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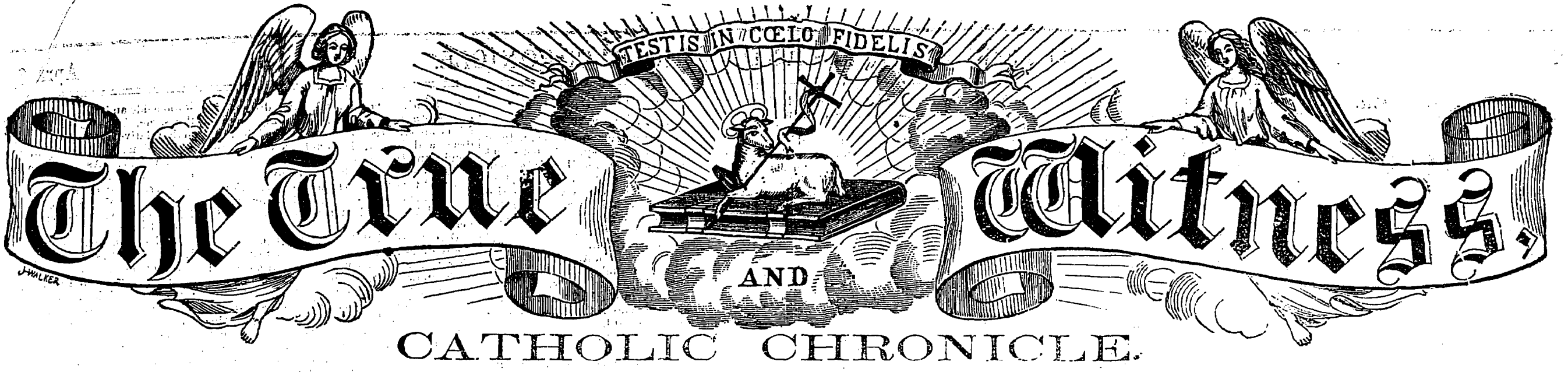
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IRELAND!

THE CROWBAR BRIGADE,
—
MORE BLOODSHED.

Michael Davitt's Release to be Demanded

LONDON, March 30.—It is rumored, on good authority, that the Government Land Bill will not offer the Irish tenants sixty of tenure, though it will afford increased stability of tenure, and that it contains clauses drawn on the lines of last year's Disturbance Bill, increasing the fine payable by landlords who are adjudged guilty by the courts of arbitrary eviction. Courts of arbitration will be established, with power to decide what is fair rent. When disputes arise between landlord and tenant the right of free sale will be given to tenants, subject to the reasonable objection of the landlord to the incoming tenant. Landlords, however, will be obliged to prove to the satisfaction of the Court that their objections to the incoming tenant are reasonable. Valid facilities will be given to tenants to become purchasers of their holdings under the extension of the Bright clauses of the Land Act of 1870. Provision will be made for the compulsory sale of large tracts of waste land, which will be divided into small farms and sold on favorable terms to tenants. Though this programme will not, perhaps, satisfy the more advanced advocates of "the land for the people," it will, if carried out in its entirety, produce a great revolution in the condition of the Irish farming classes. Landlords will be deprived of arbitrary powers, and tenants will obtain good security for their interest in whatever improvements they may make on their farms. Under the operation of this proposed law it is probable that the conflict between the landlord and tenant classes will rapidly subside, and Ireland will enter on a new era of prosperity and peace.

It is believed that the Land Bill will contain the creation of a peasant proprietary scheme for the reforming of waste lands. The clause for sixty of tenure is said to have no place in the bill.

LONDON, March 29.—It has transpired that the sudden calling together of the British Cabinet yesterday afternoon was caused by the receipt of alarming intelligence from Ireland. Two questions were discussed by the Ministers. One was the Basuto war, and the other was a confidential report of the Irish Government. Mr. Forster announced that the intelligence from Ireland was of a most disquieting character, although the attitude of the people appeared to be tranquil on the surface. Mr. Forster stated that according to information in the possession of the Irish Government, the tranquility of the people had increased the uneasiness of the authorities who regarded it as a lull before the storm. Information in the possession of the Dublin Castle authorities caused them to believe that insurrectionary outbreaks might be expected at any moment. Mr. Parrell's present attitude was regarded with disquietude. His apparent inactivity was thought to indicate that he anticipated a movement of a different character from that which he had been conducting. His two visits to Paris are regarded as inexplicable, the Government not having been able to discover any sufficient ground for them.

DUBLIN, March 29.—At the Land League meeting held to-day the subscriptions received during the week were announced as amounting to £2,339, all but £100 being from America. Mr. Dillon stated that the organization was spreading rapidly and that there were now a larger number of strikes against the payment of rent than at any previous time.

LONDON, March 30.—The Catholic Bishop of Bayeux, writing to a member of the Committee of the Dublin Mansion House Relief Fund, says that he has endeavored to impress upon Mr. Childers, Viceroy, and other English statesmen who have visited Ireland in order to study the wants of the country, that the Government could easily provide for the reclamation of waste lands. He says he believes they could by this means scatter the people abroad from the overcrowded districts, and obviate the necessity of emigration for less than an extensive scheme of Government emigration would cost.

In the House of Commons on Monday night Right Hon. M. E. Grant Duff, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, replying to an inquiry, said that the memorandum of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, relative to Irish emigration, had been referred to the Irish Government.

DUBLIN, March 30.—All the preliminaries have now been arranged, and Friday night's Dublin Gazette will contain the proclamation putting the Arms Act into operation in Ireland. It is not intended to put the Act in force all over Ireland at once. At first, probably, only five counties, including Cork and Mayo, will be placed under the provisions of the Act in its full scope; that is to say, empowering the police to seize unauthorized persons for having or carrying arms, and enabling constables to search, on a warrant, any premises where arms are supposed to be concealed. The Order-in-Council, under the ninth section of the Act, has been framed with great care. I believe that the Lord-Lieutenant has directed a restriction to be made on the importation of arms to certain parts, namely: Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Derry and Sligo. Stringent conditions will have to be complied with in regard to such importations. In properly declaring them. "Though Dublin county or city will not be "prohibited," the Metropolitan police will be

under orders. The Constabulary will also have authority to demand returns of all sales of firearms by dealers specifying the weapon and the residence of the purchaser, under a heavy penalty for doing otherwise.

DUBLIN, April 1.—Jasper Jolly, editor of the Roscommon Herald and a Land League organizer, has been arrested at Boyle charged with intimidation. Jolly, in the last speech, referred to a museum in New York where he said rewards are given for heads of Irish landlords.

LONDON, March 31.—A Dublin despatch announcing that the Land League is trying to organize local branches in Dublin by bringing pressure upon traders, says that the League commenced in an old quarter of the city by establishing a branch where there is a large population of the lowest classes, capable of supplying abundant materials for mischief. The council of the new branch have sent a circular to merchants and traders who do not sympathize with the League, but who are largely dependent upon the populace for labor and custom and for immunity from injury. The merchants and traders are unwilling to comply with the circular and are afraid to refuse.

LONDON, April 3.—There were collisions between people and police at Coolavin, near Ballaghaderin, Ireland, yesterday, whilst the police were protecting process servers. Two persons were killed and a number wounded.

DUBLIN, April 3.—At a land meeting to-day Mr. Dillon spoke about the collision between the people and police at Coolavin, and declared that innocent men had been murdered by English law. He expressed a hope that their blood and the curse of their children might rest on the Prime Minister and Irish Secretary. He said:—"Keep your eyes on the traitors who are framing the land bill, and have no mercy on them."

DUBLIN, April 2.—The prisoners in the Kilmabham Gaol, after one day's experience on prison diet, reported that they had accepted it in lieu of the fare supplied them by the Land League. According to the new rules applicable to these prisoners, they were obliged to give two days' notice to the gaol authorities of their determination to take the food supplied by the Government, and they entered on the prison menu last Monday, but breakfast and dinner of the new diet was enough for them. They unanimously intimated to the Governor their desire to go back to the Land League bill of fare; but of this decision the Governor had to get two days' notice, and they were, consequently, unable to resume their choice of provisions out of the Land League funds until Wednesday morning. They are now being supplied from a neighbouring hotel. The prisoners complained principally of the quality of the bread. One of the Irish members (Mr. Healy) is to bring up the question in the House of Commons. A sample of the bread, neatly packed in a small box and labelled "Not dynamite," was forwarded this evening to the Chief-Secretary, in the House of Commons.

Reports from Ballina state that a large number of evictions have taken place on the property of a Galway gentleman within the last few days. Some of the scenes were pitiable. Over one hundred police accompanied the bailiffs and sheriffs in two townlands, where thirteen families were put out. Many of these families were very destitute. Only two of them were allowed to return; one as caretaker and the other paying rent. The parish priest did all he could to relieve the wretched people, who probably refused or have been unable to pay rent for some years. In every case the evicted tenants carried away the doors of their houses, and the sheriff's assistants had to build up the space with stones. The latter obtained possession peacefully, however. It is stated to be impossible for any body to live in these holdings even at a much lower rent than has been put upon those evicted. The district is very barren. The police are engaged almost every day in evictions and process-serving.

The Master of the Kildare hounds has issued a notice that in consequence of the hounds having been poisoned in different parts of the country the pack will not hunt any more this season.

A large number of processes for rent and ejectments have been served on the estates of Guy Lloyd, a Justice of the Peace at Crogan, and will be heard at the ensuing Quarter Sessions, when nearly a thousand processes will be heard. Upwards of three hundred and fifty civil writs and ejectments for rent have been issued on the estate of Col. King Harman, M.P. for Sligo. The majority of the tenants have resolved to hold out against the present rents until ejected. It is stated that the coming ejectments were discussed at the last Cabinet Council, together with a possible outbreak.

A correspondent reports that the Land League have taken precaution by removing books and papers from their offices in anticipation of a descent by the authorities.

At a land meeting at Clough County, Kilkenny, to-day, Dillon read a telegram from the branch League at Ballaghaderin about the affair there yesterday, stating that the police fired on the people without provocation and two were killed, two dying and three others wounded.

The details of the riot at Ballaghaderin on Saturday were as follows:—"The people attacked the police, who were obliged to fire in self-defence. Two of the rioters were killed and thirty-two wounded; four so badly that they are not expected to live. One policeman was killed and seven severely injured by stones.

LONDON, April 3.—Details of yesterday's fatal encounter between the people and police at Clogher, near Ballaghaderin, in county Mayo, have been received. A large body of the police went to protect a process server in the service of writs on the estate of Mr. Arthur French. A crowd of the constabulary, who were ordered to fire upon them. The volley took a fearful effect, two men being shot dead and four severely injured, and about thirty others wounded.

Mr. Gladstone's promised Land Bill is the subject of large discussion in Parliamentary circles. Many believe that the permanency of the Government depends on this measure. It will be in the hands of members before the meeting on the Transvaal question comes up for discussion. If it is unsatisfactory to the Irish party these threaten to unite with the Tories and further reduce the Liberal majority on the Transvaal question. The Home Rulers believe indeed that many disaffected territorial Whigs will oppose the Government on both points, possibly causing a Government defeat, but it is scarcely probable that any section of the Liberal party will endanger the existence of the Government at so critical a moment. Naturally the Home Rulers desire such a catastrophe, when an appeal to the country at the present moment would result in considerable Conservative and Home Rule gains, and would give the latter the balance of power; but public opinion changes rapidly in England, and if the Transvaal peace is maintained it is probable that the present Government will assemble after the Easter recess with its hands greatly strengthened.

LONDON, April 4.—A committee representing all sections of the Irish National and English Democrats is forming here to agitate for the unconditional release of Davitt. The agitation will be extended to the United States, Canada and Australia.

Geo. Marshall recently charged with the robbery of arms was arrested last night near Tralee, Ireland, under the provisions of the Coercion Act.

FATHER BRETTAGH AND THE TORONTO TRIBUNE

The following letter from Father Brettagh to *The Irish Canadian*, explains itself:—

Toronto, Ontario,
Saturday, March 26th, 1881.

MY DEAR *Irish Canadian*—Be pleased to publish in your next issue the enclosed copy of a letter to the *Tribune*, which I have mailed herewith.

Yours always,
H. BRETTAGH, Priest.
(COPY.)

MY DEAR *Tribune*—As the writer of the letter in *The Irish Canadian*, which you so unjustly attribute to Mr. Boyle, allow me to say that I wish it to be distinctly understood that my letter was intended primarily against the *Tribune*, but by implication against all who would asperse the character for purity of those noble ladies who have been forced to "forget the modesty of their sex" in the wrongs of their country, so far as to take up the cause of Ireland as against tyranny, extortion and misrule. If you see in this covert attack upon Archbishop McCabe, you are welcome to it. All I ask is that, in justice to Mr. Boyle, you saddle the right horse.

I have the honor, &c., &c.,
H. BRETTAGH, Priest.

PERSONAL.

General Roberts has been created a Baronet.

Senator Conkling is angry with President Garfield.

The German Emperor was 84 years old on the 22nd March.

The celebrated Forbes is now abusing Ireland in Chicago.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., has been asked to defend Herr Most.

Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie will shortly sail for Europe.

Rev. Henry Varley is to contest Northampton against Mr. Bradlaugh.

A movement is on foot in Quebec to erect a monument to the late Mr. Cazeau.

The statement that Archbishop McCabe is to be Papal Legate in Ireland is denied.

The Prince of Wales has been elected Grand Master of the English Freemasons.

Higgins, of Delvin, in the County Westmeath, has been arrested under the Coercion Act.

And now the new city of St. Thomas wants a coat of arms. What does it say to a coat of paint first?

Lately, when Mr. Gladstone moved that Mr. Healy be suspended, Mr. Bright rose up and walked out of the house.

Parrell will go to Ireland at the end of the week, and will address his constituents at Cork on Sunday on the Land Bill.

Mr. Blaine says the case of Boyton, recently arrested in Ireland for certain public utterances, is receiving his serious consideration.

Alderman Ryan of Toronto is one of the Commissioners appointed by the Ontario Government on the Provisional Board of the Sault Ste. Marie Railroad.

Jasper Tully, editor of the Roscommon Herald, arrested last week, charged with intimidation, is one of the most active and influential organizers of the Land League.

Mr. Harry Nicholls, who has been purser of the Royal Mail Line steamer Algerian for seven years, will act as station master for the Midland Railway at Peterborough.

Mr. Lawrence Lawless, Postmaster at London, Ont., has been superannuated. He has been over forty years in the service. His successor has not yet been named.

The Miss Charlotte O'Brien, whose article in the *Nineteenth Century* has made such a sensation, is a daughter of the famous William Smith O'Brien. She has subscribed £5 to the Land League.

EARL BEACONSFIELD.

UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS.
LONDON, April 5.—Lord Beaconsfield's fever increased during the night, and much alarm is felt for his recovery.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

THE BUDGET

LONDON, April 1.—The first attack on the Government's policy in the Transvaal was made by Lord Cairns (Conservative) in the House of Lords last night. He alluded to the announcement made in the Queen's Speech, "that the authority of the Crown would be promptly vindicated in the Transvaal," but he entertained grave doubts that in surrendering the territory the prerogative of the Crown had not been handed over to a system of slavery as ever existed in the world. He argued that they had no security that the Boers would accept the decisions of the Commission. His conclusion by a general denunciation of the terms of peace in a peroration of striking eloquence, which elicited an outburst of cheering.

Lord Kimberly replied that there could be no doubt if the war had been continued the greater part of South Africa would have been involved. He said he was convinced that for some years there had been no slavery in the Transvaal.

Lord Cranbrook mainly attributed the rising in the Transvaal to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone at Midlothian.

Lord Salisbury said it was the same wretched story of that of Candahar, and would raise a disgust which would be fatal to our future power in South Africa. The subject was then dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, April 1.—In the Commons, this afternoon, Sir S. Northcote, amid loud cheers from the Conservatives, intimated that Sir M. Hicks-Beach intended to give notice of motion on the Transvaal question, but desired to know first whether any more information was necessary.

Mr. Gladstone said he could not give positive information as to whether England will be represented at the Monetary Conference.

Mr. Maxwell moved that steps be taken to ensure that such of those compounds resembling butter, imported from the United States, as are harmless, shall only be sold under distinctive names, and that the importation and sale of those dangerous to health be prohibited altogether.

Mr. Chamberlain said the result of the motion would be absolute prohibition of the importation of butter from other countries. There was no need for alarm on the part of farmers for there was not the slightest proof that the introduction of substitutes for butter reduced the price of good butter. The evidence showed that some of these compounds were wholesome as butter, and there was no proof that any of them were injurious to health. The motion was negatived by 75 to 59.

Mr. Harcourt read extracts from the obnoxious articles in the *Freiheit*, and pointed out its revolting character. He said its attacks even included one on the President of the United States. The Government thought it would be a grave offence from a domestic paper as well as an international point of view to ignore the article. It was a domestic crime and breach of public morality to incite to murder. No Government would do its duty if it allowed a refuge in a free State to be converted into a hot bed of incitement to assassination. The Government acted on its own accord, and was not instigated by a foreign Power. He stated that England will not send Representatives to the International Monetary Conference.

LONDON, April 4.—Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer, before the House of Commons this evening, delivered the financial budget for the coming fiscal year. Great interest and anxiety had been felt respecting this matter. It was well known that the expenditure of the Government had been unexpectedly and extraordinarily large, the costs of wars in Afghanistan, Zululand and Basutoland having been great, and expenditures on account of the state of things in Ireland having caused large extraordinary expenditures, but it had been noticed abroad during the last few days that Mr. Gladstone's remarkable skill as a financier had enabled him to devise methods by which the deficit could all be met, and even a surplus left. These pleasing calculations were realized this evening, when Mr. Gladstone, in one of his best and most lucid speeches, laid his budget before the House, showing the country how it might meet all its outstanding and overdue obligations for the year and still have a surplus of £1,345,000. The speech was received with cheers from Government benches. The Conservatives had given notice of their intention to strongly oppose certain features in the budget, and the debate upon it will be lively. Mr. Gladstone, continuing his speech explaining the budget, said he found it would be necessary to increase property, income post office and land taxes. This statement was received with loud murmurs of dissatisfaction from the Conservatives, but he added, that in compensation for this the customs would be decreased. He had always found that the greater the reduction of duties on imported articles the greater was the consumption of them, and the larger the revenue consequently derived from them. In 1880 the revenue from land and house tax property was £2,670,000, income £9,230,000, post office, £350,000, and Crown lands, £390,000; all these were to be now increased, but custom duties, which last year were £19,326,000, were to be decreased. He said that expenditures for the fiscal year 1881 and 1882 were estimated at £83,308,000, showing a further surplus of revenue over expenditure of £933,000. He estimated that the ensuing year the surplus would be £1,235,000. The budget remits a penny in-

come tax; the duty on silverplate is reduced to threepence per oz. till it expires; one per cent. legacy duty is abolished, and one-half per cent. is added to probate duty. Mr. Gladstone, in concluding, announced that this was probably the last budget that he would lay before the Commons.

LONDON, April 5.—The press this morning evinces no excitement over the budget as presented by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons yesterday. The *Times* thinks that it lacks the buoyancy of former budgets.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

A Thirty Years' Record of Attempts of the Lives of Rulers.

1848—November 26.—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21.—The Crown Prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1854—June 28.—Robert Pate, an ex-lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1851—May 22.—Sefekous, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, and broke his forearm.

1852—September 24.—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles, with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—February 18.—The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna by a Hungarian tailor named Libzuz.

1853—April 16.—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian Chamber.

1853—July 5.—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III. as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 20.—Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1856—April 28.—Napoleon III. was fired at in the Champ Elysees by Giovanni Pianeri.

1856—April 28.—Raymond Fuenes was arrested in the act of firing on Isabella, Queen of Spain.

1857—December 8.—Agostino Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III. of Naples, with his bayonet.

1857—August 7.—Napoleon III. again. Barcolotti, Gibaldi, and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—January 14.—Napoleon III. for the fifth time. Orsini and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1861—July 14.—King William of Prussia was for the first time shot at by Oscar Becker, a student, at Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him, but missed him.

1862—December 18.—A student named Doasio, fired a pistol at Queen Amalia of Greece (Princess of Oldenburg), at Athens.

1863—December 14.—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III. were arrested at Paris.

1865—April 14.—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth.

1866—April 6.—A Russian named Kavarasoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburg. He was felled by a peasant, who was enabled for the deed.

1867—The Czar's life was again attempted during the great Exposition at a review in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris.

1867—June 19.—Maximilian shot.

1868—June 10.—Prince Michael of Serbia was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1871—The life of Amadeus, then newly King of Spain, was attempted.

1872—August—Colonel Gutierrez, assassinated President Balta of the Republic of Peru.

1873—January 1.—President Morales of Bolivia, was assassinated.

1875—August—President Garcia Moreno of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June—President Gilli, of Paraguay, was assassinated by Commander Molas.

1878—May 11.—The Emperor William of Germany was shot at again, this time by Emile Henri Max Hoodel, alias Lehmann, the Socialist. Lehmann fired three shots at the Emperor, who was returning from a drive with the Grand Duchess of Baden, but missed him.

1878—June 2.—Emperor William shot at by Dr. Nobling while out riding. He received about thirty small shot in the neck and face.

1877—April 14.—Attempted assassination of the Czar at St. Petersburg, by one Solowjew. He was executed May 8.

1879—December 1.—The assassination of Czar Alexander by a mine under a train near Moscow.

1879—December 30.—The King of Spain was shot at while driving with the Queen.

1880—February 17.—Attempted to kill the royal family of Russia by blowing up the Winter Palace. Eight soldiers were killed and forty-five wounded.

1881—March 13.—The Czar killed by a bomb.

Papineauville, a small town on the Ottawa, has a grist mill 100 years old, erected by the grandfather of Louis Joseph Papineau.

The statement that the Irish electors of Northampton would be summoned to vote against Bradlaugh is pronounced untrue.

A man named Cahill has been arrested on a charge of shooting Daly, the victim of the recent agrarian murder in Westmeath County, Ireland.

Four members of the Middleton (County Cork) Land League have been expelled—two for taking farms from which a tenant had been evicted; two for disturbing Land League meetings at Cloyne.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the Roman Catholic and United Greek Bishops in Russia, enjoining loyalty to the new Czar, and stating that the freedom of the Catholic Church in Russia agreed on by the late Emperor will be maintained.

SOUTH AFRICA

SICKNESS AMONG THE TROOPS

FEELING AGAINST GLADSTONE.

Transvaal News Disquieting.

NEWCASTLE, Natal, March 30.—A Boer is imprisoned at Heidelberg, charged with the murder of Captain Elliott, who was killed while crossing the Vaal River in January last, after having been released from imprisonment at Heidelberg.

The report of the surrender of Potchefstroom is confirmed. The provisions sent under the conditions of the armistice reached there twenty-four hours after the surrender.

DUBLIN, March 30.—Joubert is sending his men home, and the British reinforcements on the way up the country may be ordered back. A portion of the Naval Brigade left Newcastle yesterday to rejoin their ships. The "army of occupation" will not exceed 2,000 men. The Boers are exceedingly anxious about the Royal Commission. They are glad that Sir Evelyn Wood is to be the President of it, Joubert having formed a high opinion of him.

NEWCASTLE, Natal, March 30.—A meeting of English and Dutch refugees from the Transvaal has petitioned the Queen, stating that confiding in the public declarations that the annexation of the Transvaal was irrevocable, they had invested capital there, and their property is now worthless. A resolution was carried summoning the English and Dutch residents of Transvaal not to surrender any towns to the Boers, and promising support in the event of civil war.

LONDON, March 31.—Of the English troops sent to South Africa the 99th Foot will disembark at Cape Town, and remain there; the 85th Foot and the 7th Hussars will return to England; the 102nd Foot will disembark at Geylon, and the 51st Foot will disembark at Natal, and remain there.

LONDON, April 1.—A despatch from Newcastle, Natal, says that the rumour that Pretoria has been taken by the Boers is of doubtful origin. There is much sickness in Newcastle and the troops are moving to the hills.

NEWCASTLE, April 1.—It is stated that the Boer loaders at Middleburg have Joubert and the conditions of peace, and war refugees against returning. Many Transvaalians are returning hurriedly to Natal. There is great friction between the Boer leaders, and it is believed that peace is only temporary.

DUBLIN, April 1.—It is reported the Boers are looting the property of loyalists in the Transvaal.

LONDON, April 2.—The rumored surrender of Pretoria has no foundation in fact.

DUBLIN, April 3.—The Boers express their confidence that, in the event of hostilities being recommenced, the war will extend over the whole of South Africa, as they affirm that the Dutch populations, both of the Free States and the British Colonies, are ready to join them. It is needless to point out that the existence of such a spirit is one of the strongest arguments against our giving way now, since we shall, in a short time, have a powerful British force here.

LONDON, April 2.—The Transvaal news is uncertain and disquieting. The public are not convinced that the investing army at Potchefstroom was unaware of the peace before they demanded the surrender of that town. There is a strong suspicion that the Boers broke faith. General Wood telegraphs to suspend judgment. Complaints reach Newcastle, Natal, that the Boers returning from Luning's Nek demanded money and goods, and declare that Joubert, who is certainly not popular, betrayed them. Many English settlers and Boers who sympathize with England have threatened to enter Natal. They consider that the British Commander should break with the Boers, if only to inflict on them one defeat. This would be intensely popular in England. Though magnificent shots, the Boers are unable to cope with the enormous force which has been concentrating lately. Moreover, some think that a British victory may dissipate the fear of a general Dutch rising in South Africa.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The *World's* London special says a strong feeling is growing in the country against Gladstone on both the Transvaal and Candahar questions. The more they are studied, the clearer it becomes that the terms of peace with the Boers were an abject surrender.

FROM BROCKVILLE.

AD DROWNING ACCIDENT—BODIES RECOVERED.
BROCKVILLE, April 4.—Early this morning W. Fraser, barber, Arthur Wright, cornet player in the Brockville band, and a young man from Matilda, brother of Mrs. Fraser, went up the river in a skiff duck shooting. It appears the boat was capsized. Wright and the young man from Matilda were drowned; Fraser was found clinging to the boat, and now lies in an insensible condition at the residence of Mr. Wilson, three or four miles west of here.

Later—The bodies of Wright and the young man from near Matilda have just been recovered about 75 feet from the shore. Fraser is somewhat better, but is still unable to give an account of the accident. The ice cut the bow of the boat when she filled. Fraser would have undoubtedly been drowned if his arms had not trodden to the boat. He was rescued by Mr. Wilson, druggist, who heard his cries.

A-SCHOOL TEACHER.

No! of the happy souls who sing
Is he my heart loves best?
His speech is not a magic talisman,
His thoughts but poorly dress.

His path lies not among the great,
Their praise be doth not speak;
He dwells 'mid those of small estate,
The lowly and the meek.

He is not beatific as a god,
Nor honors, wealth, nor praise,
Small is his share of outward bliss,
Laborious are his days.

But all could others read aright
That mind so pure and fair,
How would they envy his delight,
His joy beyond compare!

While we aspire to heavenly things,
In visions faint and dim,
His spirit mounts on golden wings,
And all is clear to him.

While we lament man's evil days,
By pain and wrong oppress,
His lips are ever proud to praise,
Bright hopes burn in his breast.

His joys come hardly once a year,
While sorrow crowd space
To him each day is glad and fair
The world a blessed place.

So small, so great, his pleasures are,
Alternate sage and child,
He looks with rapture on a star
A tiny floweret wild.

What marvels poets see and hear
All learn when he is by;
Music affects the heedless ear
Beauty the careless eye.

He chooseth not, but teaches all
But gladdens without heed;
His mind like dews of heaven fall,
On those who stand in need.

All fortune halloweth at his door,
And sorrow pass not by;
They leave him tranquil as before,
With spirit calm and high.

His treasure none can take by stealth
His portion none destroy,
Since things unseen are all his wealth,
And nature all his joy!

Nor is he niggard of his hoard,
He largely gives his own;
A beatific thought, a kindling word,
A glimpse of world's unknown.

For none so full of love as he,
His wisdom has no end;
The proudest on his bended knee
Might pray for such a friend.

REDMOND O'DONNELL OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Her hand was on the door. She stopped and turned to him, a smile of malicious triumph on her face and in her eyes. "Ah!" she said "you heard that, did you? What is Marie De Lansac to me? Captain O'Donnell, you accuse me of the guilt of having secrets and mysteries in my life. I wonder if I am alone in that? I wonder if Sir Peter Dangerfield knew every episode in my lady's career? I wonder if her papa and her friends are free to read every page in Lady Cecil's life? I wonder if Redmond O'Donnell knows every incident connected with his pretty, gentle sister's New Orleans existence? What women tell father, lover, brother—all? Not one among all the millions on earth. Captain O'Donnell, answer me this: Did you ever hear from your sister's lips the name of Gaston Dantree?"

"Gaston Dantree?" The name had a familiar sound to him, but at that moment he could not tell where he had heard it—certainly not from his sister. The derivative eyes of the governess were upon him; he could not understand the mocking triumph of their glance. "I have heard that name," he answered, "but not from Rose." "Then I tell no tales. I keep my own secrets, and let others keep theirs." Captain O'Donnell, the dressing-bell rings. "I wish you good afternoon."

She was gone as she spoke. Five minutes after, while she still sat there, mystified, annoyed, perplexed, an opposite door opened, and a young girl came in. She was dressed in a simple, elegant, sea-green, filmy stuff, that floated about her like a cloud; a little foam of white lace here and there. A cluster of trailing grasses and half-crushed pink buds clasped the soft corsage; trailing sprays of green, and a rose of palest blush, freshly gathered, adorned the light brown hair. She looked like a lily, a naiad queen, like a sea goddess, lacking the shells and sea-water. A more striking contrast to the woman, had left him could hardly be conceived. And she was not pledged to Sir Arthur Tregenna—had never been. For one moment a thrill of exquisite delight filled him at the thought—the next he could have laughed aloud at his own folly.

"As though it could matter to me if to-morrow were her wedding day," he thought. "Free or fettered, she is Lord Ruyssland's daughter, and I am—what? A Captain of Chasseurs, with no hope of being anything else to my dying day." "You here, Captain O'Donnell?" she said. "I did not know it. I came in search of—" she paused, and a faint color rose in the lily face. "They told me Miss Heroncastle was here," she added, hastily; "they must have been mistaken."

"No," the observer answered, coolly, "they were not. Miss Heroncastle has been here—with me. She only left a moment before you came in." The faint color deepened in her cheeks. She turned and moved away again. "I wish to see her. It does not matter—it will do after dinner. You dine with us, I hope, Captain O'Donnell, or do you run away at the sound of the dinner-bell? You did it a day or two ago, and Genevra was very angry."

She spoke coldly, voice and manner alike, unconsciously frigid. And without waiting for reply, she reopened the door and walked away.

"Miss Heroncastle there—with him!" she thought, a sudden, swift, hot pang that all Sir Arthur's demonstrations had never brought there sharp at her heart; "it is well the days of dining are exploded, or Sir Arthur might be tempted to call him out."

She hated herself for the hot anger she felt. What was it to her?—what could it matter to her, with whom Captain O'Donnell chose to amuse himself? He was nothing to her, of course—nothing. And she was less—less than nothing to him; all her beauty, all her wickeries were powerless here, and he took good care to let her see it. But that flush upon her face, that sharp pain still beneath the sea-green corsage, beneath laces and roses, when she took her place at dinner— Captain O'Donnell did not. He looked at his sister across a tall sprig of flowers. She was talking to Squire Talbot—Squire Talbot, whom the soft, and eyes and wistful little face had been enthralled of late, and wondered what Miss Heroncastle could have meant. "Gaston Dantree," he mused; recalled the name well enough now—Katherine Dangerfield's dastardly lover, of course. He had been a native of New Orleans; had Rose known him there? And her singular whim of visiting this place anything to do with knowing him? The mere suspicion made him warm and uncomfortable.

"I'll ask her after dinner," he thought, and she will tell me. Can he have had anything to do with the change in her?—the gloom, the trouble of her life, that has preyed on her mind and broken her health? And if so, how comes Miss Heroncastle to know it? The ladies left the table. Redmond O'Donnell sat very silent and thoughtful during the "wine and walnut" laces, before the gentlemen joined him. Fate favored him upon this occasion. Squire Talbot was turning Lady Dangerfield's music, and his sister, quite alone, with a web of rose-pink netting in her hands, sat in the recess of the bay window. He crossed over and joined her at once.

"Rose," he began, speaking abruptly, "how much longer do you propose remaining in Sussex?" She looked at him, surprised at the sudden and unexpected question, a little startled by the dark gravity of his face. "Remain?" she faltered and stopped. "Are you anxious to go, Redmond? If so, of course—"

"I have no wish to go until the object that brought you here is an object accomplished, Rose. That you have some object in insisting upon coming to this particular place I am quite certain. More, perhaps I can partly guess what that object is." The rose-hued netting dropped in her lap, her knees, dark eyes dilated in sudden terror. "Redmond!" "You have not chosen to make me your confidant, Rose, and I ask for no one's secrets, not even yours. Still you will permit me to ask one question: Did you ever know Gaston Dantree?"

Suddenly, sharply, without warning, the question came upon her. One faint, wailing cry, then her hands flew up and covered her face. He was answered. "No one had heard that suppressed cry; the curtains of the recess hid them. He sat and looked at her almost as pitilessly as he had looked at Miss Heroncastle two hours before. In his stern justice Redmond O'Donnell could be very hard—to himself as well as to others. "I am answered," he said—"you have known Gaston Dantree. He was a Louisiana man—you know him in New Orleans. He disappeared here; at Castleford the last trace of him is to be found. Was it to discover what you came and brought me here? Look up, Rose," he said, sternly, "and answer me."

She feared as well as loved him. Habitually he was very gentle with her, with all women, but let that stubborn sense of right and wrong of his be roused and he became as iron. Her hands dropped at his stern command, her poor, pale face, all drawn and white with terror and trouble, looked pitifully up at its judge. "Tell me the truth," he ordered, his lips set. "It is too late for further prevarication. You know this man?" "I know him!" "In New Orleans, before he came here to court and desert, like the craven-hearted dastard he was, Katherine Dangerfield?" "Yes."

His lips set themselves harder under his long mustache, his blue eyes looked stern as steel. "I said I asked for no one's secrets, not even yours. I do, Rose. What was he to you?" She drew away from him once again, hiding her shrinking face in her hands. A dry, tortured sob was her only answer. But her judge and arranger never faltered. "She made a man's gesture of assent. "A false one, of course?" "Heaven help me—yes." "A pause; then—" "Rose, did M. De Lansac know?" "He suspected. He never knew?" "Did he favor Dantree?" "No; he forbade him the house." "And you—you, Rose O'Donnell, stopped to meet him in secret—to make and keep assignations. You did this?"

Again that sobbing sound, again that shrinking away of face and figure. It was reply enough. If Lady Cecil Olive had seen the face of the Redmond O'Donnell who sat in judgment there upon the sister he loved, she would have been puzzled indeed to find much similarity between it and the face of that other Redmond O'Donnell among the Fernmann hills. He loved his only sister very dearly; he had held her a "little lover than the angels," and he found her to-day with a secret of deceit and wrong-doing in her life—found her false and subtle, like the rest of her sex. Was there no truth in woman—no honor in man—left on earth. He sat dead silent; it was bitter to him well nigh as the bitterness of death.

His silence frightened her, cut her, as no shattering reproach could have done. Once again she lifted her face, all white and piteous, to his. "Redmond?" she cried, with a great gasp, "why are you so hard, so bitter? Why do you judge me so harshly? I was very young; I did not know what distrust meant, and I—I loved him with all my heart. He said he loved me, and I—oh, Redmond; it is nine years ago—I believed him. I was warned; years—older and wiser, read him aright—told me it was the prospective heiress of M. De Lansac's millions he loved—not Rose O'Donnell. But I loved and trusted, and could not believe. I met him in spite of my grandfather's commands; I received his letters—to my shame I own it. Then our grandfather married—then Clarence was born, and I—learned the truth at last. It was all as they said—he was false, base, mercenary to the core, was he not, I, and he left me. Left me without a word, and came here to England. Still, without a word, he returned me my letters and picture. Then—the next thing I heard of him—I saw the mournful story of Katherine Dangerfield in the English papers my grandfather received. From that time I have heard nothing—nothing. I should have told you, perhaps, but if I had so easy a story to tell—the story of one's own folly and humiliation?"

The soft, sad voice ceased; the pale, drooping face turned away from him in the silvery dusk. But in his face there was little relenting, in his voice little softness, when he spoke. "The folly of the past I could forgive; the folly of the present, no. That you took a fancy for a man's handsome face, and were the dupe of his false words, might be overlooked—is very natural in a girl of sixteen. That a woman of five-and-twenty should still cling to the memory of so despicable a wretch, still pursue him, and drag me, in my ignorance of your secret, into that pursuit—that I cannot forgive."

He arose as he spoke, angry exceedingly, wounded, grieved, and despaired. He seized his hand in a sort of desperation, and clung to it. "Redmond, you—you don't understand. It is not that. I don't care for him; it is all I can do to pray to be kept from hating his memory, whether he be alive or dead. It is—that—that I—" Her courage failed as she looked up into that iron face. "Redmond!" she cried; "who has been talking to you—who has told you this?" "Miss Heroncastle," he answered, "Your secret, it would seem, has all along been secret to her. She bade me ask you two hours ago, what you know of Gaston Dantree."

"Miss Heroncastle!" she could just repeat the name in her ungovernable surprise. "Miss Heroncastle," he repeated, still very coldly. "If I were in your place, I think I should come to an understanding with that lady. It was against my will I ever came to England. If I had dreamed of your object, I certainly would never have set foot in it. But I trusted Rose O'Donnell. That is all over now—it is only one other lesson added to the rest. When your enquiries concerning Mr. Gaston Dantree are at an end, let me know, and we will depart for France."

Again he was turning away, but, angry, grieved beyond words to say. Again she caught his hand and held it fast. "Redmond! brother—friend! Oh, my God, why will you judge me so harshly? I have deserved it, perhaps, but—you break my heart. If you knew all I have suffered, you might pity—you might forgive."

He withdrew his hand, and turned sternly away. "I have told you—the past I could forgive easily; the present I cannot." "And then he was gone. For a moment she sat looking after him with eyes of passionate pleading. Then the pulse of blood, latent in her, aroose. He was hard, he was cruel, he was merciless. If he had ever loved, himself, or suffered, he would not be so pitiless to her. Lant was wrong—neither Lady Cecil nor any other woman had ever touched his heart of granite."

She was wounded—humbled—silent. Then all at once the recollection of Miss Heroncastle flashed upon her. She had told him—she knew all. All! Rose O'Donnell turned white and cold from head to foot. Did Miss Heroncastle know all? She rose up hurriedly and looked down the lighted length of the spacious drawing-rooms. No; Miss Heroncastle was nowhere to be seen. Should she seek her in her room? She stood for an instant irresolute. Squire Talbot espied her and turned to cross over. She saw in time—flight was her only escape. She stepped through the open window and disappeared.

The tall trees of the lime-walk stood up black in the ivory light of the moon. She turned toward it, then as suddenly stopped. For from its somber shadow Sir Arthur Tregenna and Miss Heroncastle walked. The meeting had been purely accidental, on his part, at least. He had gone forth to smoke a cigar, and (was it by accident?) Miss Heroncastle had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Her head was aching—she had come out for the air. A black lace scarf, artistically draped like a Spanish mantilla, covered her head and shoulders, one white, shapely hand held it in its place. A crimson, half-shattered, gleamed above one pink nose. She had never looked better in her life. Sir Arthur's eyes pretty plainly told her that. And having met by chance the usual way, what more natural than that they should take a turn down the lime walk together.

"Do you return to the drawing-room?" Rose heard him say. "It is beyond all comparison pleasanter here."

"But Sir Arthur Tregenna may be missed," Miss Heroncastle's sweet voice supplemented. "No, Sir Arthur, I shall go to my room. Don't let me detain you an instant longer. Thanks again, for the books and the music, and good-night."

Music and books! He had been making her presents then—what would Lady Cecil say to this? She had him good-night with her brightest smile, waved a white hand in the pearl light, and turned with the slow, stately, graceful motion peculiar to her, and walked away.

He stood, a strange expression of yearning in his eyes and face, and watched the tall figure from sight. Then he turned reluctantly—Rose could see it—stepped through the window whence she herself had emerged, and was gone.

"Miss Heroncastle!" Rose O'Donnell's clear voice, ringing along the silence, came to the ear of the governess. She had reached the Kings Oak, and was standing, a sign Peter had seen the ghostly smile fading away, and confronted the speaker. "You called, Miss O'Donnell?" "I called, Miss Heroncastle. I wish to speak a word to you. I will not detain you an instant," as the governess shivered ever so little in the soft night air. "Two hours ago you bade my brother ask me what I knew of Gaston Dantree. Miss Heroncastle, in my turn I ask, what do you know?"

She looked more like her brother, as she spoke, than the governess had ever seen her. She came of a bold and brave race, and some of the fire of that race shone in her eyes now. Miss Heroncastle returned her gaze steadily. "You really wish me to answer that question?" "Certainly, or else I had not asked it. Did you know Gaston Dantree in New Orleans?" "I never saw Gaston Dantree in New Orleans in my life."

"In England then?" "In England then?" "Miss Heroncastle stood looking at her, making no reply. "You heard me?" Rose O'Donnell repeated; "what do you know of Gaston and—me?" "Miss Heroncastle's lips opened to answer with that excellent brevity of speech that characterized her. "Everything."

"Miss Heroncastle!" "It is your own fault, and your brother's Miss O'Donnell, since by that name you prefer to be known."

"CHAPTER XIX.—KNIGHT AND PAGE." "It was a noticeable fact—noticed chiefly by Sir Arthur Tregenna and Squire Talbot—that neither Miss Heroncastle nor Miss O'Donnell returned to the drawing-room. For Captain O'Donnell, he did not even perceive his sister's absence. He sat a little apart from the others, turning over a book of photographs, celebrities, and never seeing one of them. One question was reviving itself over and over again in his brain until he was dizzy. Had Katherine Dangerfield died six years ago? Had she not? If she had not, who then lay in that quiet grave in the Methodist churchyard? If she had, who then, in the name of all that was wonderful, was Helen Heroncastle? He thought, till his brain was dazed. Lady Cecil Olive, with Sir Arthur seated near her, glanced furtively across the length of the drawing-room at Redmond O'Donnell's dark, tired face and sombre, blue eyes, and wondered, with a sort of awe, of what he could be thinking so intently and sternly.

"There is but one way," he said to himself, moodily; "a way I hate to take, and yet—for every one's sake—for Rose's—for Tregenna's—for Sir Peter's—it should be taken. If Katherine Dangerfield was buried six years ago, Katherine Dangerfield cannot be here. My mind is made up. He rose with the air of one who shakes off a burden. "I'll wonder no longer. No possible harm can come of it, and it will put an end to this juggling ghost-seeing—this mystification. I'll do it. And I'll begin the first thing to-morrow morning."

He took his leave and went home. It was a brilliant summer night, and, as he neared the fields, he stopped and looked suspiciously around. But if he looked no Miss Heroncastle was to be seen. It was long past midnight when he reached the silver Rose, but even then he did not go to bed. He lit a cigar, and sat down by the open window to smoke and think. The town was very quiet, the lights all out—the stars and Captain O'Donnell had the peace and beauty of the sweet July night all to themselves. He sat there, darkly thoughtful for over an hour. When he threw himself on his bed, he had thought it all out; his whole plan of action lay clear before him.

At ten o'clock next morning he began to take his way into the town, to that pleasant cottage adjoining the churchyard, where, when Katherine Dangerfield six years ago had died, "I have warned," he thought, "and she will not be warned. She must take the consequences now."

A family named Wilson, resided in the cottage at present—that much he had ascertained at his inn. They had taken possession of the very week in which Mr. Otis had left, and had been there ever since. Mrs. Wilson, a rosy little matron, answered the door in person, and ushered her military visitor at once into the parlor. Captain O'Donnell's business with Mrs. Wilson was very simple. He understood that the servant woman who had lived in the family of Mr. Otis, six years ago, was now in the service of Mrs. Wilson. His business was with that servant—could he see her a moment or two in private?

The little mistress of the cottage opened two bright, brown eyes in surprise, but answered readily in the affirmative. If meant Dorcas, of course—Dorcas had come to her with the house, and Dorcas was in the kitchen at present, and would wait upon the gentleman at once.

Mrs. Wilson went and Dorcas came—a stout, elderly woman, with an intelligent face. "I wish to obtain a few particulars concerning the sudden death of a young lady in this house six years ago; the chasseur began, plunging into his subject at once. "You remember her, of course? Her name was Katherine Dangerfield?"

"Yes, Dorcas remembered perfectly well, remembered as though it were yesterday. She had come to the cottage late in the evening—a cold, dark winter evening it was—to see the sick young man, Mr. Dantree. Mr. Otis himself had let her in. The next thing she heard, was an hour later, was Mrs. Otis screaming. She had rushed in. Miss Dangerfield was lying then on the sofa, white and still, and Dr. Graves said she was dead."

"You saw her dead?" "Yes, poor dear, and a beautiful corpse she made, calm, and white, and peaceful, and looking more as though she were asleep than dead."

"How long was she kept here before she was buried?" the soldier asked. "Only two days, sir, and she looked lovely to the last. I remember her well, lying in her coffin, with flowers all round her like marble or wax-work, and misses a-crying over her and master with a face like white stone. I saw it all, sir, saw the coffin-lid screwed down, saw her carried out, and a fine, respectable funeral she had—all the gentry of the neighborhood, poor dear young lady."

"Humph!" Captain O'Donnell said, knitting his brows. Katherine Dangerfield had died then, and Miss Heroncastle had nothing whatever to do with her, in spite of all the astounding coincidences. "One question more my good woman; how long after the funeral was it that Mr. Otis left this place for London?" "About a month, sir—yes, just a month. I think they would have gone sooner, but for the unexpected arrival of his cousin, the sick young lady from Essex."

Captain O'Donnell had risen to go. At these last words he suddenly sat down again. "The sick young lady from Essex. Ah! I think this may be what I want to hear. What did you say the sick young lady came?"

"On the very identical night of the funeral, sir, and most unexpected. I had gone to bed, and misses she came to my room next morning before I was up, all white and in a tremble, and says to me, 'Dorcas, get up at once and heat water for a bath'; and then she sat down in a chair, looking fit to drop. I asked her if any one was sick, and she said yes, a young lady who had come in the night, a niece of hers from Essex, and who was going to stop with them a few days. She begged me to keep it a secret. The young lady was weak-like in her intellect, and they would be obliged to confine her to her room. I promised not to speak of it, for misses she looked trembling and frightened to death almost. And so she was all the time the strange young lady was in the house."

"How long was that?" "Not quite a fortnight, sir; and a slight of both she made—all her meals took up to her room, and misses a-trotting up and down all day long, a-waiting upon herself."

"What was she like—this young lady?" Dorcas shook her head. "That I couldn't tell, sir. I never laid my eyes on her, leastwise except once. Master and misses they kept waiting on her, all day long, and misses she slept with her in the same room at night."

"But you saw her once?" "Yes, sir, but it was by accident, and at night. I didn't see her face. She never stirred out all day long, and at night I used to hear sounds of footsteps, and doors softly opening and shutting. One night I watched, I heard her coming, she shut softly, and directed after I espied master walking in the back garden with a lady on his arm. It was a cloudy sort of night, and I couldn't see her face at all. She was tall, and dressed in dark clothes, and—but it was only a notion of mine—if Miss Dangerfield hadn't been dead and buried, I should have said the height and the figure were like hers."

The blood rose dark and red over the sun-browned face of the African soldier. For an instant his breath seemed fairly taken away. "Well?" he said in a tense sort of whisper. Dorcas looked at him in surprise. "Well, sir," she said, "the very next night after that the sick young lady ran away. I don't know whether they had been keeping her against her will or not, but in the dead of the night she ran away. When misses awoke next morning she found the bed empty, the door unlocked, and Miss Otis (they called her Miss Otis) gone. She screamed out like one crazy, and ran down in her night-clothes to master's room. I saw him as he came out, and except when he looked at Miss Dangerfield dead in her coffin, I never saw him wear such a face; I declare it frightened me. He searched the house and the garden, but she was nowhere to be found. Then he set off for the station, and discovered (I heard him tell his mother so) that a tall young lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, had gone up to London by the very first train. That same day, he got a telegraph dispatch from London, and he went up at once. He came back in three days, looking dreadfully gloomy and out of spirits. His mother met him in the hall and said, 'Well, Henry, is she safe?' in a hurried sort of way, and he pushed her before him into the parlor, and they had a long talk. Miss Otis never came back, and two weeks after master and mistress went up to town themselves for good. That's all, sir."

It was quite enough. Captain O'Donnell rose again; his grave face had resumed its usual habitual calm; he had heard all he wanted—more than he had expected. He pressed a half sovereign into Dorcas's willing palm, bade Mrs. Wilson good-morning, and departed.

His face was set in a look of fixed, steady determination as he quitted the cottage and returned to Castleford. He had taken the first step on the road to discovery—come what might, he would go on to the end now.

The middle of the afternoon brought Lanty Lafferty to Scarswood Park with a note from the captain to Miss Rose. It was only a brief word or two—saying he had gone up to London by the mid-day train and would probably not return for a couple of days.

Miss O'Donnell was in her room, suffering from a severe attack of nervous headache, when this was brought her. She looked at the bold, free characters—then pressed her face down among the pillows with a sort of groan. "And I intended to have told him all to-day," she said, "as I should have told him long ago if I had not been a coward. To think—to think that Miss Heroncastle should have known from the first. Ah! how shall I ever dare tell Redmond the pitiful story of my folly and disobedience!"

That day—Wednesday—passed very quietly; it was the treacherous bill that precedes all storms. Miss Heroncastle kept her room; she was putting still a few finishing touches to that lovely gossamer dress. Late on Wednesday evening came from town a large box addressed to Major Frankland; my lady and the governess alone knew that it contained Count Lara's costume. My lady was on her best behavior to her husband—go to the masquerade she was resolved, and brave all consequences. Sir Peter might never find it out, and if he did—well, if he did it would blow over, as other storms had blown over, and nothing would come of it.

There were others who judged differently. Some inkling of what was brewing, something of what Sir Peter had said, reached the ears of Lord Ruyssland, and Lord Ruyssland had ventured in the most delicate manner to expostulate with his willful niece. The game was not worth the candle—the masquerade was not worth the price she might pay for it. Better humor Sir Peter and his old-fashioned prejudices and throw over Mrs. Everleigh.

Ginevra listened, her eyes compressing—a gleam of invincible obstinacy kindling in her eyes. She was one of those people whom opposition only doubly determined to have their way.

That will do, Uncle Raoul. Your advice may be good, but I should think your three-score years' experience of this life had taught you nobody ever yet relished good advice. I'll go to the Everleigh party—I'll wear the page dress and snap my fingers at Sir Peter Dangerfield. His threats indeed! Poor little maikin! it's rather late in the day for him to play the role of Bluebeard. I shall go."

The earl shrugged his shoulders and gave it up. He never argued with a woman. "Certainly you'll go, my dear—I knew perfectly well how useless remonstrance would be, but Cecil would have it. Go, by all means. Whatever happens I shall have Jones my duty. Let us hope, Sir Peter may never hear it."

"Your duty! The Earl of Ruyssland's duty! My niece laughed contemptuously. "I wonder if all that eternal colloquy is for me or myself? If Sir Peter turns me out of Scarswood, you must follow, Uncle Raoul! The dress is made, and my promise given. I shall go to the masquerade."

Thursday came—that delusive quiet still reigned at Scarswood. When the afternoon station from London rushed into the Castleford station there appeared among the passengers Captain O'Donnell and Major Frankland; and placid and patrician pacing the platform, the Earl of Ruyssland.

"Ah, O'Donnell—back again. You don't know, I suppose, that your sister is quite indisposed. I regret to say such is the case—nervous attack or something vague of the sort. How do, Frankland? On your way to Scarswood? Permit me to accompany you there."

But the major drew back in some trifling embarrassment. He wasn't going to Scarswood this afternoon; to-morrow—ah—he intended to put in an appearance. Would his lordship be kind enough not to mention having seen him at all?

The earl's serene blue eyes were tranquilly fixed on the major's face. "I understand," he answered, "you are down on the quiet—Sir Peter is to hear nothing of it until after the ball? Is that your little game, dear boy? You see I know all about it, and my age and my relationship to Lady Dangerfield give me the right to interfere. Now, my dear fellow, that masquerade affair must be given up."

He took the younger man's arm, speaking quite pleasantly, and led him away. "Do you know why I took the trouble to drive four miles under a blazing July sun, over a dusty July road, to wait five minutes in a stuffy station for the 2.30 express, dear boy? To meet and intercept you—to ask you as a personal favor to myself, as an act of friendship to Ginevra, not to go to this fancy ball?"

"My lord," interrupted Major Frankland, uneasily, "am I to understand Lady Dangerfield has commissioned you?" "Lady Dangerfield has commissioned me to do nothing—has ordered me, indeed, to stand aside and mind my own business. All the same, I am Lady Dangerfield's nearest male relative, and as such, bound to warn her of her danger. Failing to impress her, I come to you. As a gentleman and a man of honor—as an old friend of poor Ginevra's, you will perceive at once the force of what I say."

"Landed," you will pardon my stupidity if I fail to perceive it as yet." "It lies in a nutshell," Sir Peter Dangerfield does you the honor of being infernally jealous. That is an old state of things—this masquerade at that woman's house has brought matters to a climax. He has told Lady Dangerfield that if she goes she shall not return, and my dear Frankland, he means it. They are both as obstinate as the very devil—she to go, he to a very serious state of things. Now this is a very serious state of things, but you will not be. You are the only one who can prevent this disastrous termination—on you all depend. There is but one thing for you to do—don't go. Stay—I know what you would say. You have promised—your dress is in the house—Lady Dangerfield will be offended, et cetera. Granted—but is it not better to break a promise that involves so much? Is it not better to temporarily offend Ginevra than ruin her for life? Frankland, as a man of the world, you cannot fail to perceive that but one course is open to you—to withdraw. Trust me to make your peace. In three weeks she will see from what you have saved her, and thank you."

The gallant major gnawed his military mustache in gloomy perplexity. "Confound the little bloke!" he burst out. "It isn't that I particularly care to go to this masquerade junketing, but I know Ginevra Dangerfield has set her heart on it, and will be proportionately disappointed. Are you quite sure, my lord, that he means to carry out his absurd threat? That he—oh, hang it all! he couldn't separate from her for such a trifle as that?"

"Could he not?" the earl answered quietly. "I find you don't altogether appreciate the force of such characters as Peter Dangerfield's. The obstinacy of a mule is gentle, yielding, compared to it. And, by Jove, Frankland, in this case he will have grounds to go upon. Lady Dangerfield, against his express command, goes to a masquerade in the house of a woman of doubtful reputation, in male attire, and in the company of a man who has been her lover, and of whom he is monstrously jealous. He warns her of the consequences, and in her mad recklessness she defies them all. Egad! if he does turn her out to-morrow morning, I for one won't blame him. You and Ginevra will act in every way, of course, as your superior wisdom may suggest. I have no more to say, only this—if you and she really persist in going, I and my daughter shall pack our belongings and depart by the earliest train to-morrow. I have spoken."

He turned to go. Still lost in dismal perplexity, still angrily pulling his ginger mustache, still gloomy of tone, the budgeted major spoke.

promised the earl: He's told me all about the little baronet's flare up, and threats, and all that nonsense, as Lady Dufferinfield accom-

With vast hesitation, many pauses, num-berless "aw's" and "er's," much pulling of the apron strings, the major got out this speech. The lurking smile of amusement in Miss Herculane's eyes he did not see.

"Major Frankland's sentiments do him honor. Sir Peter is certainly in earnest. Here in my book, Major Frankland; it will serve as a desk to write your notes."

"And you think my lady will make no end of a row, don't you, Miss Herculane?" the major asked, wistfully.

"I think she will be annoyed, beyond question, to see her husband so determined. Here is a pencil, if you have none; and the blank page will do for your notes."

With an inward groan of apprehension, the major scrawled two or three lines of incoherent scribble—he hardly knew what he did not do to read it, and handed it to the

My lady shall not be disappointed of the ball upon which her heart is set, even for your scraps major. No husband shall prevent my masterpiece of millinery:—Ever-

My lady and her party returned from More-caine in time for dinner. Sir Arthur was in attendance upon Lady Cecil, looking bored and distant. Squire Talbot was hovering in the

It had been agreed that the package in Major Frankland's room should be sent to the Silver Rose after midnight by one of the

She came home with the whole archery party in her wake. She was too ill to dress for dinner, but she made a heroic effort

(To be Continued.)

BISHOP NULTY.

The Month Prelate on the Land Agitation—Able Defence of his People—"A Flood of Light has been Let in the Gigantic Intiquity of the Age"—The Land League the Nation's Saviour.

The following letter from the most Rev. Dr. Nulty has been addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Meath:—

"DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERN—I am well aware that you regard the present situation as one full of danger. The Land League agitation; the probable enactment of a com-

And this is only the beginning of the wonder-ful results of the land movement. That movement has attracted the attention and the keenest interest in America as well as in Europe. I can bear testimony to the fact

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is not a combination for the express or im-plied design of positive aggression. They do not want to interfere with the rights of others, but to defend their own. It appears to me that the intrinsic character and constitution

Speaking of secret organizations which the people may be forced to join, he says—having lost all hope of being ever able, by lawful means, to redress their country's wrongs, they felt persuaded that, through those secret con-

NATURAL INCIDENTS of the desperate way they resolved to make—to rid their country of all forms of oppression, particularly of the hated tyranny of Land-

Should the Government be guilty of the in-excusable folly of suppressing the right of open organizations and of public meetings; should they stifle freedom of speech and

No one IONS passionately for the re-covery of his freedom as the man who has long endured the humiliation and degradation of slavery. Now, the people of Ireland were no bet-

A STRONG, SOLID, AND IRRESISTIBLE SOCIAL MOVEMENT, FOUNDED ON JUSTICE AND TRUTH, and sustained by powerful, active, and energetic principles of human action, which guar-

The social position, the well-known character and political leanings of the Deser-borough Land Commissioners, coupled with

The Commissioners appealed for information directly to the whole nation; and that distinct answer given by the nation to that inquiry,

Civilized nations have in every age governed themselves by "unwritten" laws as well as by "written" laws, and no man ever

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heartily approve of all their acts. The voice of the Pope, the highest authority on earth, has been already heard on this subject. He never speaks without necessity, and always

The Land League Fund.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: MA. ERROR.—The amount herewith re-

These scrupulous persons, however, belong to that large and sympathetic class that would make most useful and benevolent mem-

You will see by the list of contributors that the Land Leaguers and their programme have many friends in this part of the world. Nor do I see how can any one that is fair-minded

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O Donoghue, Antigonish 50c; M O Donoghue do 25c; S O Donoghue, Jr do 25c; Charles G Donoghue do 25c; Richard O Donoghue do 25c; John A McIsaac do 50c; Daniel McIsaac do 25c; Allan McDonald, St Andrews 1; John O'Brien, Antigonish 1; Ronald McDonald do 1; A McIsaac, M P, do 5; Hugh Chisholm do 50. Total amount received \$107.95. Alexander Munroe, Antigonish 50c; Angus McAdam, Briley Brook 1; total, 109.45.

LAND LEAGUE FUND. To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: MA. ERROR.—Please find enclosed \$1.00

Yours, JOHN MULLIN, A. St. Sylvester Boy. Stark Water, March 29.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find \$17.25, subscribed by the people of this place in aid of the Land League and Defence Fund, whose names are enclosed for publication.

I sincerely hope that the noble cause which the invincible Farnell and the Irish nation are at present struggling to obtain may yet prove successful, and that they will bring from these hypothetical landlords, or despoilers, at least a portion of their rights, of which they were robbed during (and later) the reign of "our good" Queen Ises.

Yours truly, M. SAMMON. John Shields, Oscosla, \$1; Jas Ferguson, 1; Patrick Aughey, 1; B Owens, Bromley, 1; Joe Mulligan, Oscosla, 50c; Wm Dunlop, 50c; Jno Patterson, 50c; Jno Dooner, \$1; E Reynolds, 1; Patrick Walsh, 50c; Robert Owens, Bromley, 50c; Stephen Ryan, 1; Jas Cawley, 1; Michael Sheedy, 1; Jno Daly, Jr, 1; Pat Rody, Sr, 1; Michael Sammon, 1; Bernard Lacey, 50c; Denis Sheedy, 25c; P Hart, 1; Edward Gannon, 1. Total \$17.25. Oscosla, March 28th 1881.

LAND LEAGUE. To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS: SIR,—Enclosed find the sum of \$4 for the Land League, which was handed to me to-day by a patriotic Irish lady, with her best wishes and prayers for the success of the "cause."

Yours truly, T. BURNS. Ottawa, March 28th, 1881.

Prof. Blackie on the Situation. To the Editor of the Glasgow Mail: College, Edinburgh, Jan. 14, 1881.

Sir,—Professor Blackie must surely be a much more important person in the public eye than he has any notion of, to justify your devoting a whole column of your influential paper to the public reprehension of his sup-

As to the Irish business, I was not lecturing on that subject, and what I said was not worth curious comment; but I have decided opinions on that matter, too, and will state them in two sentences. I did not justify the shoot-

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er than turns round in a fume and blames the netles. This is the plain rational of the whole affair.—I am, &c.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SCOTCH NEWS.

PENSIONS.—Two-thirds of the Glasgow Town Council have signed a petition in favour of Mr. Bradlaugh's motion regarding the abolition of perpetual pensions; 363 ratify the vote, out of a constituency of 161, have also signed it. The aggregate number of signatures is 1,218.

On 15 March three officers representing Government proceeded from Wemyss Bay on board the tug steamer Vanguard to make an official inspection of the Cumbranes and the Garrock Head, with the view of preparing a scheme for providing further defences for the Clyde.

H. M. S. Hercules will shortly leave her position as guardship for the Clyde to take up a like station at Portland. We understand that the ironclad Warrior, 40 guns, under the command of Captain C. F. Heneage, will take the place of the Hercules on the Clyde.

Superintendent Malcol's annual return of crime in the burgh of Dumfries, shows 816 offences against 1,128 in the previous year, 1,013 in 1878; property stolen, £10,174, recovered, £100 13s 4d; fines and bills recovered, £138 17s, compared with £200 in the previous year; public-house cases, 2.

John Aitken, living a retired life at Ardbrish for about ten years, was found dead on the embankment of the Crinan Canal on March 12th. The doctor supposed he had stumbled on the canal bank and fallen down the embankment. He had suffered much loss of blood. Mr. Aitken was over 70 years of age.

On Sunday, March 13th, Mr. Thos. Paterson, Harrington Place, one of the several gentlemen who were to have been ordained elders in Morningside U.P. Church, Edinburgh, dropped down as he was ascending the doab was speedily in attendance, and pronounced life extinct.

At the meeting of the High School directors on Wednesday, the resolution of the School Board, proposing that £10,000 of the £20,000 offered to the High School should be applied to the building of a second school for the School Board, was remitted to the committee and ex-Bailie Harris for consideration.—Glasgow Mail.

We understand that ex-Billie Harris, in consequence of the attitude assumed by the School Board of Dumfries, has resolved to withdraw his offer of £20,000 for the endowment of the High School. It is now therefore likely that the School Board will at once proceed to prosecute their claim to the High School in the Court of Session.

The dead body of a man was found floating in the sea opposite Mitchell's Railway Station on 13 March. The body, which was quite naked, with only a belt round the middle, is supposed to be that of a sailor washed overboard from some of the numerous wrecks on the coast, probably from the Invincible, of Colchester, wrecked at Garrow Point. To all appearance the body is that of a young man a little over 20 years of age, who, although the face was much cut, appeared to be of fair complexion.

On the same day the bodies of two men, apparently sailors, were found near the farm of Redcastle, at Lunan Bay, near Arbroath. One had on a pair of seaman's long boots, and the other had on only one boot, also a seaman's. Otherwise they were entirely naked. One body was that of a man apparently 40 years of age, with brown hair and whiskers, and the initials "J. C." tattooed on the right arm. The other body was that of a man about 50 years of age, having gray or white hair and whiskers. Both bodies are quite fresh, but much injured about the head and legs, and the neck of one of them appears to be broken.

On the 14th March, J. Derriks, railway surfaccman, Pardonov, was killed on the railway about half a mile east from Lillithgow. Derriks and his foreman were inspecting the line between Pardonov and Lillithgow, the former being on the down and the latter on the up-line. Derriks observed a goods train approaching on the up-line, and warned his companion of his danger, who at once quitted the line, and at the same time the foreman reminded Derriks that the 7.35 express for Edinburgh was due. The goods train then dashed between the two, and after it had passed the foreman perceived the receding express on the down-line, and he missed Derriks. He afterwards found him about 100 yards off, where he had been carried by the train. His brains had been smashed out, and one of his limbs entirely severed from his body, the missing member being found 50 yards further up the line.

Information was brought to Forfar on 14 March that two men—David Scot, Joiner, and James Duncan, shepherd, both residing at Glenly, Tannadice—had been found dead on the eastern bank of the river North, near Glenloch House. They left Glenloch on Sunday afternoon for a stroll, and were accompanied by a dog, which returned alone to the farm about five o'clock in the evening. As the dog did not belong to the men, its return did not occasion surprise; but as morning wore on and they had not returned, much uneasiness was felt, and Mr. Haggart, the farmer, was informed of the occurrence. Their tracks were followed to near Glenloch House, but their whereabouts was not ascertained till Monday afternoon, by which time a squad of 20 men had been searching for hours. They at that time dug out the lifeless bodies of the men from a wreath of snow on the river side. The bodies were about six feet apart. They had, it is supposed, fallen from a steep bank down amongst the snow, and it is possible that they may have been injured by the fall.

Whether this may be, both men were quite dead, and the snow was quite solid round them, and bore no trace of a struggle.

Intelligence was received in this city at an early hour on 16 March that the Portrack Bridge over the river Nith, about six miles north of the town of Dumfries, and situated on the main line of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway had sustained an alarming accident through the heavy spate on the river. On the 9.15 Pullman train from Glasgow to London passing the bridge on Wednesday night it was brought to a standstill, the driver of a previous train having noticed a flaw in the structure, and promptly taking means to ensure the suspension of all traffic over it. On an inspection of the bridge being made it was found that one-half of the first pier on the north end of the bridge had been entirely washed away by the heavy flood on the river. The bridge was thus rendered quite unsafe for the passing of trains over it.—on the down line from Carlisle, at least. It was, however, deemed quite secure for the passengers walking over it individually, and this the passengers of the Pullman express did in order to transfer themselves to another train which was awaiting them at the other (or south) end of the damaged structure. They were thus enabled to proceed on their journey after a detention of an hour and a half.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.

During the month of February the Clyde shipbuilding trade has been characterised by healthy spirit of activity, and the present position of the industry is exceedingly satisfactory.

In the later stages of ship-construction a considerable amount of briskness has prevailed, and the returns of completed work built largely. With the exception of February, 1874, the figures show to greater advantage than those for the corresponding period of the last eight years.

By the various firms on the river, 13 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 21,754 tons, were put into the water during the month. The figures are next best to the corresponding figures for the month of the Drummond Castle, the Compa, the Mount Lebanon, the Glenavon, and the Mispour, which were launched from the yards in the upper reaches. By the lower reaches 3000 tons of new shipping were contributed to the total, but notwithstanding this it is satisfactory to know that the Greenock and Port-Glasgow builders are well employed, having no fewer than 15 vessels on the stocks.

The value of the returns will be seen by comparing with those for the corresponding period of the previous years. In February, 1880, the returns amounted to 15,874 tons; in February, 1876, to 18,200 tons; in February, 1875, to 16,900 tons; in February, 1877, to 11,000 tons; in February, 1878, to 9,350 tons; in February, 1875 to 21,100 tons; in February, 1874, to 22,800 tons; in February, 1873, to 27,000 tons. It will thus be seen that the returns for February occupy a good position.

But while the returns are large and the vacancies on the stocks are consequently considerable, sufficient work has been booked to replace the vessels which have left the ways. Several good contracts have been closed, and the spirit of inquiry continues active. The amount of work on hand is encouraging, and the prospects are fairly satisfactory.

The Duke of Sutherland (who has long been a factor of the London and North-western and other railways) and his agents, on the other hand, are negotiating to sell in the Gaith in April, and three months' railroad ton in the United States.

PROFANELY DESIGNED BY HIS SACRED NAMES OF DOWNTACTS.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

Special Notice To Subscribers.

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

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For April, 1881. THURSDAY, 7th.—Feast. FRIDAY, 8th.—Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Mr. James Kelly, South Durham, Que., has kindly consented to act as Agent for The True Witness in that district, and is hereby empowered to collect subscriptions and enroll subscribers.

We hear no more of the "rising" in Ireland. It is possible that some convivial J.P. saw the moon rising as he was wending his way home from the Castle, and knowing that the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and that the moon had therefore no business to rise, took alarm and telegraphed the reasonable event.

The Right Reverend Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, arrived in New York on Friday in the City of Chester. He was met on his landing by the Rev. Fathers Farrelly, Riordan, Pratt and Maskey, who gave him a cordial welcome.

The Toronto Mail has become such a howling maniac on the Irish question that even Le Canadien cannot help castigating its Tory friend. But what will Le Canadien think, how will it stare when we inform it that the proprietor of the Mail is an Irishman, and that most of the staff are also Irish.

The American Government statistics put forward the following figures, showing that during the eight months ending 28th of February, the following immigrants arrived in the United States from the countries named:—Germany, 83,699; Dominion of Canada, 77,218; England and Wales, 36,278; Ireland, 30,161; Scotland, 8,073; China, 3,517; all other countries, 67,073.

Tennyson (the great poet, you know) says the nightingales have not sung at Farringford since the death of the Prince Consort.

There is more of poetry than truth in Tennyson's little story, but then he receives \$306 a year and a barrel of canary. The question is how many nightingales will vanish when Beaconsfield dies, and will they all disappear when the Queen joins the majority?

We have to-day received the sum of \$109.45 for the Land League from Antigonish, Nova Scotia, collected chiefly among the Scotch and Irish settlers by our ancient and indefatigable agent, Mr. Angus McIsaac and Mr. J. O'Donoghue.

WHAT though the British Government coerces Ireland from above to shore, what though it is shutting the Constitution against them and opening the jails, still it has performed one glorious act of justice; it has turned a few battalions, recruited everywhere, into Irish regiments, and more, it has given them green facings on which the Shamrock will appear! When the landlords are now evicting it will disarm the wrath of the tenants when they see green facings on the military protecting him, and ready to shoot them at a moment's notice.

THE troubles in South Africa are not yet over. The Boers are evidently satisfied with the terms offered, but there is a section of British settlers in the Transvaal who will be content with nothing but their supremacy, a supremacy which the great majority of the Dutch is not inclined to admit.

A pamphlet of fifty pages, which John Stuart Mill was the author, has been published in England, and attracts much attention. The subject matter is England's relations with Ireland in general, and the Irish land question in particular.

JOHN STUART MILL'S LAST PAMPHLET.

A pamphlet of fifty pages, which John Stuart Mill was the author, has been published in England, and attracts much attention. The subject matter is England's relations with Ireland in general, and the Irish land question in particular.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

The Toronto Globe, with a spirit of enterprise which cannot be too highly commended, has sent two Commissioners to Portland to find out the workings of the Maine Liquor Law. One of the Commissioners is a prohibition and the other an anti-prohibition correspondent, and each is supposed to give his unbiased opinion on the affair, founded on experience.

THE BLAKE BANQUET.

It is easy enough for an independent journal to endorse most of the sentiments expressed by the Hon. Mr. Blake at the banquet tendered him by the Young Men's Reform Club last night. Of course it is the business, it is almost the duty, in a party sense, for a politician to defend his own principles and to attack those of his opponents.

THE FENIAN INVASION!

We should like to know the reason why the Witness and Herald are trying to get up a Fenian excitement. In so far as any sensible man can judge there is not the slightest sign of a Fenian invasion of Canada at present, and yet we are treated to correspondence on the subject, as if a Fenian army was massed on the border, ready to carry fire and sword through the Dominion.

do not go to political banquets for the purpose of heaping coals of fire on the heads of their antagonists. Mr. Blake may therefore be forgiven if he omitted to confess that the National policy has really benefitted the country, or if he did say that the Liberal deficits arose from Conservative extravagance.

EAST NORTHUMBERLAND.

It was only when a month had elapsed after a battle had been fought in the war of secession, and won and lost, that the real victors and vanquished were decorated, and even then both sides would persist in gaining a victory.

ENGLISH GRATITUDE.

Decidedly the most scurrilous article we have ever seen in a newspaper since the Irish agitation commenced, appears in this week's issue of the Spectator, which, by the way, is in want of a manager with \$1,500. We should think so, indeed, and it also wants an editor with brains.

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as this does not imply a raid into Canada we must only conclude that the nerves of the correspondent are unstrung, or that his too great solicitude for the welfare of Canada has interfered with his digestion. The letter of the correspondent is calculated to do harm at this present time when pour parlers are crossing between the Canadian and Imperial Governments relative to Irish immigration to the Dominion.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

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LAND MEETING IN ENNIS.

On Sunday last a large and orderly meeting took place in this town for the purpose of protesting against the Coercion Bill. There were six hundred in attendance, which bestowed much animation on the proceedings. These were the Crusaders, Ennistymon, Lahinch, and the other bands. The three bands, the three bands, the three bands...

Captain O'Shea and Mr. Finigan, stating their inability to attend. The resolution passed unanimously. Mr. Edward Bennett moved the next resolution—"Resolved, that coercion never has proved and never will prove a remedy for the ills of Ireland, and consequently we mean to stand on our old ground as we did before coercive measures were passed."

THE LAND QUESTION IN SCOTLAND

The Glasgow correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle says:—"Here in a city where every American is followed by a paid spy from Dublin Castle, if not by a member of the local detective force, it is more than astonishing to think how the sentiments of the people have changed. In days long gone by your correspondent was in the habit of hearing the proud, enthusiastic Scot expatiate in glowing terms about the land of deep mountain gorges, heather bells, shaggy furze, Highland loughs and snow-capped mountains. Now, all of these fine, poetic sentiments seem to have been forgotten, or are, at least, slumbering under the white mantle that covers Scotland from the Frith of Clyde to the Orkney Islands."

THE MASSES OF THE PEOPLE.

looking further in the same direction, see in the chief of Olan Athol such another specimen of nobility. One who only kings it over 194,640 acres, taking in one city with a rental coming from the pockets of the people, of about \$30,000. In the slim-shanked chieftain of Broadbaine, Scotland finds a claimant to 372,720 acres, extending over the greater parts of two cities, footing up in rental \$400,000 per year. Then comes Mr. Hamilton Douglas, whose successor, in 1843, created Duke of Hamilton by betraying the interests of Scotland to the English crown. This interesting personage has only 157,385 acres, covering five cities, giving him an income of something more than \$1,000,000 as often as rent day comes around. The spirit of discontent is by no means confined to the west and north of Scotland, for in fact we find the yeomanry of Midlothian beginning to ask "why that right should 100,000 citizens of Edinburgh be kept cooped up in dark, dismal abodes, when the Duke of Buccleugh, a descendant of a border cattle thief, should call himself master of 450,200 acres, spreading over twelve cities, yielding him annually \$1,500,000. Then comes the Earl of Caithness with 101,657 acres; Donald Cameron, high chief of the Cameronians, with 121,574 acres; Sir G. M. Grant with 125,482 acres. Then a noble lady comes to the front called the Countess of Home. This noble dame, in her single life, has only 103,322 acres, extending over six cities and yielding in the shape of pin money \$375,000. Following up this distinguished list of the useful subjects of the queen, we next come to the name of Lord Macdonald, chief of the isles. This poor creature has only 129,919 acres. My Lord, as a matter of course, pursues the language, manners and habits of the Highlands, spends his income between London and the continent, while his clansmen, who should find in him a patron and protector, spend their miserable lives as fishermen, or in cultivating such patches of land as the great chief may not require for deer parks and grazing grounds. Then heads up the McIntosh, claiming 124,181 acres, Sir Knight Mackenzie and 164,680 and the Duke of Montrose, with an undisputed title to 103,760 acres. But not to tire the readers with figures on land stealing, it may be as well to add but two more gems to the above named cluster.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Her grace in her own right claims 149,879 acres, while his grace, who did not head the Sutherland Highlanders (Ninety-second Regiment) against the Boers in the Transvaal, had to content himself with spreading broadcast the fact that he is lord and master of 1,208,516 acres, yielding a rental which, if properly used, would make thousands of homes happy. The foregoing names are but a few taken from among that class of beings who claim to give over a people's heritage to the red deer, grouse, partridge and bittern. Still, it is pleasant to observe that the people are beginning to think that a system placing the soil of a whole country into the long beak control of a few absentee masters will restore to them their primitive rights in the public domain. The extension of the franchise in Scotland will sooner or later work out the extinction of land monopoly, especially among a class whose only claim to the soil is in the fact that their forefathers got gran's in the same from some royal robber, or for deeds of blood or spoliation performed by Highland kerns on Lowland troopers."

MONTREAL LAND LEAGUE MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Montreal Land League was held Sunday afternoon in the St. Patrick's Hall. P. Carroll, Esq., President, who occupied the chair, announced that the principal business of the meeting was the election of office bearers for the ensuing six months. Before proceeding to the election Messrs. Reynolds, Kearney and Ryan were appointed to audit the books of the League for the last term. Mr. T. Quinnan was elected an honorary member. A vote of thanks was passed to Messrs. O'Donoghue and McLellan, of Antigonish, N.S., for their patriotic efforts and work in behalf of the cause, and in securing contributions to the amount of \$109.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"FOR HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN." To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS. Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your spirited editorial in reply to Mr. Bray's column, as traced in the latest remedy dropped from his quill. You evidently have formed a just estimate of the character of this free lance in theology, and found words in his native Anglo-Saxon merely sufficient to express your opinion. His admitted knowledge of Irish history did not form a strong enough antidote to kill the venom of his English prejudice; (a leopard cannot change his spots in a hurry) nor did his position as a clergyman prevent him from giving utterance to foul lies as black as the coat which protects him from the punishment due to cowardly slanderers. We might respect a man who spoke his convictions, but this clerical trickster (to all appearances) knowingly lied, justifying the means by the end. For now he seeks to revive the languishing state of his paper by a dose of that sensationalism which he uses as a cement to keep his congregation together. But you forget, sir, to refer to that sentence wherein Mr. Bray states that the Irish are not formed to be leaders, and must, therefore, submit to be led. The shameless audacity of the assertion is characteristic of the man. We are not formed to be leaders; we, who have led the English armies in the field, and their debates in the Senate; we, who have led them in the race for distinction as soldiers, as statesmen, as orators, and in everything in which a man may honorably aspire for position, and they have beaten us in what is in truth, a national characteristic, of which Mr. Bray appears to possess a very large share. Yes, they make better diplomats for, they never scruple to possess the means as long as the end is obtained. And to this unscrupulousness, to this lack of honor, is due England's present "grand" position. In the spirit of a generous nature she sought to re-establish a dethroned King in Ireland, and then in the same spirit of unselfishness thought what a good thing it would be to foster tribal jealousies until she could avoid what she dared not attempt, viz.: a fair fight between the robber nation and the people she desired to depose. England at first only begged for a little trading post in India, through which she might enrich the natives with the wealth derived from commerce, and the poor natives knew no better, and allowed the poisonous weed to be planted the day when the English standard was struck into their soil. Again petty quarrels were taken advantage of, and England bribed her victims to fight her battles for aggrandizement, and so on to the end of England's "conquests."

CANADIAN NEWS.

The town of Niagara Falls desires to sever all connection with the County of Welland. MAPLE SUGAR YIELD.—Around Joliette the yield of maple sugar has never been surpassed. It is the largest ever known in that section. THE BANQUET TO THE HON. MR. LANGEVIN.—The banquet to be given to the Hon. Mr. Langevin at Quebec will take place on the 3rd of May. ACCIDENT.—Mr. Samuel Moyles, of Contook, met with a serious accident at the Sugar Beet Factory by a steam chest falling on him and breaking his legs. ANOTHER NEW ENTERPRISE.—A gentleman named Normandin, who is stopping at the Richelieu Hotel, is purchasing a great quantity of machinery with which to start a large Saw and Lumber Mill at Three Rivers. AN EXTENSION WANTED.—The County Council of Pontiac are about to petition the Local Government to extend the Q. M. & O. Railway from Aylmer to Portage du Fort, the seat of the county, or grant a subsidy of \$50,000 a mile to the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway. WANTING MEN.—Great complaints are being made by the lumbermen that they cannot get hands enough for the work. All the men have gone up the Ottawa river, completely draining this section of the necessary labor. Hands are fetching \$10 more a month than formerly. French Canadians need not go to the States now for work. THANKS.—At the last meeting of the F. M. T. A. Ottawa, the following resolution was unanimously carried: That the thanks of this society are due and are hereby tendered to Rev. Bro. Arnold, Messrs. White, M.P., Battle, Watson, Clarke, St. George, and Brophy, for their generous aid at the St. Patrick's concert, held under the auspices of this association, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to each of these gentlemen. The society also beg to tender their sincere thanks to the resident ladies and gentlemen who took part in the programme, for their kind assistance, and also to all those who kindly assisted and encouraged the association by their presence on the occasion. SUICIDE THROUGH LOVE.—A young man, named Narcisse Bruyere, of L'Assomption, became insane some time ago through the unsuccessful termination of a love affair. A watch was kept over him so that he might not do himself any harm. Last Friday he managed, however, to escape the vigilance of his keepers. Going to the barn of Mr. Leander Charland, a farmer living in the vicinity of L'Assomption, he tied a rope to one of the cross-beams, then fastening it round his neck, he stood on a hay mow until his preparations were completed, when he launched himself into the air, and fell breaking his neck. He was not found for two hours after he had committed the deed.

ENFORCING THE RENTS.

A most remarkable instance of the trouble which the Land League is yet able to deal out to its opponents—the landlords—was witnessed at Kilbrittain yesterday, in connection with an auction of cattle seized for non-payment of rent. The landlord, at whose instance the cattle were seized, is Mr. W. Baldwin Sealy, J. P., who resides near Kilbrittain, where he has a large property. The tenant is Mr. Charles Dineen, P. L. G., who has the reputation of being an industrious well-to-do farmer. He holds 91 acres from Mr. Sealy, at a yearly rent of \$66 10s, the Government valuation of the entire farm being only £43. Some time ago the tenants of Mr. Sealy, about 35 in number, went in a body to their landlord and tendered Griffith's valuation at the half year's rent due in September, but the offer was refused, and Mr. Sealy, in consequence, was boycotted. He then took legal proceedings against Dineen, who appears to be the most solvent of the tenants, for the recovery of the half-year's rent due. On the 28th February judgment was marked against the tenant in the Superior Courts and a writ obtained, under which six cows were seized on last Friday and detained in the Pound at Kilbrittain. The auction of the cattle was announced to come off at one o'clock, but the auctioneer, Mr. McCabe, Bandon, whose name was attached to the announcement of the sale, did not attend, and in his place Mr. E. Murray, clerk to Mr. Roger B. Evans, Cork, came to dispose of the cattle. Two representatives of the Landlords' Protection Association, Mr. Goddard and Mr. Donnelly, arrived in Bandon from Dublin, to bid for the cows on behalf of the landlord. When these gentlemen arrived in Bandon yesterday morning they proceeded at once to engage cars to take them to Kilbrittain, but were an obstacle presented itself. The proprietor of the hotel, who was first applied to, had no cars to spare, and the same answer was received from every car proprietor in the town. In vain did the auctioneer offer £1 to a needy looking jarvey to take him to Kilbrittain. No one would drive him, and in the end he found it necessary to walk the eight miles. The representatives of the Landlord Defence Association resolved to try how a ruse would succeed, and they employed a car driver to take them ostensibly to Timoleague. The driver proceeded a short distance outside the town, when two armed policemen mounted the car, but the jarvey, suspecting whom he had been driving, refused to proceed further, notwithstanding the threats and entreaties of the policemen, who took a note of his name, with a view of instituting a prosecution against him. Mr. Goddard, who carried a rifle under his coat, and Mr. Donnelly were then obliged to walk to Kilbrittain in the centre of a strong guard of armed policemen. The following notice was received through post during the week by every car proprietor in the town:—"Sealy v. Dineen."

KILMAINHAM.

A Visit to the State Prisoners in the Irish Limbo. (Correspondence of the Brooklyn Eagle.) DUBLIN, March 14, 1881. Kilmainham Jail is one of those huge castle-like structures which the English Government, in its love for the Irish people, has erected whenever it had a reason to think that the spirit of self government could not be crushed out. The facade of Kilmainham has for many years taught wholesome lessons to the evil minded passers by. The poor, hungry widow, with her orphans, going out to seek for a morsel of food from some friendly farmer, or the luckless farmer who, through the failure of his potato crop, could not feed his family and pay the Duke of Leinster his full year's rent, and, having resolved to attend to his family's wants, must have felt struck with horror as they read the old admonition, "Cease to do evil and learn to do good;" or the young patriot who might wish to have the chance to lend a hand to make Ireland a nation once again, surely must have experienced a solid shudder as he gazed upon the trap and fixed gibbet which protruded from over the main entrance to the hostelry where the Lord Lieutenant has consigned men whose only crime is that they engaged in a scheme that he carried out to a successful issue, would stop and give the filler of the soil a better reason to risk his all in defence of the English Constitution than to set its provisions at defiance. Your correspondent ARRIVED IN THE LIFEBY on Sunday morning (yesterday), March 13, and about noon mustered up enough confidence to ask to be passed in to see the land leaguers who were in the safe keeping of the governor of the Dublin County Jail. One pull at the bell brought to the wicket a gray eyed, sharp featured person, the first look of whose face would at once remind the reader of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" of Daddy Rief, the turnkey. Having stated our mission, the old warden stood for a few seconds in astonishment, and then said: "Begorra, this is the coudest piece of cheek that I've met with for an age. Man dear, ye can't get in without a pass, and this yer pass'll not do on Sunday," and then slammed the wicket in my face. Provided with the "open sesame" this morning, along with a few others, I stood within the receiving room of Kilmainham Prison. To the left was an upright glass case, containing an assortment of firearms. In one corner were displayed an old brass, bell mouthed blunderbuss and a few pairs of fintlock pistols, that no doubt did good service when the followers of "Lord Edward" and Emmet clamored for genuine reform. But the other parts of the case were well stocked with improved rifles, sword bayonets, revolvers and well polished manacles. To the right stood the office desk, where the names, crimes and terms of the prisoners were entered in a ledger. The ledger contained the names of those whom your correspondent was in search of information from; and, strange to say, right in sight of every visitor to be seen the old rusty volume containing the name of "Daniel O'Connell—Crime, treason, felony." After the passes had been duly inspected and several searched—doubtless for St. Petersburg bombs or New York dynamite—we were permitted to visit the prisoners. Passing through a short flight of stairs, a ponderous iron gate was opened by a sturdy keeper, who spoke with "THE ACCENT OF AN ULSSTERMAN." Kilmainham seems to be divided into several courts. The outer wall of the prison, which is about six feet thick, is surmounted with a number of stone sentry boxes or watch towers. This square structure forms the outside wall of the prison courts, while the proper fills up the central space. Two flights of stairs bring the visitors to the state prisoners' rooms. The prisoners were permitted to meet in common with their friends, and Captain St. George Grey, the governor, it seems, had done all in his power to make his guests as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances. It is unnecessary for me to give you the names of all the prisoners, as by the time this reaches your readers they will have the numbers multiplied several times over; but among those who seem to have excited the most interest may be noticed Joseph Walsh of Castlebar, who was looked up to by all classes as a gentleman of excellent standing, and one who had the fullest confidence of the people, judging from the positions of trust that he has held from time to time. OBSERVATIONS UPON THE PRISONERS. Thomas B. Kelly is a young man, seemingly not over 24 years of age. He is the son of a hotel keeper in Athlone, County Galway. Mr. Kelly was charged by several members of the Royal Irish Constabulary with advising farmers who came to his father's hotel to join the Land League. Mr. Kelly does not deny the charge, and says that he was free to do as he would do the same thing to-morrow. Denis Hanigan was taken to Drumcullough, County Limerick. He is secretary of the branch league in his village. Mr. Hanigan seems about the happiest specimen of a hopeful Home Ruler that possibly could be met with outside of Kilmainham. Joseph Dalton is a linen draper, doing business in Milltown, Galway. No charge was read to him when he was taken, but at the ceremony about his arrest was that three armed constables drove up to his door and railed him on to Dublin. Patrick D. Kenny, of Castle Island, County Kerry, was taken from his own fireside, late on Tuesday night, locked up in the police barracks in a felon's cell, and the next day brought on here. Charles Nelson, a small farmer, who holds fifteen acres of land near Dromahaire, County Leitrim, seems to feel more for his family, consisting of a wife and eight young children, than he does for himself. Michael Kelly is a resident of the same place with Mr. Nelson. Kelly tills seven acres of poor land which he has put some improvements on, but which the landlord will not give him a penny of credit for. Kelly has a wife and two children. He thinks that by the time he gets out the landlord will have taken the roof from his house. Patrick McManis, honorary secretary of Drumshamboe Land League, keeps a store in that village, is married, and has a wife and five children. He tills a small farm; his rent is paid up; but he is charged with asking men who come into his store to join the league. "A charge," says Mr. McManis, "that I admit and am ready to accept the full responsibility of."

league. Mr. McMurrough thinks that the chief reason the informers had in view was to break his commission as a teacher, but he says that he "did his duty and shall continue to do so just as so on as he gets home again."

Mr. Hussey was arrested at Castle Island the same night with Mr. Kenny. The prime charge against Hussey is that he has recently been in America, and as a much stronger charge than that was wanted it put down on the informer's information that he is reasonably suspected as having something to do with a raid that was made on a constabulary arms depot. MICHAEL P. BOYTON THOUGHT TO BE AN ELEPHANT. Michael P. Boyton's case is long before this made public; but in order to make "assurance doubly sure" I asked him if it was true he was an American citizen? His answer was so convincing in the affirmative that I at once came to the conclusion that the Lord Lieutenant had got a white elephant on his hands. If General Garfield is the man that his friends say he is, Mr. Gladstone will give a good and sufficient reason why Mr. Boyton must be subjected to the laws of a land that he has publicly attacked. Mr. Boyton was one of the principal organizers of the Land League in this country, but he says that he has good right to advise Irishmen to join Land Leagues in Ireland, the object of which is to put them in honest possession of the land, as English subjects have to go to the United States and publicly advise the citizens of that country and every other country to purchase farms in the far West. The victims are coming in every day, but to give you an idea of how this work of running in is conducted I select the following from the Irishman: At half past nine o'clock on Wednesday evening a great crowd gathered outside the Broadstone, and notwithstanding the efforts of thirty constables, under Inspectors Murphy and Mocker, a large number filtered on to the platform, where Chief Superintendent Corr, sub-inspector French, R. I. C., and three detectives were stationed, with several constables. Messrs. Donnelly and Quinn, Land League, were also present. At 9 40 the train arrived, bearing but one prisoner, Mr. J. W. Nally, Balla, Mayo, arrested for "being reasonably suspected of inciting to murder." In the carriage with him were four armed constables. When the train drew up a dense and menacing crowd rushed to the carriage. A most exciting scene ensued—Mr. Nally calling from the window: "Where is the manhood of Ireland? For every man that is arrested let them put another under ground" and twenty constables throwing the people to the right and left, the crowd all the while hissing, hooting, and grunting the Government and cheering for the Land League. At last Superintendent Corr formed a line of constables from the railway carriage to a cab, and down in Mr. Nally, guarded by police, defiantly walked. When in the cab a man in the crowd cried out: "Give them some of your pills in the cab," to which Mr. Nally responded with, "Hurrah for the pills. Let you give them, boys." (Loud cheers.) Then a procession was formed of cars with police and detectives, and when the cab had started, outside the station the cheers were taken up, and some thousands of persons set off and ran after the cab toward Kilmalham. Two fast policemen ran on each side of the cab, striking with their fists and tripping the crowd, and at each corner were police, who tripped the running men and threw them in the mud. In Barrack street the crowd dwindled down to four numbers, and the two running constables were forced to stand and rest against the barek walls. Along the entire route the bystanders cheered, and from all the windows there were also cheers. On Kilmalham being reached, where there were a large force of constables, Mr. Nally got out, and walked into the front gate, crying out: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." From the above it will appear to the most loyal subject of her Majesty's rule that in the case of a disturbance the chief city of Ireland cannot be counted on as taking sides with the Government's law and prison party. THE ENGLISH PAPERS may try to cast discredit on the present agitation, but to those who can get a glimpse of the inner workings of the movement it will appear at once that if a revolution would be avoided, a revolution that would take in England and Scotland, they (Mr. Gladstone's Government) will have to make such changes in the present condition of land occupancy as will in the future put it out of the power of any landlord to drive families out into the highway to perish with cold and hunger. Just as I was about bidding the League's good-bye a jailer brought in file of the Times and Freeman, announcing the assassination of the Czar of Russia. As a matter of course, after all had either read the comments and astounding news relative to them, comments seemed to be in order. One prominent League man said: "Poor fellow! He must have felt sick when the bomb took him down a peg." "Sorely," said another, "ye don't mean to say that he pegged out, as the Yorks say?" "Arrah, man, dear," said another, "the old man was only giving leg bail for his future good intentions." "An' upon me now!" said still another, "but more's the pity he wasn't in the lead and copper mines of Siberia instead of sporting his figure on a St. Petersburg jaunting car." While another said: "Or getting locked up in Kilmalham for Boycotting Polish landlords."

COLEMAN "THE FENIAN."
SUPERINTENDENT WALLING RECEIVES A DESPATCH FROM AUSTRALIA, YARD.

New York, March 29.—Superintendent Walling has received a despatch from the Scotland Yard authorities announcing the escape of Coleman, who is called a Fenian, from the steamship Australia, of the Anchor Line, which may arrive on Sunday. Coleman, it will be remembered, is suspected of being the plot to blow up the Mansion House in London. Two of his confederates, Housie and Jones, have fled to the London police claim, have fled to the Continent, and are being pursued by detectives. None of the Fenians of this city know him. Superintendent Walling declined to show the despatch or to make its contents public. He, however, said that it was so worded that he should not, without further instructions, board the Australia, when she arrives, or take any measures to deprive Coleman of his liberty. His conduct would be guided by the action of the representatives of the British government in this country. Should an extradition office be established, and a request be made for Coleman's arrest, detectives would be sent down the bay to intercept the Australia. In the absence of Mr. Archibald, British Consul-General, his chief deputy said, "We know nothing here of the matter more than what we have read in the newspapers; we have received no instructions, nor have we read any despatch. If Superintendent Walling is in doubt as to his duty, he will probably call upon the Consul-General."

COMMON SENSE IN MEDICINE.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)
Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, seems to be meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had upwards of a hundred patients, who have given his system a trial and, so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Doctor Souville makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach, and thus upsetting and deranging one part of the system in the hope of benefiting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

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

MONTREAL, January 13th, 1881.
DEAR DOCTOR,—I have great pleasure in making public my experience of the benefits which I have derived from the use of your Spirometer and remedies for the cure of Catarrh and Bronchitis, which I was afflicted with for several years; my health is now wonderfully improved since using your remedies.

Your truly,
G. L. L. 13 Phillips Street.

To Dr. M. Souville, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

MONTREAL, January 21st, 1881.
MY DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to bear testimony to your mode of treating throat diseases. My little son, who is now four years old, had various attacks of bronchitis. Last fall he had one of these attacks and was confined to the house for some seven or eight weeks. After using one of your Spirometers, with the medicine accompanying it, I am very happy to say that within two weeks after commencing to use the instrument, she was quite better, and has been in a very well ever since, now about two months.

I am, your truly,
R. L. GAULT.

To Dr. M. Souville, Montreal.

MONTREAL, January, 1881.
Dr. M. Souville Montreal.
DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to give you this testimony of the benefit I have received from the use of your instrument, the Spirometer, and the remedies accompanying it for my disease. I was three years troubled with catarrh in the head, loss of voice and bronchitis, and I am happy to say that I am now quite cured, and have to thank you for it by the use of your Spirometer and remedies.

Yours respectfully,
S. Hillon, Montreal.

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

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

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

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

NO PERNICIOUS INGREDIENTS!
A Scotch landlady, being told by a customer that he hoped she had put no pernicious ingredients into her liquor, retorted: "There's nothing pernicious put into our barrels but the excise-man's stick." Well would it be for suffering humanity if all the quack medicines and preparations sold now-a-days were as free from pernicious ingredients as the Scotch lady's liquor. One thing, however, is certain, that N. H. Down's Vegetable Balmic Elixir, which has stood the test of half a century, is not in any way mixed with pernicious or injurious ingredients. Thousands testify to its being the most efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, lung diseases and consumption.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—*Contant.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Princess Caroline of Denmark is dead.
A Mrs. Phillips, of Renfrew County, Ont., has given birth to triplets, all alive and well.
Canada received nearly 85,000 immigrants last year, as against 61,000 for the year previous.
A resident of Lobo, Ont., has fallen heir to \$15,000 by the death of a relative in the old country.
A new postage stamp, of the value of 5d., is about to be issued in Great Britain for correspondence to India and China.
A bill to incorporate the Orange body was defeated in the Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island on Thursday last.
A Napanee despatch says large numbers, mostly land-seekers, are leaving this country by every train, bound for Manitoba and the North-West.
The British Columbia House prorogued on Friday, when the Bishop of British Columbia read prayers for the first time in the British Columbia House.

A MISTAKE.

It is a great and often fatal mistake to take repeated drastic purgatives for constipation of the bowels, they induce piles and cause debility of the bowels, arousing the torpid Liver and all the secretions to a healthy action; acting on the Kidneys, and renovating and toning the system in the most perfect manner.

DOG AND MAN.

We clip the following account of a brutal contest from an English paper. Comment is unnecessary:
Another man and dog fight in England—this time in Lancashire, in the Rossendale Valley, about twelve miles from Manchester. The man is a tall, burly, and ferocious-looking individual, who not unfrequently goes through the performance of worrying live rats, and occasionally tries his powerful teeth on pots and glasses. The bulldog is noted for his prowess. His master having frequently boasted of the powers of the dog the man was challenged to fight him a few nights ago. The agreement was that the dog should have the same chance as if pitted against another of the canine species, while the man was to have his hands securely fastened in front of him. Everything being ready a bad looking fellow, dressed in a quarryman's garb, gave the word "Go!" upon which the masculine combatant descended to the level of the brute, and on hands and knees awaited the attack of the dog. The latter, on being unmuzzled, was hounded on by the wild, fanatical yells of the spectators, and at once rushed to the throat of the man, and the fearful combat commenced. The yelling of the crowd ceased, the spectators of the disgusting scene looked on with bated breath. The brute made several futile attempts to seize the man's throat, but the latter dodging it for a time the crowd became impatient, and again and again hounded on the dog. The latter became infuriated and another struggle took place. It was brief, but terrible, the man trying as for life to obtain a grip of the dog, while the brute in turn twisted itself in every conceivable form to seize the man. The man, however, at length espied his opportunity, and seizing the brute with his power ul t oth by the throat pinned it to the ground, almost worrying it. On rising to his feet he presented a most horrible sight, his face and arms having been terribly lacerated during the encounter.

A 100-year-old negro died suddenly, to all appearances, in Pointe Coupe Parish, Louisiana, a short while ago, but, in the midst of preparations for her burial, she revived again, and seemed as well as ever.

The Court of Appeals has decided against Bradburgh on all points of the case. He has appealed to the House of Lords, and it is said, will at once resign and stand for reelection.

Josh Billings remarks that "Those who are too proud to enquire what a thing costs when they buy it, are the first ones to find fault when they come to pay for it."

Too true, too true, Josh; our neighbor is troubled with some derangement of the stomach; it may be biliousness or dyspepsia; he calls in the aid of a doctor. Our neighbor is too proud to ask the probable cost of getting cured, and is treated for days, after which a large bill is sent in, and great growling and grumbling is the result. The doctor's bill need not be paid if Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are used. The result will be great joy and satisfaction.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes:—"For a long time I was troubled with Chronic Rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit until a gentleman who was cured of Rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil told me about it. I began using two bottles and was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for group, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

CHILDREN WHO PICK THEIR NOSES are most generally afflicted with worms. When they get into their little stomachs, it may be difficult to know, but it is easy to get them out by using BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBINATION or Worm Lozenges. They are pleasant to take: children like them, but the worms don't.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for all diseases with which children are afflicted, is a certain remedy. It allays all pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, soothes the bowels, and cures wind colic. Depend upon it, mothers, it will relieve the little sufferer immediately.

A TERRIBLE THING IS A PAIN IN the small of the back; it may come from disordered kidneys, from cold or a wrench. But in all cases, BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, and Family Liniment, well rubbed in, will afford instantaneous relief, and ultimately remove the cause of the trouble.

P. M. Markell, West Jeddore, N. S., writes: "I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I had a horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; it is trouble was in the knee; and two or three applications completely cured him."

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, have been gotten up on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and any one using them, at especially this season of the year, will find them the best spring medicine obtainable.

Bells, &c.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO., SUCCESSOR TO MENEELY & KIMBERLY, Bell Founders, Troy, N. Y. Manufacturer of a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, Belles of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Bells, etc. WANTED. Catalogue sent free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O. Nov. 8, 80.

Musical Instruments.

BEATTY

Plans Another battle on high prices Raging War on the monopoly of the...
See Beatty's latest Newspaper full reply (sent free) before buying PLANO or ORGANS. Ready latest War Colors. Lowest prices ever given. C. Beatty, Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, D.C.

Medical.

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Sept 8, '80. 4-17

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Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodine of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-purifying and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Nervous Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.
By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement of the system. It stimulates and cultivates the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S Sarsaparilla a fair trial.
It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

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LUBY'S
A lady, an actress, who took great pride in her magnificent chevelure, found it suddenly turning grey. She was inconsolable, but fortunately found out in time the virtues of a certain remedy which made the Grey Hair disappear as if by magic, and beside served as a rich perfume. The remedy was LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all druggists.

FOR
Semitrans, the celebrated Assyrian Queen had hair which was the envy of her subjects: It continued beautiful, flowing and glossy to the end of her life never as much as grey hair daring to peep through it. It is probable she was acquainted with some remedy afterwards lost; but we have LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all chemists.

THE
On the Montreal Exchange one broker remarked to another: "Why, look, Blank has grey hair!" Blank who is a young man and somewhat of a beau, felt annoyed at the fact of having his grey hairs discovered, but went immediately and procured a bottle of LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER for fifty cents. The result was amazing. It is sold by all chemists.

HAIR!
How common and at the same time how painful it is to see young people prematurely bald or prematurely grey. It is a source of humiliation to those deficient of hair and a source of anxiety to their friends. The question is, how can these things be remedied? We answer by using LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEVER. Sold by all chemists.

Medical.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL
If you are afflicted with any of the following diseases, try HOP BITTERS: Headache, Stomach Disorder, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, and all diseases arising from impure blood. It is a powerful blood-purifier and life-giving tonic. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale everywhere.

Medical.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
Permanently Cured—no hunting—by one who has used DR. GULLA'S Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Gulla is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, one who has had a permanent cure in every case or return you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders a fair trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.
Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,
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ROUND THE WORLD.

Canada has 6,459 sailing vessels and 829 steamers, with a gross tonnage of 190,149 tons.

Three years ago there was no bicycle club in the United States; today there are 100.

In an English court, lately, a plaintiff made good his claim to an estate which seventy years ago had escheated to the Crown for lack of next of kin.

The cheering corals at Delano, Kern County, Cal., present a scene of curious activity, no less than 120 expert shearers being engaged in clipping the fleece from 200,000 sheep.

A man assisted at the burial of a man who had died of small-pox at New Britain, Conn. Then he got drunk and went home without changing his clothes. His children are now down with the disease.

An old man was seen to fall in a fainting fit while at work in a Carson City mill. A letter in his hand had caused the attack. It braided the news that his brother, who had for sixteen years been mourned as drowned in a shipwreck, was still alive.

wished the court to understand, he said, he was not there to collect the paltry debt, but to think a man would cheat a class he thought a man would cheat.

Mr. Biggar is the hero of as many anecdotes as the Iron Duke. The latest one which has been going round the benches is worth repeating.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A derrick is a bivalve, because it is a hoister. Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

The man who had a project on foot went to a corn doctor. Shipwrecked sailors never need starve while there is a light of rope left.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it is continually lightning. Why are seeds when sown like gate posts?

To check is to stop, except in case of a traveller's baggage, which is checked to make it go. Little fish have a good notion as to the commencing of life—they always begin on a small scale.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

The money market displays no animation. Loans on call are negotiated at 4 to 5 per cent and on time at 6 per cent. In New York Sterling Exchange is quoted at 4.81 1/2.

The stock market to-day was steady and firm. Commerce advanced 1/4 to 1/2 bid; Montreal Telegraph, 1/4 to 1/2; Gas, 1/4 to 1/2.

April is usually a dull month—a month of preparations for the summer trade more than anything else, and it is therefore not surprising that in speaking of the city wholesale markets we can only describe them as quiet but steady.

new French line, projected between Havre and Montreal, for which 12,000,000 francs has already been subscribed in Paris. The French Government has agreed to subsidize the line for ten years at the rate of \$100,000 annually and the Canadian Government is asked to follow suit with a \$50,000 yearly subsidy during the next decade.

Without much change. Exports of tea from Japan have been large and prices there for most descriptions are slightly firmer. Prices ranged all the way from 90c to 72c according to description and quality.

There is a good steady demand for horse-flesh, and Americans being greatly in want of steeds have been less exacting as to quality, which may account for the lower prices realized in many instances.

Shippers are operating slowly and cautiously in this market and business is almost exclusively confined to small purchases on jobbers and butchers account.

There was a fair turn out of farmers, and all descriptions of produce were plentiful. Prices ruled much the same as last week with the few exceptions noted below.

The local trade is unsettled and generally weak. As soon as mail advices of the London spring sales are to hand a reduction in price lists is probable.

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is no doubt but that prices would have been advanced some time ago if so many houses were not in the trade in this city and in Toronto and Quebec.

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DAVITT FUND. The Post, \$50.00; A few friends of the cause, Ottawa, \$3.00; Henry J. Stafford, \$5.00; W. C., \$1.00; John Curran, \$5.00.

SHOCK OF EARTHQUAKE AND LOSS OF LIFE. CONSTANTINOPLE, April 4.—A strong shock of earthquake at Chio, in the Island of that name, yesterday, destroyed many houses and seriously damaged nearly all the remainder.

FATHER BROWN FUND. Michael Clarke, corner of Ottawa and McCord streets, \$2.00; James O'Bell, \$1.00; An Old Penitent, \$2.00; Mrs Jas Clarke, \$2.00; Mrs G Cummings, \$1.00; Ex-Ald Geo Cambridge, \$5.00; James Kelly, \$1.00; A Sincere Friend, \$3.00.

NEWS FOR MARINERS. The lighthouse north of Jack Straw Shoal, near Gananoque, Ont., has been moved a distance of 31 yards north from its previous position.

WHOLESALE PROVISION MARKET. The demand for new milk butter has almost exhausted the supply and old makes are being purchased by the retail trade at 10c to 21c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NOTICE OF REMOVAL. James McArran, Bookseller, begs to inform his friends and customers that he has removed to 248 St. Joseph street, where he can supply the country people and public generally with the latest publications in books and papers.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court, DAVID MARY AUGUSTA ELIAS, of the City of Montreal, wife of HENRY BROWN, of the same place, trader, duly authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, and DAVID BROWN, Plaintiff, Defendant, for separation de biens has been made in this cause.

ASSETS AND COFFINS. The Casket and Coffin business formerly conducted by G. W. Drew, has been bought out by the undersigned. The stock is now on hand and will be sold at moderate prices. Those requiring the like will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.

SP. GABRIEL CATTLE MARKET—APRIL 4. Shippers are operating slowly and cautiously in this market and business is almost exclusively confined to small purchases on jobbers and butchers account.

THE CITY RETAIL MARKETS—APRIL 5. There was a fair turn out of farmers, and all descriptions of produce were plentiful. Prices ruled much the same as last week with the few exceptions noted below.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW HOLY-WEEK BOOK.

THE COMPLETE OFFICE OF HOLY-WEEK ACCORDING TO THE ROMAN MISSAL, BREVIARY, AND PONTIFICAL, IN LATIN AND ENGLISH. Published with the approbation of HIS Eminence the Cardinal-Arch-BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

The Book of the Day!

REDUCED to... TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. THE AGE OF UNREASON. BEING A REPLY TO Thos. Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Felix Adler, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and other American Rationalists.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D. D., Author of "Carion's Questions," "Truth an Error," etc. 12mo, paper covers, 25 cents. D. & J. SADLER & CO., PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS, 275 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

As stated in yesterday's Star, there is not a house in the Dominion (either Wholesale or Retail) which can show half the stock of Plain Fringes, Beaded Fringes, Feather Fringes and Black and Colored Tassels we now hold; the result of our enterprise is that not only are we selling dozens of Tassels every day in our Retail Stores, but that we are daily selling these by the hundred in our Wholesale Department.

GOULDBE & McCULLOCH Salt, Ont. FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES

VAULT DOORS (Awarded First Prize at the late Toronto Exhibition.) With every facility at command, the most thorough reliable work in Safes and Vault is guaranteed.

ALFRED BENX, Agent for Province of Quebec. ALSO—SAW, PLANING, FLOURING and WOOD WORKING MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, 29 St. Bonaventure Street.

Province of Quebec GRAND EXHIBITION.

A Grand Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition will be held in the City of Montreal in the month of September, next; the precise date will be shortly announced. THE COMPETITION WILL BE OPEN TO THE WORLD! The prize list has been revised and enlarged and will be found very complete.

S. CARSLY, 393, 395, 397 and 399 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

I. A. BEAUVAIS' NEW STORE CHEAPEST PLACE To buy everything you want in Gentlemen and Boys' Wear.

A GOOD MEDICINE, Mr. J. Wya t, of Rockingham, N. C., has a little boy five years old who has been suffering with a skin disease, breaking out all over, ever since he was born.

OUR READY-MADE CLOTHING Is cut and made in our establishment, and will stand comparison with CUSTOM WARE of other houses. Plenty of light to see in goods as they are wanted. No deception. Call on us when you want anything in Gentlemen's or Boys' wear.

186 & 188 St. Joseph Street.