue to come to the front. At Bow Street Police Court on Thursday Mr. Poland applied to Sir James Ligham, on behalf of Mr. Edgar Ray, the editor of *Townstone*, for a summons against Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of the *World*, for having used threatening language. Sir James Ligham granted the summons.

It is estimated that there are 114,043,940 tons of coal consumed annually in England. If the quantity of sulphur contained in this coal be supposed to be 1 per cent.—there has been no accurate determination of the percentage of sulphur—nearly less than 3,500,000 tons of sulphuric acid is discharged each year into the atmosphere.

THE LATE MIDDLE TEMPS.—A handsome monument has just been erected in All Souls' Cemetery, Kensal Green, Hurrow Road, London, over the tomb of the late Middle Temple. It is of red polished granite. At the head and feet are wreaths in white marble. The following is the inscription:—"In memory of Theresia Tittens, who died October 3, 1877."

CHIEF IN EDINBURGH.—An Edinburgh police official of long standing has stated that the present term was the worst within his remembrance for reported thefts. These include £100 in silver from a bank in St. Andrew Square, pocket-picking at Hallow Fair, and elsewhere, &c. The theft from the bank was committed during the bustle of Monday, the 10th day.

An interesting relic of the American war of Independence has turned up in an antiquarian bookstore in Baireuth, Bavaria. One of the officers of the Hessian troops who served in the British army kept a daily record not only of events, but also of the news and rumors of the day, and the document found in his manuscript diary from January, 1778, to March, 1779.

Everything in nature indicates in an amusement of some kind. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the hills and cascades sing and dance, the waves leap, the fields smile, the vines creep and run, and the buds shoot. But some of them have also their seasons of melancholy. The tempests moan, the zephyrs sigh, the brooks murmur, and the mountains look blue.

DEAR JUDGES.—I observe that the reason given for the retirement of Lord Justice Christian from the bench is his deafness. His lordship is more sensitive than his English brethren—Mr. Justice Mellor, for instance, has been deaf for years. He was one of the judges who tried Orton, and the fat defendant used to crack jokes over "the stupidity of Mellor." Mr. Justice Lush is also nearly deaf; and as for Chief Baron Kelly, he has long since abandoned any pretence of attending to arguments or evidence. Perhaps, however, Mr. Justice Mellor's case is the more painful.—*London Correspondent.*

An anecdote illustrating President Lincoln's quaint and ready humor is now told for the first time by an Iowa gentleman. It runs thus:—"There was a travelling lecturer before the war known as 'Green, the Reformed Gambler,' who was quite a character in his way, and at the opening of the hostilities he joined the Union army. He was so badly wounded as to be a cripple for life, and one day repaired to the White House to ask Mr. Lincoln for an appointment in the Commissary Department on the score of his injuries. He was afraid the President might not know him, and, to refresh his memory, said, 'I am the man who used to be known as Green, the Reformed Gambler.' 'Oh, yes,' replied Mr. Lincoln, with his accustomed readiness, 'I know you. I suppose a great many more people have heard of you than would ever have heard of me if I had not been elected President of the United States,' and with this the man got his appointment."

DARK BUSINESS PROSPECTS IN ENGLAND.—Eighteen firms of Ashton, Hyde, Staleybridge, Newton, and Guidobridge have given notice of their intention to reduce the wages of skilled workmen two shillings a week and of unskilled workmen one shilling a week after November 14. Donner & Co., East India merchants, have failed. Their liabilities are \$500,000. The cotton manufacturers at Glasgow have resolved to reduce the working hours in their establishments one-third. This will affect 8,000 employees. The Bolton cotton spinners have decided to make a reduction of five per cent. in the wages of their employees. Snow storms of exceptional severity for the time of the year prevail in the North and Northwest of England and throughout Scotland. The enforcement of the Bolton masters' resolution is dependent on the concurrence of the masters owing two-thirds of the spindles in the district which includes Bolton, Leigh, Tyldesley, and Atherton. Eight thousand operatives in Blackburn, who are out of employment, are organizing a meeting to express indignation at the pacity of the parish relief.

The True Witness.

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

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18.

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His Mother-in-Law.

The Marquis of Lorne must be brave, for he is, it is said, the first man who ever swore allegiance to his mother-in-law! Our friends across the border and in Canada, who delight in satirizing our Governor-General, should not forget the heroic feat with which he, a small man, took the Bible in his right hand and solemnly swore to be faithful to his mother-in-law! What of the heroism of the Horatii and Curiatii, the champions of Rome and of Alba, to such heroism as that of the young son of the House of Arzyle. Leonidas himself would be proud of the companionship of such men, and Canada may rejoice, that it has for Governor-General a man who has exhibited the courage of a Spartan with the stoicism of Zeno. We look for great things from the Marquis of Lorne after such a proof of his integrity. Nothing can surprise us now. After swearing allegiance to one's mother-in-law there is only one thing more left undone, and that is to find the North Pole, in the Imperial flag upon its summit, and sing "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." What man has up to this age shrunk from the Marquis of Lorne has accomplished, and succeeding generations do not honour him for his valor, at least Canadians in his own day can take some pride in seeing a man whose courage is beyond all doubt at the head of the State.

The Zulu War.

While all eyes are turned towards Afghanistan, the people may forget that the British troops have another little war on hand in Zululand. Nor is the war at the Cape progressing as satisfactorily as it might be desired. The Zulu country and the Zulus themselves have exhibited resources in material which have surprised the men who thought the campaign would be a military promenade. The masses of men brought into action by the Zulu chiefs have been overwhelming, and more than counterbalanced for the arms of precision and steady valor of the Europeans. The country, too, affords obstacles to the transportation of supplies, and it is comparatively unknown except to a few besides the natives. There appears to be a good deal of unanimity on the part of the Zulus and some accounts accord with an exhibition of bravery for which we were scarcely prepared. There are, it appears, but 1,000 men at the command of the military authorities at the Cape, and this force has been found inadequate to the duties it is expected to perform. Now, however, more troops are being sent out, and we may expect to hear of the Zulus being defeated. South Africa must be a fine country to campaign in—very different to what we would expect if we had to meet sitting Bull in winter.

Hanlan.

If a report, which has appeared in the Spirit of the Times is true, Hanlan has not been fairly treated by the club that bears his name. The report simply charges the club with having used Hanlan, and it also insinuates that Hanlan became a pliable instrument in the hands of the members. He rowed fast or he rowed slow, just as he was ordered; won by a length or by two, as it was necessary for the letting; and we are left to infer that the club and not Hanlan came in for the lion's share of the spoils. It is true, it is well simply convince people that rowing is as much as horse racing and while in both cases the best animal may win, yet there is a suspicion about the atmosphere which makes the surroundings odious. We do not say that Hanlan is dishonest; nothing has, so far, been charged against him that would warrant a suspicion of foul play on his part, but enough has been said, if the Spirit of the Times is to be relied on, to convince the public that fair-play is a jewel very seldom found where betting is concerned. Over and over again the public has been warned of the danger arising from betting races. Proof has been established of wholesale robbery in book-making. It is more than once intimated that the winner was known, and this little incident about the Hanlan Club will not help to dispel the fear that is unwisely, as it is unsafe to risk one's money on what is too often a mode of aduhs.

The Loan.

Sir John A. Macdonald is happy—Mr. Tilley has hoisted his loan, contractors rejoice and the Reformers appear to be somewhat sorry. But what do Reformers care? All they want is to embarrass the Government, just as the Conservatives did not care, when in Opposition, about the country, all their energies being directed to oppose the then existing powers that were. But we look to Canada before we look to any party, and as it is necessary for Canadian interests that this new loan should be floated, we rejoice that it has been done successfully and well. Mr. Tilley is to be congratulated on his success, and nothing less than party spite would attempt to rob him of his merited applause. The Reform press will, of course, do all in their power to belittle the success which Mr. Tilley has secured, but the broad fact is that the money was required, and we have every reason to believe that it could not have been negotiated on more favorable terms than he has secured. Under similar circumstances the Reformers would rejoice, and as the Conservatives have won, it would exhibit a sounder patriotism to do honor to whom

honor is due. At the same time sound criticism is good for all, but it should be criticism, and not chagrin. Fair discussion is always desirable, but discussion becomes odious when it exhibits a feeling of spite, and not a desire to find out what is best.

Education.

It is a significant fact that the non-Catholics of Victoria, Australia, who succeeded in forcing upon that colony the present system of education are beginning to repent. They are now joining the Catholics in a demand for a repeal of the act of parliament that commits the colony to secular education, as they are desirous of substituting the denominational for the secular system of instructing youth. It appears to us that nothing can be fairer than the denominational system of education. Each religion educates its own youth, and thus become responsible for their moral and intellectual religious instruction will never satisfy the Catholics. They see a growing and powerful infidel front looming up in the distance. That front can only be faced by future generations of men well grounded in religion and trained to combat infidelity in all its phases. The bible is not enough. Not one man in ten thousand understands it. It has upon too many heads to rely upon it and upon it alone. Men must be trained under the guidance of authority, and when they are so trained infidelity will meet its most powerful opponents. Without religious instruction men, of necessity, become as heathens, and religious instruction was never so much required as at the present moment.

The Oath of Office.

The Toronto Mail writing of the oath of the Governor-General says that it is "an obsolete fiction," and the Ottawa Herald writes: "If it is an obsolete fiction why continue it?" This is a fair answer. But we may ask how can an "oath" be an obsolete fiction? If we are permitted to use a homely phrase, "an oath is an oath," and yet it is an "obsolete fiction" as well. Thus the most solemn obligation which it is possible for men to make is "an obsolete fiction," and yet it is an oath. This is more than we can understand. The objectionable passage in the oath is no doubt "obsolete," and that is the reason why it is no longer necessary. Why should nearly one-half of the population of the Dominion have this offensive oath produced before them when it is a "fiction"? It is a sentimental grievance, not a grievance, but it is a grievance for all that. An insult given to the British flag would be a sentimental grievance, but it might lead to war. Sentiment must not be completely thrown overboard, although we would not make too much ado about it. Yet in a country such as Canada, the modification of the oath would, no doubt, do a great deal to prove the disposition of those in power to remove all just causes of complaint from a loyal people.

Lord Dufferin.

Lord Dufferin has been honored in Ireland because he was a successful Governor-General of Canada. He proved himself a statesman, and his countrymen pride in his administrative powers. Lord Dufferin is respected, but let no one fancy that he is popular in Ireland. As a Governor-General he honored him here as an Irishman we have no sympathy with the policy he has pursued. He is, to begin with, an anti-Home Rule, and when in the House of Commons he was remarkable for his antagonism to the tenant-farmers of Ulster. He was opposed to the Land Act, and although a Liberal, he proved himself in many ways opposed to the national wishes of the people. On such a question as that of Home Rule every man has a right to form an opinion, for or against the movement. While we would regret, yet we could not blame Lord Dufferin for taking sides against us. He has as much right to be an anti-Home Ruler as we have to be in favor of Home Rule. But on the question of tenant right it is different. This latter question is simply an issue between right and wrong, and no one can be excused for fighting for the wrong against the right. We learn, too, from one of our Irish exchanges that Lord Dufferin has now been charged with forcing his tenants to pay the arrears in which they fell during the famine years. This has done by an ingenious system of rent receiving, but we are not prepared to say whether the charge is true or not. All we can say with safety is that Lord Dufferin, although admired for his ability, is not popular with the people at large.

The Law of Copyright.

The American press is making much ado about the law of copyright. Canadian editions of American books are being constantly reproduced on this side of the line, and American authors are naturally annoyed at this wholesale piracy. They tell us that we should either produce works ourselves, or pay for those that are produced by other men. We have no right, say American journalists, to steal the labors of American authors and print them in Canada without giving the authors of them some compensation. No doubt this is true. The work of a man's brain is as much, or should be as much, his own as the inventions of Edison, and the author should have his patent as well as any other inventor. But our neighbors over the line will admit that at this moment, and for years past, they have been doing to English authors what we have been doing to American authors—reproducing their publications. What of the American editions of Shakespeare, of Byron, or of Tennyson, which are to be found by hundreds in the United States? What of the re-issues in the United States of the works of Charles Dickens, Miss Bradton, Father Tom Burke, and others, and all the latter authors copied without as much as "by your leave." The Americans take European books, translate and republish them with thinking of allowing the authors one cent for having written them, and yet these same Americans complain because Canadian publishers, now and again, steal a book from the States. Roguery in the matter of literature has been common for many a decade, and it will be very hard to put it down.

The Employment of Females.

In Europe and in the United States the employment of females in commercial and industrious occupations is encouraged by organized institutions. Respectable young women are taught trades, particularly those for which feminine taste is adapted—for instance, the manufacture of jewelry, designing of patterns, bookbinding, &c. The national printing office in Paris and the Gobelins tapestry manufacturers have, we learn, recently taken women into their employment, and it appears, too, that the result has been satisfactory. But all over France, and, indeed, all over England and the United States, women are employed in hotels, in telegraph offices and in many other positions where diligence, tact and regularity are required. In one instance—diamond cutting—the women have almost cut the men out of the field. Experience has, in fact, established the fact

that there are callings in life in which women excel men; and while we shrink from the advocacy of employing women in positions unbecoming their natural characteristics, yet we cannot but hope that a time is approaching when the employment of females will be more general. Canada appears to be somewhat behind in this regard, but when our manufactures flourish, as we have reason to expect they will under Protection, the women should have their shares of the spoil. Some years ago the employment of women was generally condemned, but now it is generally approved of, experience having shown that the arguments against their employment are fallacious.

Blake or Mackenzie.

Will the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, like Urinh, learn to be "umble"? He was in office five years—the country had enough of him, and he was shelved. Now the question of "leadership" is being discussed, and the Reformers are in doubt as to which of the two—Mr. Blake or Mr. Mackenzie—the party could be happy with. For our part we think Mr. Mackenzie has had his trial, and in that trial he failed. He has been found wanting in statecraft. He is, in fact, too honest to be a leader, too straightforward to be a diplomatist, and too rigid to bend to all the puffs of public opinion by which statecraft is made up. As a leader, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie is then a failure. If he could learn to smile, he is ever so sickly; if he could become affable and deceitful, he might succeed even yet. But it would be a hazardous thing to risk the experiment. The Reform party wants another man at the helm, and that other man we believe to be Mr. Blake. In saying this we must not be understood as paying a compliment to Mr. Blake. All we mean is that he is more pliable, he is more elastic, he is more able, although we will not say that he is not as honest as Mr. Mackenzie. The case so appears to stand thus: Mr. Blake is the abler man of the two, but Mr. Blake is delicate; Mr. Mackenzie is the healthier man of the two and able to do the most work, such as it is, but Mr. Mackenzie is sluggish, and, in all seriousness, he might become "umble." As for our part, it matters little who is chosen, but if "ability" is to command the best positions in the country, there is now an opportunity of putting the theory into practice, by making Mr. Blake leader of the Opposition.

Backing Out.

Politics are dull; people are not committing murders; Sir John A. Macdonald is holding his tongue; Mr. Joly speaks unconsidered trifles; the excitement about Mr. O. J. Duval's letter is already dying out, and were it not for the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise the press would have to invent grievances in order to induce the public to read. But royalty has a never-ending charm for the many, and more Canadians are, just now, engaged with court manuals and hand-books on good behavior, than ever there were before. How to behave in presence of the august two who rule society, is a question that has made many a head half dazed, but of all phases of behavior, the question of "Backing Out" of the presence of the Princess Louise, appears to be the most discussed. If we could only paraphrase the words of the old song: "What do they think of us in England," when they hear of a nation seriously disturbed on that vital issue of "Backing Out" after being presented to a princess of the blood. The question is itself ridiculous enough, and, of a surety, people must have had their heads turned who are disturbed as to the propriety, or as to the mistake, of withdrawing from the presence of the Princess Louise with as much formality as from the Queen herself. But we do not object to see people make fools of themselves; in fact we like to see people, who wish to dupe their neighbors by a pretended intimacy with court etiquette, of which they know nothing. Succeed in convincing all who see them that they are McTapertit's. For ourselves we are, perhaps, in the same position. We profess to know little or nothing, but we know this much, that people who "backed out" from the presence of the Princess Louise made fools of themselves—for "backing out" is an honor only due to the Queen, or to the Princess of Wales when representing Her Majesty.

Irishmen in Canada.

The Toronto Telegram has a very sensible article—from an English point of view—on the Irishmen of Canada. The Telegram indulges in the usual platitudes about "union" and "peace," and all of which we cordially applaud. The Irishmen of Canada could be a great power if they could only learn to place their senseless feuds aside. But the Telegram will remember that it is not the Catholic Irish who introduce these feuds. Carrying a green flag, or sporting a shamrock cannot be construed into partyism. Both the color and the plant are national, and can no more be considered offensive than St. Andrew's cross or the thistle. By the green and shamrock the true Irishmen of Canada, Catholic and Protestant, will, we believe, stand, and let the consequences be what they may, we have no right to be asked to surrender either one or the other. If there are men foolish enough to take offense at either of them, we cannot help them, but so long as England has a rose, so long as Scotland has a thistle, so long will Ireland retain the national emblem of the land from which either Irishmen themselves or their fathers came. Neither the shamrock nor the green are Catholic emblems; they belong to all Irishmen, and all Irishmen will admit it. As for Orangemen, we sincerely hope with the Telegram that they will learn to understand the Catholics better. It is an organization that is very offensive to us, and if Orangemen exhibited any kindly feeling towards their fellow-citizens they would avoid unnecessarily offending any man. Orangemen is certainly not necessary for the defence of Protestantism, but if there are men who think it is, at least it would be good citizenship on their part to refrain from belittling their opinions in places where the peace of the community is endangered. Orangemen cannot charge us of hiding our opinions about them. We do not retract one line we ever wrote about them, but we are satisfied if they understood Catholic opinion they would laugh at their own fears, and wonder at the foolish, and too often wicked mistakes men commit because of nothing.

Why is It?

How is it that the Orangemen, the "loyal" Orangemen, have not presented an address to the Governor-General? The Orange Association is "loyal"—supremely "loyal"—exists only, we are told, to perpetuate the alliance between Great Britain and Canada; and yet, while all Canada has approached the representative of her Majesty in this country, the "loyal" Orangemen stand aloof! Surely, it cannot be that the brethren have changed their base? But, whatever may be the cause, the fact is significant. Here is an association of men who profess to be the outposts of loyalty in the Dominion, their devotion to the Crown is only a little less than their an-

tagonism to Catholics, they shout their "loyalty" from Winnipeg to Montreal, and yet, strange to say, they have not attempted to do what Irish Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, and every one else has done—make their respects to the Governor-General! This is too bad! There must be something wrong at headquarters or else of a surety we would have heard from the Orange Association of the Dominion before this. Perhaps, being at the head of the Order, they think that it might be embarrassing if the "loyal" association of Orangemen attempted to present an address to the head of the State. Here is the truth of the matter. Sir John A. Macdonald, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, and some of the leading Orangemen have talked the question over. After viewing it in all its phases, here is, in all probability, the conclusion they came to. If the Orangemen presented an address, what position would it place the Government in? Sir John A. Macdonald could not advise the Governor-General to receive the address; that would offend the Catholics; and if he advised the Governor-General not to receive the address, it would offend the Orangemen, and so between the two stools the brethren came to the ground. In the Maritime Provinces Orangemen has been incorporated, so that the difficulty of presenting an address is overcome in this case. But what does it matter? The Governor-General is advised by an Orangeman, and the association can be satisfied with the fact. But Catholics, and even Orangemen will, we hope, understand each other some day, and when that day comes they will see that politicians too often use both of them without being in sympathy with either.

Curiosities of Literature.

The Witness of Friday published two leading articles which may take rank with Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." In one of these articles our pious contemporary assured the public, in tones of a two thousand dollar advertisement because it contained the words "it cures cancers." Let us draw upon our fancy and picture the whites of our contemporary's eyes turned heavenward, as pushing away the golden doors, he calls upon the tempter to "Get thee behind me, Satan." What is money to the Witness when its conscience is in the balance? Surely it is "cash," which all the world may own, but which cannot be taken from the heavenly inspired organ—its good name. So far so good. But in another article in the same issue this good journal, that refused to take a two thousand dollar advertisement because it contained the words "it cures cancers," contained a characteristic article assailing the character, not guessing at crime, against the members of the Society of Jesus. Listen to what this journal's contemporary of ours—the paper that is so careful about "it cures cancers"—says about the character of men who are as far above the assaults of the Witness as heaven is above hypocrisy. The story is this: New Mexico is Catholic. In New Mexico the Jesuits are strong. It appears that some time since a murder was committed somewhere in the Territory, and the Jesuits are responsible! Not directly, mind you; they never kill exactly, but their teachings, &c., &c., have demoralized the population, etc., etc., and the crime was done. But more still. The dead man was found by two Mexicans and they buried him, but it appears that they only put a few inches of earth over his remains. The governor of the territory denounced the men for not giving the murdered man a decent sepulture, and a Catholic paper, it is alleged, hinted that the governor should be careful or he would be assassinated. And now mark what the Witness says, this pious Witness that is so careful about "it cures cancers." "After waiting a little to see if anyone would take the hint and murder the governor, the Jesuits are accused of obtaining his recall." It would be idle to answer such spectacular charges as these. We notice them for our amusement, and if they please the readers of the Witness we wish them joy, only it may be just as well to remember Calvin's advice to his friend: "As to the Jesuits," he said, "they oppose themselves particularly to us; they must be chased, or at least crushed them by force of lies and calumnies." And yet this journal will preach "peace" in Montreal! We wonder what Protestants would say if we insinuated charges against any of their churches, but our policy is defence, and we will not be betrayed into writing against any religion by the bigoted and silly non-entities of the Witness.

Romanism.

It is a pity that men whose mission it is to advance the interest of Christianity can not bear to speak of decency to those who honor their altar. Protestant clergymen, who are gentlemen as well, refrain from using expressions towards Catholics. They are responsible for the peace and good will of the community in which they live. It is their interest to cultivate a kindly rather than a bad feeling among all classes of citizens. Christianity suffers by every harsh word used by one class of Christians towards another, and how some men expect to advance the interest of Protestantism by abusing Catholics, is more than we can understand. Last Wednesday for instance, the "evangelizers" were at work, and "Romanism" was, as usual, made the object of attack. Men from a distance—Burr, D. Burns, from Halifax, and Rev. Dr. Pierson, from Detroit, flung "Romanism," "Corruption of the Church of Rome" about with prodigal profusion. These men come to Montreal as visitors. They are not responsible for the peace and order of the city. To them it matters not whether their language creates bad feeling between Protestants and Catholics or not. They are here a few days, just long enough to make a few bigoted appeals against "Rome," and then they leave. The people of Montreal have to suffer for these men's doings. The evil does go away, but the bad they do lives after them. If they argued or reasoned, or dissected the doctrine of the Catholic Church, no one could complain. In fact, a healthy discussion is at most times desirable. We all rejoice to see the dust brushed away from our bookshelves, and fair intellectual free fights the order of the day. But neither Dr. Burns nor Dr. Pierson attempted to discuss; they denounced, and every denunciation they make rankles in the breasts of the Catholics of the community. And this is evangelization! These men come, create bad feeling, and they go, not caring what may be the evil consequences of their visit. They are irresponsible, and whatever harm they do will in no way injure them. What they do here will not cause a disturbance in Halifax or Detroit, but if they have the courage of their convictions they will keep their denunciation for the ears of people among whom they live, in order that they may come in for a full share of the consequences. Montreal has enough of firebrands without the importation of others. We are all good hands at raising a row when it is required, and we do not desire outside help to add to the unhappy state of a community only recovering from a fever of agitations.

The Loyalty Question.

The London Times recently published a somewhat remarkable article on Canada. It was, in fact, an admission that Canadian loyalty was of the present, but that no one could guarantee that loyalty for one hour beyond a certain time. How soon or how late that time may come the Times does not pretend to guess, but that it will come some day the Times does not question. It calls our loyalty to the Empire a "sentiment," and says that "sentiment rarely holds its ground, permanently, at least, against a strong impulse of self interest." In plain words this means that Canadians are loyal to themselves first, and to the Empire afterwards. This is strong language after all the proofs we have given of our loyalty of late—a proofs which the Times does not deny, for it says: "The loyalty of Canadians to the British Empire is beyond all questions," but again we are led to infer that it is our interest to be loyal at present, and that when it is not our interest to be so, our loyalty goes overboard. This is no doubt the prevalent opinion about Canadian loyalty in England. The English people look at the question in this mercenary aspect. They see, or think they see, that the position of Canada is anomalous and insecure, and they reason as the Times does, that sentiment goes out at the window when poverty comes in at the door. In fact, the English people do not give us credit for the loyalty we profess. They see "no money in it," as the phrase goes, and they cannot understand it. We think, however, they slightly misunderstand the situation. Canadians are loyal to the Constitution. No one questions that loyalty, and prove it by every means in their power, and the theories of the Times are speculative at the best. That Canadians would sink Canada under the sea for the sake of the Empire we do not believe, and if it ever came to a direct issue to save ourselves from ruin, in order to continue the "sentiment" of an alliance, then, we believe, Canadians would, indeed, throw the sentiment overboard and stand by Canada before all. But we believe, too, that Canadians, for the most part, are satisfied, and that they are anxious to postpone the inevitable separation as long as possible. In Canada we have such liberty as our neighbors, while we are free from many of their evils. In Canada, too, we have the stability of a monarchy, without any of the burdens of it, and it is to our interest to hold on to our anchorage as long as we can. O'Connell often said that the head of a State should often play party competition, and we are lucky in Canada to be saved from the corruption and fiend attendant at Presidential elections.

The Volunteers.

What is wanted to make an efficient Volunteer Militia? This is a subject which is now supposed to be agitating the Militia Department in Ottawa, and it is easily answered. In the first place, we want paid adjutants for each battalion. We want young men with certificates from Kingston or Quebec, to look after the internal economy, to be responsible for the care of arms, to trace clothing, and to instil that spirit of discipline and order so necessary to the welfare of a volunteer force. We have often shown how such a gentleman could be appointed without adding a dollar to the present expenditure. An adjutant would receive say \$500 a year. His office could be at the armory of his battalion. To his duties as adjutant he would be obliged to add the duties of paymaster and quartermaster, so that he would be responsible for the stores; he would see after the pay sheets, target practice and rifle instruction, as well as drill the battalion. This he could easily do when not in active service. At present there are \$240 allowed for drill instruction for a battalion, and this reduces the sum to be made up for the adjutant's salary to \$260. Then there is in each battalion a waste, owing to loss of clothing, irregular book-keeping, or other causes, which the Adjutant would guard against, of say \$100 a year. This only leaves \$400 to be provided for. Strike out one independent company, for each battalion to be provided with an Adjutant. This in pay gives \$288; in drill instruction \$40, and in care of arms \$40, which makes a total of \$368. Take this \$368 from \$400, and we have only \$32 to provide. This for \$2 a year, by striking out an independent company, each battalion can be provided with a paid Adjutant, and with such an officer we might look forward to turn out an efficient volunteer force in a short time. This is one means by which efficiency can be secured. Again, there are men responsible for the care of the arms. Now, if each battalion had a paid adjutant, we would still require the caretaker. Nor have we in our calculations interfered with him. But why not have men who can do something more than look after the arms? Let us have men who would be able to assist the adjutant and act as quartermaster sergeant. There will be no extra expense, and between the adjutant and such a quartermaster sergeant, in twelve months our city battalions would, we confidently believe, be a credit to the country, in numbers and in efficiency. This is one means by which the Volunteer Militia can be made efficient. And by this means we believe that the department will save money rather than lose it. The independent companies waste the clothing, and the members of them too often use the great coats, &c., for the ordinary purposes of civil life. Waste occurs in the cities by taking men into the ranks whose occupation may cause them to leave the neighborhood of their battalions, but this could be guarded against. If the means we now suggest could be adopted it would, too, open a career, and be a reward for many men who have for years been sacrificing a great deal for the Volunteer Militia. Such men could be appointed Adjutants, then Brigade Majors and then D.A.G.'s. This would put an end to the vicious practice of making Militia appointments for political purposes, as it would give the country a force of which it could be proud. The present efficiency of our Volunteer Militia is artificial. There is not sufficient stability about it, and the only means we see of bringing about that stability is either to form a government force which will furnish us with a school of instructors, or strike off the independent companies and give us paid adjutants and active quartermaster-sergeants. To Lieut.-Gen. Smythe's tact and penetrating military ability the Volunteer Militia owes much, but if Lieut.-Gen. Smythe could induce the Hon. Mr. Masson to consent to some such scheme as this we propose, he would make the Volunteer Militia of the Dominion equal to the Reserve of any country in the world. That Lieut.-Gen. Smythe has the welfare of the volunteers at heart, he has given too many proofs to doubt; but he still wants to do something to crown his efforts, and leave behind him a force to which he can point with satisfaction.

An Early Discovery of the Jesuits.

LIVINGSTONE, the great African explorer, thought he had made a great discovery when he came upon Lake Nyassa, when suddenly he came upon the ruins of what turned out to have been a Jesuit Church—the Jesuits were there 200 years before him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST. Sir—Would you be kind enough through the columns of your valuable paper to inform the public that the M. F. Coilligan, arrested in Montreal on the 29th November for containing money under false pretences, is not M. F. Coilligan, formerly of Quebec, now living in Toronto. By inserting the above you will oblige, M. F. COILLIGAN. Toronto, December 12th, 1878.

Sillery Literary and Billiard Association.

DEAR SIR—Some eighteen months ago there was organized in this town a club under the name and title of the Sillery Literary and Billiard Association, and although it met with a little difficulty in the line of getting a suitable place for the accommodation, I can say it is now in a flourishing condition, and every hope of its being carried out prosperously. We have about thirty members enrolled on our books, the great majority of whom are very regular in attendance, and at each meeting we have the pleasure of seeing from one to two members admitted. In our reading room in connection with the billiard room we have all the principal leading newspapers and reviews. This is the first Literary and Billiard Club that has been organized in the parish, and a debt of gratitude is due to Mr. W. Power, Thos. McNelly, P. Kernehan, McNeill, John O'Connell, M. Egan, and others for their endeavors in organizing this club for the splendid recreation of all young men who are at liberty to join. Hoping, Mr. Editor, that I have not passed too much on your valuable columns, and that you will find a place for the above, I remain, with much respect, Yours, &c., Thos. Power. Sillery Cove, 11th Dec., 1878.

The Small-Pox Hospital.

PERMIT me a small space in your columns to make a few remarks on the above institution, the management of which has given rise to much comment in the city press. I had been a patient in that institution for some three or four weeks, and during convalescence had every facility of noting the management of the house and the attention given to both private and ward patients. As to management, nothing could be better, considering the smallness and inadequacy of the house for such a purpose. The attention paid to all patients—the attendance on their every want, is something that must be seen and felt, rather than described, to give any idea of the amount of labor through which the nurses pass day and night—the devotedness with which those labors are performed, under the most trying and not infrequently the most revolting circumstances, is worthy of the highest commendation. The matron, Mrs. Fournier, daughter to the late Prof. Garneau, and sister to the well-known "Sister Garneau," of this city, is a lady combining all the qualifications requisite for such a position—never happy but when soothing the patients and smiling the labors of the nurses. The head nurse, Mrs. Lanesheche, has had many years experience in small-pox hospitals, and has certainly acquitted herself well. She is one of the most painstaking, and, perhaps, one of the very best nurses in the Dominion of Canada. Dr. Larouche, the attending physician, needs no notice from me. His exertions to stamp out this fell disease from the city are not greater than his solicitude for the recovery and care bestowed upon patients in the Small-Pox Hospital. I consider it my duty to give this publicity, so that those afflicted with small-pox, may avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from an institution specially devoted to that purpose. Yours, &c., Wm. McKen. Montreal, December 7th, 1878.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST.

SIR—In the TRUE WITNESS of the 27th ult. under the above heading I find a correspondence signed "A Backwoodsman." The writer claims to have a knowledge of the supply of timber that extensive region lying north of Montreal. Will you, Mr. Editor, please allow me a small space in your columns to make a few remarks upon this subject, and to express what seems to me at least to be "A Backwoodsman's" object in taking such an interest in the subject of the "Destruction of the Forest." He says that "the banks of the rivers, Lac-des-Neiges, Lac-au-Loup, and other large streams, abundantly covered with fine pine timber, in times past, are now beginning to look quite naked." This is very true, but it is not to be wondered at when we take into consideration that lumberers have been continually working more or less, and at intervals on an extensive scale, along these rivers during the last forty-five years; and during that long period the country back here has been continually opening up and being settled along these streams. He evinces great fears about the forest, least it should be regarded by "trespassers." He either forgets or ignores the fact that long since, for a long way back, there has been no timber that would pay the government to supply a wood-ranger to watch over; the greater part of the lots, especially in the front Townships, having long ago been taken up and occupied by settlers who have in a great measure done away with the forest where it is settled. He also comes down upon the "penury wise policy" of the present administration in disposing with those foolish policies which were established by the "pound foolish policy" of a former government, many of which were of no benefit either to the government itself, or to the public living under it. He comes along with his figures to show the enormous acquisition that wood-ringing was or would be to the revenue of the country, but he is very careful to say nothing about the large salaries that were paid to those as well as other officers, many of whom did not collect or make for the government the one-half of what it took to pay them. I strongly suspect, Mr. Editor, that the fears of "A Backwoodsman," and the interest he takes in protecting "timber limits" from "trespassers," are prompted more by an expectation or a desire to get a job than by any interest he takes in the welfare of the country. I make these remarks because I feel certain that it is not to the interests of the Government, and it is injurious to backwoodsmen in general, to allow "A Backwoodsman" (who, by the way, had signed himself "A Disappointed Phoo-bunter," the appellation would not be inappropriate), to misrepresent this part of the country. As a backwoodsman, I can very well appreciate the necessity of the Government, as well as the settlers back here, to preserve as far as would be practical, the timber of the forest. And I wish it to be understood that I am no friend of trespassers upon either the Government or one's neighbor. I feel just as much repugnance to



COSTAFROLAZ.

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

How he spent the Night.

THE EXECUTION.

Speech on the Scaffold.

HE DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE.

(Special to the TRUE WITNESS and Post.)

St. John's, P.Q., December 13, 10 a.m.—Gustave Demirabel, alias Costafrolaz, will be hanged to-day at 11 o'clock if something very extraordinary does not take place to prevent it. He has given up all hopes and resigned himself to the inevitable. He has seen the Rev. Mr. Aubrey, and let us hope, made his peace with his Maker. Since he has concluded that his end has come, he has expressed the wish that he might not be disturbed except by those whose absolute duty it was to come near him, and consequently the newspaper men were disappointed. He asked for two cigars yesterday, and got them. He is very temperate in his diet, eating very little, and he, therefore, looks thin and pale. He has given Mr. J. E. Boucher a number of documents written by himself, in which is included his will, which are not to be published till some time after his death, in pamphlet form; but whether it is in the shape of a confession or not, I can't say. As may be supposed, the execution is all the excitement here. The people universally regret the fact. They say that such a thing has never been known in St. John's before, and they do not wish it now; but, after all, fate is fate and the hanging would, in the nature of things, have to come some time. There are some people here, however, who say they remember having seen men executed for sheep-stealing time and again.

The letter of the Marquis de Lorne, in answer to the petition in favor of Costafrolaz, was courteous, though decided. It said that everything was in the hands of the Minister of Justice, which was, in fact, a refusal. The condemned man at, more freely yesterday, and slept three hours last night. Within the past twenty-four hours he has altogether become more cheerful and resigned. He asked for another cigar this morning. The Mass was celebrated for him in the Chapel by the Rev. Father Aubrey, and contrary to his usual custom, he paid marked attention to what was going on, and joined in the solemn service, making the responses audibly and firmly. The Grey Nun Sisters attend him regularly, and it is in a measure owing to their efforts his present state of mind is due. He confessed last week and again yesterday, but he made no statement of his guilt or innocence up to this that I know of. The execution is to be private, though not strictly private, for cards of admission have been issued. The local papers, especially the Franco-Canadian, are indignant at the tone of the Montreal press, for after all, it says, the evidence is only circumstantial. He was asked last night if he would like to have either his confessor or two of the Sisters with him until his death, but he declined, saying he could not think of giving such trouble, but that if some one was placed within call he might like to speak to them. Two men were therefore put in the corridor to whom he spoke in the intervals of reading his prayer book before he fell asleep. His conversation was something like this, "The night is wearing on a pace, I think it is now two o'clock; after all we all have to die—Thank God, I am prepared." It is now ten o'clock and a melancholy crowd has assembled in front of the jail.

St. John's, December 13, 11:15 a.m.—As the hour approached for the execution, the press at the office of the Clerk of the Peace for tickets was very great, and it was with considerable difficulty members of the press obtained them. As a general rule, it is not pleasant to witness an execution, yet strange to say, there were men who would not hurt a fly, fighting with extended elbows and flashing eye in order to gain access. At ten o'clock men began to appear at the roof of the house overlooking the jail, and the Sheriff appeared immediately after in his robes of office—magnificent robes they were, by the way—of light purple trimmed with the finest ermine. The reporters follow the Sheriff into the jail yard, where the scaffold stares them gloomily in the face, with a black flag flying over it, flapping loudly and angrily in the breeze. The scaffold, which was erected yesterday, is very simple in construction; the platform is seven and a half feet from the ground, and the cross beam from which the unfortunate Costafrolaz was suspended fifteen, a square hole having been dug underneath to receive the body when it fell from the drop. The drop itself was four feet square, and in order that it might not, as often occurs, catch the body in its descent, a rope was attached to make matters sure. Two of the Grey Nuns stopped with the doomed convict to the last, praying and administering comforting consolation, as they always do when death, plague or terrible misfortunes are present. Costafrolaz must have had winning ways with him, as while he and the Sisters were praying during the ten minutes immediately preceding the fall, his guardian, Tremblay, was weeping sorrowfully, and, as a great rule, the turnkeys are not so forthright. His counsel, the priest, and, in fact, every one with whom he came in contact, seemed to have been won over by his gentle manners. At 10:45 Costafrolaz sat between the two Sisters, his hands clasped, and with all the outward evidence of wrapt attention visible on his attenuated but expressive face. The jail is a small one, however, and the noise made by bawling seekers for places often made him start awfully. Worse still, a crowd got on the roofs of the stables overlooking the jail, which were plainly visible to the man in his cell. This crowd quarrelled and shouted in spite of the exhortations and the efforts of county constables, who promenade on the jail walls in vain glorious fashion. Father Aubrey and the Rev. Mr. Bisson visited the prisoner at 10:30 and administered the last rites of the church. When the fatal moment arrived the scene was an impressive one. The hangman was walking up and down in a cell adjoining the condemned one enveloped in a long black gown like that of a Capuchin, and wearing a hood which only partly concealed his face, though he could so arrange it as to conceal the whole countenance at pleasure. He is a young man

are effervescing with excitement. In the cell itself the last private words are being spoken, the priests exhort, the man bows. The doors are flying open, and somehow or other the crowd rush in. The Sisters all this time are in the background; the Rev. Fathers, in their sacred vestments, look indignant at the interruption, and the man himself more indignant still. The sheriff reads his death warrant; he looked at the sheriff, and requested that he be allowed the ten remaining minutes to make his peace with God. The reporters say "certainly," and withdraw. The executioner now enters, and produces the straps to tie his hands; but Costafrolaz turns to the Nuns, and requests them to perform the ungracious office. They weep, comply, kneel down, and remain kneeling. The reporters were now admitted by the Sheriff, and the death warrant of Costafrolaz, alias De Mirabel, was read in due form in both the French and English languages by that functionary. When the death warrant was read, the convict said: "Mr. Sheriff, in answer to the accusation just read, I declare my innocence of the murder of Mathieu Matheson, and I now appeal to God to bear testimony to the truth of my assertion." He spoke these words in a hurried manner. Once more was the criminal left alone with his religious advisers but this time only for a minute, as the moment had arrived which was to usher a human being into eternity. The Sheriff exactly at ten minutes to eleven issued from the cell with a drawn sword flashing in his hand. Next came the convict with two broad leather straps round his waist, his hands tied to his side, a chain between his legs, and a rope round his neck. The two priests, however, intervened between the last named official and the prisoner as much as the rope allowed. The litany for the dead was still repeated, and the words "Misereere Domine" were mournful to hear as the lugubrious procession dejected in the jail yard. Then it was that Costafrolaz saw the black flag for the first time, and he blinked at it as if it were not to his liking. As an illustration of the character of the man, I may state that, when descending the stairs, he complained that the rope was not adjusted around his neck in such a manner as to utilize it by keeping him warm, and remarked seriously that he might catch cold. He ascended the ten steps that led to the scaffold in the slow manner his situation demanded, and then turned round and faced the crowd in the jail yard. The dramatic persons on the platform were at this time in the following positions:—Father Aubrey in the centre and a little forward, Sheriff Nolan on the left, Dr. Moreau on the left; the turnkey, weeping, behind him, Father Bisson in rear; an individual, completely enveloped in black, in rear of all, with a rope held firmly in his right hand, and the doomed man himself, the principal character in the tragedy about to be enacted, in the centre of all, and immediately under the drop the rope had been deftly put through the bolt by the man in black while the party were ascending to the scaffold, so that very few noticed it. After a hitch to his shoulder he said to the executioner, "this rope is not tight enough, please fix it properly." When every one was placed Costafrolaz addressed the spectators in good French, pretty nearly as follows: "Gentlemen, my friends, I am placed in a singular position. I thank you all for what you have done for me and the sympathy you have expressed in my behalf. I thank my counsel, Mr. Guilloit, and I thank the turnkey, Mr. Tremblay, for his kindness. I have not been treated fairly from the first, for they took from me the money I needed for my defence. I thank the people of Irberville, and I die in a strange country; I have seen high life in my time, and now I am going to a low life. (This was intended for an epigram. As he spoke he slightly depressed his eyelids and tapped the platform with his foot.) "Don jour, Messieurs, and thank you." Here he bowed to the officials in turn and ceased speaking, but resumed after a moment: "Gentlemen, these are my last words, 'Je suis innocent; God, who knows everything, knows this; I am innocent.' While the last word was still trembling on his lips, and before the echo of them died away, the Sheriff gave the signal, the hangman drew the rope, the trap gave way, a queer, indescribable crash was heard and the soul of the murderer Costafrolaz was launched into eternity. A rush was at once made by the crowd of morbid sight-seers in order to get a glance at the miserable corpse under the drop. It was found that death had been instantaneous. The lips were drawn from off the teeth and the eyes stared in a ghastly fashion, though only half open, while the head of the dead man inclined to the right. Dr. Moreau felt his pulse and pronounced life extinct, and after the fifteen minutes the law exacts it was cut down and an inquest was held. After a post mortem examination the body will be buried in that part of the Catholic cemetery allotted to the infants who die without receiving the Sacrament of Baptism.

It seems to your correspondent that Costafrolaz was a hardened villain, who lied to the very last in the expectation that a reprieve might come. It is well-known here that he was a Communist and an Atheist, and that he murdered a man in France, and that he was in jail at Rome for conspiring against the life of Pope Pius IX.

THE P. L. B. F. L. O. L.  
Mr. Doudiet and His Eloquence—The "Benevolent Ladies" and Their Entertainment—"Behold How These Christians Love One Another!"  
The lately established Female Orange Lodge held their first concert Thursday night at the Alexandra Hall, on St. Catherine street. Not being aware of the standard which the members expect, it is, of course, impossible to determine whether it was a success or not, but a slight sketch of the proceedings may serve to interest or amuse our readers.

The ball opened, of course, with the "Boyne Water," played vigorously, if not very artistically by the band of the Orange Young Britons, who considering that their sole instruments were four drums and a couple of wheezy flutes, did not perform their parts worse than might be expected. After the cheering had subsided, the Rev. Mr. Doudiet, having been introduced by the chairman, Mr. Sonne, delivered one of his characteristic orations. The speaker stated that since this lodge had been started, he had received quite a number of letters from various other "benevolent ladies" throughout the country, asking directions how to start similar organizations elsewhere. He defended the P. L. B. F. L. O. L. against the ridicule published in the Post regarding the same; such insinuations as that the members were to walk on the 12th being, they were gentlemen held, extremely improper. The speaker also came in for a fair share of abuse, for having dared to make fun of the "fifty benevolent ladies," but, perhaps, said the orator, that was only to be expected of a paper that devoted a column to the abuse of ministers' wives. These references drew loud and prolonged cheering. This association was formed, continued the speaker, to uphold the Orange principles; its members were to have no fellowship with the works of

darkness. As for Catholic newspapers, he needn't say anything about them. (Cheers.) It was a disgraceful sin for Protestants to hold their peace when Orangemen were abused in the press or otherwise. The Orange Young Britons he advised to go round to every brother and remark: "Be not dismayed—God himself is on our side." That being the case, they ought not to mind though the Evening Post was against them. Orangemen would not attack anybody; it was a defensive association, and Catholics who might be loudest in their denunciation of the Order would be the first to apply to them for protection. The speaker concluded by warning his hearers, in a metaphor slightly incomprehensible, to stand fast to their colors, even though the wolves of Rome should be howling at their doors. If they gave up their faith they would be lost here and hereafter. (Great cheers.)  
A young lady, whose sex and tender years preclude criticism, then sang a sentimental song of great length, and a youth with red face and hair heavily pomaded, sang a not particularly choice ditty entitled "Johnny Dougall's Mule," which was received rapturously. Then there was some "nigger" business, and a dismal absurdity known as a stump speech, in which allusion was made to Elizabeth Worship the Mayor, the editor of the Post and other citizens, who came in, of course, for hearty hissing. Altogether the affair was very dull, and it must be added, very vulgar. The attendance, which was composed of a few women, apparently servant girls, who may be supposed to represent the "benevolent ladies," and a number of boys disposed to rowdiness, was not, fortunately, a very critical one.

A Whale's Battle for Life.  
A correspondent of the Panama Star and Herald, writing from Esmeraldas, July 2nd, says: "I had a report that an Arctic whaler, not quite six months out from Valparaiso, with three hundred barrels of oil. On May 27th, in latitude 43° 30' south, longitude 115° 40' west, we lowered our boats, and Mr. Hancook, our first mate, soon fastened to a large one, which stove his boat slightly, but this was soon killed and brought to the surface. The whaler, however, had changed the whales a long way off to the leeward, and fastened to an eighty barrel fellow, and got slightly stove in doing so. The whale acted very ugly. At the time the first mate went to the third mate's boat and the sea with his flukes, and obliging Mr. Hancook to keep at a respectable distance, he being alone at the time, he reported that the whale was not quite so tame as he had been. Mr. Hancook would try to get near the whale, the monster would rush towards the boat. Sometimes he would raise his head and look at the whaler, and then he would turn for the least noise, turning slowly around, and then all at once would go the head and up his tail, and the sea would be lashed into foam. A short time after Mr. Hancook was again down towards the boat, and the mate at the mast-head reported a boat stove, as Mr. Hancook had set the signal which indicated that fact. Captain Kelly then ordered Mr. Hancook to assist in killing the whale. On his arrival at the scene he went boldly on and fastened, when suddenly his boat was badly stove and capsized. Mr. Hancook was thrown overboard, and first mate went into the third mate's boat and again attacked the whale. No sooner did the monster hear the sound of the approaching whaler than he made a dash for it, and before they could get out of the way, struck them, staying in the boat and capsizing it. Fortunately the whaler was not far from the shore, and Mr. Hancook was picked up by the crew, but none too soon, for just as they had stemmed off a short distance, the whale again attacked the stevedores, and in his mouth again, and again, and shaking it as a dog would a rat; then up would go his tail and fragments of the boat, oars, &c., would fly high in the air. Mr. Hancook went to the mast-head and shot a bomb at another boat. All the time the whale was rushing first here and then there, at one moment on his head and another on his tail. The only thing that kept Mr. Hancook from being killed, but it was a difficult job to get near enough to him for the bombs to be effectual, his body, most of the time, being perpendicular. The first mate was for a long time in and out at their right spot, which soon killed the whale. The writer of these lines has followed whaling since 1841, and has never seen but one whale fight so determinedly in his mouth again, and again, and again, and shaking it as a dog would a rat; then up would go his tail and fragments of the boat, oars, &c., would fly high in the air. Mr. Hancook went to the mast-head and shot a bomb at another boat. All the time the whale was rushing first here and then there, at one moment on his head and another on his tail. The only thing that kept Mr. Hancook from being killed, but it was a difficult job to get near enough to him for the bombs to be effectual, his body, most of the time, being perpendicular. The first mate was for a long time in and out at their right spot, which soon killed the whale. 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THE NEW HAT MAN. Alterations and re-trimming in Furs thoroughly and promptly executed. 32-g

GRAND LOTTERY! To aid in the completion of the HOSPITAL FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM POOR OF THE GREY NUNS OF MONTREAL, Under the patronage of His Lordship the R. C. Bishop of Montreal. COMMITTEE OF DIRECTORS: W. H. HINGSTON, M.D.; H. JUDAH, Q.C.; J. W. METCALVE, H. BELLEVILLE, J. J. BEVINS, A.L.S. LAPOINTE, A. W. GELVIE, C. S. RODIER, N. VALOIS, Rev. N. Bonhomme. WILL POSITIVELY TAKE PLACE ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1879. NAZARETH ASYLUM. 1085 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

810,000 Value in Prizes as follows: 1—1 lot of ground, near the Village of Chateaugay, south-east side of the River, 4 1/2 x 120 ft., with a handsome stone residence, valued at \$1,200 2—6 lots of ground, near St. Antoine (St. Ovide street), each valued at \$500 3—5 lots at Point St. Charles (Congregational Church), each valued at \$200 (1) 4—Another lot of ground, 98 ft. x 132 ft., valued at \$300, situated in Grandin street, St. Boniface, Manitoba, given by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, 300 5—A double action Harp, harmoniously tuned, valued at 400 6—A beautiful gold watch, set in diamonds, valued at 400 7—"Ecco Homo," a fine oil painting, said to be the original work of Christ, valued at 100 8—A strong useful horse, valued at 100 9—2 lots of 50 each—1 French mantle-piece clock, and 1 gold watch, 120 10—7 lots from \$30 to \$50 each—1 bronze statue, 1 winter carriage, here shown at the Exhibition, valued at 250 11—10 lots from \$30 to \$50 each, different articles, valued at 250 12—20 lots from \$15 to \$20 each, different articles, valued at 350 13—30 lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles, valued at 375 14—10 lots from \$10 to \$15 each, different articles, valued at 375 15—50 lots from \$4 to \$6 each, different articles, valued at 250 16—70 lots of 25 each, different articles, valued at 225 17—150 lots of \$2 each, different articles, valued at 300 18—200 lots of 10 each, different articles, valued at 200 600 lots. Amount of the Prizes.....\$10,500

NOTICE—All coupons belonging to the Tickets sold in the hands of the Agents, or other parties interested, must be returned to the Committee of Management on or before the 15th January, 1879; otherwise all such will be null and void, and only such coupons of Tickets actually sold and returned for redemption will be placed in the box on the day of drawing of prizes. CAUTION—Buy your Tickets from the regular Agents, or from some of your personal friends, as impostors will try to mislead and all coupons duly registered. Tickets, 50c each, or 5 Tickets for \$2. All Communications should be addressed: "COMMITTEE OF GRAND LOTTERY," Care Fabre & Gravel, 219 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

AGENTS—Devins & Bolton, 355 Notre Dame Street; Devins & Gravel, 229 Notre Dame St.; Henry Prince, 305 Notre Dame Street; Ad. Bouche, 232 Notre Dame Street; D. J. Sadler & Co., 275 Notre Dame Street; B. E. McQuate, 301 St. Joseph Street; F. Wright, 555 St. Mary Street; Dugal & Lechance, 515 St. Catherine Street; N. Riquain, 75 St. Lawrence Main Street. November 6 12

STOP AND READ! All forms of Kidney and Urinary diseases, Pains in the Back, Sides and Loins, are positively cured by GRANT'S REMEDY. Its effects are truly marvellous in Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease, and lost vigor; no matter how long standing the case may be, positive relief is had in from one to three days. Do not despair, hesitate or doubt, for it is really a specific, and never fails. It is purely a vegetable preparation; by its timely use thousands of cases that have been considered incurable by the most eminent Physicians have been permanently cured. It is also endorsed by the regular Physicians and Medical Societies throughout the country. Sold in bottles at Two dollars each, or three bottles, which is enough to cure the most aggravated case, sent to any address on receipt of FIVE dollars. Small trial bottles ONE dollar each. ALL ORDERS TO BE ADDRESSED TO Grant's Remedy Manufacturing Co., 554 Main Street, Worcester, Mass. 15-11108

For Sale. FLANING, SAWING, MOULDING, And other MILL MACHINERY, for sale at half price, or exchange for Lumber. 53-L Address box 118 P. O. Montreal. CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. A large Stock just received. To be sold cheap. —AT— MELLER & CO'S, 652 CRAIG STREET, NEAR BLEURY. 38-11

FASHION NOTES. Interesting Brevities for Beauties. —Very high, narrow back-combs are worn. —Walking shoes have small round box toes. —Gentlemen's overcoats are given velvet collars. —Dinner and evening dresses are cut square-necked. —The favorite button is the Japanese, in metals of three colors. —The fashionable bridesmaid's dress is white satin and tulle. —Fancy, basket-woven ribbons are shown for ladies' neck-wear. —Fashionable walking boots have cloth tops to match the costume. —Round and flat topped marish Derbys are worn by young ladies. —Metal buttons for trimming waistcoats of all kinds are very fashionable. —Plain black silk socks are de rigueur for wear with patent leather pumps. —Uncut velvet is a stylish material for ladies' waistcoats, collars and cuffs. —Paniers for making full-dress toilets bouffant on the hips are in the market. —Dolman visites and full lined circulars are the fashionable wraps this season. —Bonnets faced with fur and trimmed with ostrich feathers are worn in Paris. —English velvet, with long pile, is the fashionable material for morning jackets. —Scotch plaid ribbons are very fashionable either for hat trimmings or neck wear. —Black velvet bands around the neck are revived for evening full dress occasions. —Let passementerie and jet and silk fringes are much used in trimming black silk toilets. —Gray camel's hair cloth caps trimmed with bands of fur or feathers are novelties in children's wear. —Scotch plaid circulars lined with red opera flannel or red silk are stylish garments for school girl's wear. —Bonnets strings are no longer crossed in the back over the hair or in the shape of the neck by fashionable women. —Large Alsatian bows of wide black velvet ribbon are worn as evening head-dresses with "at home" reception toilets. —White satin dresses, trimmed with medival laces, yellow with age, are the most stylish evening toilets of the evening. —Cloth circulars have heavy cords and tassels fastening the garment in front, knotted loosely and then thrown over the shoulders. —Bias bands of many colored, striped and plaided clothes are used in trimming costumes de fatigue and simple house dresses of solid colors. —Black silk dresses for house and evening wear are usually combinations of several materials made into a full, flowing trained skirt, and tight basque attached to the same. —The Directorate bonnet is a leading Parisian novelty. It is high above the forehead, narrow on the sides, the strings cover the ears, tying under the chin, and the trimmings are a mixture of feathers, fur, ribbon and ornaments. The whole attire is frightfully ugly, but it is the rage at the moment in the French capital. —Opera and theatre bonnets of very small size, in the form of torques of white, pearl, and cream felt, are trimmed with white and pale tinted ostrich plumes and tips, a dash of color in the form of some fancy mixed feathers of red and peacock green and blue, or white grebe feathers, and sometimes a heron's egrette, but no flowers.

Fire-side Sparks. "I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away. The youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly upstairs singing, "Good-bye, sweet tart, good-bye." Over at the Exposition they are laying up something for a rainy day—not an umbrella but a Paris-haul. "Keep your patience alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students; "dead men pay no bills." "One is glass in eyes and the other is isinglass." This is the answer—and a very clever one it is; too. What we want now is a conundrum to hit it. They pulled the boots of a man before they buried him, in Deadwood the other day, causing the local paper to come out in a severe article denouncing "extravagance at funerals." A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she had had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me an auzer piece and send for the doctor." A couple of ladies were walking in a cemetery, when one of them pointed to a lovely vale and said: "That's the spot where I hope to be buried if my life is spared." Said a friend to a bookseller, "The book trade is affected, I suppose by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply. When a clergyman remarked that there would be a wave in the new church the society was building, an old lady whispered that, "She knew the party to whom he referred." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir, but I think you've made a mistake. This is a halfpenny!" "Old Gent, grandly; "Oh dear no—not at all, not at all! I never give less!" A chronic growler, who lived in a boarding-house, kept the landlady in a state of torment all through the holidays by always remarking at mealtime "Things are getting tough, I tell you." The late Sir George Rose, the witty lawyer, was one day with a friend who said to him: "I thought it was you, walking so fast." "Ah, you know the rose by the stock, do you?" responded Sir George. "We all know," said a Cockney school-teacher to the new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B, and C is vowels, but not we wants to know is vy they is so." If a mosquito was as large as a man and had the perceptive faculties multiplied to the same extent he would be a wondrous creature. There may be just one hole the size of a pony in a mosquito bar, but he never fails to find it. Rich parvenue, who knows nothing about painting, to an artist: "How shall I hang this picture?" Artist: "I wouldn't hang it if I were you, but commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life." "How many people have gone to destruction over those terrible Falls," said a gentleman to a temperance-lecturer at Niagara. A great many more have been destroyed by the little cask-aids," responded the teetotaler. The cool, bracing air of autumn, weighed down with subtle perfume of languishing flowers, is very nice and cheering in its way, but, at the same time, it isn't a circumstance that the zephyr which menders from the culinary department to one's bed-room just before breakfast. Dr. Wachs-muth, of Berlin, says that if the one-third part of the oil of turpentine is added to chloroform the latter can be administered as an anæsthetic without the risk usually attending it. The reason assigned is that the stimulating properties of the turpentine intercept in a marked manner the pulmonary paralysis, which is sometimes induced by the chloroform, and which is often the cause of death.

Domestic. BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—One quart sour milk, one cup molasses, two cups rye flour, four cups Indian meal, two even teaspoonsful soda. Steam three hours and then bake half an hour in a hot oven. POTATO PUFFS.—Two cupfuls cold mashed potatoes, two tablespoonfuls melted butter beaten together till light; beat in two eggs; one cupful of milk and a little salt; turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven till well browned. AMHERST FUNDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup of sifted chopped fine, one cup of milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins chopped; one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves; boil or steam three hours. VEAL LOAF.—Three pounds of veal off the ham; three sliced salt pork, chopped fine; add three eggs well beaten, one-half cup sweet cream, one tablespoonful each of sage, salt, and pepper. Stir well together, and bake one and a half hours. Best when cold. CHICKEN SALAD.—Take the meat of a boiled chicken, mince and add an equal quantity of chopped celery, prepare the following dressing and pour over it. Yolks of two hard boiled eggs, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, two of salt, a little pepper; yolk of a raw egg and a little sugar, one pint of cream, and vinegar to taste. YEAST THAT WILL KEEP A MONTH.—One quart of water in porcelain kettle, six good sized potatoes grated raw and stirred in the boiling water, then add half a cup each of salt and sugar and the water in which a handful of hops has been steeped. Remove from the fire and when cold add half a cup of yeast. Use a large spoonful to a loaf. FRIED OYSTERS.—Take large oysters drained well. Roll some crackers fine, season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some boiling lard and some beaten eggs. Dip the oysters first in the cracker then in the egg, and then into the cracker again; drop them in the hot lard; let them brown, and skim out in a colander to drain. Should be served hot. If I have written and spoken against the opulence of the denizens as to the doctrine which teaches the Penal Infidelity, I have always professed, not only in my heart, but in those of my writings concerning which the Holy Father has sent me the most affectionate letters.—Bishop Dupanloup. If I were to meet a priest and an angel, I should salute the priest first. The angel is the friend of God; but the priest holds His place. St. Theresa kissed the ground where a priest had passed. When you see a priest you should think, "There is he who made me a child of God, and opened Heaven to me by holy Baptism."—Ouré of Ars.

AMERICAN OPINION OF THE HANLAN CLUB. Canadian Sharpness Looking Up. Hanlan is said to have changed owners. The reasons for this new deal are thus stated in the Spirit of the Times:—"Edward Hanlan was in the spring of 1878 a first-class sculler. He might not have been able to beat, but he could certainly easily outrow any other man, and, unless interrupted by sickness or accident, his season's work could not help being a series of successes. A handful of shrewd speculators organized the Hanlan Club, with a membership roll, including the usual number of reputable citizens. But the real club consisted only of the half dozen betting men who worked the pools at every regatta. He rowed according to their instructions, kept behind at certain stages, pulled fast or slow as he was told to do, kept his mouth shut and proved a faithful servant; and having as nearly a sure thing as can happen in sporting matters, they won amounts whose total is enormous. One of his backers has boasted that Hanlan has at different times been instructed to stay behind for a certain portion of the race to help the betting; that he has been directed to win by only a certain distance, and when, on one occasion, he started to paddle home a little faster, telegrams were sent up the course, and Hanlan signalled to hold back; that a match made for \$2,000 was advertised as for \$5,000, to give it a fictitious importance; and that on the Kenbecasis the turning buoy was secretly moved half a mile up stream for the purpose of robbing those who had bet on time." On this the New York Sun remarks: "After all, Courtney may be a white lamb compared with these double-deck Canadians."

Roses in Winter. To grow and bloom roses in the winter they must be planted in clean pots, with good rich soil mellow and friable. That made from old, decomposed sods, mixed with old and thoroughly rotted manure, is best; fresh manure is very injurious. They should have regular heat and moderate moisture. The temperature may range from 40 to 50 deg. at night, and from 60 to 70 deg. in the day time. The plants should have plenty of sunshine, the early morning sun being the most desirable; they should be sprinkled frequently with blood-warm water. The leaves should be clean and bright, since dust is injurious to the health of roses. If troubled with earth worms water occasionally with weak lime water. Mildew may be destroyed by dusting plants with flour of sulphur. Green fly may be treated with a sprinkling of tea, made by steeping tobacco or tobacco stems in boiling water, allowing it to cool before using. Tea roses are best for blooming in winter.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. Lord Dufferin's Inaugural Address at the Annual Meeting.—The Great Northwest of Canada. TORONTO, December 11.—A special by cable to the Mail says:—"The annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held last evening at the Society's rooms, Saville Row, Burlington Gardens, when the Earl of Dufferin, the new President, delivered his inaugural address. His Lordship was supported by Sir Lutheroord Alcock, K. C. B., D. C. L., the retiring President, Mr. C. B. Markham, C. B., the Secretary, Lord Arthur Russell, M. P., the Foreign Secretary, and other distinguished members of the Society. As an appropriate compliment to His Lordship's early travels in "high latitudes," the evening was devoted to the subject of Arctic exploration. In his inaugural address the new President gave an eloquent and interesting account of his recent travels in the Great Northwest, with a glowing description of the prospects of that vast territory in connection with the future of the Dominion of Canada. Papers were also read on the Swedish Arctic expedition under Prof. Nordenfjöld and the recent Dutch expedition to the Polar regions.

Railroad Earnings. The officers of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway are indignant at the report that the company is about to break the lease of the Morris and Essex road, and say that if such a movement is to be made it is a stock jobbing operation; that, although the lease is in one way a heavy burden on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, it is valuable in other respects, and that, if it were not, they would stand by it as firmly as if it added to rather than diminished the income of the company.

The earning of 25 Western railroads in November show an increase of \$187,406 over last year. The increase is most noticeable in Wabash, Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, the main line of the Illinois Central, St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern, Denver and Rio Grande, Chicago and Alton, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, and the proprietary roads of the Chicago and Northwestern. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the two Canadian roads, Grand Trunk and Great Western, show a marked falling off. Turning to the gross earnings of the same roads for the eleven months of the calendar year, the showing is, on the whole, a very satisfactory one; the increase, compared with the business for the corresponding period last year, being not far from \$3,500,000.

More Indian Troubles. Another Indian outbreak is threatened, rascally white men being, as usual in such cases, the cause. Ponies have been disappearing from agencies, and the Indian owners, like most other people who suffer loss through thieves, naturally want to kill somebody. Finally, two Texan horse thieves, who were meandering southward with a drove of ponies, were noticed, suspected, stopped and finally arrested in a manner which reflected great credit upon their capture, and the horses proved to have been stolen from the already much abused Red Cloud band. The stockmen between Omaha and the agencies, alarmed at the possibilities of retaliation by the Indians, have signed an agreement not to buy stolen ponies, and to spare no effort to bring the matter before Congress and the State Legislature for action. But what satisfaction is there in this for a man whose horse has been stolen? What is needed is a prompt trial of the thieves as shall satisfy the Indians that the government means to protect them in their property rights. It is a great pity that such soundraals cannot be tried by judge and jury drawn from among the sufferers themselves. The redskins in the Indian Territory try horse thieves with the result that such trials have become extremely rare of late years.—New York Herald.

Wet pepper throws off great quantities of carbonic acid gas. Five sailors recently lost their lives in the hold of an English vessel loaded with pepper, a part of which had been wet with rain. Sir Edward Thornton's daughters combine health and amusement by playing lawn-tennis on pleasant afternoons on the grounds of the British Legation in Washington. They brought the paraphernalia of the game from England.



Practical chemistry is wisely directing its attention to certain fertile causes of diseases, with a view to their ultimate removal.

The electric light is at present produced by two different methods. The first, which is the most generally known, consists in employing two carbon electrodes, between the extremities of which is formed a luminous ray, known as the voltaic arc.

The Telephone.—A satisfactory trial of Mr. Edison's carbon telephone has been made between London and Norwich, a distance of over 115 miles, the wire used running alongside many others.

Mr. Edison's "Splanetrophone."

We remember meeting Mr. Edison, some years ago, when he was most deeply absorbed in his experiments relating to the conductivity of sound through various media, and had a long and interesting conversation with him on that subject.

Death of English Kings.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions. William Rufus died of the death of the poor steers which he hunted.

The St. John "Freemans" on the "Low-Necked Dresses."

The Toronto Mail and some other papers express strong disapproval of the notice requiring ladies to appear at the drawing-rooms in low-necked dresses.

Military News.—The Prussian military system will be introduced in the army of Greece on the 1st of January, 1880.

The Duke of Connaught, commanding the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade at Woolwich, handed over his charge on Monday to Lord Clinton, having been granted leave until the middle of December.

Officers at the Chatham garrison are invited to volunteer to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope in charge of reinforcements.

It is believed that unless the Eastern horizon brightens up considerably the Government will call out the First Army Reserve for duty in January next.

A NEW PROJECT.—A simple contrivance for converting common shells into incendiary projectiles has been successfully tried at the Woolwich proof butts.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

The late arrivals of cattle at this market have been of an inferior quality. Sales were consequently slow and without profit to the owner.

THE HOG MARKET.

Chicago as usual supplies the article. Prices are steady, declining, being from \$2.50 to \$2.75 per 100 lbs.

PRIZE CATTLE IN MONTREAL.

About a dozen prize cattle from Chicago stood in Victoria square, in the afternoon, and were sold to the United Kingdom for exhibition there.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS.

The present snow has added materially to the attendance of our country farmers, and this morning innumerable sleighs were to be seen, loaded up to the top with produce and provisions of all kinds.

VEGETABLES.—Were poorly supplied but in good demand.

FRUIT.—Apples are the only trading article at present. Green apples sell at \$1.50 a barrel; common apples at \$1.25 a barrel.

FISH MARKET.—A plentiful supply.

Butcher's Meat.—A plentiful supply of meat on hand, but in small retail. Prices steady.

GRAIN.—The supply is good, and prices without fluctuations.

MESS PORK.—At from \$11.00 to 12.00 the barrel.

THE HAY MARKET.—The present supply equals the demand.

MILK.—A plentiful supply.

Milk in sealed glass jars, after the "Arey Farm" method, has been sold in New York for some time. The price is twenty cents per quart jar, and as it insures just as pure milk as the cow can give, the plan suits wealthy customers very well.

FINANCIAL.

MONTREAL, December 17, 1878. The following were to-day's transactions:—Merrill's Bank, Montreal, at 140; 50 do Merchants' Bank at 81; 250 do Bank of Commerce at 103; 20 do Montreal City Co. at 100; 10 do Montreal Telegraph Co. at 100; 10 do Richelle Co. at 48.

New York Stock Market. New York, December 17, 1.30 p. m.—Stocks irregular; Delaware and Hudson, 37; Telegraph, 94; American Express, 47; Northwestern, 47; Western Union, 47; Rock Island, 18; St. Paul, 52; St. Paul preferred, 73; Erie, 18; St. Jo, 18; St. Jo preferred, 35; Illinois Central, 74; Lake Shore, 69; Michigan Central, 69; Union Pacific, 67; Gold, 100 p.

COMMERCIAL.

The flour market is doing but little, and it is expected that the present stagnation will last until the middle of next February. The stock on hand is about 1,000,000 bushels, an increase of over 500,000 barrels since the beginning of the month.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes Superior Extra, Extra Superfine, Spring Extra, Rejected, Total.

Corn Exchange Report.

Flour in local character and consist of broken lots of Spring Extra and Medium Bakers' at quotations.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, December 17.—Wheat—Receipts, 115,000 bushels; shipments, 105,000 bushels; 2 1/2c January; 2 1/2c to 2 1/2c for February. Corn—Receipts, 122,000 bushels; shipments, 110,000 bushels; 3 1/2c for January; 3 1/2c for February. Lard, \$5.50 for January; \$5.60 for February.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, December 17.—Cotton dull at 8 1/2-10c. Flour slightly in buyers' favor; receipts, 16,000 barrels; sales, 14,000 barrels.

Wheat slightly in buyers' favor; receipts, 188,000 bushels; sales, 21,000 bushels No. 2 Red, for January, at 87c.

Chicago Hog Market.

CHICAGO, December 17.—Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; market quiet; prices, \$2.50 to 2.75; heavy shipping, \$2.65 to 2.90.

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EFFECTS OF OLD AGE.—When a horse is twenty years old, he may be expected to show the effects of old age. These frequently appear in weakness of the bladder, and incontinence of urine, as well as in weakness of the loins; due often to partial failure of the nervous system proceeding from the spinal cord.

DEATHS.

HODSON.—At Mount Royal Vale, on the 11th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth Hodson, aged 78 years. U. S. papers please copy.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.—A Male Tenener, with certificate and good references, to take charge of a separate school. Apply to Father Spratt, Wolf Island, Ont., and state terms.

WANTED.—A Catholic Teacher, for S. S. No. 1, Alfred, Ont., holding a Third-Class Certificate for Ontario, and capable of teaching the French language. Apply, stating salary required, to the undersigned Trustees.

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WEEKLY TEST.

Number of Purchasers served during week ending Dec. 14th, 1878. 3,117 Same week last year 2,894 Increase 223

CARSLEY'S DRESSES.

LIST OF NEW DRESS GOODS.

Good useful Worst-Edge Homespon for 1 1/2c per yard. Good quality of Empress Cloth, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 25c per yard.

GO TO S. CARSLEY'S

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NO MAUDLIN PHILOSOPHY

THIS TIME. BUSINESS! BUSINESS! BUSINESS!

Read the following.

Hosiery—Lamb's Wool. Fine French L. W. Hose for Children. Fine Scotch L. W. Hose for Children, in all colors, of all sizes, and at all prices.

Underclothing. Men's Wear. Shirts and Drawers, heavy make, 40c each; better makes ranging in price as follows: \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1 each.

Blankets. In White and Grey, from \$1 to \$10 per pair. Underclothing. Children's Shirts and Drawers, in two qualities all sizes, ranging in price from 50c to \$1.50.

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