

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



VOL. XXX.—NO. 33.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1880.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Those pointers to yonder old homestead so lowly, And from its walls coldly averted they gaze...

dred years ago, in the days of Elizabeth, an island of about the same size, and the same number of inhabitants, were hunted like wild beasts by the tyranny of Great Britain...

WELL, THIS IS THE IRISH QUESTION

that has been the great question in civil affairs of Great Britain for more than one hundred years. As long back as the days of Chatham, and coming down through all the administrations since, to Gladstone and Disraeli, it is the question that has been the rock ahead, that has puzzled statesmen and confounded parties, and proved the lasting element of bitterness and peril to the English State.

PERFORMANCE OF ENGLISH STATESMEN

who would say: Surrender India instead of pouring out blood and treasure like water to save the useless dependants. But Ireland is fifty miles from Liverpool. She is almost in sight of the harbor; she is an element of perpetual threatening to the English State.

ILLUSTRATED THE OMnipotence OF OPINION.

Stronger than armies, more permanent in its results than cannon, O'Connell persisted in appealing to the moral sense of his age. The omnipotence of public opinion forced the emperor of China to back down from the cruel modes of punishment recently decreed against rebels.

HOW AND SELF-SACRIFICING IN PURPOSE,

have not been Catholics, but Protestants (Applause.) It would be a shame to Ireland to say that only one sect championed her cause (applause), that the rest of the Irish race was recreant and unfeeling amid these infamous excesses of a neighbor island.

THIS IS WHY PARNELL COMES TO AMERICA.

to ask of us, of course, relief for the famine that oppresses his native land; for you will understand this is no famine created by nature. This is no famine sent to us by Providence. This is no blight of the harvest.

and not one family in fifty that make it ever taste the article they make. (Applause.) A million pounds worth—\$3,000,000 worth—of fish

CAUGHT BY SCOTCH CONNING IN IRISH WATERS,

are eaten in England. Five million dollars' worth of other fish from the waters of Ireland go to that very market. It would be no very great suffering if it was an exchange; if, as when wheat some out of this Scotch harbor, iron or some equivalent comes back, because we should only then choose our market, part with what we did not want, and receive that which we did!

I HAVE YET TO FIND A SPOT AS FERTILE

in its length and depth as the land from which I came (applause.) Three thousand millions of dollars in the last one hundred years, statisticians say, have been drawn out of the people without a return. Why, if the soil had been white sand, like Cape Cod it would have been no wonder (laughter and applause).

THERE IS A CATHOLIC POPULATION,

the richest on the broad world (applause); the most prosperous, painstaking, industrious and thrifty. (Applause.) What is the difference? The religion is the same. What is the difference? The French peasant owns his farm, and the Irish farmer has all his estates owned by some thousand men. (Applause.) Mark the number that sit before me. Less than half that I see, as I carry game over the side, less than half that I see, as I carry game over the side, less than half that I see, as I carry game over the side...

IF SHE HAD GROWN AS POPULOUS

—if you can suppose her to have grown as populous as she is to-day—she would have had a population from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000, for the English policy shut us down to one employment. She said, "You shall not interfere with me in manufacturing; you shall not cross my path; you shall not monopolize my profits. The colonies shall be a treasure-house flowing into Great Britain. We will not consider any one single instance of property or the property of the colony itself" (applause).

MEN THAT ARE CONTENTED AND HAPPY

and prosperous stay at home. Strongest and dearest in a man's nature is attachment to home. He will clutch and reach away from home only under the most intense pressure of poverty and tyranny (applause). There is no emigration from France. You can hardly count it! You seldom meet a Frenchman abroad on the restive surface of the earth, and if you do his face is always tending towards Paris (laughter).

has increased one-half in population since 1841. Scotland has increased one-half. Most of the nations of Europe have increased somewhat in that proportion since that time—thirty-three years—for the last census was taken in 1871. Ireland has decreased one-third. If she had been as happy as England she should have had 11,000,000 inhabitants—nearer 12,000,000—to-day. She has 5,000,000. Where are the rest? They came over here (terrible applause), and it may be said with truth it is their strong arm that will yet break the yoke of their native land (immense applause).

THE MAN THAT COMMITTS A CRIME HELPS THE REFORM

did more than half a dozen regiments to make the law obeyed. (Renewed applause.) You say, what have we to do with it? Everything. If it were only a local quarrel, if it were only some dispute between the governments grided by a single realm, it would not be our business, perhaps; but Ireland has been for 100 years most unjustly driven to the wall by legislation, cruel and unjust beyond example.

PATRIOT INDUSTRY TO BUILD THE ROADS

that link the continent to the seaboard, and they were furnished largely by the German and Irish people (great applause.) Many of them have gone down unhonored to their graves; but their work remains, and to-day, by virtue of that work, the prairies of Illinois, and the still vaster wheat region of Dakota and Montana, are brought by rail and steamer alongside of every harbor to Liverpool, and the farmer of Yorkshire and Lancashire is put close at hand with the competition of innumerable acres of the great West. A man holds his acres at £20 and £50 and £70 apiece, and lets them until his rental is \$100,000. He competes with the acres of Montana, with the cheese of Canada and the meat of Ohio, where an acre is worth on an average \$5, and any one can see the competition is worse than the Turkish Moslem (laughter and applause).

BEATING AGAINST THE BELWACKS

of the British state, for it is founded on property, and has not yet travelled up to the level of resting its institutions upon man (applause). We are the only nation—until France two or three years ago—that ever dared to rest its State on man (prolonged applause). The great outrage that our fathers showed was neither at Bunker Hill nor at Yorktown. That was the courage of blood, but the courage of brain was when Jefferson and Sam Adams looked on the state about to be, launched with a sublime faith in God that it was safe to leave a man with all the rights God gave him, rested the State on man (tremendous applause) nor did any man, nor wealthy man, nor well born man, but man. (Prolonged applause) Europe laughed at us. English statesmen gave us forty years for a shipwreck; but 100 years rolled away, and in 1876 we said to the world "Come and measure the grandeur of what we have done; come and look; we have opened a new chapter in the possibilities of the race, and we still float on that great sea of trust in man." (Loud and long applause) Now, England has not reached us. She rests on property, and the

GREAT OBSTACLE OF LANDED PROPERTY

quivers in the convulsive current of the scientific civilization of the nineteenth century. (Great applause.) Her institutions are like great vessels crashing and jostling together in storm. Science and industry and uncounted acres assail the state, and no man can calculate the result. (Renewed applause.) The animal man; the bulk of the intellect, the inspiration of the heart, has a right to a living against all parliaments and legislatures. This is the law of God (applause); but a blind and cruel and obstinate aristocracy takes the life from the teeth, and running riot, says: "I care neither for the law of God, nor for the stomachs of the people; and I hold my land with an iron grip." "If you would be ruled by the ruler" says an old proverb, "you shall be ruined by the ruler" (laughter and applause). If a power does not wake in time and let a statesman like Hamilton take its course, then the vessel of State goes to pieces. (Thunderous applause.)

wealth of their soil exported from every great shipping port, and that which they ought to eat carried out in the form of rent to men whose lungs were never swelled once by an Irish breeze, and who never stepped foot on Irish soil. (Applause.) I saw mention the other day of an Irish landlord who received £190,000 revenue, who was ninety-two years old, and who never set foot in Ireland—not once in those long ninety-two shameless years. (Great applause.) "Hunger will put its nails through stone walls," says a proverb; and if hunger tore the cobwebs of British statutes and wrenched the hearts out of lawless landlords, the world could say nothing but "Amen!" (round upon round of applause), for an obedient slave is the most deplorable of men. A rebellious slave we cannot but respect. (Great applause.)

BUT WHAT HAS PARNELL DONE?

Well, this agitation is a year old. It began last April. Its actual organization is not six months old, and yet he has made \$5,000,000 rest in the pockets of those who need it to feed their children. (Great applause.) In six months he saved £1,000,000 of absentee rent. (Applause.) He has saved the lives of the landlords. He has kept the peace in Ireland, and that is a great deal. (Applause.) The Irish are a race that love to fight, (laughter and applause), and hate the laws (laughter and applause), and never saw a law that they thought they ought to heed (laughter and applause); and when they look back on the history of sixty years' intolerable burden, no wonder that the fretting and fretful heart longs to break its chain. It is the testimony of Harriet Martineau and Justin McCarthy, and of other great English analysts, that the right hand of O'Connell did more to keep Ireland quiet than half a dozen regiments, or the suspension of the habeas corpus. (Prolonged applause.) That mighty hand, that voice of trust and controlling power that said to his followers:

THE MAN THAT COMMITTS A CRIME HELPS THE REFORM

did more than half a dozen regiments to make the law obeyed. (Renewed applause.) You say, what have we to do with it? Everything. If it were only a local quarrel, if it were only some dispute between the governments grided by a single realm, it would not be our business, perhaps; but Ireland has been for 100 years most unjustly driven to the wall by legislation, cruel and unjust beyond example. Edmund Burke said of it:—"It is the most unjust system to disgrace a kingdom and destroy a race that a man ever invented." Montesquieu said of it:—"That system of English law could only be made by fiends." Quiet, statesmanlike Montesquieu, and, with burning indignation, says of the legislation of Congress for one hundred years: "It could only have been made by fiends. It ought to be written in blood; the only place to register it is hell." (Loud applause.) This is the verdict of our race, the verdict on the legislation by which we have ruled Ireland substantially for one hundred fifty years.

IN CONCLUDING,

Mr. Phillips said, "Never rest till your land is a copy of France, (applause), until, instead of 5,000 owners of twenty million acres, there are at least a million owners, and every farmer has in his own hands the means of providing his bread. (Applause.) If your noble farmers and the aristocracy quit the land and shelter themselves in Berlin and London, thank God you are rid of them. (Applause.) They never added anything to the character nor to the strength of Ireland. Her strength is the industry and loyalty, the courage of 15,000,000 of Irish blood (applause), two-thirds here in America and one-third at home (applause)—never separated. Make her cause as much yours, as if, in the providence of God, she were loosed from her foundations. Oh! would to God she were—and were here in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. (Thunderous applause.)"

ROUND AFTER ROUND OF APPLAUSE WAS GIVEN AS THE AUDIENCE DISPERSED.

TELEGRAMS.

CASTLEBAR, March 24.—Extraordinary sentences have just been passed in this town upon men, women and children for resistance to the process servers who were evicting them from their homes. A father and mother have already been sentenced, leaving seven young children in utter destitution. Jury packing and landlord judges are now the order of the day. The Land League will support all the evicted families—twenty in number—until the prisoners are released. A great indignation meeting is to be held in Mayo after the general election clears the way. The Parnell reception on Sunday was magnificent. Fifty thousand people paraded in Cork. Bonfires blazed on almost every hill-top in Ireland. It may truly be said, in more ways than one, that our people are now actively at work in "spreading the light" over Ireland. Parnell is already stamping in the country in the interest of his Parliamentary party. Dillon was nominated for Tipperary yesterday. The land question is the all-absorbing topic among the people of the entire nation. A change for the better is certain ere long. Smart agencies are actively at work encouraging emigration. They are especially anxious to get rid of such men as are beginning to see the light. Great indignation is still existing. The Relief Committee are busily saving the people from famine everywhere.

SCOTCH NEWS

—In his report for the last quarter of 1879 the Registrar of the Scotch parish of Glenelg says "No entry has been made in the marriage register for the year now ended." This happened before in 1871, when it was pointed out that an undue proportion of the population consisted of "old maids." The Registrar fears that the proportion of this class is increasing. The Registrar of Leagan writes:—"Marriage appears to have gone out of fashion. Only three marriages have been celebrated during the last two years." The Nairn Registrar says: "A year has now passed since the Marriage Notice Act came into operation, but the board has not once been used." The return of bastardy, meanwhile, are very heavy in Scotland, where the Sabbath is so zealously kept.

LORD ABERDEEN AND HIS TENANTRY

Lord Aberdeen has issued the following circular to his tenantry:—"Dear Sir,—You are doubtless aware that the preliminary steps necessary for obtaining the authority of Parliament for the Udry and Metlic Railway have been accomplished, and you may naturally wish to hear of the further progress of the measure. I have in this matter desired throughout to act in harmony with the views of my tenantry, their benefit being my primary object in the proposed railway, and I wish now, therefore, to state frankly the present position of affairs. I find that the estimated cost of the construction, and also the difficulty of making terms of agreement with the Great North of Scotland Railway Company are so much greater than could have been anticipated, that I have come to the conclusion that the object must be abandoned. You will doubtless share with me the disappointment caused by this decision, but that feeling will, I trust, be somewhat modified when I inform you that taking into consideration the unfavorable circumstances by which agriculture has for some time been affected, I have determined to relieve my tenants from payment of the half-year's rent due next June.—Yours faithfully, "A. ABERDEEN."

ARRIVAL OF THE ALLAN LINE STEAMER MANITOBA.

Some attention has naturally been attracted to the Allan Line steamer Manitoba, which was reported to have lost her propeller in mid-Atlantic while on the voyage from Boston to the Clyde about ten days ago, and was then known to be making for her destination under canvas. The Manitoba, under command of Captain McDougall, left Boston on the 6th ult. with a general cargo of produce and a number of live cattle. About the end of the month the Anchor-Line steamer Asavria, which arrived at Barrow from New York, reported having passed the Manitoba about 150 miles off the Fastnet proceeding under canvas, and subsequently she was reported at anchor about 30 miles south of Queenstown, awaiting assistance. On Monday Capt. Crawford, of the Clyde Shipping Company's steamer Rathlin, which arrived at Greenock, reported having passed the Manitoba below Ailsa Craig at 6 a.m. in tow. The Clyde Shipping Company's steamer Conqueror was dispatched to assist her, and during the evening the crippled steamer arrived at the Tall of the Bank—all well.

Captain McDougall reports that the Manitoba sailed from Boston on 6th February, and experienced good weather for the first few days. At 11.30 on the night of the 13th (heavy weather having prevailed on the two previous days) the propeller was suddenly destroyed, the steamer being then in contact with some floating wreckage. The "boss" of the propeller was also torn from the shaft, the propeller and fittings being thus completely destroyed. The engine was promptly stopped, and preparations were made to proceed under canvas. On Tuesday the 24th ult. the steamer had sailed to within 30 miles south of Queenstown when Captain McDougall took in all sail and got out a kedge anchor in 45 fathoms of water. He expected to fall in with a tug steamer, but he saw nothing capable of rendering him any assistance. A boat's crew from the Manitoba under charge of the chief officer was then despatched to the land to arrange for assistance being sent from Queenstown or Liverpool. The boat was well furnished with water, provisions, &c., and this was deemed necessary, as the expedition was a perilous one, especially at this season of the year. Next day, however, the boat could return, a strong breeze set in, and fearing the crippled ship might drift too close to the shore, and seeing no sign of any tug, anchor was weighed, and the steamer proceeded up channel.

There were no passengers on board the Manitoba, but of the 52 cattle shipped at Boston, 19 of them died. The deaths took place, however, from other causes than from any want of food or water. All the officers and crew on board, though greatly knocked up for want of sleep, are in good health, and everyone speaks highly of the steamer's performance during the lengthened passage under canvas.—Glasgow Herald.

Rome, March 23.—The Curia's reply, to the congratulations of Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of the former's accession to the throne of St. Peter, has been received. The text of the Curia's despatch has not been published, but some of the journals say it is couched in cold and vague terms, and that the Pope is very much disappointed at its lack of warmth and propriety of tone; but at the Vatican it is said that His Holiness is not at all disappointed, inasmuch as he had small hopes of receiving from the Curia anything but the most formal acknowledgments of his congratulations. The position of the Catholic Church in Russia, caused constant misapprehension and anxiety on the part of the Pope.

THREE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Three little children danced in the sun... Three little children sick unto death... Three little children lying low...

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

Henrietta Temple in great agitation... 'Perfectly true. It is the terrible recollection of that dreadful adventure that overcomes me when I see our dear friend here, because I feel it must be love. I was in hopes it was his cousin. But it is not so; it must be something that has happened abroad. Love alone can account for it. It is not his debts that would overpower him. What are his debts? I would pay them myself. It is a heart-breaking business. I am going to him. How I tremble!'

idea of his absent friend on that lady's susceptible heart... 'You are unwell! 'Worse than unwell! 'Tell me what ails you, Henrietta! 'Grief for which there is no cure. 'Indeed! I am greatly astonished. 'His daughter only sighed. 'Speak to me, Henrietta. Tell me what has happened. 'I cannot speak; nothing has happened; I have nothing to say. 'See you thus makes me quite unhappy; said Mr. Temple; if only for my sake, I would know the cause of this overwhelming emotion. 'It is a cause that will not please you. Forget, sir, what you have seen. 'A father cannot. I entreat you tell me. If you love me, Henrietta, speak. 'Sir, sir, I was thinking of the past. 'Is it so bitter? 'Ah! that I should live, said Miss Temple. 'Henrietta, my own Henrietta, my child, I beseech you tell me all. Something has occurred; something must have occurred, to revive such strong feelings. Has, has—I know not what to say, but so much happens that surprises me; I know, I have heard, that you have seen one who once inflamed your feelings, that you have been thrown in unexpected contact with him; he has not, he has not dared— 'Say nothing harshly of him, said Miss Temple wildly; I will not bear it even from you. 'My daughter! 'Ay! your daughter, but still a woman. Do I murmur? Do I complain? Have I urged you to compromise your honor? I am ready for the sacrifice. My conduct is yours, but my feelings are my own. 'Sacrifice, Henrietta! What sacrifice? I have heard only of your happiness; I have thought only of your happiness. This is a strange return. 'Father, forget what you have seen; forgive what I have said. But let this subject drop for ever. 'I cannot drop here. Captain Armine professes his suit? continued Mr. Temple, in a tone of stern enquiry. 'What if he did? He has a right to do so. 'As good a right as he had before. You are rich now, Henrietta, and he perhaps would be faithful. 'O Ferdinand! exclaimed Miss Temple, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, and you must endure even this! 'Henrietta, said Mr. Temple in a voice of affected calmness, as he seated himself by her side, listen to me; I am not a harsh parent; you cannot upbraid me with insensibility to your feelings. They have ever engrossed my thought and care; and how to gratify, and when necessary how to soothe them, has long been the principal occupation of my life. If you have known misery, girl, you made that misery your own. It was not I that involved you in secret engagements and clandestine correspondence; it was not I that made you, you, my daughter, on whom I have lavished all the solicitude of long years, the duper of the first calculating libertine who dared to trifle with your affections, and betray your heart. 'The false, exclaimed Miss Temple, interrupting him; he is as true and pure as I am; more, much more, she added, in a voice of anguish. 'No doubt he has convinced you of it, said Mr. Temple, with a laughing sneer. 'Now, mark me, you continued, resuming his calm tone. You interrupted me; listen to me. You are the betrothed bride of Lord Montfort. Look in the world; the most generous, the most noble, the most virtuous, the most gifted of human beings. You gave him your hand freely, under circumstances which, even if he did not possess every quality that ought to secure the affections of a woman, should bind you to him with an unswerving faith. Falter one jot and I whistle you off for ever. You are no more daughter of mine. I am as firm as I am fond; nor would I do this, but that I know well I am doing rightly. Yes! take this Armine once more to your heart, and you receive my curse, the deepest, the sternest, the deadliest that ever descended on a daughter's head. 'My father, my dear, dear father, my beloved father! exclaimed Miss Temple, throwing herself at his feet. 'Oh! do not say so; oh! recall those words, those wild, those terrible words. Indeed, indeed, my heart is breaking. Pity me, pity me; for God's sake, pity me. 'I would do more than pity you; I would save you. 'It is not as you think, she continued, with streaming eyes; indeed it is not. He has

preferred his suit, he has urged no claim. 'He has behaved in the most delicate, the most honorable, the most considerate manner. He has thought only of my situation. He has been by accident. My friends are his friends. They know not what has taken place between us. He has not breathed it to human being. He has absented himself from his home that we might not meet. 'You must marry Lord Montfort at once. 'Oh! my father, even as you like. But do not curse me; dream not of such terrible things; recall those fearful words; love me, love me; say I am your child. And Digby, I am true to Digby. But, indeed, can I recall the past; can I alter it? Its memory overcame me. Digby—knows all; Digby knows me well; he did not curse me; he was kind and gentle. Oh! my father! 'My Henrietta, said Mr. Temple, moved; 'my child! 'Oh! my father, I will do all you wish; but speak not again as you have done of Ferdinand. We have done him great injustice; I have done him great injury. He is good and pure; indeed, he is; if you knew all, you would not doubt it. He was ever faithful; indeed, indeed he was. Once you liked him. Speak kindly of him, father. He is the victim. If you meet him, be gentle to him, sir; for, indeed, if you knew all, you would pity him. 'If we pause now to take a calm and comprehensive review of the state and prospects of the three families, in whose feelings and fortunes we have attempted to interest the reader, it must be confessed that, however brilliant and satisfactory they might appear on the surface, the elements of discord, gloom, and unhappiness might be more profoundly discovered, and might even be held as rapidly stirring into movement. Miss Temple was the affianced bride of Lord Montfort, but her heart was Captain Armine's; Captain Armine in the estimation of his parents, was the pledged husband of Miss Grandison, while he and his cousin had, in fact, dissolved their engagement. Mr. Temple more than suspected his daughter's partiality for Ferdinand. Sir Ratcliffe, very much surprised at seeing so little of his son, and resolved that the marriage should be no further delayed, was about to precipitate confessions, of which he did not dream, and which were to shipwreck all the hopes of his life. The Count Mirabel and Miss Grandison were both engaged in an active conspiracy. Lord Montfort alone was calm, and, if he had a purpose to conceal, inscrutable. All things, however, forebode a crisis. 'Sir Ratcliffe, astonished at the marked manner in which his son absented himself from Brook-street, resolved upon bringing him to an explanation. At first, he thought there might be some lovers' quarrel; but the demeanor of Katherine, and the easy tone in which she ever spoke of her cousin, soon dissipated all of his fond hope. He consulted his wife. Now, to tell the truth, Lady Armine, who was a shrewd woman, was not without her doubts and perplexities, but she would not confess them to her husband. Many circumstances had been observed by her which filled her with disquietude, but she had staked all her hopes upon this cast, and she was of a sanguine temper. She was leading an agreeable life. Katherine appeared daily more attached to her, and Lady Armine was quite of opinion that it is always very judicious to interfere. She endeavored to persuade Sir Ratcliffe that everything was quite right, and she assured him that the season would terminate, as all seasons ought to terminate, by the marriage. 'And perhaps, Sir Ratcliffe would have followed her example, only it so happened that as he was returning home one morning, he met his son in Grosvenor-square. 'Why, Ferdinand, we never see you now, said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Oh! you are all so gay, said Ferdinand. 'How is my mother? 'She is very well. Katherine and herself have gone to see the balloon, with Lord Montfort and Count Mirabel. Come in, said Sir Ratcliffe, for he was now almost at his door. 'The father and son entered. Sir Ratcliffe walked into a little library on the ground floor, which was his morning room. 'We dine at home to-day, Ferdinand, said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Perhaps you will come. 'Thank you, sir, I am engaged. 'It seems to me you are always engaged. For a person who does not like gaiety, it is odd. 'Heigho! said Ferdinand. 'How do you like your new horse? 'Ferdinand, I wish to speak a word to you, said Sir Ratcliffe. 'I do not like ever to interfere unnecessarily with your conduct; but the anxiety of a parent will, I think, excuse the question I am about to ask. When do you propose being married? 'Oh, I do not know exactly. 'Your grandfather has been dead now, you know much more than a year. I cannot help thinking your conduct singular. There is nothing wrong between you and Katherine, is there? 'Wrong, sir? 'Yes, wrong? I mean, is there any misunderstanding? Have you quarrelled? 'No, sir, we have not quarrelled; we perfectly understand each other. 'I am glad to hear it, for I must say I think your conduct is very unlike that of a lover. All I can say, I did not win your mother's heart by such proceeding. 'Katherine has made no complaint of me, sir? 'Certainly not, and that surprises me still more. Ferdinand seemed plunged in thought. The silence lasted some minutes. Sir Ratcliffe took up the newspaper; his son leant over the mantle-piece, and gazed upon the empty fireplace. At length he turned around and said, 'Father, I can bear this no longer; the engagement between Katherine and myself is dissolved. 'Good God! when and why? exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, the newspaper falling from his hand. 'Long since, sir; and ever since I loved another woman, and she knew it. 'Ferdinand, said Sir Ratcliffe, exclaimed the unhappy father; but he was so overpowered that he could not give utterance to his thoughts. He threw himself in a chair, and wrung his hands. Ferdinand stood still and silent, like a statue of Destiny, gloomy and inflexible. 'Speak again, at length said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Let me hear you speak again. I cannot believe what I have heard. Is it indeed true that your engagement with your cousin has been long terminated? 'Ferdinand nodded assent. 'Your poor mother! exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe. This will kill her. He rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation. 'I knew all was not right, he muttered to himself. 'She will sink under it; we must all sink under it. Madman! you know not what you have done! 'It is in vain to regret, sir; my sufferings have been greater than yours. 'She will pardon you, my boy, said Sir Ratcliffe, in a quicker and kinder tone. 'You have lived to repent your impetuous folly.

Katherine is kind and generous, she loves us all; she must love you; she will pardon you. Yes! entreat her to forgive it; your mother, your mother has great influence with her; she will exercise it, she will intercede for you; she will exercise it, she will intercede for you. 'It is impossible for me to marry Katherine Grandison, as for yourself to do it, sir, said Ferdinand, in a tone of calmness. 'You are not married to another? 'You are bound by a tie which I can never break. 'And who is this person? 'She must be nameless, for many reasons. 'Ferdinand, said Sir Ratcliffe, you know not what you are doing. My life, your mother's, the existence of your family, hang upon your conduct. Yet, yet there is time to prevent this desolation. I am controlling my emotions; I wish you to save us, you, all. Throw yourself at your cousin's feet. She is soft-hearted; she may yet be yours! 'Dear father, it cannot be. 'Then, then, welcome ruin, exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, in a hoarse voice. 'And, he continued, pausing between every word, from the difficulty of utterance, 'if the conviction that you have destroyed all our hopes, rewarded us for all our affection, our long devotion, by blasting every fond idea that has ever illumined our sad lives, that I and Constance, poor fools, have clung and clung to; if this conviction can console you, sir, enjoy it! 'Ferdinand, my son, my child, that I never have spoken an unkind word to, that never gave me cause to blame or check him, your mother will be home soon, your poor mother. Do not tell me welcome her with all this misery. Tell me it is not true; recall what you have said; let us forget these harsh words, reconcile yourself to your cousin; let us be happy. 'Father, if my heart's blood could secure your happiness, my life were ready; but this I cannot do. 'Do you know what is at stake? Everything. All, all, all! We can see Armine no more; our home is gone. Your mother and myself must be exiles. Oh! you have not thought of this! 'Ferdinand hid his face; his father emboldened, urged the fond plea. 'You will save us, Ferdinand, you will be our preserver? It is all forgotten, is it not? It is a lovers' quarrel, after all? 'Father, why should I trifle with your feelings? why should I feign what can never be? This sharp interview, so long postponed, ought not now to be adjourned. Indulge no hopes, for there are none. 'Then by every sacred power I revoke every blessing that since your birth I have poured upon your head. I recall the prayers that every night I have invoked upon your being. Great God! I cancel them. You have betrayed your cousin; you have deserted your mother and myself; you have first sullied the honor of our house, and now you have destroyed it. Why were you born? What have we done that your mother's womb should produce such a curse? Sins of my father, they are visited upon me! And Father Grandison, what will Father Grandison say? Father Grandison, who sacrificed his fortune for you. 'Father Grandison, knows all, sir, and has always been my confidant. 'Is he a traitor? For when a son deserts me, I know not whom to trust. 'He has no thoughts but for our welfare, sir. He will convince you, sir, I cannot marry my cousin. 'My boy! you know not what you say. Not marry your cousin! Then let us die. It were better for us all to die. 'My father! Be calm! I beseech you; you have spoken harsh words; I have not deserted you or my mother; I never will. If I have wronged my cousin, I have severely suffered, and she has most freely forgiven me. She is my dear friend. As for our house; tell me, would you have that house preserved at the cost of my happiness? You are not the father I supposed, if such indeed be your wish. 'Happiness! Fortune, family, beauty, youth, a sweet and charming spirit, if these will not secure a man's happiness, I know not what might. And these I wished you to possess. 'Sir, it is in vain for us to converse upon this subject. See Father Grandison, if you will. He can at least assure you that neither my feelings are light nor my conduct hasty. I will leave you now. 'Ferdinand quitted the room; Sir Ratcliffe did not notice his departure, although he was not unaware of it. He heaved a deep sigh, and was apparently plunged in profound thought. 'It must be confessed that the affairs of our friends were in a critical state: everyone interested felt that something decisive in their respective fortunes was at hand. And yet, so vain are all human plans and calculations, and so the unavoidable crisis was brought about by an incident which no one anticipated. It so happened that the stormy interview between Sir Ratcliffe and his son was overheard by a servant. This servant, who had been engaged by Miss Grandison in London, was a member of a club to which a confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and Levison belonged. In the evening, when this worthy knight of the shoulder-knot just dropped out for an hour to look in at this choice society, he met the nation, he announced the important fact that the match between Miss Grandison and Captain Armine was 'no go,' which, for his part, he did not regret, and he thought his mistress ought to look higher. The confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and Levison listened in silence to this important intelligence, and communicated it the next morning to his employers. And it so happened that a few very days afterwards, as Ferdinand was lying in bed at his hotel, the door of his chamber suddenly opened, and an individual, not the most prepossessing appearance, being much marked with the small-pox, reeking with gin, and wearing top-boots and a belcher handkerchief, rushed into his room and enquired whether he were Captain Armine. 'The same, said Ferdinand. 'And pray, sir, you are you? 'Don't wish to be unpleasant, was the answer, 'but, sir, you are my prisoner. There is something exceedingly ignoble in an arrest; Ferdinand felt that sickness come over him which the initiated in such ceremonies must experience. However, he rallied, and inquired at whose suit these proceedings were taken. 'Messrs. Morris and Levison, sir. 'Cannot I send for my lawyer and give bail? 'The bailiff shook his head. 'You see, sir, you are taken in execution, so it is impossible. 'And the amount of the debt? 'Is 2,000, sir. 'Well, what am I to do? 'Why sir, you must go along with us. We will do it very quietly. My follower is in a hackney-coach at the door, sir. You can just step in as pleasant as possible. I suppose you would like to go to a house, and then you can send for your friends, you know. 'Well, if you will go down stairs, I will come to you.

The bailiff grinned. 'Come, let you out of my sight, sir. 'Why, I cannot dress if you are here. 'The bailiff examined the room to see there were any mode of escape; there was no door but the entrance; the window offered no chance. 'Well, sir, he said, 'I like to do things pleasant. I can stand outside, sir; but you must be quick. 'Ferdinand, rang for his servant. When Louis clearly understood the state of affairs, he was anxious to throw the bailiff out of the window, but his master prevented him. Father Grandison had gone out some two hours; Ferdinand sent Louis with a message to his family, to say he was about leaving town for a few days; and impressing upon him to be careful not to let them know in Brook-street what had occurred, he completed his rapid toilet and accompanied the sheriff's officer to a hackney-coach that was prepared for him. 'As they jogged on in silence, Ferdinand resolved in his mind how it would be most advisable for him to act. Any application to his own lawyer was out of the question. That had been tried before, and he felt assured that there was not the slightest chance of that gentleman discharging so large a sum, especially when he was aware that it was only a portion of his client's liabilities; he thought of applying for advice to Count Mirabel or Catchimwhocan, but with what view? He would not borrow the money of them, even if they would lend it; and as it was, he bitterly reproached himself for having availed himself so easily of Mr. Bond Sharpe's kind offices. At this moment, he could not persuade himself that his conduct had been honorable to that gentleman. He had not been frank in the exposition of his situation. The money had been advanced under a false impression, if not absolutely borrowed under a false pretence. He cursed Catchimwhocan and his levity. The honour of the Armines was gone, like everything else that once belonged to them. 'The result of Ferdinand's reflections was, that he was utterly done up; that no hope or chance of success remained for him; that his career was closed; and not daring to contemplate what the consequences might be to his miserable parents, he made a desperate effort to command his feelings. 'Here the coach turned up a dingy street, leading out of the lower end of Oxford street, and stopped before a large but gloomy dwelling, which Ferdinand's companion informed him was a spunging-house. 'I suppose you would like to have a private room, sir; you can have every accommodation here, sir, and feel quite at home, I assure you. 'In pursuance of this suggestion, Captain Armine was ushered into the best drawing-room, with barred windows, and treated in the most aristocratic manner. It was evidently the chamber reserved only for unfortunate gentlemen of the utmost distinction. It was amply furnished with a mirror, a locket, and a very hard sofa. The walls were hung with old-fashioned caricatures by Bunbury; the fire-irons were of polished brass; over the mantle-piece was a portrait of the master of the house, which was evidently a speaking likeness, and in which Captain Armine fancied he traced no slight resemblance to his friend Mr. Levison; and there were also some sources of literary amusement in the room, in the shape of a Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar. 'After walking up and down the room for an hour, meditating over the past, and in hopeless to trouble himself any further with the future, Ferdinand began to feel fat, for he had not recollected that he had not even breakfasted. So pulling the bell-rope with such force that it fell to the ground, a funny little waiter immediately appeared, awed by the sovereign ring, and having, indeed, received private intelligence from the bailiff that the gentleman in the drawing-room was a regular nob. 'And here, perhaps, I should remind the reader, that of all the great distinctions in life none perhaps is more important than that which divides mankind into the two great sections of Nobs and SNOBS. It might seem at first glance, that if there were a place in the world which should level all distinctions, it would be quite an error. Almost at the very moment that Captain Armine arrived at his sorrowful hotel, a poor devil of a tradesman who had been arrested for fifty pounds, and torn from his wife and family, had been forced to repair to the same asylum. He was introduced into what is styled the coffee-room, being a long, low, unfurnished sanded chamber, with a table and benches; and being very anxious to communicate with some friend, in order, if possible, to effect his release, and prevent himself from being a bankrupt, he had continued meekly to ring at intervals for the last half hour in order that he might write and forward his letter. The waiter heard the coffee-room bell ring, but never dreamed of noticing it, though the moment the signal of the private room sounded, and sounded with so much emphasis, he rushed up stairs, three steps at a time, and instantly appeared before our hero; and all this difference was occasioned by the simple circumstance, that Captain Armine was a Nob, and the poor tradesman a Snob. 'I am hungry, said Ferdinand. 'Can I get anything to eat at this damned place? 'What would you like, sir? Anything you choose, sir. Mutton chop, rump steak, veal cutlet? Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour; roast or boiled, sir? 'I have not breakfasted yet; bring me some breakfast. 'Yes, sir, said a little waiter. 'Tea, sir? Coffee, eggs, toast, buttered toast, sir? Like any meat, sir? Ham, sir? Tongue, sir? Like a devil, sir? 'Anything, everything, only be quick. 'Yes, sir, responded the waiter. 'Beg pardon, sir. No offence, I hope, but custom to pay here, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman is. 'Thank you, I will not trouble you, said Ferdinand; 'get me that note changed. 'Yes, sir, replied the little waiter, bowing very low as he disappeared. 'Gentleman in best drawing-room wants breakfast. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants change for a ten-pound note. Breakfast immediately for gentleman in best drawing-room. 'Tea, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and a devil. A regular nob! 'Ferdinand was so exhausted that he had postponed all deliberation as to his attention until he had breakfasted; and when he had breakfasted, he felt dull. It is the consequence of all meals. In whatever light he viewed his affairs; they seemed execrable. He was now in a spunging-house, he could not long remain here, he must be soon in a goal. A goal! What a bitter termination of all his great plans and hopes! What a situation for one who had been betrothed to Henrietta Temple! He thought of his cousin; he thought of her great fortune, which might have been his. Perhaps at this moment they were riding together in the Park. In a few days all must be known to his father. He did not doubt of the result. Armine would immediately be sold, and his father and mother, with the wretched wreck of their fortune, would retire to the Continent. 'What a sad vicissitude. And he had done it all; he their only

child, their only hope, on whose image they had lived, who was to restore the house. He looked at the bars of his windows, it was a dreadful sight. His poor father, his poor mother, he was quite sure, their hearts would break. They never could survive all this misery, this utter disappointment of all their hopes. Little less than a year ago and he was at Bath, and they were all joy and triumph. What a wild scene had his life been since! O Henrietta! why did we ever meet? That fatal, fatal morning! The cedar tree rose before him; he recalled, he remembered everything. And poor Glastonbury; it was a miracle, and he could not disguise it from himself; he had been most imprudent, he had been mad. And yet so near happiness, perfect, perfect happiness! Henrietta might have been his, and they might have been so happy! This confinement was dreadful; it began to press upon his nerves. No occupation, not the slightest resource. He took up the Racing Calendar, he threw it down again. He knew all the caricatures by heart, they infinitely disgusted him. 'He walked up and down the room till he was so tired that he flung himself on the hard sofa. It was intolerable. A goal must be preferable to this. There must be some kind of wretched amusement in a goal; but this ignoble, this humiliating solitude, he was confident he should go mad if he remained here. 'He rang the bell again. 'Yes, sir, said the little waiter. 'This place is intolerable to me, said Captain Armine. 'I really am quite sick of it. What can I do? 'The waiter looked a little perplexed. 'I should like to go to goal at once, said Ferdinand. 'Lord, sir! said the little waiter. 'Yes! I cannot bear this, he continued; 'I shall go mad. 'Don't you think your friends will call soon, sir? 'I have no friends, said Ferdinand. 'I hope nobody will call! 'No friends! said the little waiter, who began to think Ferdinand was not such a nob as he had imagined. 'Why, if you have no friends, sir, it would be best to go to the Fleet, I think? 'By Jove, I think it would be better. 'Master thinks your friends will call, I am sure. 'Nobody knows I am here, said Ferdinand. 'Oh! said the little waiter, 'you want to let them know, do you, sir? 'Anything sooner; I wish to conceal my disgrace. 'O sir! you are not used to it; I dare say you were never nabbed before? 'Certainly not. 'Certainly not; if you will be patient, you will see everything go well. 'Never, my good fellow; nothing can go well. 'O sir! you are not used to it. A regular nob like you, nabbed for the first time, and for such a long figure, sir, sure not to be diddled. Never known such a thing yet. Friends are sure to stump down, sir. 'The greater the claim, the more difficulty in satisfying it, I should think, said Ferdinand. 'Lord! no, sir; you are not used to it. It is only poor devils nabbed for their fines and hundreds that are ever done up. A nob was never nabbed for the sum you are, sir, and ever went to the wall. Trust my experience. I never knew such a thing! 'Ferdinand could scarcely refrain from a smile. Even the conversation of the little waiter was a relief to him. 'You see, sir, continued that worthy, 'Morris and Levison would never have given you such a ducat of a tick unless they knew your resources. Trust Morris and Levison for that. You done up, sir! a nob like you, that Morris and Levison have trusted for such a tick! Lord! sir, you don't know nothing about it. I could afford to give them fifteen shillings in the pound for their debt myself, and a good day's business, too. Friends will stump down, sir, trust me. 'Well, it is some satisfaction for me to know that they will not get a farthing. 'Well, sir, said the incredulous little functionary, 'when I find Morris and Levison lose two or three thousand pounds by a nob who is nabbed for the first time, I will pay the money myself, that is all I know. 'Here the waiter was obliged to leave Ferdinand, but he proved his confidence in that gentleman's fortunes by his continual civility, and in the course of the day brought him a stale newspaper. It seemed to Ferdinand that the day would never close. The waiter peered him about dinner, eulogizing the cook, and assuring him that his master was famous for champagne. Although he had no appetite, Ferdinand ordered dinner in order to ensure the occurrence of one incident. The champagne made him drowsy; he was shown to his room; and for awhile he forgot his cares in sleep. 'HENRIETTA TEMPLE began once more to droop. This change was not unnoticed by her constant companion Lord Montfort, and yet he never permitted her to be aware of his observation. All that he did was still more to study her amusement; if possible, to be still more considerate and kinder. Miss Grandison, however, was far less delicate; she omitted no opportunity of letting Miss Temple know that she thought Henrietta was very unwell, and that she was quite convinced she was not satisfied to confine these intimations to Miss Temple; she impressed her conviction of Henrietta's indisposition to Lord Montfort, and teased him with asking his opinion of the cause. 'What do you think is the cause, Miss Grandison? said his lordship, very quietly. 'Perhaps London does not agree with her; but then, she was ill before she was in the country; and it seems to me to be the same illness. I wonder you do not notice it, Lord Montfort. A lover to be so insensible, I am surprised! 'It is useless to notice that which you cannot remedy. 'Why do you not call in those who can offer remedies? said Miss Grandison. 'Why not send for Sir Henry? 'I think it best to leave Henrietta alone, said Lord Montfort. 'Do you think it is the mind, then? said Miss Grandison. 'It may be! said Lord Montfort. 'It may be! Upon my word, you are very easy. 'There is not indifferent, Miss Grandison. There is nothing that I would not do for Henrietta's welfare. 'Oh! yes, there is; there is something, said Miss Grandison, rather maliciously. 'You are really an extraordinary person, Miss Grandison, said Lord Montfort. 'What can you mean by so strange an observation? 'I have a meaning; but I suppose I may have a mystery as well as anybody else. 'A mystery, Miss Grandison? 'Yes! a mystery, Lord Montfort. There is not a single individual in the three families who has not a mystery, except myself; but I have found out something. I feel quite easy now; we are all upon an equality. 'You are a strange person. 'Continued on Third Page.

'It may be so; but I am happy, for I have nothing on my mind. Now that poor Ferdinand has told Sir Basil that we are going to marry, I have no part to play. I hate deception; it is almost as bitter as marrying one who is in love with another person.'

'You shall be happy; every body shall be happy. I am Armine's friend, I am in love with her. I will prove it. On my honor, I will prove that I am his best friend.'

'Here is 500l. four other fellows at 500l. we can manage it. No more, no more! I beseech you. But you cannot stop here. Quel diable d'appartement! Before Charles Doricourt was in Parliament he was always in these sort of houses, but I got him out, somehow or other; I managed it. One thought the fellow five hundred dozen of champagne.'

the rose-tree, where, to his surprise, Katherine called out for Henrietta, but, as she did not appear, he entered the Place, where he found Count Mirabel dining by himself, and just drinking a glass of champagne. He complained to Mirabel that Henrietta had disappeared, but his friend laughed at him, and said that, after such a long ride, leaving Italy only yesterday, he would not expect to find himself in the inconvenience you have experienced.

scrupulous attention, and notwithstanding their difficulty of access, that part of Ulster which forms to the north the County of Donegal, and to the west the Great Province of Connaught, which was ravaged by Cromwell with such upstirring cruelty, and of which we may affirm without exaggeration that it still bears, after two centuries, the stigma of one of the most dolorous passions ever endured by a people for fidelity to the faith of their fathers. (5)

When, again, but a few weeks ago, it became necessary to support our religious schools at Chalons, and establish at Antun a complete system of voluntary contributions for the relief of the poor, it sufficed for our bishop to raise his voice and you pressed eagerly forward, as in the first case, to place on their former footing institutions that had been unjustly proscribed—as in the second, to proportion your liberality to the excess of want.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Pastoral Letter of Mgr. Thibaud, Bishop of Autun, (France), on the Famine in Ireland.

BELOVED BROTHERS.—A country with which, at different periods of its history, France has maintained the most fraternal relations is just now subjected to a fearful trial: famine is raging in Ireland.

IRISH RELIEF.

Beautiful and Eloquent Acknowledgment of Montreal's Generosity to Ireland—An Irish Catholic Prelate's Gratitudes.

The following reply, by His Grace the Most Rev. Daniel McGilgan, Primate of all Ireland, to the letter of Father Dowd accompanying \$8,450.10, collected in the parishes of St. Patrick's and St. Ann's, in this city, for our suffering brethren in Ireland, was received recently. We are happy to place before our readers this beautiful effusion of a tender and truly charitable heart.

THE ALLEGED ATROCITIES IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Dr. Russell's Reply to Sir Garnet Wolesey.

In the Daily Telegraph of this morning appears a long letter from Dr. William Howard Russell, lately that journal's special correspondent at the seat of war in South Africa, in which that gentleman, replying to Sir Garnet Wolesey, justifies his allegations concerning the behaviour of a portion of the British troops in the Transvaal. He thus concludes:—

at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

MRS. WINLOW'S SOOTHING STREUP for all diseases of children, such as teething only, colic, &c.; is a reliable remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system; gives rest to the mother and health to the child.

SPINAL DIFFICULTIES RESULT from imperfect circulation of blood through the spinal column. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Linctament rubbed in well, invigorates the blood vessels, strengthens the back, and effects a cure. Resulting from colds, pains in the back will be relieved by one application.

MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING. The Death of a Popular Story Writer. Formerly Known as "Constance May Carleton."

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, the popular story writer, died at her residence, 10 Lewis avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., on the 21st of February, 1897. Mrs. Fleming's first attempt at literature was a short sketch for a weekly paper in St. John, N.B., where she was born. Her maiden name was "Constance May Carleton." Her first serial story was published by the "Sunday Mercury" of this city. For several years she had been writing for the "New York Weekly," but her contract was terminated when she was asked to furnish one story each year. Her stories were all printed in book form as soon as they had run their course in the Weekly. Some of her stories have been published in several foreign languages. Of this Mrs. Fleming was proud, although it brought her no pecuniary profit. Among her stories the most successful ones were: "Guy Rivalcourt's Wife" and "A Wonderful Woman." She also wrote "A Terrible Secret," "Storine's Revenge," "The Mystery of the Night," "The Silent and True," "Carried by Storm," and "Lost for a Woman." For the last few months she had been engaged on a story entitled "Life at Stake." Before her marriage Mrs. Fleming wrote under the nom de plume of "Constance May Carleton."

ATTEMPT TO MURDER HON. GEORGE BROWN.

ATTACKED BY A MURDEROUS EMPLOYEE.

TORONTO, March 25.—About four o'clock today a young man named George Dixon assaulted the Hon. George Brown while in his room in the Globe office, and drawing a pistol, shot him in the thigh. The assailant was formerly employed as an engineer at the Globe office. About two weeks ago he was arrested on a warrant charging him with neglect to support his wife. When the case came up in court, it was shown that not only had he deserted his wife, but that he was living in

ADULTEROUS RELATIONS WITH HER SISTER.

The case was adjourned, with the understanding that the defendant arrange matters, he being admitted to liberty on his bail. For several days he has been hanging around the Globe office, seeking to be re-employed. Today he visited Mr. Brown's room several times; but he did not succeed in meeting that gentleman until about four o'clock. About that hour Mr. Brown heard a rap at the door, and rising from his seat he opened it, admitting Dixon, and then resumed his seat again. Dixon presented a paper, a certificate of good character, which he asked Mr. Brown to sign, but that gentleman refused to comply with the request, because he was not acquainted with Dixon, and could not speak as to his good conduct. At first Dixon grew angry, and drawing a pistol from a back pocket, he

POINTED IT DIRECTLY AT MR. BROWN'S BREAST.

The latter jumped from his seat and knocked the man's arm down, but the weapon discharged and the ball struck Mr. Brown in the thigh, passing through the fleshy part. He immediately grappled with his assailant, and a hard struggle took place, Mr. Brown calling "murder" and "help." The employees of the office, attracted by the cries, hastened to Mr. Brown's assistance, but the latter had already wrested the pistol from Dixon's hand, and had thrown it on the floor. He was secured, and an officer was sent for, who took him to police headquarters. On being searched 42 cartridges were found in his pocket. He was under the influence of liquor. Immediately after the shooting, Dr. Thorburne was called to attend Mr. Brown, who was driven home.

THE WOUND IS NOT DANGEROUS,

but the physicians say Mr. Brown's age is against him. At 9 o'clock he was easy and able to converse with his friends. The prisoner will be brought before the magistrate on Saturday.

LATER.—Upon the arrival of the policeman, Hon. George Brown, pointing to his assailant, said, "That is the man who shot me." Bennett was asked what he had to say, and replied, "I have nothing to say about it." He was then taken to the police station and searched, when fifty cartridges were found upon him. The revolver from which the shot was fired was a No. 2 Smith & Wesson, and had three of six chambers loaded. As soon as it was discovered that Hon. George Brown was wounded, a carriage was sent for Dr. Thorburne, who soon in attendance. In removing the clothing of the wounded man the ball fell to the ground. When the wound was examined it was found that the ball had passed clean through the upper portion of the thigh between the muscle and bone, inflicting a painful, but by no means serious wound. After the doctor's examination, Hon. George Brown proceeded to his residence, where he is now under treatment.

March 26, 2:30 a.m.—Latest reports state that Hon. George Brown is much more tranquil, though still suffering from nervous prostration. He has received a letter of congratulation at his escape from the Governor-General, and letters of inquiry and congratulation from cities in the United States. Bennett, to-night stated to the detectives that he had intended murdering Joe Banks, head engineer, and it was only when Mr. Brown laid hands on him to turn him out of the office that he fired at him.

LETTER FROM LACHINE.

THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN.

Mr. Editor.—The great fault with me, as with thousands of others, is that I am too ambitious. I was not satisfied with the pick and shovel and a dollar a day, and yet I wanted for nothing. I ate enough, I slept well, I worked with good humor and I had a few spare hours for reading the news and saying my prayers. What more, I ask, could I want? But yet I was not satisfied, and the demon of ambition came and took its possession of me. I envied almost every body, one because he had a beautiful wife, another, his possession of a splendid

Newfoundland dog, and still another because his cheques was good in the Bank of Montreal, while as for me I possessed nothing but excellent health and a new shovel, the two most valuable gifts in the world if they are only properly appreciated. All this came of writing my first letter to the Post. People after that enquired who was Myles O'Regan, and invited me to dinner, but especially when I expressed an intention of starting the *Scarecrow* did they look after me and flatter me until my head was turned, and I saw a gold mine in every bush that fell across my path. The first thing which suggested itself to my mind was a Government situation, but, as you are aware, that chimera came to naught. When a man is grossly disappointed he thinks of revenge, and hence it was that I thought of a new religion and commenced collecting subscriptions for a new church, to be called the O'Regan Tabernacle. My attempt, I regret to say, has not been successful. I obtained about a dozen converts, but they were no acquisition to any religion. I am not uncharitable enough to suppose that their souls within are as unpropitious as their faces without, but as a general rule, the owners would not be requested to sit for likenesses of the twelve apostles. I forgot to tell you that I had taken an office for the *Scarecrow* in Lachine, so that I had no difficulty in finding church accommodation for my dilapidated-looking flock.

"Gentlemen," said I, "before commencing the service I must apologise for the absence of seats. The truth is, I did not expect such a large and respectable congregation the first Sunday, and was rather unprepared. Before next Sunday, however—or rather before next Sabbath—if our religion last so long, I have no doubt the wealthy among us (here a look of ineffable disgust swept over the faces of my congregation), the wealthy among us, I say, will come down handsomely and enable me to procure a few chairs. The service is over for the present, but my friend here (pointing to a cynical-looking Yankee), will pass round the hat." Whether it was through shyness or suspicion I know not, but none of the congregation would lend my collector a hat, and his own was out of the question—being full of holes. In this emergency his native genius came to his aid. Quietly getting his hands together and making a hollow of them, he went from one to the other. As for me, my heart palpitated; I felt that a crisis had arrived in my life. I was resolved to stand or fall by the collection. The first man called upon shook his head sorrowfully, the second sighed, the third closed his eyes softly, the fourth peered inquisitively into the eyes of the collector, the fifth shouted, "If I had a quarter, do you think I would be here?" and, in a word, never as much as a cent was collected.

"Gentlemen," said I, "seeing the want of appreciation among you for a new religion I move, seconded by Mr. Edward Alasworth, that the O'Reganites be dissolved or resolved into their original elements," (carried over) I moved softly out into the snow of Lachine, a heart-seared man and a sorrowful one. "Mr. O'Regan," said my late abortive collector "I hope you are not discouraged. A man named Jones and myself once went into the same kind of business out West a few years ago, and would have succeeded only that we could not agree about the title. My name is Snooks, and I wanted to call the new religion the 'Progressive Snookites,' and had my way for five or six months, until the affair grew prosperous, when Jones, one fine morning, without consulting your humble servant, had a board attached to a telegraph pole in front of the church inviting the faithful in to the 'Nineteenth Century Jonesites.' This busted the thing in a week, a division took place, and, though there was money in the concern at first, the split spoiled everything, and I gave it up as it did not pay dividends. *Nil desperandum pluribus in unum.* Notwithstanding the advice of my friend Snooks, I have concluded to retire from my religious position and dedicate all my abilities in the future to my proper avocation.

Mr. Editor, I am melancholy, sad, and lonely; the world has no joys for me any longer, death is no terror, life is not worth living; the *Scarecrow* is not worth editing, society is a bore, and even the fifteen puzzles has no attractions. Everything seems to fall in my hands, and even my food does not agree with me. Last night as I was in this frame of mind Mick Dunn came along laughing until the tears rolled down his cheeks; when he saw me he advanced and accosted me.

"Good morning, Myles." "Good morning, Mike." "It is lovely weather." "The devil thank you for that." "Why, man, what has put you in 'bad humor; have you applied for the position of Recorder of Montreal and been refused? You deserve it; why, when you came to this country did you not drop that unfortunate O, and call yourself Regon, or Granville, or Macpherson, or anything but O'Regan?" "Come with me," continued Mike, "and forget your troubles; where is the use of repining, you may yet obtain that School Commissionership you have been looking after, or, perhaps, draw first prize in the Havana lottery."

"Yes, but I haven't a ticket." "What of that, man, nothing is impossible to Providence. Come with me to the 'Widow's' and I'll get her to make you as fine a glass of scotch as Julius Caesar in all his martial splendor had to go to bed without, for the reason that Calphurnia was not so clever as the 'Widow' at mixing drinks. She's a regular jewel, I tell you."

When a fellow is down in the mouth he does not require much pressing to drink scotch, and he off I went to the widow's with Mike. She kept a little grocery or hucksters' shop at the corner, and, although her name wasn't Molloy, I could see at once that my friend Mike was her white-haired boy. There was an apartment at the far end, bounded by barrels, and there were small kegs for seats and on these kegs on many a Saturday night our gang settled the affairs of the Span, set up kings, established Republics and gave laws to the world generally, while imbibing our scotch. It is astonishing how wise liquor makes a man in his own opinion and how *exalté*. He sees everything with the eyes of genius and he cannot be wrong. He thinks every one a fool whose opinions he tolerates because he is generous, except himself, who is a greater philosopher than Plato, a greater orator than Demosthenes, and a greater general than Napoleon. How much better could he have managed—at Waterloo (than the Corsican). He would never have sent two such men as Grouchy and Vandamme to oppose Blucher. The man inspired by scotch can correct the Latin of a professor, and has no hesitation in pointing out to the engineer wherein he has made a mistake in the gradient of a road, because of his ignorance of mathematics.

The widow received us cordially, and smiled like a fish upon Mike. She is about thirty-five years of age, a French Canadian, and is as benevolent as she is handsome. She ushered us into the "apartment," where we found a number of the blasting

gang already assembled, discussing my failure in establishing a new sect, but the less said about that now the better. We ordered scotch, and it was brought. The beautiful beverage is made up of Jamaica rum, a dash of hot water, but not over much, a measure of clarified butter, the whole seasoned with a little nutmeg and an arrangement of the widow calls *je ne sais pas*, and it is a drink fit for the gods. The recipe came long ago from old Ireland, but the deprecate descendants of the emigrants who brought it have fallen away, and now they know scotch no more. I tossed off my glass, and immediately felt a wonderful improvement. I called for another, and felt that life was not so bad a thing after all, a third made me willing to embrace all mankind, a fourth to speak of my aristocratic friends in Ireland, and a fifth so utterly reckless and jolly that I felt surprised how it was that trifles could disturb such a demoted as myself. As Tom O'Banister says, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, and song and good-fellowship became the order of the night. I know people whose singing would bring them a fortune, where an attempt of mine would get my mouth broke, but nevertheless in my *exalté* state I fancied I was a second Burns *revue*, and warbled forth a song of my own composing:—

I have a lover, an Irish hussar, Who rides like a prince on a coal black steed; His eye is as bright, but his brow is as star, (A blow from a Hessian he got in the war), But, alas, my poor lover is poor indeed. Having naught but his sabre and his coal black steed.

After finishing the verse I heard a general snore, and much to my disgust found that my companions were all asleep except one whether it was through the influence of my song, or the overpowering influence of my snore, or both combined, I know not. The one who was not asleep was Adolphus Smudge, from Berkshire, England. Adolphus is a typical Englishman. He believes in his soul that not only are the English the greatest soldiers in the universe, the greatest sailors, poets and philosophers, but that England is the only real white nation. They never lost a battle in all their history, they are descended from ten tribes, their mission is to convert the world to Christianity and teach them how to chew tobacco. All the world should be subjects of Her Majesty if they wished to be saved in this world or the next, and any man that could not speak the English language like Smudge was a poor miserable wretch. He admitted the Scotch and Irish were also white people, and assisted England to terrify the universe, but nevertheless, well, there's no use in talking—they don't belong to the ten tribes. Smudge is one of those frank, honest, Englishmen who are so bluff and free, and talk so nobly about equality before the law, while spreading their legs apart, and putting their thumbs in the arm-holes of their vests to appear more British and majestic, who indulge in patriotic utterances about the cottage homes of England, but who, if a lord comes along, contract themselves until one fancies they are trying to crawl deep down into their own boots. Smudge would crawl along the Atlantic cable to kiss the toes of old Beaconsfield, and would bow and cringe to royalty so long as his fat knees allowed him, and still was disgusted with the benighted Papists and their superstitious gauzifications. "I say Myles," said Smudge, "that Parnell is a rebellious agitator and should be arrested—and, besides, you Irish are always fighting among yourselves."

"Well," I rejoined, "we won't this time, *mei ami*. So take that, and that, and that, and consider yourself an idiot." I remember no more, Mr. Editor, after that. I dreamed all night about scotch and the battle of Fontenoy, and woke up next morning in my bunk with a swollen lip and a parched throat for the first, and I hope, the last time in my life. Hence my present melancholy and stern resolution to stick to the pick and shovel.

Yours, &c., MYLES O'REGAN.

THE ENNIS-CORRY EMBLE.

Reported by a "Herald" Representative—Parnell Assaulted—Origin of the Riot.

New York, March 29.—The Herald's cable gives the details of Parnell's ill-treatment at Ennis-corry yesterday at a meeting to select candidates for Wexford's Parliamentary representation. Parnell and two of three candidates, Byrne and Barry, travelled from Dublin by train. At several stations large crowds had assembled to cheer them. At Farna many shouted for Chevalier O'Clery, who is the third candidate. At Ennis-corry the reception was lukewarm. The meeting was arranged for two o'clock. The point of vantage was already occupied by O'Clery and six priests. Parnell's party had decided that Rev. Mr. Kenny should preside, but the meeting selected Rev. Mr. O'Griffin, who was assailed by a man named Murphy. A scuffle ensued, and at priest flung his assailant off the platform. At this moment Parnell and Barry were seen advancing at the head of a large crowd, with a hand and green banners. The assembly numbered more than 15,000 men. Amid great disorder Parnell struggled to the front of the stand. Groans and cheers filled the air. Rotten eggs were thrown at the agitator, and one struck him on the head. The Chairman said: "We will bear Parnell, but we will not allow him to be our dictator." A rush was made for Parnell, but he clung to the railing, and the priests protected him. The crowd caught him by the legs, endeavoring to drag him down. In the struggle his hat was battered, and his trousers split up to the knee. At this stage the police armed with rifles advanced. There was a lull. Parnell tried to speak, but was interrupted by cries of "You went to America to beg for Ireland, but not for Wexford. Go mend your trousers." Amid much confusion Parnell retired. Byrne, Parnell's candidate, was rejected.

ENNIS-CORRY, March 29.—The cause of the riot yesterday was as follows—Chevalier O'Clery, member for County Wexford in the late Parliament, seeks re-election as a Home Ruler, while Parnell has nominated two other candidates as Obstructionists, one of whom is very unpopular. O'Clery's party, some ten thousand strong, took possession of the platform. When Parnell arrived, accompanied by members of the Ennis-corry Club, he attempted to get on the platform and was received with shouts of "No dictation." His friends were thrown off, several with bleeding heads. Armed police were drawn up near the platform. Had the Parnell party been numerous assaults would have been many.

LONDON, March 29.—The attack upon Mr. Parnell is the sensation of the day in Ireland. Before sailing for America, Mr. Parnell visited Ennis-corry, and received there great evidence of popular approval. That he should be now so maltreated and abused in the same place is considered to be an exceptionally curious circumstance, to be accounted for only on the supposition that the land interest has influenced the people to make a demonstration against him. Mr. Parnell was very roughly treated. His clothes were torn in the attempt to hustle

him, and it was only by an apparent miracle that he escaped without serious injury. He frequently warded off malicious blows aimed at his head. To the last Mr. Parnell continued to indignantly denounce the outrages of which he was made the victim; and while going to the railroad station, after the meeting had been broken up, he announced his intention to visit Ennis-corry and address its people next Sunday.

THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK

The Diary of Cures—Another Hundred Cases—Sight, Hearing and Strength Restored—Extraordinary Cure of Jeremiah Sullivan—His Story in His Own Words—Letters and Street Testimony.

(FROM THE "NATION'S" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

104. Michael McNulty, Kilgariff, parish of Ballaghaderreen; paralysis of the right arm. He is now so far recovered as to be able to move his right hand to his forehead.

105. Martin Murphy, Ballinacree, parish of Balla; hip disease.

106. Mary Byrne, Kilmore, parish of Kilmogue; large lump under the tongue. The lump has entirely disappeared.

107. James Acton, Tuam; defective sight.

108. Patrick Alcock of Kiltree, parish of Gortin; defective sight.

109. Mary Grady; defective sight. She has recovered the power of one eye.

110. Patrick Fogarty, parish of Crusheen; weakness of the left foot. He has experienced a considerable improvement.

111. Jeremiah Sullivan, parish of Rath-harry (Rev. A. O'Leary, P.P.), Clonakilly, county Cork; polypos, or flesh growth in the windpipe. He came to Knock with his father on Sunday, the 1st of February, and got rid of his ailment on the 4th in the manner about to be related. The following is his statement, as given in his own words to the parish priest:—"I have been suffering from a hoarseness for the last 18 months. I consulted four of the neighboring doctors, one after the other, and to no avail, as none of them was able to ascertain the nature of the disease. Finding myself daily getting worse, I came to the city of Cork, and consulted the most eminent doctor there. On the third day he found my ailment proceeded from a flesh growth or polypos in the windpipe. The conclusion the doctor came to was that there should be an operation, either externally or internally, either of which would be very dangerous. Hearing of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Knock, I decided on visiting the place. I arrived on Sunday morning, February 1st. Thanks be to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, I coughed off the polypos on the morning of the 4th February, after my third day's visit here."

This account is quite complete in itself. I may, however, add that on the occasion of my last visit to Knock, I met, at Mrs. Byrne's house, a young lady from the city of Limerick, who had come with her brother to the scene of the apparition, in the hope of restoring him to health. She told me that, one day, while she was in the church, her attention was attracted to Jeremiah Sullivan and his father. They were praying with a fervor of gratitude so intense that she concluded they had come to Knock in the hope of effecting a cure, and that the object of their visit had been achieved. Entering into conversation with them, she learned the full particulars, precisely as I have just had them before your readers. She described Jeremiah Sullivan as a well-grown, fair-haired, good-looking youth of 17 or 18. She also told me that the polypos was preserved. Considering that it mystified no fewer than four doctors, and that the eminent physician, who at last discovered the reason of the hoarseness, thought the cause could not be removed unless by a dangerous operation, it would be of interest to know if the polypos has been examined by any doctors, and, if so, what they have to say about it.

112. John Smith, parish of Virginia (Rev. John O'Reilly, P.P.), county Cavan; general weakness of constitution, loss of appetite, and want of sleep.

113. John Coan, Plougensa, county Mayo; paralysis.

114. Thomas Hare, Tuam; paralysis.

115. Bright Mary McNery, Clonfree, county Roscommon; blindness of right eye. The eye had been sightless for the space of 18 years. The following letter affords the best evidence on this case that anyone could desire:—"Clonfree, Roscommon, February 26, 1880.—Dear and Very Rev. Archbishop: It is with great pleasure I have to inform you that my eye has been restored to sight. I had the great happiness of visiting Knock on the 2nd inst. On the following Wednesday, immediately after Mass, I could see my hand for the first time since eighteen years, and every day since my sight is improving, thank God. In the year 1861 I received a severe wound in my right eye, the result of a piece of spring steel striking me by accident. All that could be done for me by medical skill was done, and of no avail. After a year's suffering I completely lost the sight, till the aforesaid date. I purpose, with God's help, to visit Knock on the 25th March next. Very reverend sir, no words could describe the happiness I feel in soul and body since I had the privilege of visiting that holy place. I beg to be excused for trespassing on your valuable time.—Thanking you for former kindness, believe me, very rev. sir, your faithful and obliged servant, Bright Mary McNery.—Very Rev. Archbishop Cavanagh."

116. Margaret O'Neill, Dublin; hip disease. I related the particulars of this cure in a former letter. Miss O'Neill had been suffering from the disease about ten years, and was obliged to make use of an umbrella to assist her in walking. Not feeling any need of the umbrella after she had visited Knock, she left it there in token of her cure, and I saw it not long ago among the sticks and crutches deposited in the receptacle at the gable. Your readers will remember the published letter of Mrs. O'Neill, expressing her joy and gratitude because of her daughter's cure and requesting Archbishop Cavanagh to allow her to make some gifts to the church in token of her own and her daughter's thankfulness.

121. James Carney, Pultog, Coogue; a very bad sore foot. He had been suffering from it for years.

122. Mrs. F. Carney, Tonnsparka, Coogue; intense pain in the middle finger of the right hand. The cure was effected by bathing the finger in water containing some of the cement.

123. Mary Healy, Backs; scrofula.

124. Miss Sinar, Dublin; a nervous affection.

125. Bridget Mary Galvin, Cork; hip dislocation. She had consulted several doctors, been five weeks in a Cork hospital, and seven months in one in Dublin, and all to no good purpose. This case has been noticed more fully in one of my previous letters.

126. John Kelly, parish of Kiltbridge, county Roscommon; paralysis of the right side. As

an effect of the disease, his right shoulder rose up so that he could scarcely walk by its coast. The shoulder has now gone back to its natural place.

127. Ellen Rossy, Limerick; rheumatic gout. She has obtained great relief. During her visit to Knock, the swelling in her hands and feet became much less, and she felt her strength improving.

128. Mary Kate Ryan; fainting fits and involuntary movements of the eyes.

129. Sarah Morrison, of Woods, parish of Ballagh; paralysis. She was suffering from the attack from the 18th of December, 1878, till the 1st of January this year. On the last named day she visited Knock, and was entirely cured. Mr. Ignatius O'Donel, of Swinford, certifies in the following terms upon her case:—"I saw her myself on or about the 23rd of December, when she had not the use of her limbs, and on seeing her yesterday, after she had walked seven miles, she did not seem to be a bit tired.—Ignatius O'Donel, Swinford, February 5th, 1880."

130. Mary Phillipa, Kiltilla, parish of Bunscoone; paralysis. She left her crutch at Knock.

131. John Noonan, parish of Clomnab, county Fermanagh; a running sore on the face. He had suffered from it for twenty-five years.

132. Pat Mulloy, of Curry; restored to sight.

133. Mrs. Madden, of Prospect; dry retching. She had been a sufferer for years.

134. A gentleman, whose name is not recorded in the diary, caught cold in his right eye about twelve months ago. He suffered a great deal since, especially at night, and was obliged to give up writing. He placed himself under the care of two eminent medical men—one distinguished as an oculist—but no improvement was effected in the condition of his eye. By bathing it in water containing cement from Knock he has been entirely cured.

135. Thomas Cochrane, Belfast; blindness of right eye. The sight has been completely recovered.

136. Edward Gibbons, Meelick, parish of Clonmore; mental derangement.

137. Mrs. Armstrong, Clonmore; debility. She has been unable to put her foot to the ground, but now can walk with ease.

138. Pat Conway, Limerick; lameness. He left at Knock the stick that he had been obliged to use for the past six years.

139. Thomas Dooner, of Rooksey, county Roscommon; evil.

140. Owen Crilly, Bunsconlon; evil.

141. Charles O'Donel, Donegal; constant headache and pain in the shoulder.

142. John M'Corrick; sore eyes and very defective sight.

143. Pat Connor; hip disease. He left his stick at Knock.

144. Andrew Bourke, Kiltush; lameness.

145. Martin Doherty, Ballaghaderreen; lameness.

146. Sarah Graham, Ballymote; debility. For four months she had not been able to go to Mass, but now she can walk about on all occasions.

147. Honora Magrath; sore knees. She had been unable to go on her knees; now she can do so without any difficulty whatever.

148. Alice Dwyer, Konnaul, county Tipperary; blindness of the right eye. She is twenty-nine years old, and had been stone blind of the right eye all her life. The sight is now restored.

149. Bridget Ryan; had pains in all her joints about eight years ago, and was unable to move until she was brought to Knock. She is now recovering strength.

150. James Connor, parish of Strokestown; dislocation of the hip, the result of an accident twelve years since. The bones of the hip used to move in and out. He is wonderfully improved, and is confident of complete recovery.

151. Mrs. Noon, Glasgow; defective sight.

152. Daniel M'Garthy, Ryden, near Oldham, England; paralysis. He had been unable to bring down his foot any lower than the level of the knee. Since his visit to Knock, he can stretch out the leg.

153. Sarah Pierce, Meath-street, Dublin; paralysis. For fourteen years she was unable to place either of her feet upon the ground. She had to be supported by a chair under each arm, and another behind her back, and her legs were bent back beneath the latter. She suffered continually from pains the most intense. The pains are gone; she can now stretch out her limbs; and is improving in health and strength from day to day.

154. Mary Anne Nolan, Cole-street, Dublin; paralysis. For years she had been a cripple, moving only by the help of a crutch and stick, and unable to stand erect. She can now not only stand without either crutch or stick, but can move about with very slight support.

155. Belinda Mash, Ballina, dumbness. She had been unable to speak for six years past. She is now restored to the usual power of utterance.

156. Maggie Morley, Linnakea; an evil.

157. John M'Mahon, Glasgow; lameness. There were several evils in his leg, and he had been unable to use it for two years, but on his visit to Knock experienced such an improvement that he left his crutch behind him.

158. Patrick Boyle, Glasgow; heart disease.

159. John Fox; sore leg; had been five years suffering.

160. Edward Scully, Meath-street, Dublin; defective sight and feebleness. He has recovered both his sight and the use of his limbs.

161. John Mooney, parish of Drumlish; nervousness and constant tremor.

172. John Brennan, parish of Kiltimagh; a swelling, the effect of a fall from a horse. For a long time he had been rendered quite unable to do anything towards earning his living. Now he is entirely cured, and able to work as he was before his fall.

173. A daughter of Richard Walsh, of Newport, was restored to sight by bathing her eyes in water containing a piece of the cement.

174. John Boache, parish of Rooksey, county Roscommon; blindness. He received his sight at Knock on the 22nd of February, after having been stone blind for seventeen years.

175. Bright Glynn, county Clare; lameness of the right foot.

176. John Brennan, parish of Curry, county Sligo; hip disease. He has been suffering from the disease since November, 1878, and spent three months in hospital without any improvement in his condition. He is now almost as well as ever.

177. John Malley, county Clare; deafness and severe pain in the stomach.

178. Pat Ryan, Edward-street, Limerick; defective sight.

179. Francis Casidy, Maguire's Bridge; paralysis of the left hand.

180. Lisalee Ryan, Drumtraff, county Cork; evil and swelling in the jaw.

181. Mrs. Healy, Drumtraff; an evil.

182. Thomas Croghan; sore foot.

183. Mary Veery, Bally, England; lameness. She left her crutch at Knock.

184. James O'Connell, parish of Drumlish; blindness.

185. John Meekin; blindness. He was net entirely blind before his visit to Knock, but his power of vision was very feeble.

186. William Conway, King's County; pain in the heart and stomach, from which he had been suffering for years.

187. Daniel Rea, Queen's County; sore in the leg; had suffered from it for fourteen years.

188. John Shanaghan, parish of Adara, county Limerick; swelling in the right knee.

189. Maria Shields, Loughroa; defective sight.

190. James M'Donnell, Keash; an evil.

191. John Farrell, Castlereagh; constant pain and stiffness in the knee.

192. Mrs. Farrell, Clontuskert; pain in the hip and leg; she had for a long time been unable to leave her house.

193. Peter Farrell, Clontuskert; sore leg.

194. Daniel Loughran; constant pain in the heart; he had suffered from it for twenty years.

195. Thomas Doherty; pains in the back and limbs, and general weakness. He had been twelve years subject to these ailments, and had consulted doctors without avail.

196. Henry Bolton, Ennis; stiffness and weakness of the left arm; had

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

A LEGEND OF GOOD FRIDAY.

Far back about Tim's mighty tide, as quaint old legends tell, O'er lower and stream of Innisfall a wondrous darkness fell.

Yet awful flames lit them up as forks of lightning rent The sky; and that suddenly spread o'er the firmament;

King Connor stood with thoughtful eye, within the torched beam, His followers watching, mark his glance, now lit by hopeful gleam.

Who, stepping forward, bowed him low, that haughty son of earth, Before one, who, the whisper went, came not of this world's birth.

As with familiar foot he trod the mystic glades among, The sky to him, like lettered page, revealed full many a tale.

Each branch that bore a story had, each leaf a sounding tongue, As with familiar foot he trod the mystic glades among.

"Oh, say, thou low and reverent man, why hides the blessed sun?" "Great King, in lands afar, a murderous crown'd thorn-crowned Victim bleeding hangs upon a shameful tree.

High on eastern Mount His form hangs mid the darkened air, A making crowd surrounds the cross—the cross I saw them rear—

"I listen still, thou Druid sage, tell what unholy deed This man hath done, that such a death is for his doom decreed;

He healed the sick, He raised the dead, He made the blind to see; Not death can hurt His tender love, nor bid His mercies cease.

His lips divine are moved in prayer for His tormenters now, Though drops, outwringing by agony, are standing on His forehead, and around the cross—the cross I saw them rear—

"O! what would that this right arm were there," He angry monarch cried, "This wand of God, whiche'er He be, not un-avenged had died.

Its god beams played upon the blade that Connor shook in air, But soon a voice of wonder rose from all assembled there.

Now from us might hope to imitate that Druid's second sight, That sweet, sad story that we once infancy have known.

How far from us that living faith, that strong unquestioning love, Which pours upon that darkened soul like sunshine from above.

Here on our altar, day by day, our Victim and our Guest, He meekly calls us to His feet for shelter and for rest;

Oh! hard hearts let us hasten and endeavour to repay His mercies manifold with such poor measure as we may.

M. J. W.

AGRICULTURE.

Night-soil—Continued.

Saufl' off, until within a few years, from common laborers with the nations of the West, the remarkable people have, like the Chinese, maintained themselves in sober and industrious prosperity.

The secret of their ability to accomplish what the agriculture of our more favored race has failed to secure, lies in the fact that the rule of their life and of their industry has always been to allow no element of the fertility of their soil to go to waste.

Human excrement, which we name only in an underhand, and which, we consider it all, we generally bury into the nearest stream of water, is to them a most precious article of subsistence.

Human excrement, which we name only in an underhand, and which, we consider it all, we generally bury into the nearest stream of water, is to them a most precious article of subsistence.

Human excrement, which we name only in an underhand, and which, we consider it all, we generally bury into the nearest stream of water, is to them a most precious article of subsistence.

Human excrement, which we name only in an underhand, and which, we consider it all, we generally bury into the nearest stream of water, is to them a most precious article of subsistence.

Human excrement, which we name only in an underhand, and which, we consider it all, we generally bury into the nearest stream of water, is to them a most precious article of subsistence.

to all towns into remove from the vicinity of habitations all matters which by their decomposition would tend to produce disease.

Thirty million bushels of corn contain about the same amount of phosphoric acid as the amount of phosphoric acid which is annually lost in the wasted night-soil of New York City.

Practically, the human excrement of the whole country is nearly as disposed of as to be lost to the soil.

In another view, the importance of this waste of above value, instead of being a loss, is rather to the products of labor and to the exchange of these products.

If mill-streams were falling year by year, and steam were yearly losing force, and the ability of man to labor were yearly diminishing, the doom of our prosperity would not be more plainly written than if the slow but certain impoverishment of our soil were sure to continue.

The stupendous sewers which have just been completed in London, at a cost of \$2,000,000 and which challenge admiration, as monuments of engineering achievement, are a great blessing to that filthy accursed town.

The stupendous sewers which have just been completed in London, at a cost of \$2,000,000 and which challenge admiration, as monuments of engineering achievement, are a great blessing to that filthy accursed town.

The stupendous sewers which have just been completed in London, at a cost of \$2,000,000 and which challenge admiration, as monuments of engineering achievement, are a great blessing to that filthy accursed town.

The stupendous sewers which have just been completed in London, at a cost of \$2,000,000 and which challenge admiration, as monuments of engineering achievement, are a great blessing to that filthy accursed town.

The stupendous sewers which have just been completed in London, at a cost of \$2,000,000 and which challenge admiration, as monuments of engineering achievement, are a great blessing to that filthy accursed town.

Latest Irish News by Mail.

PARLIAMENT—OBSTRUCTION AGAIN.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, March 5th, Mr. Biggar gave notice of his intention to prefer a charge of drunkenness last year against the colonel of the Antrim Artillery Militia.

Ireland—whose name he could not give, as the letter was private to himself—that the vessel the Government officers had placed at the disposal of the Duchess of Marlborough's and the Mansion House Committee

to take meal to the West coast of Ireland had recently been employed by the landlords in Westport to carry constabulary and ejectionists to Clare Island.

Mr. Sullivan—That just bears out Mr. Parnell's statement in America, that the real head of the committee were distributing relief with one hand and ejectionists with the other (hear, hear).

Mr. Sexton—Mr. Parnell's statements have been bore out over and over again.

Mr. Sullivan—There was a vessel chartered with Indian meal and processes simultaneously (laughter).

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

MANIFESTO OF THE ACTIVE SECTION OF THE IRISH PARTY.

To the Electors and Non-Electors of the Irish Constituencies.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—We are face to face with one of the most important crises in the history of Ireland.

In the absence of our leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, it has been deemed expedient to take certain provisional steps and to make certain provisional preparations.

An electoral committee has been formed to operate with the Home Rule League and National Land League of Ireland in promoting the candidature of supporters of an active policy of patriotism in the coming Parliament and in the country.

It will assist by every means in its power the work of useful agitation during the electoral period, and will receive the subscriptions of such well-to-do Irishmen as may be willing to advance in this way the practical furtherance of the national cause.

Mr. Biggar, whose name is a watchword and a guarantee, has consented to act as treasurer Messrs. O'Connor Power, M.P.; Justin McCarthy, M.P.; Lysaght Flanagan, M.P.; The O'Donoghue, M.P.; Arthur O'Connor, M.P.; Dr. Connelley, M.P.; Mr. John Barry, and other distinguished Home Rulers, have been placed upon the committee, which will shortly include all the leaders of the patriotic party in every district in Ireland.

Though most unworthy to fill so arduous and responsible a post, I have consented—at the request of the member for Cavan, whose right to undertake the duties of acting president of the committee pending the arrival of Mr. Parnell from the United States. Within a few days, or at most a couple of weeks, the acknowledged leader of the Irish people, returned from the glorious labors which he is now obliged to interrupt, will bring among us the authority of his splendid services and his honored name.

In the meantime I rely upon my countrymen to assist me in the performance of my temporary trust by their generous indulgence and patriotic co-operation.

Thanks to the attitude of the active section in Parliament, whom an absurd and tyrannical gagging law has entirely failed to intimidate, the Government have been prevented from carrying out their design of springing a mine upon the country, and have been obliged to announce at a long state beforehand their intention to appeal to the electors.

If they had not made this declaration of their intentions, they would not have been permitted to pass estimates and bills without the deliberate criticism to which maladministrators invariably object. They have, accordingly, been obliged to abandon all the bills and other measures with which they hoped to disguise their plans, and the Irish constituencies have obtained the needful time to prepare for an electoral contest fraught with such monotonous consequences to the right of our nation to self-government, and the right of our people to dwell in security upon the lands which they have tilled, and which are the lawful inheritance of the Irish race.

Until the actual dissolution of Parliament many of the members of the active Home Rule party will be busy in the great centres of Irish population in England and Scotland, giving and leaving directions for the co-operation of the faithful and indomitable confederates in the common work of the Irish nation.

Mr. Biggar proceeds without delay to Ireland, where he will join Mr. O'Connor Power and the chiefs of the popular party in the Home Rule League and in the National Land League.

With your permission I would mention a few suggestions which seem to me not to be irrelevant or inappropriate in the present conjuncture.

1. Remembering that there is time for a fortnight or so at any rate, constituencies might be better occupied in carefully examining the nature of various candidatures than in fixing precipitately upon any particular candidates.

2. In choosing between candidates, a constituency would do well to give a prominent place to the consideration of regular and constant attendance in Parliament. It should be borne in mind that a member of Parliament does not discharge those duties which he is elected, except when he is in the place where he can also discharge those duties.

Between two candidates equally good in other respects, the choice should be determined by the question of attendance in Parliament.

3. The first object of the popular party should be to expel from the seats they misuse every supporter of the Tory administration, no matter whether professing to be a Home Ruler or not, and no matter what pretensions they parade religious or social virtues as a palliation of their political hostility to the Government.

Between the Irish People and the Government of England, between the Irish People and the adherents, however disguised, of the levellers of our homesteads, there can be neither truce nor quarter. The man or the constituency who could vote at this crisis for the supporters of Lord Beaconsfield would deserve to be set upon a pillory of shame for the execrations of the Irish race throughout the world.

4. Though it is undoubtedly necessary to clear the ranks of the Home Rule party of several incapable or mischievous members, nothing in the demeanour of the popular party should lead a colour to the skillfully spread assertions of a wholesale intention to attack the seats of the present representatives of the party.

On the contrary, wherever a member of Parliament has been fairly or tolerably obedient to his pledges and attentive to his duties, the greatest circumspection should be used before supporting an untried candidate

against him. The conscience of the country and the knowledge of the particular constituencies will easily point out the bad Irishmen whose seats should be taken from them, both for the purpose of making a just example of traitors and of giving their places to earnest and energetic defenders of our suffering country.

Finally, with an especial view to the false and peridious reports which, judging by recent experience, are likely to be set in circulation against the party of active and practical patriotism, I feel it incumbent upon me to take a step which I believe will be commended by the common sense of all my countrymen.

It is to formally declare that, pending the return of Mr. Parnell to Ireland, no statement or description of the policy or aims of the active party will be considered authentic or in any way binding upon us until it has appeared in the public journals signed by Mr. Biggar and by myself as acting president of the electoral committee.

When the member for Meath returns to the country he loves so well, and which bears him such love in return, my tenure of responsibility will end. In the meantime my countrymen will help me in my efforts to promote energy without factionalism, and to defend against misrepresentation, to the extent of my humble ability, the cause of our dear country, and the lives, property, homes, and liberty of our persecuted people. I have the honor to remain, my fellow-countrymen, your faithful servant.

FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, Acting President of Committee of Electoral Co-operation. House of Commons, March 9.

The Parliamentary news of the week, excluding the announcement of the impending dissolution, is not unimportant. For one thing, the latest new rule against obstruction has already been shown not to be worth, for the purpose for which it was intended, the paper on which it is printed.

On Thursday night week, in the House of Commons, when some of the Irish estimates came up for discussion, it utterly failed to stay the hands of the members of the active section.

These latter incorrigible persons criticized the votes presented for their consideration with the same freedom and pertinacity as usual, attacking inter alia the management of its business by the Board of Works and the conduct of the Government in sending the police to aid the landlords in the service of ejectionists on the starving peasantry of the West.

The Government and their partisans looked on amazed, but the "Eternal Raikes," who occupied the chair, and for whose use the new rule was specially designed, never once ventured on the terrible process of "naming," and the final result was that the sitting was "wasted," and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was deprived of the opportunity, for which he had been waiting all the evening, of introducing his bill for the distribution of the six vacant seats.

The new rule, in short, was trampled on, but with such mastery as to ensure that no one dared to say that the discussion which took place was not perfectly legitimate.—Nation.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

JESUITS IN ENGLAND MAY BE IMPRISONED FOR LIFE.

When the Catholics were emancipated, in 1829, the last 11 clauses of the Relief Act were directed towards the "gradual suppression and final prohibition" of Jesuits and other male members of the Catholic religious societies in the "United Kingdom."

Any member of these societies is liable to banishment for life, and in case of disobedience to such a sentence, to penal servitude for life. These penal clauses Mr. F. J. Smith, M.P., proposes to repeal. His bill also provides that no use, trust, or disposition of real or personal property for pious or charitable use shall be deemed void or unlawful on the ground that it is superstitious, or for a superstitious object.

THE URSULINES OF QUEBEC.

THEIR RECENT LOSSES BY DEATH—HERITAGE OF A REMARKABLE CONVERT FAMILY, THE BARBERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE—THE LATE P. J. CURRAN.

QUEBEC, March 5.—The Ursuline Monastery of this city, "the eldest daughter of education in North America," has been visited severely by the destroyer—Death, within the past week.

On Friday, the 27th ultimo, the Reverend Mother Celina Dore, in religion Mother Mary of the Presentation, a native of Laprairie, near Montreal, rendered her pure spirit into the hands of the Spouse whom she loved so well, at the early age of thirty-three years and the twelfth of her religious profession.

A SINGULAR CHAPTER OF CATHOLIC AMERICAN HISTORY.

On Tuesday, the 2nd instant, one of the remarkable amongst the many remarkable women who figure in the annals of this venerable Institution, Miss Anna Abigail Barber, in religion Mother St. Francis Xavier, departed this life at the allotted span of three-and-twenty years and ten, after having served her Divine Master in many capacities within the cloister, as a professed daughter of St. Angela, for the long space of fifty-two years.

It was not alone in her powerful intellect, her love of study, nor yet her great aptitude in conveying to her young charges the result of those studies—a duty which falling health only too soon obliged her to relinquish—that she was remarkable; she also stands forth as a prominent figure in a family history possibly unparalleled, at all events, rarely excelled in the history of Holy Church; as witness the following sketch, for which the writer is indebted to the facile pen of a venerable lady who has largely contributed to that valuable work, *Histoire du Monastere*, itself not only what it professes to be, but also a valuable compendium of the history of early Canada.

Born in the State of New Hampshire, in 1811, Anna Abigail was the second eldest daughter of an Episcopal Minister, Reverend Virgil Horace Barber, whose father had also received the ordination given in the same church. His mother, Miss Booth, was a person of rare endowments who studied the Greek and Latin classics, and spent all her leisure moments reading, with her husband, the profound and beautiful writings of the Fathers of the Church, particularly those of St. Cyprian. Thus, both husband and wife became well versed in Catholic doctrine, and equally desirous of embracing it; but what was still more extraordinary, they had a mutual desire to follow the Evangelical counsels. Their young family consisted of four daughters and one son at the period alluded to, and Mr. Barber, who had removed to New York, was there engaged as Professor in the University. Here, after many sever trials, Mr. Barber relinquished his brilliant position to become an humble member of the Society of Jesus; and Mrs. Barber entered the Visitation Convent in Georgetown, taking with her the three eldest daughters, whose education she continued to superintend, whilst the youngest was kindly taken in charge by Mrs. Fetwick, mother of the venerable Bishop of that name. The whole family had previously been received into the Church by Bishop Cheverus in 1817,

but it was not until the 2d of February, 1820—Feast of the Purification of the B.V.M.—on Mr. Barber's return from Rome, that these devoted converts pronounced their religious vows together in the Convent chapel at Georgetown. A few years later young Samuel Barber joined his father at the Jesuit's College, and three of the daughters became Ursulines. Mary, who pronounced her vows in 1828, and died at the monastery in Quebec on the 9th May, 1848, a refugee from the hatred of the native American party when they so bravely attacked a lot of inoffensive and defenceless women in their quiet convent home in Charlestown, Mass., which they reduced to ashes; Anne the subject of the present notice, and Susan, who made her profession in the monastery at Three Rivers in 1831, and died there in 1837. Mrs. Barber, who took the name of Sister Mary Austin, died at the Visitation Convent in 1850, and her son, Father Samuel, died about the year 1850. Father Barber, himself, died in 1847 at the College of Georgetown, after having been Pastor of Claremont, N. H., where he spent several years and built the first Catholic church; it was there also that his own aged father became a Catholic, entered holy orders and died a deacon. Mother Josephine Barber is a professed nun of the Visitation Order, and the only surviving member of this family, of whom it may in all truth be said—"The Hand of God was there!"

The third beloved sister whom the Ursulines are just now mourning is the venerable Mother St. Agnes (Miss Catherine Cote), a native of the neighboring parish of St. Augustine, who received her reward on Wednesday, 3rd instant, at the very advanced age of eighty-six years, sixty-two of which she passed as an Ursuline nun.

The extreme age to which many of the inmates of the Cloister of the Ursulines in this city have attained is noteworthy. In November last Mother St. Ursula died after fifty-two years of religious life, and there are there presently one venerable lady who pronounced her vows sixty-five years ago; one of fifty-six years of religious life; one of fifty-two and two of fifty years. This is a nut to crack for those who decry the monastic life. I may add that whilst many of the nuns who died between the years 1761 and 1875 (the only record now at hand) exceeded the patriarchal age of seventy, and some even went into the eighties, the average age was over fifty-one years.

MR. F. J. CURRAN.

But whilst the grim destroyer has been busy in "the cloister," he has also been doing his fell work in "the world." It is my sad duty to record the death of a young Irish Catholic—Patrick Joseph Curran, Assistant English Translator in our Local Legislature. When I say that he was a "Curran" in fact as well as in name, and that he possessed all the best attributes of his famous namesake—genius of a high order, wit and repartee and literary ability in music and poetry and prose, and what may seem paradoxical, a mathematician at the same time—I only give your readers a truthful, but I feel at the same time a feeble pen and ink sketch of the brilliant and gifted young man who now lies awaiting his return to mother earth, in the hope, however, of the glorious morning. Mr. Curran would have attained his thirtieth year on the 29th of the present month, and he leaves a widow and two children, the eldest of whom is only a little over two years, and a widowed mother. The deceased was educated principally at the Ottawa College, and his last moments were comforted by the assiduous attention of one of his whilom teachers, Rev. Father Tortel, O. M. I., presently Superior of the Oblate Fathers and pastor of St. Saviour's parish, adjoining this city. He was the youngest of four sons of the late Mr. Chas. Curran, of Montreal. His eldest brother is Mr. John J. Curran, the well known barrister and Queen's Counsel, another brother is a member of the Order of Christian Brothers, and his three sisters are nuns. Although resident in this city only since his appointment to the position which he so worthily filled, some three years ago, he made for himself hosts of friends amongst all classes and creeds and nationalities. The members of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute, above all, can never forget the many obligations they owe his memory; his services were always, during health, at their disposal, whether as an orator, a conductor of their concerts or amongst the rank and file at their weekly readings. He conducted the literary and musical soirees in their hall (Victoria) last Saint Patrick's night, possibly one of the most successful ever held on a like occasion in this city. St. Patrick's congregation generally will also remember him for his readiness on many occasions to lend his assistance as well instrumental as vocal, in the organ loft. All will heartily join in the prayer: *Ere, Domine, animam ejus!*

The Biddulph affair is closely watched here. The brutal conduct of the Globe and other such prints toward Father Connolly is fully appreciated, but the Globe could not disappoint in this respect.—Catholic Review.

Constitution for the National Land League in America.

The following articles for a basis of constitution for the National Land League in America were presented by Mr. Parnell to the representatives of Irish organizations commenced by him and in session at the New York Hotel, New York, on March 13th, previous to Mr. Parnell's departure for Europe. It will be seen that the friends of the Irish Land Law Reform can at once commence organizing local branches to forward the cause:—

1.—That in the opinion of this meeting, it is expedient that an auxiliary organization of the Irish Land League be formed in America, in harmony with the organization in Ireland, and to assist its objects.

Moved by Dr. Charles J. Smith, of New York, seconded by Justice Courtney, of Brooklyn. Adopted.

2.—That the Irish Land League in America be organized by States, Territories (and District of Columbia), with an Executive Council for each, the members of which are to be elected by several local branches in the State, each being entitled to a representation in the Council in proportion to membership. The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall reside in the same city.

Moved by Hon. Thomas C. E. Ecclesine of N. Y., seconded by John Mullins of N. J. Adopted.

3.—That there shall be a Central Council in the Union, consisting of representatives from the several State Councils, through whom official communications and funds may be forwarded to the Dublin Executive of the Irish National Land League. The Secretary, Treasurer and President to reside in the same city.

Moved by Dr. Thomas J. Kearney of New York, seconded by James Reynolds, Conn. Adopted.

4.—That a convention of local associations to elect their State Council for the transaction of business meet within their State at least once a year.

Moved by Terence Byrne, of N. J., seconded by John Devoy, N. Y. Adopted.

5.—That a convention of representatives of State Councils be held yearly to elect the Central Council in the same way.

Moved by John F. Walsh, N. Y.; seconded by J. B. O'Seama, of D. C. Adopted.

6.—That a Committee on Rules be hereby appointed to draw up suggestions for the guidance of the Councils and the local associations, such rules being held to be the rules of the Councils and associations, unless objected to by a majority of the branches and notified after a lapse of one month after the notification thereof.

Moved by E. J. Reynolds, of New Haven; seconded by Judge Walsh, Brooklyn. Adopted.

7.—That an Executive Committee of this meeting, consisting of one from each organization represented, be appointed to select said committee.

Moved; seconded; adopted.

Mr. Parnell deputized to the Committee itself the work of appointing the committee on rules; and that he suggested the adoption of the following resolution as defining said duty:—

Resolved.—That a committee be appointed, with power to add to its number gentlemen from all parts of the Union, to carry out the resolution adopted at the full meeting; this committee to have power to consult with leading gentlemen in various parts of the country, and to extend and promote the organization.—Boston Pilot.

LONDON, March 23.—The Times says Parnell's determination that advanced Home Rulers shall put forward new candidates in a number of constituencies, to oppose the moderate Home Rulers or Liberals who decline Home Rule pledges, has thrown Irish politics into confusion which may benefit the Conservatives.

PARIS, March 25.—The semi-official Pays says the departure of Prince Orloff, Russian ambassador, without taking leave of the President or Premier, is the best proof he was neither recalled or gone on leave of absence. Orloff was called to St. Petersburg to give explanation of a particular matter. Diplomatic etiquette did not require visits before this temporary absence.

For Sale.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

Still on hand the new book entitled, Ireland's Story and Song. Also some of the finest photographs yet issued of the late lamented Irishman, B. Devlin, Esq., Q. C. Also photographs of the brave and noble Agitator, Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. Any one of these photos with the book will be sent to any address on receipt of 50c., or all three for 50c.

The above photos are cabinet size.

N.B.—Special terms to the trade.

JAMES McARAN, Publisher, 186 Murray Street, Montreal, P.Q.

Medical, &c.

DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES

Approved of by the Medical Faculty

Are now acknowledged to be the safest, simplest and most effectual preparation for the destruction of worms in the human system.

They are Purely Vegetable.

They are Pleasant to the Taste.

Simple in Administering and Sure and Certain in their Effect.

In every instance in which they have been employed they have never failed to produce the most pleasing results, and many parents have, unhesitatingly, testified to their valuable properties. They can be administered with perfect safety to children of most tender years.

CAUTION.—The success that these Pastilles have already attained has brought out many spurious imitations; it will be necessary, therefore, to observe when purchasing that you are getting the genuine, stamped "DEVIN'S."

TO MOTHERS.—Should your Druggist not keep them, I will send a box of DEVIN'S WORM PASTILLES by mail, prepaid, to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

R. J. DEVIN'S DRUGGIST, Next to the Court House, Montreal.

TAPEWORM

ONE DOSE OF DEVIN'S TAPEWORM REMEDY

Will Drive this Parasite from the System

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale by Lyman Sons & Co.; Kerry, Watson & Co.; H. Sugden; Evans & Co.; H. Haswell & Co.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TRADE MARK. Will promptly TRADE MARK. cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess of over-work of the brain, and nervous system.

