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THE IRISH LAND WAR.

SHAW'S MANIFESTO!

HOW IT IS RECEIVED IN IRELAND.

RELIGION AND NATIONALITY.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Mr. Shaw's manifesto has fallen upon Ireland like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The leader of the moderate section of the Irish representatives has chosen his time well. The feeling of disappointment created by the mysterious movement of the leaders of the Land League and the still deeper feeling of despair at the prospect of a speedy passing of the Coercion Bill had thrown the country into a state of despondency which even the fiercest revival of the agitation could not have shaken off. At this moment, and not when the country was indignant at the arrest of Michael Davitt and the occurrence of that memorable Thursday evening in the House of Commons, Mr. Shaw has filed the gravest indictment against...

Practically his charges are two in number. The first is that the Irish Parliamentary party, by their action, have forced the Government to bring in the worst Coercion Bill ever introduced, and the second, that they have endangered the prospects of a good Land Bill. These charges may not be new, and, as a matter of fact, they are absurd, since without the movement there would have been no promise of remedial legislation. But they have produced an effect beyond that which they were intended to produce. Mr. Shaw wields a commanding influence among the commercial classes; his political programme has always been a desire to develop the resources of the people and to amend the Land Laws. He has taken himself to the task of judging Mr. Parnell, and he finds him wanting at the most critical moment in...

He has placed his views before the country, and what has been the result? In Dublin, which has played a politically cowardly part throughout the whole agitation, the manifesto is hailed with delight even among the Conservatives. There is, indeed, a danger that Mr. Shaw's reputation may lead even thoughtful men to conclusions not altogether justified by the facts. It is argued that the member for Cork County, who is at the head of a great banking establishment dependent more than any other on the farmers of Ireland for its support, sees the sign of a return to calmer views and more moderate demands on the part of the people. Also, why has he spoken so boldly against the popular idols? This view is doubtless supported by many independent pieces of evidence, but we must await the return of Mr. Parnell and his friends to Ireland and the action of the authorities under the Coercion Act until we can properly gauge the effect of this...

REMARKABLE PRAISE.—The country is slow to make up its mind on such a point, but Mr. Parnell's mysterious absence in France and his highly objectionable intercourse with men whose names are abhorred by local Catholics have given a shock to his influence which he will find it difficult to counteract. The man who more than any other has awakened the enthusiasm and sympathy of the peasantry of Ireland seems for a moment to have forgotten that the men with whom he has been associating in Paris have been leaguers throughout their lives for the destruction of all that the people of this country hold most dear. Even among Mr. Parnell's most ardent admirers outside the ranks of those associated with him in his work a marked feeling of disappointment is apparent. By...

THE PRESS OF IRELAND.—The manifesto is received with hardly a dissentient voice. The Freeman's Journal, in spite of its recent thick and thin support of the land agitation, has not a single stone to throw at the member for Cork County. It endorses his views regarding the development of the resources of the country and the necessity of political unity if a good measure of land reform is to be secured. From no quarter is the manifesto hotly criticised. This would not have been the case two months ago. Everyone is asking how Mr. Parnell will meet Mr. Shaw's attack. He cannot, as in the case of the Archbishop of Dublin's pastoral, pass it over unnoticed. Such a course will not satisfy the people who gave him such devoted support, for there is a growing disposition among the tenants to disregard the League's teachings. He also cannot ignore the great...

RENT PAYING MOVEMENT.—which is gathering headway. Lord Digby's tenants, to the number of 700, after holding out for the most determined manner for "Griffith's Valuation," have paid their rents in full, less the landlords' abatement of ten per cent. People who have reason to fear that the vengeance of the Government will fall on them are quietly leaving the country. Mr. J. W. Nally, whose speeches created so much amusement at the State Trials has gone to the Cape of Good Hope. The authorities of Dublin Castle are quietly awaiting the passing of the Coercion Bill to carry out their part of the programme. The lists of those who are to be imprisoned are already prepared, and the proclamations to be issued by the Lord-Lieutenant are printed. The country will be surprised not at the extent to which the powers of the authorities, under the bill, will be exercised, but at the leniency with which the law will be put in force. THE ORDINARY LAW...

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country with a vigour which it was not supposed to possess, and there is a growing disposition not to interfere with this satisfactory movement. With the Fenians, Molly Maguires and Ribbonmen the case is very different. They will be dealt with in the most rigorous manner. Their leaders will be seized if they remain in the country, which few seem inclined to do. Their arms will be taken; their illegal drillings and meetings, of which the authorities declare they have the fullest information, will be peremptorily stopped.

HEAD CENTRE JAMES STEPHENS.

The Paris correspondent of the Standard reports a conversation with James Stephens, in which the Fenian leader said that there was not the slightest foundation for the report that he had come to Paris to join Mr. Parnell. He had never seen Mr. Parnell and had never sought or been asked to see him. Moreover, he did not agree with the policy of the Home Rulers. He considers their obstructionist manoeuvres in the House of Commons are unworthy of an Irish party undignified, impolitic, and calculated to alienate rather than to attract the sympathies of the people. He thought that having consented to become members of the House it was their duty to conform to the ordinary rules, and not to get up an obstructive opposition which could do no practical good to the Irish cause, nor prevent the ultimate action of the Government. Mr. Stephens disagrees with the opinion formed in certain quarters that Mr. Parnell has made a mistake in associating himself and his party with the Paris Communists. He says that the question of religion is a secondary one and that the Irish think of their country before they think of the church. Mr. Stephens added that if the League were obliged to establish their headquarters in Paris they might as well break up at once since there the partial influence of the Irish people would be annulled. He declines the Irish policy of the Liberals who, he says, "promise a great deal, and do little, whereas the Conservatives promise a little but do a great deal." Relative to the general outlook of the Irish question Mr. Stephens was not very sanguine. He holds that an English Parliament is incapable of dealing with it. Ireland, he believes, will never get anything worth having from the House, the question will have to be settled, to use his own words, "by a stand up fight." Once Ireland has gained her independence she will be happy to ally herself with England. "For Ireland and England," he added, "are born to be allies, and can do more good to each other by being united than by being separated."

THE FRENCH PRESS ON THE AGITATION.

PARIS, Feb. 20.—In an important article on Mr. Parnell and Irish affairs the *Republique Francaise*, M. Gambetta's organ, declares its conviction that the Irish agitation makes a prearranged separation movement, and will, therefore, win no sympathy either abroad or among English democrats.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood Arrives.

THE FREE STATE VOLKSTRAAD.

AFFAIRS IN ASHANTEE

LONDON, Feb. 16.—Government intends granting full local independence to the Boers.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—A despatch from Durban says Upper Natal is in the hands of Boers.

A telegram has been received in London from the President of the Orange Free State, the tone of which is very pacific.

It is understood that it is proposed that the part of Transvaal, to which the Boers have a fair claim, will be declared independent, and the remaining and larger part continue to be governed by the British, the British resident to be appointed at the capital of the Boers.

DURBAN, Feb. 17.—Generals Colley and Wood met to-day at Fort Amiel and held a Council of War.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—A Cape Town despatch says that at the opening of the Volkstraad of the Orange Free State at Bloemfont, the capital, President J. H. Brand, in his opening speech, said he believed the Volkstraad would vote resolutions of neutrality between England and the Boers in the present war. He said this was important to the Free State, on account of its geographical position, forming, as it does, a connecting link between Cape Colony and the Transvaal.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Advices from Cape Coast announce that war is imminent, that the Ashantees are within three days' march from the coast. The British are receiving reinforcements from Lagos.

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IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE COERCION BILL

Ireland Coerced In and Out of Parliament.

THE "LIBERTIES" OF PARLIAMENT

A PARLIAMENT OF LANDLORDS LEGISLATE FOR THEMSELVES.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—In the House of Commons last night, the obstructionists continued their tactics in committee, and the debate on the Coercion Bill was adjourned.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—There still remain to be considered about eighty amendments to the Coercion Bill on the notice papers. Irish members are steadily obstructing the progress of the bill in committee. The *Times*, in a leading article on the subject, concluded as follows:—"The despatch of measures in urgency is not to be easily distinguished from the leisurely movement of ordinary bills in committee."

LONDON, Feb. 18.—Additional rules presented by the Speaker of the House of Commons to curtail obstruction meet with much opposition from both Tories and Home Rulers, and are likely to produce a lively time, as the Home Rulers are joining the Tories in their opposition.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—There are still upward of fifty amendments to the bill for the better protection of persons and property in Ireland awaiting discussion in committee in the House of Commons. The consideration of the second sub-section of the first clause of the bill is not yet ended.

Gladstone's motion to the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole to report the Protection Bill to the House within a certain time, should the Committee fail to complete the consideration, has been postponed until Monday in consequence of the action of the Government on the subject of coercion. The Parnellites have resolved to vote with the Conservatives on all questions not relating to Ireland. Parnell announces that he will be in Parliament to-morrow.

The Home Rulers have resolved to place additional amendments to the Protection Bill on the paper.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—In the Commons, this afternoon, Mr. Gladstone gave notice that, unless the Committee on the Protection Bill closed to-night, he will move, to-morrow, that the Chairman report the Bill before midnight. This motion will be in accordance with the Speaker's new rules, which provide that such motion will be put without debate, and, if carried by 3 to 1, the Chairman of the Committee will leave the chair at midnight, thus compulsorily closing the Committee stage of a Bill.

The Postmaster-General simply replied "No" to a question, by Mr. Labouchere, whether warrants, authorizing him to open letters in transit, would be presented to the House. The answer was greeted with prolonged cheers. The Home-Secretary said it was not intended to limit the present power of opening letters.

The Speaker of the Commons this afternoon, announced fresh and most stringent rules respecting urgent business.

Mr. Joseph Cowen (Radical and Home Ruler), amidst cheers from the Irish members, announced that as soon as the rules of the House permitted, he would move that whenever urgency was declared, a bill should pass without discussion.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan (Home Ruler) gave notice that if Mr. Cowen's motion was negatived, he would move that, when urgency is declared, the Premier should move that no Irishman be heard on any question.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—Mr. Parnell entered the House of Commons about 5 o'clock this evening, amidst cheers from the Irish members. Before departing for Paris, he left his card at the Elysee for President Grey, and it is reported that after attending the Home Rule meeting on Sunday, he will return to Paris and seek an interview with the President.

The Chairman of the House which sat as a committee of the whole, ruled that so many Home Rule amendments were pending in regard to the Protection to life and property in Ireland bill, which were inconsistent with the nature and object of the bill that he should pass them over without putting them to a vote. This announcement was received with great cheers by the Government party, but regarded as an almost unprecedented and arbitrary exercise of authority.

In the House of Commons this afternoon, Sir Stafford Northcote rose, amidst Conservative cheers, and said that many of his party, although approving Mr. Gladstone's motion, would be embarrassed by the new rules. "This is doubtless the outcome of to-day's meeting of the Carlton Club. In the House this afternoon the first clause of the bill was adopted by a vote of 302 to 44."

LONDON, Feb. 19.—In the Commons on Friday night there were more scandalous scenes, provoked by the Parnellites, rivaling in contempt for decency the worst incidents of this session. The most reckless Home Rulers, including Dawson, Finnegan, Parnell, Meigs, Ally, O'Connor and Biggar, vied with each other in defying the Chair, insulting Foster, Gladstone, and other Ministers of the House generally. The exasperation was due partly to the Speaker's new rules, under which the Parnellites saw their last chance of obstruction disappear. Parnell's reappearance in the House is understood to be due to the reluctance of the Government to avail themselves of evidence deemed sufficient

to warrant his arrest on grave charges. Parnell's manifesto is regarded by English Radicals as formally relinquishing all claims to their support, and shows that the manifesto tends still more to strongly disintegrate the Home Rule party. The Irish resolutions passed by the Legislatures of Minnesota and Colorado fail to rouse any resentment, most Englishmen manifesting it purely as a geographical curiosity. Gladstone's sudden visit to the Queen on Friday excites conjecture. The Radicals had he went to remonstrate against the despatch of further royal telegrams to the Transvaal.

Just before the House of Commons adjourned last night, when most of the reporters had left, the Speaker said he had considered the various questions and suggestions addressed to him, and had framed a new rule in lieu of those announced on Thursday last, which he trusted would meet the views of the House. The rule is as follows:—"That in committee on any urgent bill or in the stage known as the consideration of a bill as amended, a minister can move that the remaining clauses and any amendments or new clauses standing on the notice paper shall, after a certain day or hour, be put forthwith, and such motion by a minister shall forthwith be put from the chair but not decided affirmatively unless voted by a 3 to 1 majority. The Marquis of Hartington, Secretary of State for India, on behalf of Mr. Gladstone, gave the necessary notice of a motion such as is here referred to on Monday next in regard to the protection bill."

LONDON, Feb. 22.—At midnight precisely the Chairman entered the rule, and all of the amendments to clauses of the bill were put forthwith and the bill passed committee amid great cheering. The Irish members tried to further obstruct the passage of the bill, but failed. The bill will be reported to the House to-day.

LONDON, Feb. 21.—The English members of the House who voted in the minority this afternoon on Gladstone's motion, that at midnight the remaining clauses and amendments of the Protection Bill be put forthwith, are Holker, Conservative; Tyler, Conservative; Edwards, Liberal; McDonald, Liberal; Gorst, Conservative; Clark, Conservative; Hope, Liberal-Conservative; Brad, Radical; Labouchere, Liberal; Burtough, Radical; Cowen, Radical; Lewis, Conservative.

It is announced that the Government intends to proceed with the Arms Bill immediately after the passage of the Protection Bill. The Parnellites of the House go to Ireland in a few days to address their constituents. Parnell addresses his constituents in Cork on Sunday.

IS THERE A SKELETON CONCEALED? MORE LIGHT WANTED UPON THE LENOXVILLE COLLEGE AFFAIR.

SOME six weeks ago the attention of the Sanitary Inspectors was called to the condition of Lennoxville College. A plague appeared to have broken out in the institution, for two deaths had occurred, and a large number of dangerous cases of illness from typhoid fever were reported. The deaths occurred outside of the College, but from disease contracted within its walls. Accordingly, Messrs. Radford and Lowe visited the premises, and after a careful investigation prepared and presented a very exhaustive report of the result of their examination. An investigation by medical gentlemen was then required, and their report, which was of a general nature, was recently published in the *Canada Medical and Surgical Journal*. Therein it was stated that the ventilation of the College was insufficient, and that the drainage imperfect. The well from which the water used by the institution was drawn was analyzed by Prof. Croft and pronounced impure. A year previous it had been examined by Dr. Baker Edwards and declared pure, a fact which would show that during the time that had elapsed it had been contaminated, as a result of the imperfect drainage. So much was published, but the report by the Sanitary Inspectors still remains *perdu*. Having reasons to believe that this report was withheld from the public for sufficient reasons, as far as the college authorities were concerned, a reporter of THE POST called upon Dr. Cameron, who had assisted in the medical examination, in the effort to learn further particulars. The doctor acknowledged that he had a copy of the Sanitary Inspector's report in his possession, but declined to show it, giving as his reason that the matter, as far as that was concerned, was in the hands of the authorities of the college. The doctor's report, he claimed, was sufficiently full for all purposes, and that the previous report merely went into details of sanitary arrangements or needed improvements which would be uninteresting to any person unacquainted with the college building. He did not think that the college authorities had any reason for neglecting to publish the report, beyond its voluminous nature, and the space it would consequently occupy.

This was all the satisfaction obtained. The original report remains in the institution, and the copy *perdu*. Probably it is not a case of concealment for private at the expense of public interests, but at all events it would be reassuring if the report was published, or left open for perusal. The students have been transferred from the college building to Magog to await the completion of alterations and improvements.

A cough is usually the effort of Nature to expel some morbid matter, irritating the air passages of the lungs. It may, however, proceed from an inflamed or irritable condition of the throat, a slight rash or humor often being perceptible. Let the cause be what it may, the remedy should be Hayward's Pectoral Balsam. A purely vegetable balsamic throat and lung healer. For sale by all dealers in medicine, at 25 cents per bottle.

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER. There are whips and toys and pieces of strings. There are shoes with no little feet to wear. There are bits of ribbon and broken rags. And tresses of golden hair; There are little dresses folded away Out of the light of the summer day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn. There are toys and models of ships. There are books and pictures all faded and torn. And marked by the finger tips Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust. And I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul, Some-times when I try to pray. That the reaper has sown so many flowers, And taken all mine away; And I almost doubt if the Lord can know That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones Who are watching and waiting to-night. For the slow return of fainting feet. That have strayed from the paths of right; Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin. Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander afar in distant climes. They perish by field and flood. Their hands are black with the direst crimes. That kindle the wrath of God; Yea a mother's song has soothed them to rest. She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And I sadly think of my children three. And I know they have never grown old. And I know that they are waiting and watching for me In the city with streets of gold; Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years. From sorrow and sin and war; And I think my God with falling tears, For the things in the bottom drawer.

A FRANCO-IRISH SOLDIER. DEATH OF GENERAL O'FARRELL.

General O'Farrell, one of the descendants of a hero of the Irish brigade died January 2nd, on one of his estates in the Department of the Aude, at the age of seventy-eight.

General O'Farrell, who was born the year before Napoleon became Emperor (1803), was a sous-lieutenant in the

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR DE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

No mortal help, it seemed, could save her. Her father made frantic efforts to reach her. But in vain. Near, nearer, nearer to that frightful hissing chasm, to be dashed to atoms on the rocks below. In the midst of the waters the earl sat on his horse, white, powerless, paralyzed. "Oh, God!" he cried, "can nothing save her?" "Yes; at the last moment a wild shout came from the opposite bank, a figure plunged headlong into the river, and headed with almost superhuman strength toward her. "Cling to the rock for the love of God!" shouted a voice through the din of the storm. Through the din of the storm, through her reeling senses, she heard that cry and obeyed. She caught at a rock near, and grasped it with the tenacity of despair for a moment; another, and she was torn away, held with iron strength in the grasp of a strong arm. There was a last, desperate struggle with the surging flood—a struggle in which both she and her rescuer were nearly whirled over the chasm. Then, in the uproar and darkness, there came a lull; then the tumult of many voices in wild Irish shouts; then she was lying in the opposite bank, drenched from head to foot, but saved from an awful death. "Hurrah!" shouted a wild voice. "Long life to ye, Mister Redmond! Shure it's yerself is thure warrant for a strong arm and a stout heart! Beggorra! though ye war near it! Upon me now, there isn't another man in the barony but yerself cud' av' dun it!" "Oh, stop all that, Lanty!" answered an impatient voice, as Lady Cecil's preserver gave himself a shake like a water-dog. "I'll hold you a guinea it's the English lord and his daughter on their way to Torryglen. Were they mad, I wonder, to try and ford the torrent in this storm? See how he breast the current—he's down—no, he's up again—now he's gained the bank. By the rock of Cashel! gallantly done—a brave beast! Lanty, if you can do anything more for them do it. I'm off." He bounded away in the rainy twilight with the speed of a young stag. The peasant addressed as "Lanty" looked after him. "By the powers, but it's like ye and all yer breed, seed, and generation, to go to the devil to save any one in distress, and thin'ly as if he were after ye for fear ye'd get thanked. Oh, but it is myself that knows ye—father an' son—this many a day well. God save your honor kindly." Lanty pulled off his hair cap. "Troth, it was an'na escape yer honor had this night, an' an' the young lady. Oh, thin', it's a sore hart ye'd have in yer breast this minit av' it hadn't been for the young master." "That gallant youth," the earl cried, flinging himself off his horse. "I never saw a braver deed, Cecil—Cecil, my darling, thank Heaven you are saved! Cecil, my dearest, are you hurt?" He lifted the golden head and kissed the wan, wet face. In all her sixteen years of life, Lord Ruyland had never fully realized how he loved his only child before. She had not fainted. The high courage of the peer's daughter had upheld her through all. She half raised herself now and smiled faintly. "Not hurt, only stunned a little by the fright and the whirl of the water. And you, papa?" "I am perfectly safe, but—good Heaven! what an escape it has been. In five seconds you would have been over that horrible gulf. Why that lad had had the heart of a very lion! the most gallant thing I ever saw done. He risked his life without one thought, I verily believe. A brave lad—a brave lad. And he has, as far as I could see, the air of a gentleman, too." Lanty overheard, and looked at his lordship with supreme disdain. "A gentleman, is it? Faith he is that, an' a divil thank him for it! Shure he is the O'Donnell's—no less, an' everybody knows the O'Donnell's w' kings and princes afore the time of Moses. Gintleman, indeed! Oh, thin' it hisself that is, an' his father an' his father's father afore him. Weren't they kings of Ulster, time out of mind, and didn't they own iv'ry rood an' mile av' the county ye're travellin' in the days of Henry the Eighth, till himself wid his wives an' his black panderen tuk it from him an' bestow'd it on purty divil's like himself? My curse on the curse of the crows on him and thin', hot and heavy this night?" "Indeed," said the earl, "and who are you, my good fellow? A retainer of that king and fallen house, I take it?" His companion gave a second polite duck of his hairy cap. "I'm Lanty, yer honor—Lanty Lafferty, av' it's phuzen to ye—called after me grand-father on the mother's side—God be good to him, decent man! I'm Mister Redmond's own man, an' it's proud an' happy I am to be that name." "You like your young master, then?" "An' why wouldn't I like him? Is there a man or baste in the County Fermannah wudn't shed the last drop for the O'Donnell. More betoken there isn't his like for a free-handed, bold-hearted gintleman from here to the wurld's end. But, arrah, why make I be talkin'—sure yer honor knows for yourself." "I do, indeed, and I honor him the more for flying to escape my gratitude. But as we are to be neighbors, I perceive, I insist upon our being friends. Tell him it is my earnest wish—that of my daughter, too—that he shall visit us, or permit us to visit him. He need not fear being overwhelmed with thanks—I feel what he has done too deeply to turn in fine phrases. A brave lad and a gallant! And now, if you'll guide us to Torryglen, my good fellow, you'll do us a last great service." "I'll do that wid all the veins," cried Lanty Lafferty; "it's no distance in life from this Faix, it ud be a thousand pities av' the purty crathur beside ye get cowid, for, upon my conscience, it's more like an angel she is than a young woman." Torryglen lay nestling in a green hollow amid the rugged hills and waving wealth of gorse and heather. A trim little cottage set in the centre of a flower garden, and fitted up within and without with every comfort and elegance. The earl's valet and Lady Cecil's maid had gone on in advance, and glorious peat fires, dty garments, and a savory dinner awaited them. For Lanty Lafferty, he was regaled in the kitchen, and when, hours after, he sought out his young master, he was glowing and flowing over with praises of "the lord" and his daughter. "Oh, the darlin' of the wurld! Wid a face like rose of new milk, an' two eyes av' yer own that ud warn the very cookeys av' yer heart only to look at, an' halt for all iv'ry ye seen like a cup of coffee!" "Ay, coffee—an' w'ra! but it's little av' the same we get in this house, Shure I had

a beautiful cup over there beyant an hour ago. Like coffee—not too strong, mad—an' with just a notion of cream. That's its color; an', m'usha, but it's as purty a color as iv'ry find in a day's walk. An' when she looks up at ye—like this now—out of the tail av' her eye, an' wid a smile on her beautiful face—oh, tare an' ages! it wudn't make an old man young only to look at her!" The young O'Donnell laughed. He was lying at full length on the oak floor—before the blazing peat fire—in one of the few habitable rooms that remained of what had once been the "Castle of the O'Donnell." He had not troubled himself to remove his wet clothes—he lay there steaming unconcerned before the blaze—a book at his side, the "Iliad";—a superb specimen of youth, and strength, and handsome health. "She appears to have made an impression upon you, Lanty. So she is as handsome as this, is she? I thought so myself, but wasn't sure, and I hadn't time to take a second look before his lordship rode up, and I made off." "An' wudn't it have been more reasonable, now, and more Christian-like, to have stood your ground? Whin an O'Donnell niver run away from danger, arrah! Where's the sinns av' phowderin' away like mad after it? Shure he wanted to thank ye, and so did the fillyant young crathur herself." "The very reason I fled, Lanty. I don't want their thanks—I don't want them for that matter. What are they coming here for? What attraction can they find in our wild mountain district that they should risk their necks seeking Torryglen? It is to be hoped that they have got enough of it by this time." "Troth, then, master darlin' but that old lord's a nice, quiet, mighty civil-spoken gintleman, and he does by give him av' wants you to call and see him, or say him an' the fair-haired colleen lave to come up here an' call on ye." "On me—call on me!" The young man (he was two-and-twenty or thereabouts) looked up with a short laugh. "Oh, ye, let him visit O'Donnell Castle, by all means. See that the purple drawing-room is swept and dusted, Lanty, and the cobwebs brushed from the walls, and the three years' grime and soot washed from the windows. See that the footmen wear their best liveries and put on their brogues for the occasion. Come up here! Upon my life, this lord's daughter will be enchanted with the splendors of Castle O'Donnell. Lanty, if they do happen to call, which isn't likely—and if I happen to be in, which isn't likely—tell them I'm up in the mountains, or in the moon; that I've gone to Ballynahaggart, or—the devil—that I'm dead and buried, if you like. I won't see them. Now be off." And then Mr. Redmond O'Donnell went back to the sounding hexameters of his "Iliad," and tried in poetry to forget; but the fair pale face of the earl's daughter arose before him and the paze—wat, wild, woful, as he had seen it, with the fair streaming hair, the light, slender form, that he had clutched from the very hand of death. And she was coming, this naughty, high-born, high-bred English patrician, to behold the squalor and the poverty, and the misery of this heap of ruins called O'Donnell Castle, to make herself and a wonder of Irish poverty and fallen Irish fortunes. "I'll not see them!" the youth resolved, his handsome, boyish, open face setting into a look of sullen determination. "I don't want their visit or their thanks. I'll be off up the mountains to-morrow, and stay there until this fine English lord and his daughter leave, which will be before long, I'm thinking. A week or two in this savage district will suffice for them." But still the fair face haunted him—the novelty of such a neighbor was not to be got over. He flung the Iliad away at length, and going out on the grassy plateau, looked down the valley to where the cottage lights twinkled, far and faint, two miles off. And from her chamber window, ere she went to bed, Lady Cecil Clive gazed up at the starlit sky, and the ruined towers of what had once been a great and a mighty stronghold. The storm had spent its fury and passed, the autumn stars, large and white, shone out, the fresh hillside wind blew down in her fair wistful face. It was a sad fate, she thought—the last scion of a kingly and beggared race, brave as a lion and penniless as a pauper, dwelling alone in that ruined pile, and wasting his youth and best years amid the wilds of this ruined land. "Poor fellow!" Lady Cecil thought. "So young and so utterly friendless—too proud to labor, and too poor to live as a gentleman—wasting his life in these savage ruins! Papa must do something for him when we return to England. He saved my life at the risk of his own, and so heavy a debt of gratitude as that must be paid."

CHAPTER X. AN IRISH IDYL.

On very small things hinge very great events. A horse minus a shoe changed the whole course of Redmond O'Donnell's life—altered his entire destiny. He neither went to the mountains nor the moon, to Ballynahaggart, nor the dark Majesty of the Inferno. He staid at home, and he saw the Earl of Ruyland and the Lady Cecil Clive. It happened thus: Going to the stables next morning to saddle his favorite mare, Kathleen, he found her in need of the blacksmith's services. Lanty led her off, and returning to the house, the young O'Donnell came face to face with his English visitors. He stood for a moment mute with surprise and chagrin. He had not dreamed in the remotest way of their coming so soon, or so early, and—here they were! Escape was impossible; they were before him; and by birth and training, by race and nature, the lad was a gentleman. He took off his cap, and the young mountaineer bowed to the earl's daughter like a prince. Lord Ruyland with extended hand and his sweetest smile. "Ah, Mr. O'Donnell, fled indignantly before me yesterday—not like an O'Donnell, by the bye, to fly even from gratitude. No—don't look so alarmed—nobody is going to thank you. You saved my daughter's life at the eminent risk of your own—a mere trifle, not worth mentioning. Cecil, my dear, come and shake hands with our young hero of yesterday—ah, I beg pardon I promised to call on names. Mr. Redmond O'Donnell, Lady Cecil Clive." And then two large, soft eyes of "liquid light" looked up into his, a little gray-glowed head was given, a little soft, low voice murmured something—poor Mr. Redmond O'Donnell never knew what—and from that moment his doom was sealed. Sudden, perhaps; but then this young man was an Irishman—everything is said in that. He flung open the half-hinged, wholly lockless front door, and led the way, with some half-laughing apology for the tumble-down state of O'Donnell Castle. "Don't blame us, Lord Ruyland," the young man said, half-gaily, half-sadly; "blame your own countrymen and confederates. We were an improvident race, perhaps, but when they took our lands and our coun-

try from us, we let the little they left go to rack and ruin. When a man loses a hundred thousand pounds or so, it doesn't seem worth his while to hoard very carefully, the dozen or so of shillings remaining. Lady Cecil, will you take this seat? We can give you a fine view, at least, from our windows, if we can give you nothing else." The Earl and his daughter were loud in their praises. It was fine, Miles of violet and purple heather, here and there touched with golden, green, or rose tinges, blue hills melting into the bluer sky, and deepest blue of all, the wide sea, spreading miles away, sparkling in the sunshine as if sown with stars. They remained nearly an hour. The young seigneur of this ruined castle conducted them to the gates—say, to the two huge buttresses, where gates once had been—and stood, cap in hand, watching them depart. And so, with the sunshine on his handsome, tanned face, on his uncovered tall head, Lady Cecil bore away the image of Redmond O'Donnell. You know this, story before I tell it. She was sixteen years of age—she had saved her life, risking his own to save it, without a moment's thought, and like a true woman, she adored bravely almost above all other things in man. She pitied him unexpressably, so proud, so poor, so noble of birth and ancestry, a descendant of kings, and a pauper. And he had an eye like an eagle, a voice tender and spirited together, and a smile—a smile, Lady Cecil thought, bright as the sunshine on yonder Ulster hills. It was love at first sight—boy and girl love, of course; and the Earl of Ruyland, shrewd old worldling that he was, might have known it very well if he had given the subject one thought. But he did not. He was a great deal too absorbed in his own personal concerns about this time to have much solicitude about his little daughter's affairs of court. Lady Cecil had pitied Redmond O'Donnell for being a pauper, without in the least dreaming she was one herself. Through no fancy for the country, through no desire to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants, had she come to Ireland. Grim poverty had driven him hither, and was likely to keep him here for some time to come. His life had been one long round of pleasure and excess, of luxury and extravagance. He had come into a fortune when he attained his majority, and squandered it. He came into another when he married his wealthy wife, and squandered that, too. Now he was over head and ears in debt. Clive Court was mortgaged past all redemption—in light was his only safety; and he fled—to Ireland. There was that little hunting-box of his among the Ulster hills—Torryglen; he could have that made habitable, and go there, and rough it until the storm blew over. Roughing it himself, he did not so much mind. "Roughing it," in his phraseology, meaning a valet to wait upon him, all the elegancies of his life transported from his Bulgarian lodgings, and a first-rate cook—but there was his daughter. For the first time in her sixteen years of life she was thrown upon her hands. At her birth, and her mother's death, she had been placed out at nurse; at the age of three, a cousin of her mother's, living in Paris, had taken her, and he brought her up. Brought her up strictly French principles, taught her that love and courtship, as English girls understand them, are indelicate, criminal almost; that for the present she must attend to her books, her music, her drawing, and embroidery; and that when the proper time came, she would receive her husband as she did her university dresses—from the hand of papa. Papa came to see her tolerably often, took her with him once in a while when he visited his friend and cousin, Sir John Tregenna; and she was told if she were a poor girl she should one day, when properly grown up, marry young Arthur and be Lady Tregenna herself, and queen it in this old sea-girt Cornish castle. And little Cecil always laughed and sniggered about it. She did always laugh and snigger about it. She had never a very little of Arthur Tregenna—she was somewhat in awe of him, as has been said. He was so grave, so wise, so learned, and she was such a frivolous little butterfly, dancing in the sunshine, eating bonbons, and singing from morning till night. Her first grief was the death of the kind Gallicized English woman who had been her second mother. Her father, on the eve of his Irish exile, went to Paris, brought her with him, and her old bonny Therese, and for the first time in her life, little Lady Cecil met with an adventure, and became a h'raine. "I wonder if he will call upon us!" she thought now, as she walked homeward through the soft autumn noontide—the personal pronoun of course having reference to the young O'Donnell. "He did not really promise, but I think—I think he looked as though he would like to come. It would be pleasant to have some one to talk to, when papa is away, and he tells me he will be away a great deal at Bally—the town with the unpronounceable Irish name. How very, very poor he seems; his jacket was quite shabby; his whole dress like that of the peasantry. And such a tumble-down place—only fit for owls, and bats, and rooks. Papa (ah, you have a great deal of influence, and many friends in England—could you do nothing for this Mr. O'Donnell? He seems so dreadfully poor papa." The earl shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "My little, unsophisticated Cecil! A great deal of influence and many friends! My dear, I have no influence enough to enable me to stay in England. Do you think I would come to this confounded, half-civilized land, if I could stay away? Poor, indeed! Your Mr. O'Donnell isn't half as poor as I am, for at least I suppose he isn't very deeply in debt." His daughter looked at him in sheer surprise. "And you are papa? You poor? Poor?" she tried to comprehend it, shook her head, and gave it up. "I always thought you were rich papa—I always thought English peers had more money than they knew what to do with. How can we be poor—with servants, and horses, and plate, and—?" "One must have the necessities of life, child," her father broke in impatiently, "as long as they are living. One can't go back to primitive jays, and live in a wigwag, or in a rickety rookery like that. I wish to Heaven one could—I'd try it. I tell you I haven't a farthing in the world—yet you may as well learn it now as later; and have more debts than I can ever pay off from now to the crack of doom. I don't want to pay. While I'm in hiding here I'll try to compromise in some way with my confounded creditors and the Jews. Poor, indeed! By Jove! we may live and die in this Irish exile for what I see, the earl said with a sort of groan. A little smile dimpled Lady Cecil's rosebud face, a happy light shone in her gold-brown eyes. She glanced at the little cottage nestling in its green cup, myrtle and clematis climbing over it, at the fair fields, daisy spangled, at the glowing uplands in their purple dress, at the rugged towers of the old castle boldly outlined against the soft sunny sky, with a face that showed to her at least the prospect of an eternal Irish exile that had no terrors. "Very well, papa," she said, dreamily; "suppose we do? It's a very pretty place, I'm sure, and if we are poor it surely will not take much to keep us here. While I have

you and Therese and my books and piano, I am content to stay here forever." Her father turned and looked at her, astonishment and disgust struggling in his eyes. "Good Heaven! listen to her! Content to stay here! Yes, and live on potatoes like the natives, and convert the skins into clothing, to go barefooted and wear striped linsey-woolsey goods reaching below the knees, talk with a mellifluous North of Ireland accent, and end by marrying Lanty Lafferty, I suppose, or the other fellow Mickey. If you can't talk sense, Cecil, hold your tongue!" Lady Cecil blushed and obeyed. Marry Lanty Lafferty! No, she would hardly do that. But oh, Cecil, whence that rosy blush? Whence that droop of the fair, fresh face? Whence that sudden rising in your mind of the tall figure, the bold flashing eyes of Redmond O'Donnell? Is this why the Irish exile is robbed of his terrors for you? "No, no," the earl said, after a little, as his daughter remained silent. "We'll get out of this howling wilderness of roaring rivers, and wild young chieftains, and tumble-down castles as speedily as we can. I have one hope left and that is—"he looked at her keenly—"in you, my dear." "I, papa?" "Yes; in your marriage. What's the child blushing at? In a year or two you'll be old enough, and Tregenna will be back in England. Of course you know it has been an understood thing these many years that you were to marry him when you grew up. He is perfectly ready to fulfil the compact, and certainly you will be. You have been brought up in a way to understand this. Tregenna is rich, monstrously rich, and won't see his father-in-law up a tree. I give you my word he is my last hope—your marriage with him, I mean. I will try and compromise with my creditors I say, and when things are straightened out a bit we'll go back to England. You shall be presented at court, and will make, I rather fancy, a sensation. We will let you enjoy yourself for your first season, and when it is over we will marry you comfortably to Sir Arthur Tregenna." And Lady Cecil listened with drooping eyelids. It seemed to her all right—French girls married in this judicious way, all trouble of love-making and that nonsense being taken off their hands by kindly parents and guardians. She listened, and if she did not say so in words said in effect, with Thackeray's hero Mr. Foker, "Very well, sir, as you like it. When you want me, please ring the bell," and then fell into thought once more, and wondered dazedly if young O'Donnell would call at evening at Torryglen. Young O'Donnell called. The little drawing-room was lit by waxlights, and carpet covered the floor, tinted paper hung the walls, and pretty sunny pictures gazed them. It was half drawing-room, half library, one side being lined with books. A little cottage piano stood between the front windows—Lady Cecil sat at that. Such a contrast to the big, bare, bleak, lonesome rooms at home—their only music the scamper of the rats, the howling of the wind, and Lanty's Irish jig lilt. The contrast came upon him with a pang almost of pain; the gulf between himself and these people, whose equal by birth he was, had not seemed half so sharp before. Lady Cecil, in crisp, white muslin and blue ribbons, with diamond drops in her ears and twinkling on her slim fingers, seemed as far above him as some "bright particular star," etc. He stood in the doorway for a moment irresolute, ashamed, sorry he had come, ashamed of his shabby jacket and clumping boots. The earl, with pen in his hair like some clerk, looked up from his pile of papers and nodded familiarly. "Ah, O'Donnell—how do? Come in. Been expecting you. Very busy, you see—must excuse me. Cecil will entertain you—give him some music, my dear." And then young lord went back to his papers—bills, dues, accounts, no end—with knitted brows and absorbed mind, and forgot in half a minute such an individual as O'Donnell existed. Redmond went over to the piano; how bright the smile of girlish pleasure with which the little lady welcomed him. "Would he sit here?—did he like music?—Would he turn the pages for her?—Was he fond of Moore's melodies?" In this brilliant and original way the conversation commenced. "Yes, he liked music, and he was very fond of Moore's melodies. Would she please go on with that she was singing?" It was, "She was far from the land where her young hero sleeps," and the tender young voice was full of the pathos and sweetness of the beautiful song. "He lived for his love for his country he died," sang Lady Cecil, and glanced under her long, brown lashes at the grave, dark face beside her. "Robert Emmet must have looked like that," she thought; "he seems as though he could die for his country, too. I suppose his ancestors have. I wish—I wish—papa could do something for him, or—Sir Arthur Tregenna." But somehow it was unpleasant to think of Sir Arthur, and her mind shifted away from him. She finished her song, and discovered Mr. O'Donnell could sing—had a very fine and highly cultivated voice, indeed, and was used to the piano accompaniment. "I used to sing with my sister," he explained, in answer to her involuntary look of surprise. "She plays very well." "Your sister! why I thought—" "I had none. Oh, yes, I have—very jolly little girl Rose is, too—I rather think you would like her. I am quite sure," Mr. O'Donnell blushed a little himself as he turned this first compliment, "she would like you." "And will she come here? How glad I am like her." Redmond shook his head. "No," he said, "she will not come here at all—never, in all likelihood. She is in America—in New Orleans, living with her grandfather, a Frenchman, Lady Cecil." "A Frenchman! Your sister's grandfather?" "Yes—an odd mixture, you think," smiling. "You see, Lady Cecil, when my father was a young man, he fought in the Mexican war under General Scott. We are a fighting race, I must inform you—war is our trade. When the Mexican war ended, he went to New Orleans, and there he met a young lady—French, and a great heiress—a beauty too, though she was my mother. Well, Lady Cecil, she fell in love with the dashing Irish trooper—her friends were frantic, and she eloped with him. A romantic story, is it not? He brought her here—it must have been a contrast to the luxury of her French home. Her father refused to forgive her—returned all her letters unopened, and here she lived seven years, and here she died and was buried. I'll show you her grave some day in the churchyard of Ballynahaggart. I was six—Rose one year old. Her father heard of her death—not through mine; he never wrote or held any communication with her—and he relented at last. Came all the way over here, nearly broken-hearted, and wanted to become reconciled. But my father sternly and bitterly refused. He offered to take Rose and me, and bring us up, and leave

us his fortune when he died; but still he was refused. He returned to New Orleans, and three months after Father Ryan of Ballynahaggart wrote him word of my father's death. He had never held up his head after my mother's loss. "They sent us both out there. Young as I was, I resisted—all the bitterness of my father had descended to me; but I resisted in vain. We went out to New Orleans, and now I look back upon my life there as a sort of indistinct dream or fairy tale. The warmth, the tropical beauty, and the luxuriance of my grandfather's house, come back to me in dreams sometimes, and I wake to see the rough rafters and mildewed walls of the old castle. I stayed there with him until I was nineteen, then I refused to stay longer. He had despised my father and shortened my mother's life by his cruelty—I would not stay a dependent on his bounty. It was boyish bravado, perhaps, Lady Cecil, but I felt all I said. I left New Orleans and came home, and here I have been running wild, and becoming the savage you find me. But I like the freedom of the life in spite of its poverty; I would not exchange it for the siltken indolence and luxury of Menadava, my Louisiana home. And here I shall remain until an opportunity offers to go, as all my kith and kin have gone before me, and earn my livelihood at the point of my sword." Lady Cecil listened. She liked all this; she liked the lad's spirit of refusing for himself that which had been refused his mother. Not good sense, perhaps, but sound chivalry. "You will go out to India, I suppose," she said; "there always seems to be fighting there for those who want it." The young man's brow darkened. "India?" he said; "no. No O'Donnell ever fought under the English flag—I will not be the first. Years ago, Lady Cecil—two hundred and more—all this country you see belonged to us, and they confiscated it, and left us houseless and outlaws. The O'Donnell of that day swore a terrible oath that none of his race should ever fight for the British invader, and none of them ever have. I shall seek service under a foreign flag—it doesn't matter which, so that it is not that of your nation Lady Cecil." Lady Cecil pouted—said it was unchristian and unfeeling, but in her heart of hearts she liked it all, and wished, with De-demonia, that Heaven had made her such a man. Redmond O'Donnell lingered until the early dawn and only over his musy accounts, and the little ornate clock ticked off half-past ten and walked homeward under the moonlight and star-light, feeling that the world had suddenly beautified, and this lowly valley had become a very garden of Eden, with the sweetest Eve that ever smiled among the roses. That first evening was but the beginning of the end. The visits, the music, the duets, eading—the walks a' o'er the moor among the heather, the rides over the autumn hills, with Redmond O'Donnell for cavalier, the sketching of the old castle—the old, old, endless story of youth and love, told since the world began—to be told till the last trump shall sound. Lord Ruyland saw nothing, heard nothing—was as unobservant as though he were not a "battered London rake" and a thorough man of the world. His impecunious state filled his mind to the exclusion of every thing else, and then Cecil had been so well brought up, etc. The child must walk and ride, and must have a companion. Young O'Donnell was a beggar—literally a beggar—and of course might as well fix his foolish affections on one of her Majesty's daughters as upon that of the Earl of Ruyland. He was awakened suddenly and unexpectedly from his dream and his delusion. Seven weeks had passed—the idea of November had come—the chill autumn blasts were whistling drearily over the mountains. He was sick and tired to death of his enforced exile; he felt he had been patched up in some way, a compromise effected; he might venture to show his face once more across the Channel. In a week or two at the farthest he would start. He sat complacently thinking this over alone in the drawing-room, when the door opened—Gregory, his man, announced "Mr. O'Donnell," and he vanished. "Ah, Redmond, my lad, glad to see you. Come in—come in Cecil's upstairs. I'll send for her." But Mr. O'Donnell interrupted; he did not wish Lady Cecil sent for—at least just yet. He wished to speak to the earl alone. He was so embarrassed, so unlike himself—bold, frank, free, as he habitually was—that Lord Ruyland looked at him in surprise. That look was enough—it told him all. "Good Heavens!" he thought, "what an ass I have been. Of course, he has fallen in love with her—arr't matrimony and murder the national pastime of this delightful island? And very likely she has fallen in love with him—the young savage is so confoundedly good-looking." He was right. While he sat thinking this, Redmond O'Donnell was pouring into his ear the story of his love and his hopes. "It was his madness to worship her," (he was very young and inclined to hyperbole), "to adore her. He was poor, he knew, but he was young, and the world was all before him. He would wait—ay, as long as his lordship pleased—he would win a name, a fortune, a title, it might be, and lay them at her feet. One O'Donnell had done it in Spain already—what any man had done he could do. His birth, at least was equal to hers. He asked nothing now but this: Only let him know—let him go forth into the world and win name, and fame, lay them at her feet, and claim her as his wife. He loved her—no one in this world would ever love her again better than he." And then he broke down all at once and turned away and waited for his answer. "The earl kept a grave face—it spoke volumes for his admirable training and high good breeding. He did not laugh in this wild young enthusiast's face; he did not fly into a passion; he did nothing rude or unpleasant, and he did not make a scene. "Mr. O'Donnell's affection did his daughter much honor," he said; "certainly he was her equal, her superior, indeed, in point of birth; and as to making a name for himself, and winning a fortune, of course, there could not be a doubt as to that with a young man of his indomitable courage and determination. But was it possible Lady Cecil had not already told him she was engaged?" "Engaged!" The young man could but just gasp the word, pale and wild. "Engaged?" "Most certainly—from her very childhood—to the wealthy Cornish baronet, Sir Arthur Tregenna. She had given her promise to marry him of her own free will—the wedding, in all probability, would take place upon her eighteenth birthday. Really now it was quite inexcusable of Queenie not to have mentioned this. But it was just possible—she was so very young, and Mr. O'Donnell was a man of honor—perhaps he was doing this injustice in thinking he had made a declaration to her in person?" "No," Young O'Donnell had not. He was so white, so wild, so despairing-looking, that the earl was getting alarmed. A scene!

and oh, how he abhorred scenes! "He had not spoken to her on the subject—he never had—he wished to obtain her father's consent first." The earl grasped his hand with effusion. "My lad, you're a gentleman from head to foot. I am proud of you! Have you—has she—I mean do you think your affection is returned? Oh, I don't blinch and look modest—it isn't the most unlikely thing on earth. Do you think Cecil returns your very—ah!—pon my life—ardent devotion?" Young O'Donnell stood looking handsome and modest before him. "He did not like to say—but he hoped." "Oh; of course you do," the earl supplemented, "and very strongly too. Well, my lad, you deserve something for the admirable and honorable manner in which you have acted, and you shall have your reward. Cecil shall wait for you if she wishes it! No, do not thank me yet; hear me out. You are to spend this evening here, are you not? Well, as you have been silent so long, be silent yet a little longer. Don't say a word to her. To-morrow morning I will lay all this before her myself, and if she prefers the penniless Irishman to the rich Cornishman, why, Heaven forbid I should force her affection! I can trust to you implicitly, I know, and this time to-morrow come over to see us again, and you shall have your answer." He would not listen to the young man's ardent thankings; he pushed him good-naturedly away and arose. "Thank me to-morrow," he said, if Queenie prefers love in a cottage to thirty thousand a year—not before." The sneer in his voice was imperceptible but it was there. Half an hour after the earl sought out Gregory, his valet and manager. "We leave at daybreak to-morrow morning, Gregory," he said; "Lady Cecil and I. You will remain behind; pack up every thing, and follow later in the day. Not a word however, to Lady Cecil." That evening—the last—when Redmond O'Donnell's hair is gray I fancy it would stand out distinct from all other evenings in his life. The wax-lit drawing-room, with its green carpet, its sparkling fire, its pictures, its wild natural flowers, its books, its piano, Lord Ruyland, with a paper in his hand, seated in his easy chair and watching the young people covertly from over it; Lady Cecil at the piano, the candle-light streaming over her fair blonde face, her floating golden hair, her silvery silk dress, her rings and ribbons. In dreary bivouacs, in the silence and depth of African midnight, this picture came back so vividly as he saw it then. In desolate desert marches, in the fiercest, hot din of battle, it flashed upon him. Lying delirious in the fever of gunshot wounds, in Al-berlin hospitals, it was of this night, of her as he saw her then, he raved. He sang for him all the songs he liked best. He leaned over the piano, his eyes on that fairest face, his ears drinking in that dearest melody, silent happy. (To be Continued.)

A CROSS BABY.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All crosses and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Traveller. On the 18th of Jan. at Greenock—Profr. Campbell in the chair—two letters addressed to the local sanitary inspector from Mr. Deas Inspector of Poor were read, refusing to bury the bodies of two poor persons in respect that their names did not appear as puppets in the paper roll; and alleging that the Local Authority, and not the Parochial Board, should bear the expense. The committee expressed their strong disapproval of the action of the Parochial Board in refusing to carry out an arrangement which had existed harmoniously for so many years, without giving the Local Authority the slightest notice of their intention to do so, and the clerk was instructed to write Mr. Deas to this effect.—Glasgow Mail. There are some hair oils, powders, &c. which positively destroy the hair, and cause it to become decaying by the deleterious nature of the ingredients composing them. Lully's Parisian Rejuvenator is perhaps the only article in the world which completely cures the scalp and restores grey hair to its original color, black, brown or auburn. Sold by all chemists. ST. JEAN BAPTIST SOCIETY.—The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the St. Jean section of the St. Jean Baptist Association:—President, M. A. Charlebois; First Vice-President, Dr. J. L. Lacroix; Second Vice-President, Dr. S. L. Lacroix; Recording Secretary, A. Desève, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. B. Gaudin. C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, an employee of the U. S. Express Co., says:—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of Piles of 8 years standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo Physicians without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly. A son of Edmund Yates is appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in "Masks and Faces." Persons suffering from Bile, Indigestion and Constipation are recommended to try Dr. HAYWARD'S APPETIZING AND PURGATIVE PILLS which in hundreds of cases have not only given relief, but have effected a cure. They contain no mercury, and require no restraint in diet or exercise. Prepared only by MRS. H. BRADSHAW, FERRISBURGH, MONTREAL. Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases and casualties incidental to youth may be safely treated by the use of these excellent Medicaments according to the printed directions folded round each pot and box. Nur is this Ointment alone applicable to external ailments; conjointly with the Pills it exercises the most salutary influence in checking inflammations situated in the interior of the body; when rubbed upon the back and chest it gives the most sensible relief in asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and threatening consumption. Holloway's remedies are especially serviceable in liver and stomach complaints. For the cure of bad legs, all sorts of wounds, sores, and likewise scrofula and scorbutic affections, this Ointment produces a cooling and soothing feeling most acceptable to the sufferer. On Saturday 115 tons of coal were distributed amongst the poor people of Dalkeith the expense being defrayed by subscription. 522 people received half a ton each. The coal was carted free of expense by several of the neighbouring farmers. Those intolerably painful and constantly harassing things called piles, which trouble so many people, are soon healed by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great external remedy for physical suffering and means of relieving pains. A very small quantity achieves results of the most gratifying kind.

The "Mass On the Ocean."

[It was a custom, many years ago, in the South of Ireland, when the fishing season opened, to choose a Monday and collect all the boatsmen and sail out into the wide ocean and boatmen and have Mass celebrated by the priest of the district. "I have seen," says A. M. Sullivan, "this Mass on the Ocean—upon a calm day when naught could be heard save the ripple of the bell and the murmur of the priest's voice, behind the distant hills of the Bann, before us nothing nearer than the American coast!"]

Bright the summer sun was rising o'er the distant eastern hills, From whose summits, silver-thread like, danced a score of sparkling hills; Bright his rays of golden splendor tipped the far off mountains high, Blue, eternal, distant mountains, rising upward to the sky, Gloriously the god Aurora, in his robes of saffron hue, Gazed down upon an ocean broad, expansive, tranquil, blue, Not a leaf theephyrs stirring, not a breeze is heard to sigh, Not a sound, save of the sky-lark's morning anthem, in the sky.

Look! a thousand men are meeting by the tide-lashed, sand-spread shore; Look! the boats are now preparing—if there's one there's twenty score! Gaily from the bows are streaming banners of a hundred shades, See, upon the seats are seated children, matrons, smiling maids, There, a boat is decorated far more gaily than the rest— At its prow a priest is standing, in his priestly garments dressed, Hark! the signal now is given—bend each good man to his oar; Now the fleet is slowly moving, from the lately crowded shore.

On and on they row the wherries, till like sea-gulls far away, Every sail appears a pinion glistening in the morning ray, Now they cast two hundred anchors—not a breath the blue wave curls, Now four hundred oars are lifted and two hundred sails are furled; Now the priest ascends the altar and in solemn tones and slow, and the listeners answer him in accents low; Now the Gospel, now the Preface, now the Consecration word; On the distant shore the tinkling of the little bell is heard.

Now Communion, now the Blessing, amidst a silence of the dead; Now once more the bell is ringing, and the holy Mass is said, All is over, and the blessings of Almighty God are showered On the faithful, noble toilers—with new strength are they empowered, Back across the mirror waters, see the wherries flying now; Exultation in each eye-glance—hope and faith upon each brow! In the days now past and vanished, in those days that now have fled, Thus upon a summer morning were the "Ocean Masses" said!

God be with those days now olden! God be with those times of love, When the sons of Erin ever asked all blessings from above! When the Faith St. Patrick planted, after years of holy toil, Flourished fairest flower of Erin on her green and sacred soil! Sons of Ireland love to cherish recollections of the times of God all over called them in the Church's chimes. They are gone, these days are vanished, and they are numbered with the dead; God be with those days, now olden, when the "Ocean Mass" was said.

JOSEPH K. FORAN, Green Park, Aylmer, 4th Feb, 1881.

THE IRON HAND IN IRELAND.

Thousands of Non-paying Tenants to be Evicted Immediately—Parnell's Leadership and O'Connor's Eloquence—Conflict Decried Inevitable—The Abandoned Count—Judge Fitzgerald—Distress.

(From the N. Y. Sun.)

DUBLIN, Jan. 21.—The closing of the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech was hailed with feelings of relief in this country. There can be no doubt whatever that the English public generally, as well as the two Houses, have undergone a process of education upon Irish affairs during the fortnight that has elapsed since the opening of the session which cannot fail to bear good fruit. Mr. Parnell surpassed himself in statesmanlike prudence and energy, and T. P. O'Connor's eloquence was never needed to greater purpose than during the past week. Corcoran has been delayed for one fortnight at least, which circumstance those behind the scenes cannot but regard as an unmitigated blessing, knowing as they do that the very day those hated acts become again the law of the land sees once more the crowbar brigade enrolled.

The fact is not disguised; indeed, so far from that, Lords Waterpark, Clanricarde, Donoghmore, and many others have openly announced their intention to at once put in force the processes which they hold ready. I am told that some thousands of evictions will take place immediately, and that the large force of military now stationed in this country will be placed at the disposal of the landlords. There is no doubt, whatever that this barbarous oppression will be restated. Conflict is inevitable, and there can be but one result. How can the country people stand before dragons? The Crown lawyers in the Court of Queen's Bench did their best to prove that the agitation was not what the League maintain it to be—constitutional and strictly within the limits of the law. The Government of this country is certainly not constitutional. Meeting after meeting is prohibited or dispersed, the magistrates, on their own responsibility, simply ordering the police to disperse the crowds. The other day six respectable shopkeepers were fined ten pounds each for collecting money in Maryborough for League purposes. They used no intimidation whatever; entered the shops in broad daylight and asked for subscriptions which were at once cheerfully given. The constabulary were on the watch and pounced on the collectors. The League has nothing to do now but arrange a new name and programme, call themselves a religious society having a charitable object, and see if the Government dare interfere then. The result, carefully foreseen and prepared by the English press, and to obtain which the manufacture of outrages was persistently carried out all last autumn, must be satisfactory to all those interested. We see Parliament

stirred to a pitch of vindictive fury such as perhaps has never before been witnessed, and backed by a compact body of public opinion blindly prejudiced as to even look favorably upon the employment and naturalization of the closure system. Prof. Thorold Rogers, an Oxford don who managed to humbug the Irish of Southwark into a belief that he understood and sympathized with the natural grievances of their country has rooted out a brace of precedents, dating from 1604 and 1640 respectively, and laid them before Parliament, with a view to muzzling the free discussion of the said national grievances. The temper of the country is opposed to adopting any such process as closure, but there is no doubt whatever that the endurance of the constituencies is strained to the utmost by the persistency of the Irish members who have been found to be incorruptible (what Irish M. P.'s have not always been?) in addition to their other unpleasing qualities. The Wigan election, which has been lost to the Liberals by a large majority, is pointed to by Radicals and Conservatives alike as an indication of what may be expected all over the country, if, according to one party, the Government persist in their mad policy of persecution and coercion, or, according to the Tories, as a judgment upon them for not having long ago shut Mr. Parnell's two colleagues' mouths by imprisonment. The law admits of two readings. Regarded as a protest by the Liberals against the policy of the executive, it must be taken into account that there are at least 1,500 Irish voters in Wigan, and that the Liberal candidate had promised to vote against coercion. The Conservatives claim that their majority points to the steady reversion against the "revolutionary tenants" of Mr. Parnell. It is impossible to found a judgment on such slender data as we possess. Several more elections would be necessary to gauge English Liberal opinion. We are told every day that this is thoroughly with Mr. Gladstone and his Government; that the country will support him in a "strong Land bill."

The inducements and encouragements held out to the Irish party are innumerable, but vain as they are innumerable. They will not be induced to accept coercion as the price of that "pig in a bag," the forthcoming Land bill. A fortnight ago, when the country was digesting angrily the message of good will embodied in the Queen's speech, mysterious hints were dropped of all the good points the new measure was to possess. It was to go further than the wildest dreams of the land reformers; it was to make every one happy, and wipe away forever the tears of the tenants; but it was to be preceded by coercion. The mythical bill was to be purchased at that price. The Government is swayed by the Whig landowners, and public opinion, or the greater bulk of it, which in turn has been created by the newspaper outrages, is on their side. English people firmly believe that Ireland is at the present moment in the horrors of the communistic revolution.

The charges of the Judges at the last Assizes had as much to do in bringing about this state of excitement as the achievements of the "specials." It is very difficult to believe that Messrs. Bagg, Fitzgerald, and Dowse had not received a hint from that mysterious centre of mischief, Dublin Castle, as to what key they were to pitch their pronouncements in. The antecedents of all three dignitaries point at least to a probability of the truth of an assertion very generally made. At one period of the State trials it was announced by the defence that the old election speeches made by Mr. Harrow, Judge Barry, and Judge Fitzgerald would be read in evidence. The famous nineteenth indictment, I suppose, included them, along with the 300 evicted tenants and the priests, in its fall. It was a masterly stroke of policy on the part of the Castle to enter a nolle prosequi on that count. The exposure of feudalism in Ireland for the last thirty years, which was intended, and which would have followed the examination of the evicted tenants, was not to be permitted by the privileged caste which rules through the Castle the judiciary and magistracy of their country. There was a laugh in the court when the Crown lawyers announced their intention to abandon the count, the only one of the whole nineteen, under which the evidence could be received. It shortened the trial by at least six weeks, for the defence was at once closed, and the counsel began their speeches. Not a single person has mistaken the drift of this act on the part of the Attorney-General. That he would not face the exposure. Such was openly stated to be the real meaning of this retreat, and the theory put forward by the lawyers that their object was "save time and money" was scornfully rejected. To Mr. Adams had been awarded the palm of merit for his oratory. Although Mr. A. M. Sullivan's splendid speech in no way detracted from his well-known reputation, Mr. Adams's speech was short, incisive, and of a sustained brilliancy from first to last. All Dublin has been talking of it, and the gifted junior may consider his future made. Judge Fitzgerald complimented him highly, bracketing him together with Mr. A. M. Sullivan, but I doubt if a compliment from that quarter will carry weight save with the attorneys.

It has often been said by Englishmen and Scotchmen that the Irish as a race are destitute of the qualities which together go to make up what is called the judicial faculty. I am afraid that it must be admitted that there are only too good grounds for this assertion, so far as the Irish bench of the present day is concerned. Chief Justice May's scandalous exhibition, which drew down upon him the contempt and wrath of the English and Scotch press—even the organs of his own party—was but a prelude, and an unimportant and trifling one in comparison with it, to the charge of Judge Fitzgerald, the partisan bitterness of which has been but seldom equalled even on the Irish bench. This memorable deliverance, full details of which your readers have, of course, already had—occupied something like a day and a half, all of which time I had the pleasure of being present, and of hearing the words of wisdom as they fell from his lordship's lips clothed in an English accent which bears every impress of the grossest affectation. Judge Fitzgerald is one of that large and mischievous class of legal perverts who infest Dublin society, and who, by dint of bowing and scraping and faithfully performing the dirty work of Dublin "Cawatte," secure at last an *entree au suffrage* to the landlord set of society. They haunt the drawing rooms, where they are accorded an insolent recognition by their Excellencies, who scorn them as English people do all traitors, though they are dishonorable enough to use them. They buy them; but do they pay for them? It is doubtful, for the letter of Lady Georgina Hamilton to Miss Fotherstonhaugh still exists, in which she (the daughter of the Tory Vicar, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Beaconsfield's duke, the duke in "Lothair") says: "Try and come to us on the 18th; you will meet only our own friends—none of these dreadful executive lawyers' wives." A more thorough and candid exhibition of the temper with which the Castle circle regarded these social ailments could scarcely be found. Judge Fitzgerald's mother

kept a little huckster shop, and he and his brother worked their way up the ladder of fortune. Talent and industry had undoubtedly a great deal to do with their success, but a certain pliability of the spirit had infinitely more. A brilliant and famous writer has said of his countrymen: "It would seem that a clever Irishman has no alternative between the bench or the dock," and when the time came for John Desmond Fitzgerald to choose he hesitated not one moment. His speeches, as delivered in public to his constituents, were infinitely more violent and anti-English than any of the traversers—Mr. Nally, perhaps, excepted. This typical Irish Judge is now working hard for the Chancellorship. Lord O'Hagan is seriously ill; he is 78 years of age. The Whigs are in power, and Judge Fitzgerald, by his strenuous efforts in the cause of law and order, (to curry favor with the Castle and the landlord set), is bidding hard for the post. To my mind, he has rather overdone the business.

The scenes which took place at the House of Commons last night—the suspension of Mr. Biggar and the terrible blunder made by the Speaker—will cause a reaction of English opinion. There is a vast amount of love of fair play in the rank and file of the nation. Among the "landless" also I firmly believe that this hitherto dormant power will make itself felt, and that "little Mr. Biggar" will be reinstated ere long in his place. Parnell left Dublin last night by the 9 o'clock boat. He managed to steal out of Morrison's Hotel while Davitt harangued the people from the balcony, but he was recognized and followed as his car sped over O'Connell Bridge on its way to the North Wall, and until the steamer was out of sight down the river the cheering never flagged. I left the court directly after the verdict was given, and standing inside the gateway, watched the progress of the traversers. Parnell was at once recognized. The cheering was something stunning. They all crossed the river by Grattan Bridge, and the stream of people, receiving as it went compliments from every street, sped tumultuously after the car to Morrison's. In five minutes' time the precincts of the court were deserted; not a creature was left save the Metropolitan police with the mounted constabulary from the Park, who had also been placed on duty.

On Tuesday night seven policemen, it was said by Judge Fitzgerald's orders, mounted guard before that functionary's hall door. Last night this force was doubled. The poor fellows must have been grateful to his lordship for the extra duty imposed upon them, especially taking the weather into account—the frost for these last ten days being something quite unprecedented. Judge Fitzgerald need suffer no apprehension; his windows are safe enough. So too, no doubt, are those of his friend, the foreman of the jury, Mr. Corcoran. But for these gentlemen's action there would have been an acquittal. Mr. Corcoran belongs to a family of respectable corn merchants, doing business in James street, Catholic, and well known for their liberal views. The defence considered him to be one of their safe men. Ominous whispers were current in the vicinity of the bench on Monday. The Chief Justice's registrar told me that there were two "boot eaters" on the jury, and that one of them was the last man one would suspect. On Tuesday morning a person who had lunched with the Judges in their private room remarked casually that it would have been well to have observed some show of decency, and that to see Ernest and Arthur Fitzgerald, sons of the Judge of that name, in conversation with the foreman, did not look well. This person added: "If Mr. Dillon (meaning the solicitor for the defence) knew as much as I do, we should have a new trial." The girls (the Judge's daughters) told me yesterday that Corcoran was perfectly safe. I don't care one way or other, you know. I am on the Land League side, but that fellow wants to be made a J. P., and to get into society through the Fitzgerald's influence. The Fitz eralds would not know the Corcorans at Killiney this very summer. I cannot quite say if this sudden friendship has grown up since Corcoran was drawn for the jury; but I think it; I think it very strongly. Depend upon it, when Val Dillon gets hold of the story, you will all hear of a fine legal scandal!

I give you this for what it is worth. The speaker had come straight out of the Judges' room. Mr. Corcoran's father-in-law, one Hynes, a guano merchant of this city who had amassed a large fortune in that lucrative if ill-odored calling, purchased lately a large estate. Following the usual practices of land jobbers of this class, he at once raised the rents, doubled and trebling them in many instances all round. The Land League lost no time in communicating with this model landlord. He has not even had Griffith's valuation, and his son-in-law, the foreman of the jury, has testified his sympathy with him by standing out for a conviction. Val Dillon's face when poor Mr. Bircurry innocently observed, "There are ten of us unanimous, my lord," was a picture to behold. Glaring at Corcoran with all the rage which his expressive and large countenance could contain, the smile which those words aroused was like a flash of lightning breaking through a thunder cloud. I do not envy Mr. Corcoran his position for some time to come. It will take all the social amenities of the judicial circles of society to make it bearable for him.

Sad accounts of the distress come in from various quarters of the country. The west coast, as usual, is the worst afflicted. Dublin, as I predicted, is simply in a terrible state. The death rate last week was at the rate of 45 per 1,000 per annum. A letter appeared simultaneously in the *Freeman's Journal*, *Daily Express*, and *Irish Times* calling the attention of the Dublin citizens to the almost total lack of charitable feeding apparatus in Dublin, and contrasting the city unfavorably in that respect with Edinburgh and the provincial towns of Scotland and England. Fifteen hundred poor people are daily fed in Edinburgh, it seems, and last winter, when our Dublin rate of mortality was 43, theirs was only 17. The Protestant Bishop of Meath at once wrote a letter in corroboration of the writer's statements, a meeting of ladies was called, and the city divided into districts, each district allotted its visitors and relieving officers, and it is to be hoped that some mortality bills will speedily show that some improvement has been effected in the wretched state of the destitute Dublin poor. It was rather amusing at the tone of "Plunkett Meth," as the Bishop signs himself, took in his letter. He discovered one little soup kitchen in Dublin, where, once a week, some ladies attended for one hour to dole out soup, and he crowed hugely over this evidence of the loving charity of the upper classes. He quotes Scripture and describes at glowing length these ministrations of angels in white aprons who give an hour once a week to feed the hungry, the cold poor of the most neglected and despised of the whole world.

"This utter neglect of all their duties to the poor by the rich gentry has been a noticeable feature of their reign, now happily over. Bad as Dublin is in this respect, the country

was infinitely worse off, for a system of petty tyranny was carried on there which was in some cases little short of fenshish. One of the chief offenders in this way was one Anthony Ormsby of Balla, County Mayo. I hope to have an opportunity ere long of visiting his estate, and will relate for the benefit and instruction of transatlantic readers what I see and hear there.

VIOLATIONS OF THE GAME LAWS.

On Friday a complaint was paid to all the dealers in 'fancy meat,' in this city on the fact that none of them were found with prohibited game in their possession, and that what had remained over from the expiration of the legal season had been sent to the charitable institutions. But since yesterday not less than five seizures have been made by the Inspectors, Messrs. Morris and Thompson. Three of them were made in butchers' shops through the city, where hares and venison were up for illegal sale. The offenders will be prosecuted in due time and course.

The fourth case was that of Auguste Ste. Ives, a *habitant* from St. Barnabe. He was making rapid sales of fine large hares on the Bonsecours Market when the Inspectors came along and confiscated what was left, numbering only \$25 in consideration of it being his first offence. This morning the Inspectors came across Paul Meunier from St. Agathe in the County of Terrebonne, who had several bags of hares hid away under other bags of produce. Paul Meunier had to file an immediate appearance before the Police Magistrate, to whom he related his ignorance of the by-laws in regard to the killing of hares out of season. Inspector Morris then reminded His Honor that Mr. Meunier had been already convicted some three times for illegally taking and selling trout, and that he ought to be well acquainted with the provisions of the by-law by this time. The case was adjourned till this afternoon.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF ORCHARDS.

This is the season for pruning apple-trees. If the owner of an orchard could bring himself to think of his trees as sensible creatures, able to feel when they were cut and backed with axe and saw in an unmerciful manner, and able to remonstrate against unnecessary cruelty, he would approach his orchard with a better chance of doing his duty by it. A tree should be used as carefully as an animal, not, perhaps, on account of the ability of the animal to feel and the avoidance of the cruelty of ill usage, but because, as an animal and a tree are both kept for profit which we hope to derive from the keeping of it we can make more money by careful and good treatment than by neglect and bad management.

With these truths in mind, then, let the owner of an orchard carefully examine his trees. Let him view each on all sides and discover what branches need to be removed to prevent crowding and crossing on this side or that; what limbs are decaying and carrying disease into the heart of the tree; what smaller growth on this side or that should be taken away to balance the general form or to show the curves of the top toward weak and unthrifty parts from those that are redundant. Then with a piece of chalk let the large limbs and those smaller branches that are within reach be marked. When the whole orchard has thus been gone over it will be time to begin the work that cannot be undone, with proper deliberation and with a second careful view. Now the tools are to be prepared. A sufficiently long ladder should be provided for every orchard. A tool-basket made of matting, or doubled gunny bagging, or of carpet, will be found useful. To make this, cut out an oval piece 3 feet long and 2 feet wide; bind the edge over a piece of stout cord, such as a piece of clothes line, leaving a handle at each end of the oval. When this is doubled or folded to bring the handles together the lower edges near the fold should be joined for about four inches. This then makes a sort of open-mouthed, shallow bag, in which all the tools may be carried to the orchard and which can be hung up by the handles in the tool-shed when not in use. The tools include a long, narrow, small-toothed panel saw, which should be kept sharp and rather wide set, a finer saw for light work, a broad chisel, a curved blade pruning-knife, and a wide-mouthed preserve jar filled with pruning paint, made of boiled linseed-oil, bees-wax, and tallow in such proportions as will make a thin paste that can be laid on with a brush. Thus prepared and provided the orchardist begins the work of pruning.

Here it is worth while to stop and consider the purposes and objects of this work. The main purpose is to preserve, and increase, if possible, the fruitfulness and profit of the orchard. This includes not only the present condition, but the future life of the tree. We desire to make the orchard as productive as possible, and to preserve it as long as possible in the most productive condition. We cannot grow wood and fruit both, and when a tree is making too much new wood it is at the expense of the fruit. A tree must not be permitted to overbear itself. Over-production exhausts a tree, and the natural propensity of a tree to bear enormously of poor, valueless fruit must be curbed by pruning. The fruit, too, requires sunlight and warmth for its perfect coloring and ripening, and to produce the requisite change of starch to sugar and acid for its perfect flavoring. The flow of sap, too, needs to be directed with a skillful hand to all parts of the tree equally, so that the crop of fruit may be equal and well balanced over all parts. These are the chief points which we hope to gain by pruning, and it is easily seen that these all tend to the profit of the owner in the product of a large crop of fair and valuable fruit.

But to return to our work; the pruner once more looks over the tree. If any doubt exists as to the propriety of removing any limb or branch these should have the benefit of the doubt. It is easier to cut off a branch or limb at a future time than to replace it once it is removed. When the limb is to be removed, the saw should be applied close to the body of the tree and on the under side until the saw is pinched in the cut. The upper part is then cut. By doing this the limb will not tear the lower bark when it falls. When there is damage of a large limb should be cut up in parts and the stump left until the last. When this is cut off the wound is smoothly trimmed with the chisel and covered over with the paint. The cut will quickly heal over by growth of bark over the edges and there will be no danger of the decay of the wood, as if a projecting stump had been left. When all the large limbs have been taken off the excess of smaller branches should be removed. Wherever one crosses another, that which best can be spared should be cut away, and every cut made should be close to the leading wood and be smoothed if necessary with the chisel or knife. Smooth cuts heal over rapidly; torn and rough cuts do not, but the bark dries and shrivels and the wood under the dead bark soon dies also. All sprouts from limbs should be cut away close to the limbs and the cut pared even with the bark; no more sprouts will grow from a spot so kept in a good shape and condition so as to avoid much cutting afterward. And this leads us to consider how a young orchard should be treated. It is an old and tried, but a very true, saying, that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." So as the young tree is trained the old one is formed. And this should be made the maxim of every owner of an orchard, and the principle at the root of all the work done in it. The training of a young tree begins at the planting. Then the future main limbs are laid out, and if the work of training is closely attended to the finger and thumb may do most of the work, and nothing larger than a pocket-knife ever be needed thereafter in the orchard. Three or four main limbs only should be left, and the early growth should be pinched during the growing season, or shortened by pinching off the ends of too rampant shoots, as may appear to be needed. By removing surplus wood from a young tree, there will never be any necessity for cutting away full-grown limbs afterward. But it is evident, one who can do this successfully must know the why and the wherefore of it. This can best be learned by observation. There can never be a code of rules laid down for governing an orchard that will provide for every contingency. One can give general directions, but the owner of the orchard should know how to apply these to his peculiar circumstances. Therefore, he must look for the "tongues in trees" which the melancholy Jacques found and conversed with, and must learn to understand their language, which is plain to the observant man.—N. Y. Times.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 5,643,891 colored people in the South. Over 10,000 evictions in Ireland during the past year. The Masonic fraternity, according to the latest figures, has 41,500 members in Germany. The Irish landlord is described as an animal that earns his bread by the sweat of his tenants' brow. Mr. John Costigan, M. P. delivered an eloquent address before the Quebec Land League, on Saturday. England proposes to send a regiment of 1,700 colored troops from Barbados to the Gold Coast, officered by Englishmen. Jennie Robertson, who died lately at Nashvill, was known as Soldier Charley, because she had served several years in male attire in the army. The girls of the high school at Springfield, Mass., have been told that they will be suspended if they "exchange significant glances" with the boys. Milwaukee has passed an ordinance assessing its house railroad companies \$5,000 a year for each mile of the streets on which their tracks are laid. Joshua L. Smith committed suicide, at Fond du Lac, on his 98th birthday. He had long declared that he did not wish to become a centenarian. A society of Bohemian nobles intends to buy the old family castle of Hapsburg, in Switzerland. They will present it to the Crown Prince Rudolph. The enormous increase in the consumption of cigarettes is shown by the fact that in 1870 taxes were paid on 18,881,417 cigarettes, and in 1880 on 408,709,365. A new summer city is to be created by a number of gentlemen of Camden and Philadelphia at Barnegat Beach. The Pennsylvania Railroad will furnish transport. A bowler in a Cleveland alley had a ball poised to roll, when a bystander made an insulting remark, and he threw it violently at the offender, killing him by fracturing his skull. The richest mine in New Mexico, now worth \$3,000,000, was originally sold for \$3 in silver; a little gold dust, and an old revolver. But they don't all turn out so well. A melancholy man at Dayton, Ohio, for ten years constantly carried the means of suicide in his pocket, so as to be ready for self-destruction whenever he felt like it. Sometimes the thing was a dose of poison for the drug being either arsenic, iodoquin, or hydrocyanic acid; sometimes it was a pistol or knife; and not infrequently it was a neat noose of rope. At length, when misfortune crushed him entirely, he found that the relief at hand was laudanum, and he used it effectively. A return of offences other than agrarian in Ireland in 1880, presented to the House of Commons, shows that the total number of such offences were 3,981. Of these nineteen were murder and forty-four manslaughter. The total number of cases in all Ireland in which offenders were convicted was 694; the number of cases in which offenders were made amenable but not convicted, 420; the number of offenders awaiting trial is 155; the number of cases in which offenders were neither convicted nor made amenable, 1,815. According to the *Hotel Mail*, every lady of station in Austria knows how to cook. "They do not learn the art at regular cooking clubs or at home, but they go to the house of a prince or rich banker where there is a famous chef, and learn from him. When a chef engages to cook for any one he reserves the right to receive and instruct as many young ladies as he pleases. When a banquet is to be given he notifies his pupils, and they come to watch the process, without necessarily knowing the mistress of the house. At this time it would be a great breach of etiquette for any member of the family to trespass upon the cook and his department.

The London *Truth* reminds those alarmed at the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's coming legislation on the subject of land that the Premier is himself a landlord. Mr. Gladstone owns nearly 7,000 acres in Flint and Lancashire. In fact, the landed interest is pretty well represented in the Cabinet. The Duke of Argyll owns 175,000 acres, rental over £50,000; Lord Hartington's father's, 200,000 acres and £180,000 a year; Lord Spencer, 27,000 acres and £45,000 a year; Lord Kimberley, 11,000 acres and £25,000 a year; Lord Northbrook, 10,000 acres and £12,000; Mr. Hudson, 3,000 acres and £3,500. Lord Huntly, who has just enrolled himself in the ranks of the Administration, is lord of 90,000 acres and £27,000 a year.

HOW A PIANIST PUT DOWN A SHODDY-TYPE.

Henry Kettan, a pianist, says a San Francisco paper, was invited to a party at the house of one of the local plutocrats, a large importing merchant, and attended the same with his wife, precisely as would any other expected guest. To his surprise, however, he found the company sitting solemnly around as though in a concert-hall, and himself pressed to "play something" by his host. The courteous Frenchman complied, and in response to repeated requests, continued to entertain the company for nearly two hours. When at last he was thoroughly fatigued, supper was announced, whereupon the host rose and said: "You've got piano-punching down fine, Kettan old fellow. Now, if you'll play these young folks a few quadrilles and polkas while the balance of us go down to bash, I'll send up Martha Louise to relieve you presently; or, if you like, you can have something sent up, and eat it right here on the piano. I first kinder calculated to have to engage a couple of fiddlers; but the old lady said she thought you wouldn't mind. I will make it all right when you go." The astonished artist gazed at the speaker—who was well known to have been a tax-keeper in the "good old days"—for a few moments, utterly dumfounded; then controlling himself, he gravely turned his back, and began playing dance music as requested. When the company had all reassembled in the drawing-room, he raised his voice and said: "Bring let some whiskey, lommans and sugar be prayed in."

"Now, then," said Mr. Kettan, fixing his eyes on the host—"now then, mix us some cocktails, my good fellow. Every man to his trade." There was awful silence, and then the shoddyocrat, with a gheestly attempt to carry off the joke, prepared the drink, and handed it to the musician. The latter drank the beverage critically. "You're losing practice, my good man. The fellow at the hotel bar does much better. There, you may keep the change." And, tossing the almost asphyxiated millionaire a half-dollar, he put his wife under his arm and walked out.

WHEAT TO WEAR.

Deep fur cuffs to match the muff and collar are much worn. The Drogan cap is shaped very much like a French pastry cook's. Lace pins have completely superseded other kinds of brooches. Dull red is a popular shade for young girls' and children's wool suits. Deep yellow and coral pink China asters are the flowers of the moment. The latest hoods on dresses and wraps are rounded, not pointed, in the back. Serpent bracelets with golden scales and ruby eyes are coming into vogue. Wadded and quilted satin slippers worn for comfortable home negligee toilet. Driving gloves made to simulate a leopard's or tiger's claw are late novelties. The only flowers used for winter hats and bonnets are made of plush, velvet, and satin. The Rev. Mr. McLean appeared as a missionary among the Swedes at Red Wing, Minn., accompanied by a woman whom he introduced as his wife. The pair did effective revival work for several weeks. Then the Rev. Mr. Holqueret arrived, with proof that the woman was Mrs. Holqueret, who had eloped with the Rev. Mr. McLean.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—ACTIVE LOCAL AGENTS in every CITY, TOWN and VILLAGE in the Dominion and UNITED STATES to collect subscriptions and collect amounts...

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: DEAR SIR:—However jocular the English press may be disposed to be over the movements of the Irish leaders and their "sisters, cousins and aunts" it might be as well to remember that it would not be the first time...

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

ADVENTURES OF SIR MYLES O'REGAN Mr. Editor,—The explosion was terrific, we all turned pale as ghosts except Gladstone who turned a kind of yellowish green, like the principles of the late John Roa, of Belfast.

"Fenians," yelled Hartington. "Land League," roared Granville. "Joe Biggar," cried Bright. "Parnell," ejaculated Gladstone.

I alone preserved the dignity of the British empire on that memorable occasion for I alone (as I always am) was calm, cool and collected. I, therefore, as it was not a question about ragging Ireland, assumed the leadership. "My lords and gentlemen," said I, "let me, as I am reckless of my life in the cause of Her Majesty, let me see what is the matter, and what I want. Well, Mr. Editor, you may believe it, it was nothing more than a policeman drawing the cork from a bottle of porter given the poor fellow in the kitchen by the girl. Thus does conscience of old make cowards of us all.

The protestations of gratitude were loud and long. I was the saviour of the nation. "Come Sir Myles," said Gladstone, "we must place you in a better position than Assistant Under and try and get the Queen to make a baron of you. You have rendered the State incalculable service."

The Council broke up, and I walked down the street with Sir Vernon Harcourt with exultant heart. "Lord O'Regan" would sound well in rhyme to Lord O'Hagan. How are you my lord, I am your Lordship's most obedient servant. Will your Lordship have any more sugar in your punch? &c. And then I sallied upon after parting from the Home Secretary, as I said to myself *quae sapientia mundus regitur*, and how easy it is to impose on Cabinet Ministers. Impress a man every day, or a body of men, with the idea that your services are indispensable and they will believe you in time. They will, I tell you. Don't you think I have as much brains as the Duke of Sutherland, and he, nevertheless, owns over a million acres of land. How did they get it? Check, or what the French called *chic*, gave it to them. My ancestors had none; my uncle had a little, and I was left a few acres when too late.

Bar! I don't grumble, perchance the land, provided the O'Regan retains his place, and the confidence of Prince Teak. I have chambers nicely furnished, Mr. Editor, in a locality not far from Piccadilly, a cook, excellent digestion and a quiet conscience. The monarchy will last my time, and while there is a monarchy there must be an Usher of the Back Stairs in Waiting. Though I don't mind confessing to you that people are beginning to have their doubts. There is a d—d social look about the faces of some of the people one meets in London which is enough to unsettle one's mind, and people are beginning to talk republicanism who would have started back at the name six months ago. That Labouchere is a crocodile, and Cowen is worse, while as for Parnell— But let us not lose our temper. The attack on the pensions of the descendants of our heroes and heroines will decide the fate of this here nation and of what is far more importance, of your humble correspondent. I have great hopes that the rich will remain rich, and that the poor will grow poorer every day, for confound them! they deserve it. But in case they may not, in case the revolution comes along, I am studying the trade of novel writer. I intend to get up an original romance, which will take the capital by storm, and out Endymion Endymion. It has hitherto been the fashion to give heroes the names of Cavendish, Montgomery, Orville, Egremont, and such, but I will introduce a change that will cause Ouida and Beaconsfield to grow livid with rage and despair. My heroes and heroines shall be Boggs, Buggs, Baggs, Biggs, Beggs and so forth, and their Christian names not Clarence, or Charles or Thomas, but Jim and Johnny and Thomas and Peggy and Biddy shall revive and be made glorious forever.

London at the present time reminds me of the days of the Great French Revolution, when Dukes and Counts of the old regime earned their daily garlic and onions by fiddling and exhibiting white mice. Their places are now supplied by the aristocracy of Ireland, for alas all the boycotted refugees are not so lucky as I, and few of them know how to twang the violin. They are in a desperate condition truly. You meet them everywhere, and their eternal cry is, "Griffith's valuation has ruined me, will you lend us a shilling till Saturday night," as if the knaves were working and expected their wages. It would be more

appropriate if they said until coercion. I really pitied one of them who paid me a visit on Monday as I, sitting comfortably in my library smoking a Havana with a glass of Marschale in front of me. His story was that he had eaten nothing for 48 hours but a piece of lemon peel and the small end of a sausage he had picked up somewhere, but which did not at all agree with his constitution. This gentleman (Lord Shlemmuddy) used formerly to be affected with chronic gout, but at present there is no room in his stunted frame for even the most vindictive disease to settle, and the only part of the system that suffers twinges is the stomach. Poor man he is about the same state as his ancestor when Cromwell gave him a slice of land in Ireland. And that reminds me that Lord Dufferin—another Cromwellian—has sold out. By Jove, what a sensible fellow is Dufferin. He was not in high latitudes without seeing down deep into things. After giving my friend Lord Shlemmuddy a half crown (which I charge to Backett's contingencies) I dashed off the following verses:—

THE LAST LANDLORD.

The sun had set, he stood alone, A parchment in his hand; The balance of his class had flown Unto the better land.

Though much against their wish I trow, For landlords are no saint, To stay in this here world of woe While tenants pay their rent.

His form was lank, each spindle shank Appeared a mile in length; He would not dig nor turn a crank, Even if 't had had the strength.

His back bone and his stomach were Set pretty close together, For lately he had lived on air, And had exposed to weather.

This poor, abandoned refugee, Wore sad and sooty cloths; Far better you, in sooth, could see In use or scaring crows.

His hair had forced its willful way For landlords are no saint, His short sleeves saw the light of day Through— but I won't say what.

Mr. Editor, my poetic feelings were exhausted just here, and I had to break into prose; had prose is better than bad poetry anyway. It was my intention to harrow the feelings of your readers with my description of the last of the landlords, as Campbell made a world weep over the last man. My idea was to have him deliver an address and then to hang himself with the British constitution twisted into a rope, but I suddenly discovered that there was nothing to fasten the rope to except the sand, and even poetical license will not permit that.

Yours, &c., MYLES O'REGAN, BART.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Land League Fund. Includes names like Wexford Quebecer, E. J. McElligott, A. Harris of Despotism, etc.

Montreal Land League Meeting

LARGE ATTENDANCE.

The usual weekly meeting of the Land League was held on Sunday afternoon in the St. Patrick's Hall. The President, P. Carroll, Esq., occupied the chair. After the reading of the correspondence and the minutes by the Secretary, the Chairman announced to the meeting that they had to transact business of paramount importance, that of revising the collectors' list. The one great object of the League was to procure funds to impart power and life to the agitation, so that a great deal depended upon the energy and activity of the collectors to aid in achieving that result.

Mr. BUCHANAN, Treasurer, then handed in a cheque of \$25 which he received from Jas. McCready, Esq., as his contribution towards the funds of the Land League.

On motion, Mr. McCready was elected an honorary member. The Secretary afterwards read a list of 25 names, among which were those of several ladies, and of Protestants, which were also added to the roll of ordinary members. The amount of subscriptions received reached the sum of sixty dollars.

During the meeting one of the speakers made a slight allusion to outside affairs, but the Chairman immediately informed him that neither the discussion of municipal or parliamentary politics would be allowed to interfere with the proceedings of the League; its atmosphere should be free and devoid of the odour of partizanship in any shape or form.

Questions were then asked which necessity there was for collecting more funds, when Mr. Parnell could already invest the sum of £70,000 sterling in French and other securities.

London dailies, owned and inspired by the landlords. This was evidence of the power and influence attached to public opinion, and which the English Government stoops to gain by the foulest means. Up to a recent date they managed to pervert the public opinion of Europe, but Parnell went on the field himself, and has already succeeded in checkmating the English Press on the one ill-informed continent. The greatest French writers of the day have been interviewed, and they have given spontaneously their sympathy and their encouragement to the cause of Ireland which will now appear in a more favourable and truthful light. Our duty here is also to spread the light, to collect funds and never fail to place implicit faith in Charles Stewart Parnell.

A suggestion was then offered by Mr. Duhig to the effect that the meetings of the League be held on a week day to give an opportunity to our Protestant brethren to attend, as many of them thought that Sunday was not a fit and proper day for the meeting. The Chairman explained it was the only one on which the majority of the League could afford to attend. In the meantime the suggestion would be laid before the Executive, and steps would be taken to have a monthly public meeting.

Mr. M. DONOVAN expressed a conviction that the work of the Land League was based upon the principle of justice and charity, and that its object was of the most charitable, and if it were not he would be one of the first to adopt the suggestion of the previous speaker; but to feed the hungry and support poor evicted tenants lying by the roadside was indeed a work in the interests of which they could be well employed on a Sunday.

LECTURE BY REV. FATHER HOGAN.

Last evening the Rev. Father Hogan delivered a lecture in St. Bridget's Church, under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in aid of the poor. The church was crowded, standing room being scarcely obtainable. The Rev. Father's lecture consisted of an eloquent and instructive discourse on the seven sacraments constituting the essential parts of our holy religion, and an argument as directed against the Reformation which entirely swept away these necessary doctrines to Christianity. He quoted various ancient authorities to show that the early Christians had made use of the sign of the cross at the recurrence of each routine incident of their daily lives, and asserted from authority that during Apostolic days, and immediately afterwards, it was the practice to say Mass and recite prayers for the benefit of the souls of the dead. Our Blessed Lord had established seven sacraments, and these were the most essential components of Christian Worship. Of these seven sacraments the "Reformation" at its advent denied five, retaining two, Baptism, and what was called the Supper of the Lord. So bitterly, however, did the "Reformers" quarrel over the remaining two sacraments that they were eventually ruled out. Referring to the sacrament of the Eucharist, he said it was the most glorious and sacred, as having been established by our Saviour himself, and said that the profanation of the body of the Blessed Lord was an offence the most criminal that could be devised—that Satan, himself, could not commit a crime more heinous. Anyone visiting a Protestant Church would see that every vestige of the forms of Christianity had been swept away. Even the crucifix, emblem of our Saviour's death, was not to be found. Heretics might sneer at our faith in the revelations of the Bible, but although it had different acceptations it was undoubtedly a supernatural gift. These truths were revealed by God and became His had spoken all curiously on the subjects was precluded. We had to believe, he said, by articles of doctrine or none at all. Not only did the "Reformers" deny the most important of these articles, but they spoke of them in the most irreverent language, as witness Luther and Calvin. With reference to the sacrament of Baptism the Rev. lecturer reminded his hearers that Christ was the authority for the fact that water alone was necessary for the ceremony, while Luther asserted that brandy, beer, gin, or any other liquor was equally acceptable, and Calvin declared that the use of water was only a metaphor. Speaking of the evil effects of the "Reformation" Father Hogan said men who had hitherto been united in the patriotic love of a common country were rent asunder by sectarian bitterness, and saw in each other only enemies. Then was it not the place of the Church to condemn the false as well as to teach what was true.

The Rev. Father's lecture was listened to throughout with the utmost attention, and at its conclusion a collection to a large amount was taken up.

ARCHBISHOP McCABE'S PASTORAL.

HIS FEAR THAT CATHOLICISM IN IRELAND WILL SUFFER FROM PARNELL'S INTERVIEW WITH ROCKEFORT AND HUGO.

DUBLIN, Feb. 21.—I have been favored with an advanced copy of the Pastoral, for Lent, of His Grace Archbishop McCab, which will be read in all the Catholic churches in the Archdiocese next Sunday. The following remarkable passage occurs, referring to Mr. Parnell's conferences with MM. Rochefort and Hugo:—"It is our duty, in these troubled times, earnestly to pray for our Holy Father and for the peace of the Church. We should also pray with great fervor for our own dear country, in which, in His infinite wisdom and unfathomable providence, the Almighty has permitted sore trials to fall. Her history for ages has been an almost unbroken record of temporal sorrows, which, to a great extent, are still her portion. But a calamity more terrible and humiliating than any that has yet befallen her seems to threaten our people to-day. Allies for our country, in her struggle for justice, are sought from the ranks of impious infidels, who have plunged their own unhappy souls into misery, and who are sworn to destroy the foundation of all religion. Will Catholic Ireland tolerate such an indignity?—Brothers, David Meir, N. G.; J. B. Gibbon, M. D. V. G.; John Massey, J. R. S.; W. E. Lawrence, P. S.; H. S. Feller, M. D. T.; J. H. Carpenter, P. G., and F. X. Clement, P. G., Rep to G. L.

THE FORTE'S MAXIMUM CONCESSIONS.

A despatch from a trustworthy source at Constantinople states that the Porte has informed Germany and Austria of the maximum concessions it is prepared to make. They include the cession of the whole of Thessaly and a portion of Epirus, but the Porte refuses to cede Janina, Metzovo or Preveso. A correspondent at Constantinople says:—The Ambassadors decided that each shall present a note to the Porte on Monday, with a view to opening negotiations. Their action will be simultaneous, but not collective. The notes, though similar in sense, will not be identical in form.

SCENES IN THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

SHOWING HOW MR. GLADSTONE AND "BUCKHORN" FORSTER TURNED PALE WHEN THEY HEARD THE TRUTH—BITTER SPEECH OF MR. O'DONNELL.

Mr. O'Donnell, who again came to the front in the debate, occupies a peculiar position in the House. One London correspondent says:—He has taken advantage of the situation to resume his place in the Parnellite ranks, and though he is by no means a favorite with the majority of the Irish party he is by far too able a Parliamentary gladiator not to be welcomed into the ranks of the Irish forces. During the all night sitting he did yeoman's service, speaking three times, for nearly an hour on each occasion, and by the vigor of his attack upon the Government throwing life and spirit into an otherwise dull debate. He denounced the attempt to gag the Irish members, and sneered at all the weak points of the members of the Government, not even allowing Mr. Mundella's red stockings to escape admiring glances. All the real interest of the debate centred in the speeches delivered by Mr. Cowen, Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Forster. Mr. Cowen's speech was by far the ablest effort of the debate. It was made in the morning, toward the close of the struggle, to a full House. If its value were to be measured by its effect on the House, and especially on the Ministerial benches, it must be set down as one of the most remarkable speeches ever made in Parliament. The Ministers actually tossed about on their seats, writing under the castigation. Gladstone grew deadly white and turned about to face the orator. He made himself conspicuous in leading the derisive cheers of the Government supporters. Forster's face also grew pale. He moved about uneasily, sometimes turning in the direction of Mr. Cowen. He made no effort to conceal his excitement and toward the close of the attack on "official liberalism" the face of Mr. Forster looked as angry and savage as if he had no connection with the House. Nor was the effect on the House less marked. The Liberals looked dismayed, while the Tories seemed rather to enjoy the Radical onslaught on the Liberal Ministry. The Irish were, of course, delighted, and whenever an attempt was made to demoralize Mr. Cowen by interruption or derisive cheers the Irish supported him with counter cheers, whose volume and intensity did credit to the lungs of the gentlemen from Ireland. The following resume of one of Mr. O'Donnell's three speeches gives a fair idea of the quality of the delivery. It cannot, however, even remotely convey an idea of the sarcasm and method of delivery. Mr. O'Donnell is quite a master of vituperation, but the effect of what he says depends very largely on the way he manages to say it. No one in the House can make himself half as offensive as Mr. Parnell's exhortation.

Mr. O'Donnell looked forward with pleasure to another open denunciation of the incapacity of the government to deal with Irish affairs. Mr. Forster was the mere echo of Dublin Castle, and both sides of the House had been imposed on by false returns. He should oppose to the utmost the despotic, ruinous and suicidal proposition of the government, but he entered the contest in no spirit of bravado, being fully aware that the government could be a handful of Irish members. They were trampled in the dust on a previous occasion—a laugh—but had the minority been successful then much bloodshed and expense would have been saved in South Africa. The Irish members were not going to make provision to meet the relays which had been arranged on the government side; but, although they would be beaten in a few hours, they would be victorious in a few weeks. The Prime Minister had now left the House to seek that repose to which his age, dignity, and many years entitle him, without conceding to give any valid reason for the introduction of his unprecedented resolution. Even if an explanation were now forthcoming, this was hardly the hour for it, as it could not be fully reported. Therefore, the debate ought to be promptly adjourned (Home-Rule-chiefs). But the word had been passed round to legislate for Ireland in the dark, and he charged the government with desiring non-publicity for their gagging proceedings. He was aware that his reproaches fell upon dull ears. The certainty of a triumph on the part of the government closed the ears of conscience, but there was a saying in many languages that it is always the vanquished who win, and he was confident that wrong would always find, if not its remedy, its retribution. Mr. Gladstone had primed and charged and poisoned the mind of the House to the best of his ability, and when the Irish members asked for time to consider the gagging resolution he pointed with triumph to his mechanical majority. In concluding his remarks Mr. O'Donnell (taunted the occupants of the Treasury Bench (Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Forster and Mr. Mundella) with the state-silence which they preserved, and spoke of Mr. Mundella's red stockings as symptomatic of the "seas of gore" through which the Government proposed to wade in Ireland. (Laughter, and cries of "Order!")

The Speaker called upon the honorable member to confine himself to the question. Mr. O'Donnell admitted the justice of the call to order, and apologized for being tempted to wander from the grave question before the House by the excessively extraordinary appearance of Her Majesty's Government. (A laugh). After some further remarks the honorable member admitted that he was broken down by physical weakness, after so many hours in the House, and was not in a condition to contend further with the loud conversation in which some honorable members were now indulging.

New Lodge.—A new lodge of Oddfellows was instituted at Cowansville on Friday last by L. Silverman, Grand Master of the brethren from Montreal and St. John's. After the ceremony of institution, fifteen gentlemen were initiated and two received by card, and the following elected and installed into office:—Brothers David Meir, N. G.; J. B. Gibbon, M. D. V. G.; John Massey, J. R. S.; W. E. Lawrence, P. S.; H. S. Feller, M. D. T.; J. H. Carpenter, P. G., and F. X. Clement, P. G., Rep to G. L.

New York, Feb. 21.—Rowell, Vaughan and their backers and others interested in the international pedestrian match to begin on Monday considered final articles to-day. The articles are the same as those governing the Astley bolt contest, with the exception of a proviso that no contestant must run or walk within a three feet lead. This was inserted to prevent "dogging." Two-thirds of the receipts go to the winner and one-third to the loser. The name of the unknown is not revealed, but it is stated that he has a record of 550. Rowell drew a cheque for \$5,000 to cover the O'Leary deposit of the same amount in London for the match there. Articles for New York will be signed on Wednesday next.

ROUND THE WORLD.

An Italian writer says that 40,000 operas have been written since 1600, of which 10,000 have been produced by the sons of Italy.

Germany has given its adherence to the plan for an International Exhibition of Electricity in Paris in August.

Eighty-five Prussian towns have combined to present ornamental plates to the heir to the German throne on his wedding day.

Lady Florence, Dixie, who has lately published a work of travels in Patagonia, is going to the Cape as war correspondent for the London Morning Post.

The municipality of Marseille, who disappeared suddenly from Walkerton, Ont., on the 27th January, was found yesterday under a pile of slabs in Truxar's planing factory.

The municipality of Marseille, by a vote of 33 to 1, has annulled the decision to grant a site for the erection of a statue to Thiers on the ground that he was an enemy of Radicalism.

Miss Doble, a young lady of 26, who has contributed sketches of New Zealand scenery to the London Graphic, was lately murdered by a Maori when on a solitary sketching excursion. The murderer confessed his crime.

The Golden Rule says that "it costs a community more to support one liquor saloon than it does to run half a dozen churches," and the Retailer retorts that "there's more fun in the one saloon than in the six churches."

A Roman correspondent writes that every one is astonished at the steady mildness of the season. Sunshades have been more in request than umbrellas. Street cars are at the height of the season in the city. The Quirinal hill is now ascended by them.

A burglar entered a miser's residence at Corpus Christi, Texas, stole a trunk supposed to contain money, carried it a mile away and opened it, and found nothing of value. Then he returned to the house in anger, demanded the miser's money or life, and received a bullet.

A. G. Bradley writes to the Fall Mall Gazette that the old Stato of Virginia may now be fairly said to be "booming"—booming, too, in a quiet, respectable and substantial manner that makes little noise or stir, but for that very reason is all the firmer and the more likely to be permanent.

Clarence H. Thayer, the choir master at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Cambridge, Mass., refused to conform to the ritualistic manner in which the Rev. Edward M. Gusher conducted the services, and was therefore compelled to resign. The rector only accused him of lying and stealing, and he brought a suit for \$2,000, but recovered only \$23.

Omaha crows are having a hard time this winter. The long continued snow has covered all their food, and they are reduced to the necessity of picking the bark from trees. Crows are appreciated in Omaha, where they act as scavengers. A year ago the Mayor issued an order that they should not be shot. Now in their extremity an appeal is made in their behalf, and many families are feeding them habitually.

Capt. Eads' proposed ship railroad has a precedent in Germany, where vessels of sixty tons capacity are carried overland from the upper to the lower part of the Elbing-Oberland canal, in West Prussia. This ship railroad has been in successful operation for over sixteen years, but when the idea was first broached it was ridiculed by everybody. Even then, however, there had been a precedent for the scheme, in a road over our Alleghany range, on which four-ton canal boats were carried.

A young physician settled at New Albany, Ind., with his wife and child, and undertook to build up a practice, but he was modest, friendly, and could not make himself known. He had hardly a paying patient, but was himself a subject for treatment a few days ago. Cold and hunger had made him ill. His wife, he said, had begged him to kill her and the child, and then commit suicide, but he had refused. The case has excited a great deal of sympathy, and as he is regarded as capable and worthy, his professional career looks brighter.

The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Humphrey Lloyd, is dead, and there is an active canvass for the succession. The favorite is Dr. Ingram, the author of the celebrated rebel song of 1848, "Who fears to speak of '93?" Now the Provost is chosen always from the ranks of the senior or junior fellows, generally the senior. In the old state of things there were nine Provosts who were not even graduates of the university, and one who had been a dragoon officer. The salary is £1,000 a year, with a handsome house, perquisites, &c.

Thirty years ago James Boyle left Ireland for Australia with his wife and one child, leaving another child, Mary, with her grandfather. He was very successful on the gold fields, and invested his money to great advantage. His wife and child died in Australia. Mary married a man named Glen, and moved to America, where she has been living in a poor part of Philadelphia. By the mischance of letters incidental to her moving at the same time as her father they lost trace of each other, and each thought the other dead. She now finds herself, after a life of hard struggle, worth a million of dollars.

Admiral Bythessa, a very distinguished officer, who has just retired from the service, after having for many years filled the post of Consulting Naval Officer to the Government of India, got his name by ship, when an infant, picked up at sea by a whig, was lashed to a bale of goods. Inquiry failed to elicit any sort of information about this human flossam; so the ship's officers adopted him, called him "By-the-Sea," and sent him to a naval school. The first ship in which he served was that which has saved his life. He has the Victoria Cross and the Order of the Bath.

PARNELL.—We have much pleasure in recommending the portrait of Mr. Parnell, which is for sale at Ottawa. By sending 25 cents to box number 1,012 any of our readers can have a splendid portrait of the great Irish leader, which we, who have received a specimen copy, pronounce excellent.

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1881.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them die of disease of the heart after a few years, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life. However, we may criticise Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprisers, it is the fittest which survives. The TRUE WITNESS has survived a generation of men all but two years, and it is now what we may term an established fact.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.00 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the TRUE WITNESS is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The TRUE WITNESS is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the TRUE WITNESS from the 1st December, 1880, to the 31st December 1881 (thirteen months), including the one back number.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

All the above subscriptions are for the term ending December 31st, 1881 (13 months).

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the TRUE WITNESS.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The TRUE WITNESS will be mailed to clergyman, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance. Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfil all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistress in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. TO IRISHMEN! Portrait OF PARNELL, (M.P. for Cork, Ireland.) A portrait of the illustrious Charles Stewart Parnell, the brave defender of the rights of Ireland, has just been published, and is for sale by local agents, at the price of 25 CENTS. It is printed on paper 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches, and is suitable and intended for framing. ATTENTION! This Portrait will be sent, post paid, to any dealer requiring not less than 100 copies, at a discount of 50 per cent, to every part of Canada or the United States, on receipt of a Post Office money order for the amount. A further discount will be allowed on orders exceeding 500 copies. Please address to the Publisher of Parnell Picture, P. O. Box 1,012, Ottawa. Sample Sent by Mail. IF YOU WANT INFORMATION SUBSCRIBE FOR THE "True Witness." FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS.

IRELAND!

PARNELL IN FRANCE

VICTOR HUGO ON IRELAND.

MANIFESTO FROM MR. PARNELL.

PARNELL AGAIN IN PARLIAMENT.

What 'L'Aurora' Says.

GOVERNMENT SUGGEST QUESTIONS.

Sympathy of the French Press

[By Telegraph to Post and True Witness.]

It is rumored that the Government have sent detectives to Paris to watch Parnell. A despatch from Paris says the French Government will oppose Land League operations in Paris, and it is considered violation of international duties.

munication with America. He fears the League's despatches will be seized in England. LONDON, Feb. 16.—The Commons continued the consideration of the Protection Bill. Various important amendments proposed by the Irish members were negatived.

LETTER FROM MR. PARNELL. He Determines to Remain in Ireland. PARIS, Feb. 16.—At a meeting on Sunday evening, a deputation from the Land League submitted resolutions to Mr. Parnell asking him to go to America, and they received the following reply to be read at a meeting of the Land League in Dublin to-day:—

from that country. Michael Davitt has manfully returned to face penal servitude, and many others, in the very heart of Ireland, are willing to take imprisonment for their sakes. Tenant farmers are not called upon to make great sacrifices or to run much risk themselves; they are asked simply to refuse to pay unjust rents, and to refuse to take farms from which others have been evicted for such refusal.

"He smiled at me," writes Lady Louisa, in her touching account of the scene, "which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time." The interview did not last long. The dying man's thoughts were evidently confused, and he spoke but little. His aunt and brother left him, promising to return next day, but they had really bid adieu to him forever.

Ireland and Her Despoits. The convict ship, dungeon and gallows are ever the agents that Britain is noted to choose. To crush every measure—each sacred endeavor—For justice and right that poor Erin may use!

THE FASHIONS.

India shawls never go out of fashion. The tressor is a new London bonnet. The Bathursts are the latest large hat. Caps are de rigueur for a well-dressed baby. Fanchon bonnets are becoming vulgarly popular.

COMMON SENSE IN MEDICINE.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.) Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, seems to be meeting with excellent success.

It matters not how often your advisers tell you that diseases such as bronchitis, asthma and catarrh are incurable; read the following notices and judge for yourselves:—

DEAR DOCTOR.—I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the beneficial effects I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of Catarrh and Bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.

Your truly, C. HILL, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

MONTEAL, January 21st, 1881. MY DEAR SIR.—I am very pleased to bear testimony to your mode of treating throat diseases. My little girl, eleven years of age, has had various attacks of bronchitis. Last fall she had one of these attacks and was confined to the house for seven or eight weeks.

I am, yours truly, R. L. GAULT, To Dr. M. Souville, Montreal.

MONTEAL, January, 1881. Dr. M. Souville Montreal. DEAR SIR.—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of body; but as accidents may happen to all, Haggard's Yellow Oil is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than an accident policy.

Letters must contain stamp for reply. Instruments and preparations expressed to any address.

RAISER WILHELM'S REMEDY FOR SOCIALISM AND SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

Berlin, Feb. 16.—The Emperor's speech yesterday contains an important appeal to the working classes, which may be expected to influence the elections in June.

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING. "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?

AN EMPTY HOUSE IS BETTER THAN A BAD TENANT, is exemplified in the case of worms which afflict so many people.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS MAY BE CORRECTED either in early or later stages, by the use of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Linctant.

It is said that heat travels faster than cold, because you can easily catch cold. If you do catch cold easily you can as easily cure it in its worst form if you use Haggard's Pectoral Balm, the popular throat and lung remedy.

OBITUARY.—We learn with great regret of the death of Mr. Robert Robertson, brother of Mr. T. Robertson, M. P. for Shelburne.

There is a Balm in Gilead to heal each mortal wound. In Haggard's Yellow Oil the sure remedy is found; For internal and outward use you freely may apply it.

MANURING SANDY LAND.—For sandy, gravelly soil, stable manure would be the most useful. If strawberries, corn, and potatoes are to be planted, the manure will do the most good on the ground for strawberries, and artificial fertilizer on the corn and potatoes.

FATHER GILLET VET ALIVE. NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16.—The Picayune has received a letter dated British Honduras, February 9th, from Rev. Henry Gillett, S.J., in which he says he was intensely interested with the precise details of his arrest and terrible execution in Guatemala City, as described in the American papers of January 24th.

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SHIPS NEVER HEARD FROM.

The following European steamers have never been heard of after leaving port: The President, which sailed from New York on March 11, 1841, and among her passengers were Tyrone Power, the famous Irish comedian, and a son of the Duke of Richmond.

The Great Britain was lost in a storm on the coast of Ireland; left September 23, 1846. The City of Glasgow was never heard of after leaving Glasgow in the spring of 1854; 480 lives were lost.

The Pacific was never heard from after Jan 23, 1856, when she left Liverpool; 200 lives were lost.

The Connaught was burned off the coast of Massachusetts Oct. 7, 1860.

The Tempest was never heard from after she left New York on Feb. 20, 1867.

The City of Boston left New York Jan. 25, 1870 and was never afterward heard from; about 160 lives lost.

The United Kingdom left New York, April 17, 1866, was never heard from; 80 lives lost. The Hibernia foundered off the Irish coast Nov. 29, 1868, but was heard from.

The Carolina was wrecked on the Irish coast Nov. 29, 1863, and 50 lives lost. The Imalia left New York Sept. 29, 1873, and is yet unheard of.—New York Star.

FEES OF DOCTORS. The fee of doctors is an item that very many persons are interested in just at present. We believe the schedule for visits is \$3.00, which would tax a man confined to his bed for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone!

And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.—Post.

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Continued from Sixth Page.

IRELAND!

DUBLIN, Feb. 17.—An unmistakable reaction in all parts of England is setting in against Gladstone. The working elements have lost faith in him. This is true of the mechanics in the manufacturing towns and the farm laborers in the agricultural districts. All are disappointed in his administration. They say he is no better than a Tory. Beaconsfield, who is watching the progress of events with sleepless eyes, is highly pleased at the turn of affairs. Gladstone's acts before the lie to all the fine promises he made before election and justify Beaconsfield's policy. Indeed, it is better for Beaconsfield who had declined so grandiloquently against coercion by the Tories, should have the responsibility of the present thrust upon him. Time works for him. The Whigs will come out of this conflict ruined as a party. Tories and Democrats will grind them to powder. The secret services are everywhere. Spies are sent to America. Letters are opened. Instructions have been given to emissaries to find out the numerical strength, aims, resources, and plans of every Irish society at home and abroad. The movements of every officer in these societies will be closely watched. Irishmen should be watchful and sober. Rumors are maliciously circulated to excite distrust in the minds of the people against the officers of the Land League. They are tantae with cowardice. If they go to Paris to put the funds in a safe place they are called runaways. Physical force men—men who have the courage of their convictions and fight for their principles on the field of battle—are now the sort of men the English press have learned to admire. Detectives go to meetings in the guise of newspaper reporters. Indeed there is reason to believe that many press reporters are detectives drawing double pay. Once more let Irishmen be watchful. Every move of the Government indicates a disposition to provoke Ireland into desperation and rebellion and then butcher the people by the thousand. The Arms Bill, which the Government is now pushing through the Commons, has for its object the disarmament and reduction of the Irish people to the level of prisoners of war. By it the police will be empowered to enter any house at any time of night or day, and search the premises for arms. They may likewise search the person, male or female, of every one in and about the house. Obstruction still confronts coercion. The bill for the "Protection of Person and Property in Ireland" in the Committee of the House, makes very slow progress. All other business is at a standstill. Gladstone has been shouting urgency for weeks. His failure to press his bill excites the contempt of the London papers. The Times sneeringly remarks: "The despatch of measures in urgency is not to be easily distinguished from the leisurely movement of ordinary bills in committee." Some Englishmen are beginning to see that Ireland is a thorn in the side of the British Empire. There are robberies and butcheries to be attended to in Africa and elsewhere, but they scarcely receive attention for two months Ireland has been the subject of debate.

DUBLIN, Feb. 19.—The Orange Emergency Committee met to-day. After disposing of routine business they drew up a telegram, which was despatched to the Grand Master of Canada, requesting the aid of the Orangemen and other Protestants of the Dominion to enable the committee to further oppose the Land League, and assist the persecuted Protestants. A telegram received by the Land League announces that Mr. Parnell will arrive on Saturday, and intends to speak at the Clara land meeting, in Kings County, on Sunday afternoon. It is anticipated that Miss Parnell will speak at a public meeting at Rathdowney, County Meath. London, Feb. 19.—Parnell started to-night for Ireland. The Norwegian ship "Junco," which laid two months in Limerick, undergoing repairs, sailed for the United States with a quantity of American rifles, which formed the original cargo of the vessel. British marines will accompany the ship out of the river, in order to frustrate any attempt to transfer the cargo.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 20.—There were three Land League meetings in the Eastern districts this afternoon. There was much enthusiasm. McKay, recently from Ireland, declared that Parnell and Dillon had nothing to do with the revolutionists of the Continent, as the cablegrams said. The result of the agitators would be the independence of Ireland. They would wait till they could strike a sure blow, then they would do it. A Catholic priest presided at the Clara meeting, and the Stars and Stripes waved over him. The News understands that the Cabinet considered the Land Bill for the first time on Saturday. It was not supposed the authorities were more concerned about the North of England than Ireland. Fenian movements here are more formidable than in Ireland, and the Socialistic agitation there causes much uneasiness. Men are leaving Ireland and find congenial companionship and welcome among the colliers and operatives in Lancashire and the iron workers on the Tyne side. Fenian Head-Centre Stephens is reported as saying that the Irish question will yet have to be settled "by a stand-up fight," and once Ireland has gained her independence she will be happy to ally herself with England.

Paris, Feb. 19.—The Justice, M. Clemenceau's organ, and the Intransigent, Rochefort's paper, this morning contain long and eulogistic articles on Parnell and the Land Leaguers. The Justice considers the manifesto a masterpiece, and exults at the annoyance Parnell's visit to Paris is causing the French Government. The Intransigent makes the Land Leaguers a key on which to hang a violent attack on Gambetta and Andrieux. This is just the sort of thing Mr. Parnell ought to have expected from the French Socialists. They are not dangerous as enemies, but they are very dangerous as friends.

LONDON, Feb. 19.—A really strong feeling of discontent with the Government is rapidly being developed in the ranks of its supporters, and this is more palpable in the House than people are likely to think who base their estimates of the situation on anything which appears in newspapers. Among his freely said that Mr. Gladstone is resuming the arbitrary course which broke up his last administration, and venturing boldly upon proceedings which would ruin Conservatives in a week. Among the actions concerning which complaint is made is, as may be naturally imagined, the opening of private letters in the post office. Liberals of all sections rightly think it scandalous that this obnoxious system should be revived in the present day and under a Radical Administration, and the revival may at any moment kindle a dangerous feeling in the country. Sir William Vernon Harcourt

is mainly, if not altogether, responsible for this, and it will in all probability produce an excitement fatal to his political prospects. Both he and Chief Secretary Foster are daily becoming objects of serious Radical resentment. The new law proposed by Mr. Speaker Brand on Thursday has also affronted a large division of the Ministerial party. It was intended to put it in force on Friday night, but this morning a two o'clock the Speaker announced some modifications, the rising storm of opposition being much too grave to be disregarded. The rules as introduced, apply to discussions in committee on bills in precisely the same way as the previous question in the United States Congress, shutting off all debate at a given hour. The Conservative party combined with the Radicals in objecting to the adoption of such a system, and the general feeling of the House was shown by the following incident in Friday night's debate. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of his speech, happened to ask, "What are the arrangements of the Constitution," when some one promptly answered, "Anything you like." This remark and cheers and laughter it occasioned greatly irritated the Premier. Radicals of the stamp of Mr. Cowen, M. P. for Newcastle, felt strongly, and declared for Newcastle, felt strongly, and declared that the first Liberal Ministry since 1874 should not have allowed itself to become identified with one of the harshest coercion acts of modern times, a gas law in Parliament and the secret opening of private letters. Mr. Gladstone not ungraciously chafed under these criticisms and his regular and most faithful supporters, and altogether the relations of the Ministry with its party are far less cordial than they were at the beginning of the session.

A COLLAPSE OF VITAL ENERGY in lung disease is greatly accelerated by the loss of flesh, strength and appetite invariably attending it. It is one of the chief recommendations of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, that by reason of the blood-enriching and nourishing properties of the last-named ingredients, it renews failing strength by compensating for losses already sustained, while a healing influence is at the same time exerted upon the inflamed membranous lining of the throat, lungs and bronchiae, by Cod Liver Oil. Digestion is stimulated and appetite improved; the nervous system acquires tone and vigor, and the secretions undergo a healthy change when it is used. Purchasers should see that the bottles (sold at 50 cents and \$1) have the firm's name blown in them, and that the wrappers bear the name of our signature. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto.

Finance and Commerce.

TRUE WITNESS OFFICE. TUESDAY, FEB. 22. FINANCIAL.

The money market to-day was quiet about former rates. Sterling Exchange is quoted at 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 premium for round amounts of 60-day bills between banks, 9 over the counter. Drafts on New York 3-16 to 1/2 premium. The Stock market this a.m. advanced from 1/2 to 3/4 per cent. MORNING STOCK SALES.—5 Montreal, 18 1/2; 70 do, 18 1/2; 50 Ontario, 9 1/2; 10 do, 9 1/2; 4 Peoples, 9 1/2; 25 Toronto, 14 1/2; 350 Commerce, 13 1/2; 6 Exchange, 6 1/2; 100 Dominion Telegraph, 9 1/2; 50 Richelleu & Ontario, 5 1/2; 200 do, 5 1/2; 20 do, 5 1/2; 45 do, 5 1/2; 25 City Passenger, 11 1/2; 15 do, 11 1/2; 50 do, 11 1/2; 50 Dundas Cotton, 12 1/2; \$3,000 Dominion 5 per cent stock, 108.

This afternoon the Stock market closed stronger. Montreal at 18 1/2 bid; Ontario at 9 1/2; Merchants at 11 1/2; Commerce at 13 1/2; Montreal Telegraph at 12 1/2; Richelleu at 5 1/2; and Gas at 15 1/2. Afternoon sales:—25 Montreal 18 1/2; 5 Merchants 11 1/2; 12 Commerce 13 1/2; 41 Molsons 10 1/2; 25 Union 9 1/2; 16 Eastern Townships 11 1/2; 116 Richelleu and Ontario 5 1/2; 50 do 5 1/2; 20 do 5 1/2; 20 do 5 1/2; 100 Gas 15 1/2; 50 Dundas 12 1/2; \$3,400 Montreal Corporation 7 per cent stock at 140; \$2,400 Canada Central bonds at 99 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

WEEKLY REVIEW—WHOLESALE MARKETS.

There has been a good general movement of staple wares for the week just ended, and with a continuance of fine weather our business will gradually continue to develop until, with the opening of navigation, the spring trade bursts into activity and the real work of the year begins. Remittances continue to be met promptly on time in the majority of cases, and wholesale merchants before long will probably be again proposing shorter terms of credit, particularly as the system has been most successful and in every respect satisfactory in the United States. The 4th of March, another important day of reckoning among business men, is drawing on apace, and although there is naturally some anxiety as to the turn things may take, the indications are that the result will be encouraging rather than otherwise.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Manufacturers continue to be employed turning out large quantities of goods, travellers having succeeded very well on their annual spring trip. Co-signments are already being forwarded East and West, and remittances falling due meet with prompt attention. We quote:—Men's thick boots, wax, \$3 25 to \$4 75; do split, \$1 50 to 2 25; do kip boots, \$2 75 to 3 25; do calf boots, pegged, \$3 to \$3 75; do kangaroo, \$1 35 to 1 40; do split, do, 20 to \$1 10; do buff congress, \$1 50 to 2; do buff Oxford, \$1 50 to 1 75; do split do, \$1 to 1 25; pruned congress, \$1 20 to 1 50; women's pebbled and buff balls, \$1 to 1 40; do split do, 90c to \$1 10; do buckskin, do, 80c to \$1 50; do inferior do, 45c to 50c; do congress do, 50c to \$1 25; do buckskin, do, 80c to 90c; Misses' pebbled and buff balls, 90c to 1 10; do split do, 75c to 90c.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—The unsettled feeling in England, due to the strikes among the colliers, is affecting this market very considerably, as wholesalers are awaiting developments before sending on their orders for Spring shipment at present high prices. The local trade is quiet. We quote:—Aloes, Cape, 16c to 17c; alum, \$1 85 to

\$2; Borax, 15c to 17c; castor oil, 10c to 11c; caustic soda, \$2 50 to 2 75; soda ash, \$1 75 to \$2 00; cream tartar, 32c to 35c; epsom salt, \$1 25 to 1 40; extract logwood 9c to 9 1/2c bulk; indigo Madras, 85c to \$1; madder, 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c; opium, \$8 20 to 8 50; oxalic acid, 13c to 15c; potash iodide, \$3 50 to 3 60; quinine, \$3 60 to \$3 70; bleaching powder, \$1 60 to 1 75.

GROCERIES.—The outlook is promising. At present business is in moderate volume. Teas of lower grades and prices are moving well, but the finer qualities are scarce and very firm. Blacks range from 20 to 52c; Young Hysons at 32 1/2 to 65c; Hyson at 27 to 40c; Twankay at 25 to 27c; Congou at 20 to 60c, Souehong at 22 to 60c. There is only a jobbing demand for coffee. Maracabo at 19 to 22c; Old Govt. Java at 24 to 28c; Rio at 16 to 19c; Porto Rico at 20c. Some Scotch sugars partly made of beet-root, have been placed here at 6 1/2 to 7 1/2c. We quote granulated at 9 1/2 to 10c; Grocers A at 9 1/2 to 9 3/4c, and yellow refined at 7 1/2 to 9 1/2c. Molasses are dull. Large sales have occurred on private terms. We quote Barbadoes at 50 to 52c; Porto Rico, 45 to 50c; sugarhouse, 35 to 37c. Syrups—Bright are worth 70 to 72c, medium, 65 to 68c, and fair, 58 to 62c. Rice is quiet at \$3 90 to \$4. In Spices we note a fair demand for Black pepper, 12 1/2 to 13c; white steady, 18 1/2 to 20c; allspice, 15 to 16c; nutmegs, 37 to 45c; cassia, 13c to 14c; nutmegs, 35 to 40c; African ginger, 7 to 9c; Jamaica ginger, 17 to 20c; musc, 70 to 80c; Yarnica are firm but inactive. We quote new layers \$2 10 to \$2 20; loose Muscals \$2 25 to \$2 35; Valencia, 8 1/2 to 9c; Sultanias, 10 1/2 to 11c; currants 8 to 9c; figs, 6 to 15c; almonds, 13 to 14c; filberts, 8 to 9 1/2c; walnuts, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2c for Bordeaux.

IRON AND HARDWARE.—The market is very irregular, particularly for pig iron of which stocks are large. It is reported that Calder, which was up to \$27 30 about twelve months ago, has been offered at \$19 75 and Summerlee at \$18. We now quote: Pig iron per ton, Coltness, \$20 to 21; Langloan, \$20 to 21; Calder, \$19 75 to 20; Summerlee, \$19 75 to 20; Gartsherrie, \$19 75 to 20; Eglinton, \$19 to 19 25; Carnbro, \$19 25 to 19 50; Hematite, \$26 to 27; bars per 100 lbs. Scotch and Staffordshire, \$1 80 to 1 90; ditto best \$2 to 2 25; Swedes and Norway, \$4 50 to 4 75; Lowmore and Bowling, \$3 50 to 4 75; Canada plates Swansea and Penn, \$3 40 to 3 50; Hatton, \$3 15 to 3 25; Arrow, \$3 00 to 3 10; Clifton, \$3 40 to 3 50; Tin plates, Charcoal, IC, \$3 25 to 3 6; ditto, IX, \$7 50 to 8; ditto, DC, \$5 25 to 5 50; Coke, IC, \$4 75 to 5 Tinned Sheets, charcoal best No. 26, \$11 to 12, coke No. 26 \$10 to 11; Galvanized Sheets Morewoods Lion No. 28 7 1/2 to 8c; other brands 6 1/2 to 7c; Hoops and Bands, \$2 40 to 2 50; Sheets best brands \$2 50 to 2 75; Steel per lb cast 11 to 15c; Spring per 100 lb \$3 25 to 3 75; Best do \$5 to 6.

LEATHER.—The market favors buyers, stocks being large and the demand light. There is, however, very little demand, manufacturers who are the principal buyers, expecting to obtain even easier terms. We quote:—Hemlock Spanish sole, No. 1 B A 24c to 25c; ditto No. 2 B A 22c to 23c; No. 1 Ordinary 24c to 25c; No. 2 do 22c to 23c; buffalo sole, No. 1, 21c to 23c; do No. 2, 19 to 21c; hemlock slaughter No. 1, 26c to 28c; waxed upper, light and medium, 36c to 42c; do heavy, 35c to 40c.

PETROLEUM.—There is a steady business at about former prices. We quote car lots, per Imperial gallon at 24 1/2 to 24 3/4; broken lots, 25c to 25 1/2, and single barrels, 25c to 27c. The Phoenix well at Oil Springs, near Petrolia, which started with a flow of 200 barrels per day is now turning out about 600 barrels. A company is being formed to work some new wells at the Springs, and it is proposed to establish a refinery there, which will be under the control of the Canada Southern Railway.

RAW FURS.—A few musk rat and fox skins are coming into the market, but business is slack. There will, doubtless, be a good enquiry for spring rats at 18c. We do not alter our quotations:—Winter Musk Rat, 12c; ditto Fall 8c, kitta 3c; Red Fox, \$1 00 to 1 25; Cross Fox, \$2 to 3 00; Silver Fox, \$25 to 30 00; Lync, \$1 00 to 1 50; Marten, 75c to \$1 00; Otter \$8 00 to 10 00. Mink—Prima dark, \$1 to 1 25; Beaver, 2 50. Bear—Large prime, \$6 to 8 00; ditto small \$4 to 5 00; ditto cubs, \$2 to 4 00; Fisher, \$5 to 6 00. Skunk—Black 25c to 50c; Raccoon, 40c to 60c.

FISH AND OILS.—There is a good demand. Salmon are scarce in consequence of a demand from the United States at \$18 50; \$17 50 and \$16 50. Dry cod is quoted at \$4 to 4 25; fresh cod at \$4 25 for No. 1; \$5 50 to 5 75 for large No. 1, and \$3 to 3 25 for No. 2. Labrador herrings are scarce at \$8 for No. 1, and \$4 25 to 4 50 for small No. 1; \$3 75 for No. 2. Cod oil is quiet at 60c; seal pale, 60c; straw seal, 50c; steam refined, 69c to 70c; linseed oil, raw, 70c to 71c; do, boiled, 74c to 75c.

WOOL.—Enquiries from manufacturers are more frequent, and stocks in their hands are more to be light. We quote:—Greasy cape, 18 1/2 to 19 1/2; Canada pulled, 4A super, 34c to 35c; 4R super, 32c to 33c.

HIDES AND SALT.—Hides are quiet and in moderate demand at \$9; \$8 and \$7 for green; cured are \$1 higher; calfskins, 10c. There is a small business in coarse salt at 5 1/2c to 60c. Factory filled, 90c to \$1 05.

WHOLESALE PROVISION MARKET, FEB. 22.

The demand from all sources is insignificant in volume. There has been some enquiry for dressed hogs, resulting in the sale of two carloads at \$8 25 to \$8 50, and a few small transactions have occurred in pork at somewhat low prices. Eggs are not in much request and have a tendency to ease. In New York the prospect of fuller supplies continues and prices are weak, with 25c about the best average bid. Both butter and cheese are slow and the former tends to favor buyers. The following are our wholesale prices for provisions: Creamery fair to fine, per lb, 25c to 27c; Townsends, fair to fine dairies, per lb, 20c to 22c; Moravia, fair to fine dairies, per lb, 19c to 22c; Yorkville, fair to fine dairies, per lb, 18c to 21c; Western dairy, fair to good, per lb, 16c to 18c; Kamouraska, per lb, 14c to 15c; rolla, per lb, 17c to 20c. Cheese: Finest September, per lb, 13c to 14c; medium to good, per lb, 12c to 12 1/2c. Mess Pork, new, per barrel, \$1 8 50 to \$19; thin do, per brl, \$17 50 to \$18 50; city cured, per lb, 15c to 16c. Lard, in pails, per lb, 12c to 13c. Bacon, per lb, 11c to 12c. Eggs, per doz, 28c to 30c.

CITY RETAIL MARKETS—FEB. 22.

Bonsuccess market to-day was fairly attended by farmers, who brought in large quantities of grain, which sold well at quotations. Their supply of dressed meats was, however, unusually meagre, and outside prices ruled. Apples sold at \$2 to \$3 per barrel, according to quality and all descriptions of fruits and vegetables maintained former values. We revise quotations of dairy produce. FLOUR, MEAL AND GRAIN.—Flour, per 100

lbs., \$3 00 to \$3 20; Buckwheat flour, \$2 30; Oatmeal, \$2 30 to \$2 40; Cornmeal, do, yellow, \$1 50; do, white \$1 50; Bran, \$1 00; Barley, per bush, 80c; Oats, per bag, 80c to 90c; Peas, bush, \$1; Buckwheat, per bush, 60c; Beans, white and yellow, per bush, \$1 50.

Crabberries, Cape Cod, \$7 00 per barrel; Apples, per barrel, to \$2 50 \$3 00; Lemons, per case, \$5 50; do, per box, \$4 00; White Grapes, per lb, 15c to 20c; Malaga Grapes, per keg, \$6 00; Valencia Oranges, \$2 50 per box, \$5 00 per case; Columbus Peas, \$6 00 per box. VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, per bag, 45c to 50c; sweet do, per brl, \$5; carrots, per bush, 30c to 45c; onions, per brl, \$3 50 to \$4; cabbages, per dozen, 30c to 50c; beets, per bush, 40c to 50c; celery, per dozen, 40c to 50c; turnips, per bush, 45c. POULTRY AND MEAT.—Dressed Fowls per pair, 60c to 70c; black ducks, do, \$1 50; turkeys, 9c to 10c per lb, \$1 80 to \$2 25; partridges, per brace, 70c to 80c; woodcock, \$1 25; geese, \$2 00 to \$2 25; bee: per lb, 10c to 12c; mutton, do, 6c to 10c; lamb, per quarter, 50c to \$1 20; veal, per lb, 10c; pork, 8c to 10c; ham, 12c to 14c lard, 14c; hares, couple, 25c; snipe and plover, per doz, \$3; ducks, blue bills, per pair, 90c; quails, \$2 75 per doz.; plover, \$3 per doz. Farmers Beef 5c to 6c DAIRY PRODUCE.—Best print butter, 25c to 28c per lb.; best tub butter, 20c to 23c; eggs, packed, per doz, 23c to 25c to 30c; new laid, 30c; Roll butter first-class, 19c to 23c. Vealison, 4c to 4 1/2c.

Agricultural.

COW PEAS.—Cow peas are not desirable to plant in the Northern States; they do not make much growth on poor land, and on good land clover is a better crop. The seed can be procured at any of the seed stores in New York.

DISEASED EYES IN A HORSE.—For inflammation of the eyelids of a horse use the remedies recommended for pink eye, mentioned elsewhere. It would be well to shade the eyes while under treatment, as the light is very irritating.

INDICATIONS OF SWARMING.—The bee-keeper will very soon learn to know when the bees are attending to business in the usual manner, and will notice at once when anything wrong or unusual is going on in the hive. When such a disturbance occurs about the season of swarming, the indications cannot be missed. By using the frame hives the combs may be examined every day, and all that need be known can then be learned with ease.

QUEEN CELLS.—Queen cells in bee-hives are easily distinguished from the other cells. The ordinary cell is six-sided, and is built in the comb in a regular manner. A queen cell projects from the comb, and is shaped somewhat like a jug with the neck broken off. It is much larger than the common cell, and is formed by building up the wax around a common cell, so that it projects from the comb, and always with its mouth downward.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.—Inflammation of the kidneys is usually accompanied by the presence of blood or reddish matter in the urine. It may easily be caused by smutty fodder or corn, or sometimes by a strain of the loins or cold. It is generally treated by a dose of 12 ounces to 1 pound of salts, which are diuretic and cooling as well as laxative, followed by half-ounce doses of saltpetre: warm bran mashies are useful, as is also slippery elm bark tea.

PLASTER ON CLOVER.—Plaster alone without lime is sufficient upon clover. No other special fertilizer is so useful for this crop as plaster. Wood ashes will be very useful and may be used with the plaster. A barrel of plaster per acre with as much ashes as can be procured may be applied as soon as the clover has started to grow. The ashes contain a large proportion of lime and some potash and phosphoric acid, and with the plaster will make a nearly complete fertilizer for clover.

DYSENTERY IN A COW.—Dysentery cannot be cured by astrigent medicines; those only increase the trouble. The disease is caused by disorder of the blood and the intestines, chiefly the liver, and the remedy must be such as to affect the source of the disease. A laxative is required. Give a pint of linseed-oil and 12 hours afterwards one ounce of hyposulphite of soda. Repeat the latter every day for ten days, adding to it one dram of powdered gentian root of Peruvian bark.

SCALY LEGS IN FOWLS.—The thick scales which appear on the legs and feet of fowls, more particularly those of the large Asiatic breeds, are caused by a parasitic scab mite which burrows in the skin. It is similar to the sheep scab mite, and acts in a precisely similar manner. It can be destroyed by putting the feet and legs of the fowl in a can or jar of kerosene-oil and keeping them in the oil for a minute, until it penetrates under the scales and kills the insect.

CULTURE OF OATS.—Oats should be sown early on fall-plowed land if possible. The earlier they are sown the more they tiller and the less seed is required. Two and a half bushels per acre are a liberal seeding for early sown oats. Later sowings should be thicker, and three bushels is not too much. When the ground is not fully occupied a full crop cannot be grown. A moist soil is preferable for this crop, which pays well to be sown on good ground and to be well manured.

WHITE OR YELLOW CORN.—Seed should be selected with judgment when a change is made and if the seed turns out well it should be kept and resown for some years. One can improve seed very much in this way. White corn is said to yield more than yellow; this is a common opinion among farmers, but we know of no reason why it should. It may be that the seed of the white corn, which is most common in the South, has been better grown and therefore become more prolific than the yellow corn of the North.

WHAT ARE MALT SPROUTS.—When barley is to be made into malt it is soaked in water for two or three days until it has absorbed half its weight. It is then spread on a malted floor in a heap a foot thick, at a temperature of 60°. The barley begins to heat and sprout, and the plumule, or first shoot, and the roots begin to grow. To prevent overheating the grain is turned with shovels and spread more thinly. When the roots and sprouts have grown to a certain length, which indicates that the starch of the grain has been changed to sugar, the growth is stopped by kiln-drying the grain. It is then sifted, and the roots and sprouts become broken off and fall through the screens with the dust. It is these screenings from the malt which are the malt sprouts so often spoken of as a valuable feeding substance. They contain nearly all the nitrogen of grain, having about 4 1/2 per cent. They are rich in sugar and fat. They contain 4 1/2 per cent. of nitrogen, 2 per cent. of phosphoric acid, 2 1/2 per cent. of fat, and only 8 per cent. of moisture. They contain 4 1/2 per cent. of carbo-hydrates, most of which is digestible.

BIRTH. COYLE.—At 306 Colborne Avenue, on the 16th instant Mrs. F. J. Coyle of a son.—28-1

WANTED—A SITUATION by a respectable young woman to keep house for a priest, would prefer a place in the country, has the best of references. Address to No. 23 Chevreuil Street, Montreal, P. Q. 28-1

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CALL AND SEE Kennedy's NEW STYLES IN BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal, Superior Court, Montreal, No. 75. JOSEPH LEMIRE of the Town of St. Henri, in the District of Montreal, butcher, plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM L. LAFORGE of the City and District of Montreal, Defendant. Will be sold by public auction, by authority of Justice, on Friday, the fourth day of March, 1881, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile and office of business of the said Defendant, No. 390 Notre Dame street, in the City of Montreal, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, and which we offer at public sale, consisting of Household Furniture, Bar Fixtures, Decanters, Piano.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF Gammere's Artificial Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING AND PERFECT THE WORK OF THE NATURAL DRUM.

THE CLIMAX BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN, Including Wads, Caps, Reloadable Shells, and Set of Reloading Tools—Barrel, Decarbonized Steel—Sure and accurate as a Gun costing five times the price.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS: CHAS. STARK, Esq.: DEAR SIR, The Climax Gun that I bought of you a short time ago proved satisfactory in every respect, and I have no hesitation in recommending those guns to any one. I have killed ducks at eighty yards by actual measurement, and I consider it takes a superior gun to do that. Yours truly, J. M. STEWART.

Mr. Chas. Stark: DEAR SIR, I have not open'd a barrel of your Climax Gun, and find the material to be precisely the same as the Standard Kettles as used by our Canadian Volunteers, which for quality and safety is equal to genuine twist. I have also tried the Gun with 3 drachms of powder and 1 1/2 ounces No. 6 shot, with the following results:—Four pellets in a target 8 x 7 inches at 50 yards, which is considered good shooting for \$50 Guns.

Mr. Bird has been engaged in the manufacture of Guns for thirty-five years. We will express the "Climax" Gun to any address on receipt of \$5.00. We have a Catalogue, illustrated, with over 600 Engravings of Firearms, sporting Goods, Waterfowl, etc., etc., sent on application to H. BIRD, GUNSMITH, 52 Church Street, Toronto.

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