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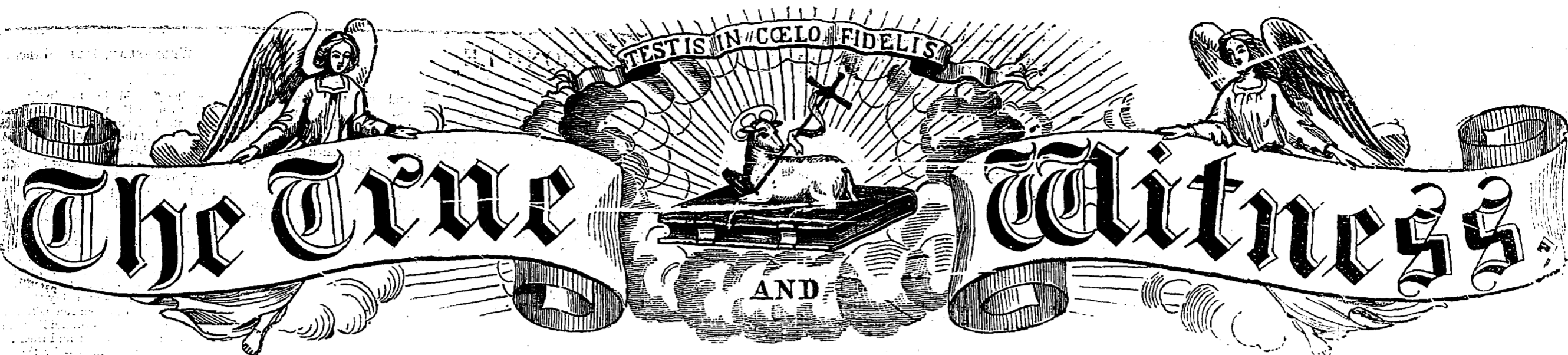
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 31.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum In advance.

St. Patrick's Day.

Towards the east a nation lies... Scattered over many lands... We were once a royal race...

"wearing o' the green," the sashes of green and gold, the shamrocks, or the clover that did duty for them...

Between seven and eight o'clock this morning the streets began to be alive with the hurrying to and fro of bandsmen and the members of the various Irish societies...

and many a shiver was seen, but no complaints were made, the standing processionists patiently awaiting for the signal to move for the church...

Alexander street was lined with palms, etc., from the windows of the houses floated pennants, banners, and flags of every description and nationality...

Situated opposite the hall of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society was a most elegant arch, which had been erected through the indefatigable exertions of the members of that Association...

green flags and golden harps emblazoned thereon. Mr. Cinq Mars had his window decorated with a monster harp in green ribbon, the strings being composed of golden threads...

At ten o'clock the St. Patrick's Society entered the church, headed by Wilson's band playing "St. Patrick's Day," and marched up the centre aisle, where they took up a position to the right...

of which we can only afford to give a synopsis, was preached by the Rev. Father Mitchell, and consisted of a defence of the Catholic Church against its two most dangerous enemies, Indifferentism and Socialism...

in her unswerving faith, in her attachment to the true Church, and it is this faith which gave her such advantage in conquering her savage enemies, and still keeps her pure and undefiled from the prevailing scepticism of the day...

the apostles of infidelity strive against them and their thrones and moral and social order, the monarch themselves, and the nations look on amazed, helpless and confounded, as if there was no tribunal in the hereafter to judge

them and their acts. Is this society a trifler, and why, oh ye monarchs, do ye stand against yours and the common enemy of both God and man? Why in God's name do you persist in lating and persecuting the Catholic Church...

In the contest now pending every species of warfare will be brought forward by the arch enemy of mankind. He is an enemy against which faith only can prevail in the ensuing struggle. We have now Socialism to contend with; no more agent of the devil, and to Socialism we must oppose the only weapon which can vanquish it...

Creations owe this to the Creator. If we owe allegiance to kings, governments and potentates, why not to the great Creator of the universe Himself, from whom all things are. Again, we should be grateful to God for His mercy in having created us to such a noble heritage...

whether felt by the wild Indian of the American prairies to the Great Spirit, or the Hindoo as he sacrifices himself under the wheels of the Car of Juggernaut. Cicero, the illustrious philosopher of ancient Rome, writes that mankind cannot do without religion; if deprived of it, society becomes corrupt, and the State falls to ruin and desolation...

of the Cross. Never let it be forgotten that the struggle going on and which intensifies each day is the war of infidelity against faith, and he who is strongest in defence of right and the Catholic Church will carry off the greenest laurels of victory. Never in the annals of history has a nation been found to suffer so much for religion's sake as Ireland...

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the fields of gaunt famine, and yet they surrendered not the sacred trust transmitted to them by their fathers, but handed it down to their sons bright and un tarnished. The poor peasantry rejected the bribe with scorn intended to lure him from his duty, and even the soft heart of the Irish mother let the infant die on her breast because the relief offered was tainted...

How does Socialism intend to accomplish its object? By undermining society and producing anarchy and overthrowing the crowned heads of Europe, will they effect their object? It is in this emergency the Church boldly stands out and says to the rich or poor whether it is right or wrong. It boldly denounces Socialism as a curse and evil; but you say it always favors the rich. Yet St. Patrick, a poor shepherd boy, inspired by God, was committed with the mission of delivering Ireland from the soul-burdening thongs of paganism...

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- Congregation of St. Gabriel and St. Henri... Marshalls—John Campbell and John Coghlan... St. Gabriel Temperance and Benevolent Society... Dr. Major L. LaF... Citizens' Band, Mr. F. N. La... Daniel O'Connell Band... Fathers Whitaker and S. La... St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society... Mr. John Hoolahan, President... Congregation of St. Bridget... 200 Scholars of St. Bridget's Christian Brothers Schools, Bro. Anderson in charge... Ville Marie Band, Mr. G. Filiatrault, leader... 250 Scholars of St. Ann's Christian Brothers Schools... 'Society of the Sacred Heart'... Brother Arnold in charge... Congregation of St. Ann... Marshal, William Kennedy... St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company... Mr. James Sennot, leader... The McMahon Guards, Mr. Andrew... President... Prize of Honor... Victoria Rifles Band, Mr. Charles Lavallee, leader... Shamrock Lacrosse Club, Mr. William Stafford, President... Le Canadian Snowshoe Club... Marshal—John O'Brien... First Prize Banner... City Band, Mr. Ernest Lawing, leader... Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, Mr. P. J. Brennan, President... 5th Royal Fusilier Band, Mr. Edmund Hearty, leader... St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, Mr. John D. Quinn, President... Two hundred scholars of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers Schools—Bro. Flaminia in charge... St. Patrick's congregation... Montreal College Band—Rev. Alphonse Thibault, leader... St. Patrick's National Association... Marshal—John Davis... Shamrock Band—Mr. Wm. Wakes, leader... Marshalls—Messrs. Burns, Davis and John Cuggy... Irish Catholic Benefit Society... 1st Prince of Wales Rifles Band—Mr. George Ward, leader... Catholic Young Men's Society... St. Jean Baptiste Firemen's Band... St. Patrick's Benevolent Society... Mr. P. O'Donohue, President... St. Bridget's Banner... St. Bridget's Society... Boys of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum in a large sleigh... St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society... Father Matthew Banner... Father Matthew Total Abstinence and Benefit Society... Wilson's Band—Mr. James Wilson, leader... St. Patrick's Society—P. J. Coyle, President... M. C. Mullin, Vice-President... The Mayor—Severe Rivard... The Clergy... Other invited guests... Students of St. Mary's College... Etc., etc., etc.

THE LINE OF MARCH. The following was the line of march taken by the procession: Starting at Beaver Hall Hill, the procession passed through Badgoud street and Victoria square; along St. Joseph street to McGill street; and by Wellington street to the opposite house, the most prominent being the tri-color, American and Irish flags. Opposite Loughman and O'Flaherty's store a harp of vast proportions was suspended over the centre of the road. Evergreens bordered the street for a considerable distance, thus conveying to the mind of passers-by the idea of passing through an avenue of palms...

THE APPEARANCE OF THE PROCESSION. The general appearance of the procession was extremely fine, and creditable. To describe in detail the various banners, regalia, and uniforms, would be vain, but we shall particularize a few of the most striking features as presented to the eye of an onlooker. The steady marching of the St. Gabriel Temperance and Benefit Society was the subject of remark, whilst the neat uniforms of the Citizens Band looked extremely well. The pupils of the Christian Brothers School of St. Ann's looked nicely in their badges of white silk, and regalia of green velvet with silver fringe. The beautiful green and gold badges of the McMahon Guards were the subject of many comments. The new band of the Victoria Rifles, which was formed only three weeks since, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Lavallee, played very well, and marched with a true soldierly bearing. Headed by their prize taken at the Jubilee, the City Band, as usual, were greeted with cheers at nearly every point. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association presented a fine appearance, all having beaver hats of uniform style, trimmed with shamrocks, and rosettes on their breasts. Though the palm for general excellence of appearance must be awarded to the members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence Society, also composed of elderly gentlemen, being composed of elderly gentlemen, many of whom are in the prime of life. The life and drum band of the St. Jean Baptiste Infantry Company, in their bright scarlet uniforms, also fell in for its share of popular admiration. The officers and the Irish Catholic Benefit Society also looked very well in their regalia of bright green velvet trimmed with gold. The white silk rosettes, with gold...

REDMOND O'HANLON.

An Historical story of the Cromwellian Settlement.

CHAPTER I.

"What a furious, cold, damp, dismal, howling wind this is! What a miserable companion for a night-watch! It is worse than a sullen comrade for a fellow-soldier, or a cowardly captain for a leader; enough to mope as I did the fugitives in the cave near Dundalk, where we smoked them out of their hiding-hole!"

"Lawson! Lawson!" that was a dire and an accursed deed—one to be, if possible, for ever buried in forgetfulness; never, oh! never to be mentioned but with execration. You forget," continued Elliott, "I was a witness to that transaction; but, thank God! I took no part in it. What injury had those wretched Irish fugitives done to us that they should have been so ruthlessly pursued, and so mercilessly put to death? Of all the actions of our Lieutenant-General Ludlow in Ireland, that was the worst—the most unprovoked, and the most cruel. The Irish rebels, as you call them, were utterly defeated; they had no forces in the field to encounter; their bravest leaders were conquered or slain; or like him of whom we have been speaking—Colonel Fitzpatrick—they had become self-exiled with their soldiers, and transported to other lands. And yet, because our general was told that a few persons were seen lurking or hiding in the hills, he set forth in pursuit of them, and finding that they had withdrawn into a cave, and would not come out nor yield themselves prisoners, he had the mouth of the cave stopped up, and the attempt made, by closing all the apertures to it, and by burning wood around the mouth, to smother the fugitives! And then, when the cave was again opened, and our soldiers penetrated into its deepest recesses, the few who were still living were dragged forth and most of them put to death! Oh! it was a cruel and a barbarous deed. And what could be the reason for perpetrating it I cannot even surmise."

"You forget," said Lawson, who appeared to be greatly excited by the strong language of his comrade, "you forget, or you are so fond of Irish Papists, do not choose to remember that before those bloody Irish rebels met with their deserts, they were summoned to surrender—that refusing to obey such a summons, my brother, Jacob Lawson, upon creeping into the cave, and shooting the first person he encountered, was barbarously murdered."

"There was no barbarous murder in shooting to death a man who had slain another but an instant before. But what I want to know is, why those poor wretches were so beset? or, why did the Lieutenant-General seek to smother them? or, why, having made the attempt, he did not leave them, or the remnant of them, to the miserable fate to which they seemed to be self-doomed? Why, I ask, was there this merciless pursuit of a scattered band of the fugitive Irish?"

"As you seem to have made a hero of the Irish Colonel, since he knocked you on the head," sneeringly answered Lawson, "I will tell you. I suppose you have heard of the execution of the mother of Colonel Fitzpatrick?"

"Certainly—she was burned alive as a murderess, having been convicted as I heard, of putting English prisoners to death; and expressing as rabid a hatred of the English as you do of the Irish," replied Elliott.

"She was justly put to death," observed Lawson. "She knew well what were the rights acquired by us in lawful warfare—that the lands we had conquered by the sword were justly ours; and she was doing her utmost to defeat our claim, and render nugatory our rights. The broad lands, and extensive estates, which formerly belonged to her son, she was endeavouring to retain for her grandson—that grandson she had put out of the way; but the estates were apportioned by our Commissioners to be divided between Colonel Axtel, the Governor of Kilkenny—the most brave man who led the tyrant Charles Stuart to execution—and the nephew of the Lieutenant-General. The latter had promised to give one hundred acres of the best land in the Queen's Country to whomsoever will place, living or dead, in his hands the body of the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick. That son is not now more than two years of age. It was believed he was with the fugitives in the cave near Dundalk, most of them a family named Garrahy, and cosherers of Fitzpatrick's foster-family. My brother lost his life in seeking for him. I am engaged in the same pursuit; and you ask me, why I hate the Irish? I have a right to hate them; for they seem to know I am struggling to lay hold on the boy Fitzpatrick, and they appear to take a malicious delight in baffling me, and every other honest Englishman engaged in the same pursuit."

"You hate the Irish—first, because they are rebels—then you hate the Irish, because they are Papists—and lastly you hate the Irish because they will not place an unoffending infant in your hands, in order that you may become, by the sacrifice of his life or liberty, a landed proprietor in Ireland. Are not these the causes of your animosity against the Irish?" asked Elliott.

"Exactly so," replied Lawson.

"And as a Christian man, Lawson—as a diligent reader of the great book of mercy and forgiveness, do you think you are justified in the sight of God in nurturing such sentiments against your fellow-creatures?"

"I do," answered Lawson. "We are the chosen people of God, and they are idolatrous Philistines; but silence, I pray you, Elliott. There can be no mistake now, there are persons approaching our post."

"Shoulder your watchlock, Lawson. Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply that came out of the darkness which enveloped the ramparts of the Castle.

"Advance, friend, that I may question thee," said Elliott.

"The steps of a dozen heavily-armed men became now distinctly audible; and when they had approached within thirty yards of the spot where Elliott and Lawson were posted they were directed to halt, and the person who seemed to be their commander advanced alone and unattended towards the two sentinels.

define the cause, but both stopped, leaning over the wall; and the first to resume the conversation was Elliott.

"I am not suspicious—I am certainly not apprehensive of any danger; but as I am a living man," said the bold-hearted Englishman, "I would swear that in the midst of this heroic gust of wind I heard a person pronounce, and in the Irish manner, and with the Irish accent, the word 'Watch!'"

"I am sure of it," replied the suspicious Lawson. "There is some one lurking about our post. Would that I could discover him, and I would despatch him with as little remorse as I did the fugitives in the cave near Dundalk, where we smoked them out of their hiding-hole!"

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"Advance, friend, that I may question thee," said Elliott.

"The steps of a dozen heavily-armed men became now distinctly audible; and when they had approached within thirty yards of the spot where Elliott and Lawson were posted they were directed to halt, and the person who seemed to be their commander advanced alone and unattended towards the two sentinels.

"Stand where you are, friend," cried Elliott, "until you have announced your name and quality."

"Captain Ludlow, nephew of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Horse," replied the new comer.

have to say to a sentinel on duty, whilst under my command, has reference to the affairs of the Commonwealth."

"You are over-scrupulous, Elliott," answered Ludlow, "but it is as you desire—the right for the night is the name of our present ruler in Ireland—Henry."

"The word was thus spoken, there was a sound as if some movement beyond and outside the ramparts; and the new comer, not less than Lawson and Elliott, started as each seemed to hear the word repeated in whispering accents.

"One would fancy he was in command of raw recruits, and not veteran soldiers," remarked Ludlow; "what stupidity it is thus to repeat the watchword of the night; but I have things more important to do than to chide these armed bores. Come hither, Lawson, I would speak with you."

"Stop, Lawson," said Elliott; "leave your matchlock with me whilst speaking with Captain Ludlow. I cannot permit you to take your weapon from the post you are charged to defend."

"Quite right, Elliott," observed Ludlow; "a good soldier is never forgetful of the most minute points of discipline. Come hither, Lawson, I would speak with you beside this battlement, for I wish to remove you the shortest possible distance from your comrade."

"Humph!" said Elliott to himself, "the Captain thought me over-scrupulous but a moment ago, and he now praises me for my diligence! I must be somehow an impediment in his path, or I should not have his laudation and his censure for the same course of conduct. The captain must have some wicked scheme a-foot—I will keep a watchful eye upon him."

Whilst Elliott was thus communing with himself, Captain Ludlow and the soldier, Lawson, advanced towards the rampart.

"Let us both lean over the wall, and look into the fosse," said Ludlow, "so that there may be the less chance of what we say being overheard by that brute, Elliott, or any of my followers. Have you heard the news from England, and what are the plots now on foot, Lawson, for undoing all the labors of our greatest statesmen?"

"I have heard my fellow-soldiers say," replied Lawson, "that there is the determination to get rid of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell; that some are planning to restore the old Parliament to its former power, and that the adherents of Charles Stuart are taking advantage of the dissensions amongst the republicans, and seeking to replace him on his father's throne."

"It is true," replied Ludlow, "it is but too true. The fools are fighting with each other, quite forgetful of the fact, that if the royalists are restored, the life of every man who aided, directly or indirectly, in putting the tyrant Charles to death, will be forfeited; and that every acre of land we have acquired by the sword will be restored to the Papists in Ireland and the malignants in England. My uncle Ludlow is for the old Parliament; Fleetwood is for the government of the Commonwealth by the officers; and others, who have acquired name, power, and influence amongst us, are suspected of intriguing with Charles too, for the purpose of placing the sceptre once more within his grasp. What is the feeling of your fellow-soldiers about these plots and intrigues?"

"So far as I have been able to learn," replied Lawson, "they are indifferent to what is the form of government—whether it be by a Protector, a Parliament, or a Board of Officers; but they are to a man hostile to the restoration of the Stuarts; because they know that restoration would be followed by a redistribution of the forfeited estates amongst the original Irish owners."

"And they are right in their conjecture," remarked Ludlow. "Would that the officers of the army in Ireland were gifted with the same sense and prudence as the common soldiers. There is Coote, for instance, who is more than suspected of underhand intrigues with the old king and the plague of our monarchy. Fools and knaves as they are, do they suppose a king can ever be so forgetful of his father's blood, or pardon any one who has aided in shedding it? And then, looking nearer home, regarding as every man gifted with the smallest sagacity is bound to do our own interest, what chance have I, or even you, bound up as we are with Axtel in the retention of the Fitzpatrick estate, what chance, I say, should we have of possessing even a single acre, were there a Stuart king once more crowned in Westminster Abbey? Of what avail all that we have done to gain that land, of your oaths against the old woman, the grandmother of the heir, of your search for the heir amid the corpses in Dundalk cave, of your tracing the boy from hamlet to hamlet, until you at last tracked him to the hostelry in Oxmantown; where I rejoice to tell you he was last night arrested with his nurse?"

"And I hope his foster-father and foster-brother also," interrupted Lawson.

"No," added Ludlow, "they escaped through the stupidity of the men sent to arrest the entire party."

"Then, so long as they are abroad," added Lawson, "and the boy is alive, neither your life nor mine is safe, nor is the property secure to you or Colonel Axtel."

"Pshaw!" said Ludlow, "what care I for such miserable wretches, whilst the heir to the Commonwealth, the boy Vincent, is, as he is at this moment, a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin; or as he shall be before the morning sun has risen, a captive with his hands bound on board a vessel, bound with some hundred other Irish boys and wenches for the island of Jamaica, there to work as slaves, and there to die in the course of a few months, as so many thousands of them have already perished in consequence of the heat of the climate, bad food, and over-work. The soldiers that now attend my orders will be the escort of the boy and nurse from this postern gate to the Custom-house, at the end of Winstavern-street, where now lies the ship, the *Aure of Bristol*, on board of which will be placed him, who, if he lived, might be the claimant of the estates I now hold. I feel then perfectly secure for the present and the future, had I not reason to dread the consequences of the disputes now raging between those that the strong firm hand of the great Protector was alone capable of retaining in due subjection."

As Captain Ludlow spoke these words a flush covered his thin pale features, and his weak, fragile, boyish-like form seemed to be shaken with rage and terror, for a sound to which his ear was well accustomed had just reached him—it was the long piercing cry of a person enduring intense agony. Little more than two-and-twenty years old, his countenance was marked with the haggard lines of senility, and his large grey, greedy eyes, his pursed-up long lips, his thin sharp nose, and his peaked-up chin, gave to him the appearance of an aged and heartless miser. He stamped his high heavy boots with rage upon the stony flagway, as he muttered in the ear of his associate Lawson—

"The fools! the dots! the idiots! They have mistaken my orders. Where we now stand is directly over the torture-room of the Castle; and I requested Axtel to take the boy's nurse there, and by threatening her with

the torture to extort from her the secrets of the rebels, the hiding-places of her kindred, the plots and projects, if any were known, for the loyalists. Instead of threatening, Axtel has actually applied the torture. That was a woman's shtick in her agony. It is a cry such as never can be mistaken for that of a man. I must at once put an end to it. We arranged, I, at least, am ruined, and all my projects, though, if my uncle hears of this, or if the Protector's brother, Henry, learns we have been missing, for our private ends, the powers confided to us. Lord Henry Cromwell can endure no abuse, from which he is not to derive a direct personal or pecuniary benefit. I must put a stop to this. Remain here—I will return directly. By your leave, Elliott, I will pass by the sallport into the Castle. To put an end to all cavil, I repeat for you the watchword, 'Henry.'"

"Pass, Captain Ludlow," said Elliott, as he gave the military salute to the officer, when he had unlocked the postern-gate; and then carefully relocking it, and fastening the key to his girdle, he turned about and said in a loud, and what was very unusual with him, an angry tone of voice—

"Lawson—Private Lawson—return to your post."

There was no response to the command thus peremptorily given. Elliott looked to the spot where a few minutes before he could discern, even in the darkness, the tall form of Lawson distinctly visible. The spot was now vacant!

"How is this?" cried Elliott in amazement. "Can Captain Ludlow have conspired with Lawson to play a trick upon me? Has Lawson slipped into the Castle without my being able to notice him? Oh! that is an impossibility. I am sure I only opened the door sufficiently wide to admit the thin, spare figure of the Captain? But why should they attempt such a prank, when it would entail disgrace and punishment upon both? But what has become of Lawson? When I last saw him he appeared to me to be leaning over the wall, and looking down into the fosse."

Can he have tumbled by accident or slipped by design into it? For what purpose? The moat is full of water. What am I to do? I dare not, on peril of my life, quit this sallport, as I do not know the instant persons from within may require to be allowed to issue forth. What am I to do? Hullo! fellow-soldiers, here is my comrade has deserted, or been spirited from his post, I cannot tell which; come, come, quickly, I beg you, and help me to search for him."

"Is that John Elliott who is calling for help?" said the soldier in command of the detachment which had been led by Captain Ludlow.

"It is, it is," replied Elliott, "come hither, I pray you; my comrade Lawson has I fear fallen into the moat, and I cannot stir from this, as I have to watch the postern gate."

"I am very sorry to hear it, John Elliott," replied the soldier, "but as you obey orders in remaining where you are, so we must obey orders and stop at the place where we have been posted. Captain Ludlow halted us here, with special directions not to advance nor retreat a single step unless he himself issued the command to do so. We wish you well, John Elliott, but we are, like yourself, soldiers, and can obey none other than our officers."

"I would not ask you to do so," rejoined Elliott; "but whilst we are talking our poor comrade may be drowning, for I fear some such calamity has befallen him. But who comes here?" said Elliott, turning round, as he heard the steps of a person approaching from a direction opposite to that in which the Captain's band of soldiers had been posted.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the stranger, on whose head was a trooper's helmet, and whose face was concealed, and his person covered by the long, heavy cloak of a soldier.

"Your business?"

"Admission to the castle by the postern gate."

"The watchword."

"Henry."

"Pass, friend," said Elliott, as he opened the gate, then carefully re-locking it as before, he again fastened the key within his girdle.

John Elliott was a fair average specimen of the country to which he belonged. He was an honest, rough-spoken, right-thinking, and well-intentioned Englishman, more remarkable for good nature than for wit, and for rectitude of purpose than for liveliness of fancy. His faults were attributable to the prejudices engrained upon his mind, not so much by ignorance as by mis-education, and the consequence was, that he had been for a long time struggling in vain to reconcile with each other the statements impressed upon him from his youth with respect to Ireland, the Irish and the Papists, and his own actual experience of facts to which he was an eye and an ear-witness. The perpetual endeavor of a slow-witted and honest-hearted man to unravel the truth, kept him in a constant state of doubt and perplexity; and hence it cannot be a matter of surprise that when an event, such as has been just described, of the sudden disappearance of a comrade, in a manner alike strange and unaccountable, had occurred, that it should have thrown Elliott into a state of perplexity that he did not know what to do, and not knowing what to do he remained quiet, and did nothing.

A full half hour had passed away, and John Elliott still remained standing in the same position, with matchlock in hand, and his left foot resting upon the weapon of his companion Lawson. Thus he stood completely silent, and his faculties in the same state of bewilderment, utterly incapable of unravelling a meaning out of recent events, or of accounting for them, or of finding even a clue to them.

wide open, and on the same instant, Captain Ludlow, his face covered with blood, and his sword drawn, appeared on the ramparts, his pale, distorted visage, and haggard eyes being illuminated with the red light of at least twenty torches borne in the hands of his followers.

"Elliott! Elliott! have you slain the murderer?" asked Ludlow, his voice trembling with rage as he spoke—"say yes, and I will reward you with a hundred pounds. I heard the shot. Have you slain him?"

"Slain him!" exclaimed Elliott; "I know not, Captain, whom you mean. A man who gave the word but this moment passed the postern gate."

"Where is he? Where has he gone? In what direction are we to pursue?" asked Ludlow.

"The man I speak of passed direct from this gate to the rampart opposite. He then I think, cast away his helmet and cloak, and—"

Ludlow stopped to pale no more, but rushing with the men who bore the lighted torches over to the battlements, he caught up from the ground the helmet and cloak of a Cromwellian trooper. For an instant he stopped to examine the helmet, and then started Elliott and the other soldiers by the exclamation—"Why, this is the head-piece of Ebenezer Lawson—his name is written inside—and oh! horrible! he must have been murdered, for here is the mark of a bullet which has penetrated it. Revenge—revenge—revenge upon the Irish rebels!"

"Where did you see, Elliott, did the murderer cross the wall?" inquired Ludlow.

"The man seemed to me," said Elliott, "to clamber over the rampart at the very place where you are now standing. He did not do so with great agility, as he seemed to bear some burden with him; and as he disappeared, I fancied I heard the smothered cry of an infant."

"You heard aught," answered Ludlow; "the boy thus spirited away is the son of one of the most notorious rebels, and whose transportation for the West Indies had been specially directed by his Highness the Lord Protector. The importance of the boy may be seen from the efforts of his adherents. To rescue him, you observe how Lawson has been barbarously murdered; to rescue him—to take him out of my hands—the traitor, who has just passed through our ranks unscathed, assaulted me in a passage leading from the torture-chamber, struck me to the earth—but why stop wildly talking here when he, the villain, as well as the young rebel he seeks to rescue, may be captured. Fetch soldiers, use your torches, examine wall and moat, and then pass to the other side; leave not a house in Sheep-street unexplored."

As Ludlow was thus speaking, the whizzing of an arrow was heard, and at the same moment the Captain was observed to fall upon his back, even though the weapon which struck him was repelled by the strength and thickness of his breastplate.

A cry of indignation burst from the Cromwellians, when they witnessed this assault upon their leader.

"The rebels challenge us to the conflict," said Ludlow, as he raised himself from the earth. "Instead of evading pursuit they court it. Look, men, to the other side, and if you can see any living person there, discharge your pieces."

"I think," cried one of the soldiers, "I can discern something lying on the edge of the moat on the other side, that has all the appearance of a human body stretched upon the earth, as if the person so lying were seeking to conceal himself."

"Fire, soldiers, at whatever you can see that bears the semblance of a foeman," cried Captain Ludlow.

A discharge of musketry succeeded this command, and it was followed by a heavy groan on the other side of the moat, whilst, as if in reply to it, there was the flight of a single arrow, which, directed with a better aim than its predecessor, struck slantingly on the cheek of Ludlow, inflicting, as it ploughed its way, an awful and ghastly wound, and dashing him with a cry of agony to the earth, where he lay without sense or motion.

The soldiers gathered for an instant around their fallen commander; but perceiving that the wound, though severe, was not mortal, they eagerly inquired what was to be done.

"In consequence of the disaster that has befallen your leader," remarked Elliott, as he stood upon his post, "I would recommend you to remove him at once to his own quarters, where he can be visited, and his wound tended by his own chirurgeon. I would then advise a file of men to pass to the other side of the moat, and look to the condition of the person whose moans are so plainly to be heard even here. Be the person friend or foe, he should, because wounded, be attended with care."

Soldiers are more accustomed to obey commands than to inquire into the authority of him by whom they are issued; and therefore, the directions of Elliott were at once acted upon.

Captain Ludlow was removed from the Castle ramparts in a state of insensibility; and a file of soldiers, divesting themselves of headpieces, breastplates, and cloaks, plunged into the moat, and chambered up to the opposite bank, where, in an instant afterwards, one of them was heard thus crying out—

"What," said he musingly to himself, "what can be the reason that a young person so exalted in rank, and of such ancient lineage as one of the Ludlows of Wiltshire, should seek out as his associate, and the confidant for his secrets, a person so low in birth as Ebenezer Lawson? What common interest can bind two such persons together? And then, who could that young boy be, for whose transportation to the West Indies Ludlow is so anxious? Oh! absurd—all are too old or too young for an infant with any right to claim to be associated with them. Then it must be some one that is entitled to large estates in Ireland—probably the head of some clan, like that of Owen Roe O'Neill. Lawson said something of a Colonel Fitzpatrick—yes, that must be the case; and then the bravest of the young Irishmen—for the person who twice passed me, I marked him well, could not be more than eighteen years of age. What a gallant, glorious, fearless youth he must be! That risks; what peril of life and limb, of death, of torture, of slavery, he exposed himself for the purpose of preserving a young child that may never live to repay him even with barren thanks! And these things are not only attempted but achieved by the Irish, whom I have been taught to despise and contemn, and that Lawson says he hates—now that I think of Lawson, how rich he has deserved all that he has received! But how was he spirited away from the ramparts? I hope he may live, if it were only to explain that mystery. Mystery! mystery! what is an entire life, but an incomprehensible mystery. What this whole life-long night but an almost incredible mystery, in which the calling that is plain to me, and the only matter of which I am positive sure is, that the head-piece of Lawson suffered no injury from an Irish rebel, and that the bullet that penetrated it was discharged from no other matchlock than that which my own hand grasped. I am sure of that—I am in doubt about everything else—in doubt—and difficulty upon all I have heard, and all I have seen. It was I fired at, and shot through Lawson's helmet that I know, and beyond that I know nothing."

CHAPTER II.

The old tavern or coffee-house, "the Cock," in Cook-street, was for a long time one of the most celebrated houses of entertainment in the City of Dublin; but at no period was its fame better established, nor its public room more crowded from mid-day to midnight, than during the last ten years of the reign of Charles the Second. It was the resort of persons of various classes and conditions of life. Courtiers from the Castle, merchants from the quays, wealthy shopkeepers from Castle-street and Dame-street, and the gentry from distant parts of Ireland, all met on terms of perfect equality within its walls, and each could select for himself a small box or compartment, which served the purposes of a private room whilst acting as the headquarters towards those he chose for the night as his associates.

In the large dining-hall of "the Cock," there was thus combined together all the advantages of select society and of general publicity. All sat within view of each other; but each box or compartment was regarded as a reserved spot, into which no stranger ventured to intrude, unless specially invited to do so by the person who had first taken his seat there.

"The Cock" was not a tavern or coffee-house alone; for a considerable portion of the premises was devoted to the purposes of a inn, and hence there might not unfrequently be seen covering in the darkest corners of the public room persons of an inferior condition in life to those who composed its usual company.

These strangers were easily distinguishable for the most part, not less by their coarse dress, and the humble fare of which they partook, than by their broad Irish tongue—a contrast as great to the pure English spoken by the Castle office-holders, as to the assumed Anglicized tones, or bastard English accent of the Anglo-Irish citizens of Dublin.

Upon a warm summer evening in the year 1679, there might be observed sitting alone in one of the boxes of the public room of "the Cock," a small man of middle age, and whose face or appearance there was nothing remarkable beyond the fact that on his right cheek there was a long, red streak, which seemed to be the trace of an old wound. This man had not, with the exception of the scar upon his face, the semblance of ever having been a soldier. His head was stooped, his face thin and haggard, his large grey, cavernous eyes, which he seldom raised to look around, and his shrinking, timid, reserved manner were the embodiment of a man whose life was devoted to some unamiable, lucrative pursuit, and in which profit was sought for by every means it could be grasped at. The dress a plain grey suit of fine cloth, was in accordance with the seeming mercantile profession of the wearer; and the sword he wore, then the indispensable emblem of a gentleman by birth and position, was not in contradiction to it.

This man might be observed (and he was noticed from the moment he entered the coffee-room) to look up from time to time towards the door, as if he were waiting the arrival of some one with whom he had made an appointment. The tison of claret which he had ordered upon entering the room lay untasted before him, whilst his only amusement or occupation was to twine his fingers from time to time in the well-crippled curling ringlets of the long jet black, and in contrast to his features, too youthful peruke which covered his head, and flowed down upon his back, neck, and shoulders.

In a box almost directly opposite to this man there was seated alone, and apparently fully occupied with his dinner of a roast fowl and a taskard of foaming beer, an aged, smooth-faced, coarsely-dressed countryman whose full, dark eyes were seldom raised from the table before him, and who sitting with his face half turned away from the company, and towards the wall, had, by chance or design, thrown himself into a position in which, without seeing the company, he could be certain of hearing the general conversation going on around him.

Truth compels us to say, that if this was the design of the rustic, such was the tone of morals then generally prevailing, that neither the topics that were then fashionable, nor the mode of discussing them, could have tended to his edification or instruction. He might have learned and seen, and jobs, and laughter, what wiles of the English court had been imported into Dublin, and he might have informed himself what was the nature of the last profane joke, or loose poem, or disgusting ballad, with the habits and previous lives of the most popular actresses or Whitehall belles. All that tavern knowledge which comminates by communication was within his reach, if he chose to take advantage of the opportunity of acquiring it. It was almost certain that he did not do so, for his manner, his attitude, and his look, were unchanged whilst this vain and wicked prattle was going on around him. Such however, was not the case when he heard, from the box opposite to him, the words—

"Well—well—well—what of him?" asked Elliott.

"Ah! here he is wounded by the discharge of our musketry. We found his mouth gagged, his arms and legs tied together, and his clothes as wet as if they had been steeping in the Castle ditch for half an hour. We have cut the cords that bound his limbs; we have removed the gag from his mouth; but still he is unable to speak—he has, we know not how many gun-shot wounds in his hands, legs, and body. Send us aid to remove him."

The wounded man had been removed; the silence of the still night had succeeded to the clamorous cries of infuriated troopers; the followers of Ludlow had dispersed, and John Elliott was left alone and solitary in charge of the postern gate. He paced up and down slowly and solemnly, and as he did so his thoughts untracingly returned to the various events that had passed before him.

"So you have at length come. I was beginning to doubt that my message had reached you."

The old rustic turned round for an instant, cast one glance at the person thus addressed, and then pulling up around his face the collar of his coat, outside of which he looked away from the company, and more directly at the wall than he had done before.

Such was the haste with which the rustic had turned round, that he did not remark that the new-comer had been followed by a stranger, a man in a plain brown suit of clothes, but wearing a sword, who slid unperceived by the person who had preceded him, into a vacant box adjoining that in which the man with the long black peruke was seated.

"So you have at length come. I was beginning to doubt that my message had reached you."

Such was the salutation again repeated by the man in the black peruke.

"Had I known it to be a profane drinking booth you had invited me, I would not have come at all," was the surly reply of the stranger, a gaunt, grey-faced old man, with close-cropped grey hair, and whose great height was marred by one of his legs being shorter than the other.

"Nay, nay, Ebenezer, find no fault with a place in which the liquor is faultless. I invited you to partake of a stoup of wine, where the claret is super-excellent. King Charles, or the Duke of York, or old Oliver himself, never had finer wines in their cellars than the Cock of Cook-street can justly boast of."

"The wine is good," said the stranger, sitting down, and at once draught emptying the jugon before him. "I find no fault with the wine, but I do with the place in which I am imbibing it. You know well, Edward, it was not to drink wine you asked me hither, but it was to talk on matters of serious import. And what a place is this to talk in? with babblers on one side of you, and for aught you can tell, eaves-droppers on the other. Let me see who are your neighbors. Ah! on your right hand there are roysters, fighting followers for Ormond, and on the other a gentleman in a brown suit, a tippler, I presume, for he has fallen asleep with his wine half drunk before him. And who is that old toy opposite, whose face is turned away from us? I suspect from his smooth shaven face, and his rustic garb, that he is a Popish priest, or prelate in disguise—perhaps a Jesuit; if so, I shall test him before he leaves that spot, or I quit this tavern."

With these observations the old man re-seated himself, and then added: "Now, Edward, speak out your mind. What new scheme have you on hand for increasing your wealth, in which my services may be useful to you?"

"In all my dealings with you hitherto," said the man who had been addressed as Edward, "have you not found me scrupulously exact in the performance of all my promises?"

"Assuredly, yes," replied the old man; "and for very good reason too—first, you could not have carried on your plots without me; and next, you are quite certain that if you had deceived me, I would have pistolled you with as little remorse as if you were a sparrow, instead of being what you are—the nephew of the bravest and best soldier of the Commonwealth—Lieutenant-General Ludlow."

"Hush! hush! Ebenezer," said the terrified Ludlow, "the times are sadly changed, and the less there is now said of my connexion with General Ludlow, one of the late king's judges, the better for my safety and security, both of person and property in this country. My family history is no more to be boasted of than the injury which has lamed you for life, and which you may remember was inflicted by one who was as anxious to keep the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick in Ireland, as you and I were to have him transported."

"Withered like a bramble be the accursed hand that inflicted that wound," said the enraged Lawson, as his pale, harsh, rugged features were suddenly overspread with the red flush of indignation. "Accursed, for ever cursed, be the villain who inflicted so many injuries in a single night, first basely and coward-like gagging my mouth as I stood on the Castle rampart, then flinging a rope around my neck and dragging me as if I were a dog, down the wall, and through the waters of the ditch, and then binding me neck and heels together, so as to be a conspicuous object for the musketry of the Castle to fire at, making my body a target for the weapons of my friends, and so causing the wound that has lamed me for life."

"But, oh! I trust, I hope, I may yet encounter the wretch who thus wronged me. There is not a day in the long, long years that have since passed away, that I have not asked of the Lord, that I have not prayed to the God of vengeance, I might be permitted to meet again, and living, the catfish who so tortured and afflicted me. Oh! that I might but once again meet him face to face, once again look in his bery black eyes, the glare of which can never pass away from my memory."

Lawson was interrupted in his denunciation of his unknown aggressor by a loud burst of jeering laughter, so loud and so prolonged, that persons stopped to listen to it; and, as is usual upon occasions where men meet for festive purposes, the sounds of merrily are contagious, and there was a shout, an actual chorus of laughter from all parts of the coffee-room.

"The one Cromwellian stopped, confounded and amazed by this outburst. At length he resumed by saying, "That poor drunken creature in the next compartment to us has set the example to idiots like himself, and they have imitated his folly; but every beast loveth its like; so also every man him that is nearest to himself."

"Ebenezer," said Ludlow, a public tavern in Cook street, a place so near to the Castle walls, is not a fitting spot on which we should either boast of, or even refer to our former exploits. We have outlived the times of the Commonwealth, and the reign of the republicans, and we must now give way to cavaliers, and king's friends, and Tories, and, if we can retain in peace what we have won in war."

"And is it to utter such bold nonsense as that you have invited me hither?" asked Lawson, whose angry passions, excited by the recollection of former transactions, had not yet subsided.

"Not at all," answered Ludlow; "I have invited you hither, because, you living in the east, and I in the south of Ireland, wished to confer with you on a matter in which we are alike interested. I mean the retention of the Fitzpatrick estates. I need not tell you how sorely weakened is our claim to hold them, by that claim being united with the valiant Axtel, who suffered as a traitor for obeying the commands of Parliament, but who, believe me, was exempted from the Bill of Indemnity, in consequence of the manoeuvres of the Irish Papists and rebels, who wished, as I believe, first to take the Fitzpatrick estates from his grasp, and next to revenge the death of the old woman, the Colonel's mother, and the many other mischiefs he did to the Irish race, when he was Governor of Kilkenny?"

"I hope you have not summoned me from Drogheda to a wine-shop in Dublin, to tell me that my old Colonel was executed a quarter of a century since, at Tyburn," said Lawson, his irritation not yet abated.

"I summoned you," replied Ludlow, "as a man who would prefer the consideration of present dangers to the useless reflections upon past grievances and by-gone offences. I wanted to speak to you of your pecuniary interests and not of your personal sufferings."

"Then you should have commenced with that topic which you yourself deemed to be of the most importance. It was you, not I, who first alluded to the events of that hateful night, which resulted in maiming me for life," said Lawson, somewhat soothed in manner.

"You forget this hideous scar will not permit the events of that night to pass for one hour from my mind," continued Ludlow. "The same hand that maimed your body, has rendered my face hideous. But to turn now to that which is possible."

"Vengeance is possible to him who has the firm will to execute it," interrupted Lawson. "I live but to revenge! and that revenge I assure I shall yet inflict upon my aggressor. But go on; wherefore have you wished to speak with me?"

"I have been assured," said Ludlow, "that there are now three persons living, who may claim to be owners of the lands you and I have, since the death of Axtel, divided amongst us."

"A strange division!" observed Lawson; "for every acre of land I have, you possess three."

There was a pause for a few minutes when Lawson made this remark. The thin features of Ludlow quivered, and the red scar in his cheek assumed a purple hue, as his trembling left hand grasped the hilt of his sword. Whatever were his emotions, they were too strong for utterance, and could not without an exertion be fully mastered. At last he appeared to gulp down the words he was on the point of uttering, and filling out a draught of wine, he hastily swallowed it, and then stretching his right hand across the table to his companion, he said—

"Pardon me, Ebenezer, if in all our dealings hitherto on this matter, I have only looked at the shares of land as they were originally apportioned by Cromwellian Commissioners between two men, one of whom was a captain as well as nephew of the Commander-in-Chief, and the other who was nothing more than a private soldier in the army. Times have greatly altered since then, and so should be our treatment of each other. Henceforth we shall have share and share alike."

"If I am to be united with you in any plans for the future, that regulation must apply to the Fitzpatrick lands. I should have as much of them as you, as I have equally suffered for them like you," remarked Lawson.

"And so you shall. Let us but see that the other claimants are put out of the way, that my rights are secured, and from that instant the land or the profits of the land shall be equally divided between you and me. To this promise I bind myself, and pledge my honour as a soldier my truth as a gentleman, and my faith as a Christian."

"But first duly enrolled in a formal deed, with all necessary guards, conditions, and provisions, such as the skill and learning of our good friend, Tom Edwards, the scrivener of Exchequer-street, can devise," added the cautious Lawson.

"Of course, of course," said Ludlow, in a hurried, stammering voice. "If you cannot, with all your many years' experience of me, rely upon my word, you shall have my bond."

"Life is short. I do not expect to live for ever, and therefore, I prefer your written deed to your spoken word," said Lawson. "I have a daughter—an only child; Judith, Captain Ludlow, is her name. I hope to see her yet wedded to one who is like her father, a true friend to the old cause. If I died to-day, she would have but a small part of the Fitzpatrick lands to inherit. Endowed by your deed she will be the richest republican heiress in Ireland."

"You forget," said Ludlow, "what I have been but this moment saying to you, that between the inheritance which you wish to bequeath to your daughter, Judith, there are now three claimants, and all, I fear, living; and it is to devise with you the best means of defeating those claims that I have sought this interview with you."

"Proceed," said Lawson. "Now that you have agreed to my terms, I am an attentive listener. I feel that we have but one common interest to promote, to maintain, and to defend."

"The first of the claimants who is said to be living," continued Ludlow, "is the original owner, Colonel Fitzpatrick. He, in consequence of an agreement made with my uncle, the general, and those who then represented the English government in Ireland, passed with his Irish regiment from the service of Charles Stuart to that of the King of Spain. It was supposed that he had been slain in Africa by the Moors; but within the last few months a rumor has been going through the South of Ireland, that the Colonel, who must now be a very old man, was captured and made a slave, and has lately been restored to liberty, and was on his way back to his native country. If that report should prove to be correct—if he once lands in safety in this country, he will, of course, get back, from Charles II. the lands he lost fighting in defence of the crown of Charles I. You and I must then devise the means of preventing the Colonel being publicly recognized in Ireland."

"I understand you," said Lawson, with a grim smile, as he grasped the hilt of his sword. "There is one sure means of disposing of his claims; but they do not appear to me to be so formidable as you fancy. The Colonel is a Catholic. If he returns he can be charged with being a participator in the massacre of Protestants in 1641; and he like many hundreds of the Irish Papists, may be so deprived of estates, which are applied to the use and advantage of English loyalists, like you and myself. Though the King is restored to the throne, and the next heir to the crown is an avowed Papist, we have fallen upon times too touchy and too perilous for the King or Duke of York to attempt exacting justice for Irish Romanists. Let me then hear who is the next claimant. As regards the Colonel, I am, in my estimation, by no means formidable—he can be easily got rid of—either by the law, as it is now administered in Ireland; or, if that fails, with still less trouble—by an inch of steel or an ounce of lead. Who is the second claimant?"

"The second claimant," observed Ludlow, "is one, on whose account you and I have already endured insupportable rebuffs and everlasting injuries. It is the son of Colonel Fitzpatrick."

letter from the Commonwealth governor in that island, he and his nurse had both died within a few months of their being placed within the influence of such a pestilential climate."

"I told you as a truth that which I myself believed to be a fact," replied Ludlow; "but events of which I have lately heard, induce me to suppose that I was wilfully deceived—and that, too, by a person on whose fidelity I supposed I might calculate. The governor of Jamaica was Major Sedgewick—a stout, sincere republican—a man who was persuaded that the late Oliver Cromwell was an inspired and heaven-ordained prophet and warrior; but Sedgewick with all his republicanism and fanaticism, was like your former comrade, John Elliott, a very tender-hearted fool; and it is believed, that he took pity on the boy, preserved him from the fate which he had been doomed, and sent him and his nurse to one of the English colonies on the continent of America, upon condition that they should never return to Ireland as long as he, Sedgewick, lived. Sedgewick has died within the last twelve months; and some of the older tenants in the Queen's County have been heard to declare that they had seen and recognized the son of the Colonel, and were prepared to support him once he openly claimed a restoration to his rights."

Lawson remained for a few minutes silent, resting his elbows upon the table, and leaning his head between both his hands, and he paused as if in profound meditation. At length, raising himself up and casting himself back in his seat, he poured out a fresh draught of wine, and quaffing it off, he spoke, as if in communion with himself, rather than addressing his companion.

"The boy that I thought dead and gone—alive and in the flesh! All that I have suffered—my distorted limb, my crushed body—cheaply entered, as I fancied, because rewarded with his death—of no avail! Vincent Fitzpatrick, a grown man, in Ireland, coming to claim from King and Parliament the great fields which for years I have been treading upon as mine own! My toil, my thrift, my watchings, and my wounds to be productive, not of good to myself, but to another—who comes, as it were, out of the grave in which I supposed I had buried him—who comes here to bid me and my child return to England as poor and as despised as the first day I landed—an humble, moneyless, obscure trooper in the army of the Parliament. He comes to claim from me what is dearer to me than life. What mean you, Edward Ludlow, to do with such an adversary? I ask you the question, believing you will respond to it, as I mean to do—with my right arm and my sword."

"I have already remarked to you," said Ludlow, "that in this matter our interests are the same, and we must unite together in defending them. I have not said that the boy was positively living; I have only told you the rumors respecting him."

"They are true," replied Lawson, "depend upon it they are true. No one could have invented such a fiction. They are consistent with the character of Sedgewick. I knew him well, as well as I did John Elliott, to whom you have referred, and of whom I have lost sight for a long time. Know you what has become of him?"

"John Elliott is not only alive," replied Ludlow, "but is now one of the richest citizens of Dublin. The house in which we are sitting is his property; and he has lately become the purchaser of my uncle's splendid old mansion and park at Monkstown; but why think of him when we have matters of deeper import to engage our attention? I have mentioned the report that prevails respecting Vincent Fitzpatrick, because it was my duty, having heard it, not to conceal it from you; but, at the same time, I must add that I am not disposed to attach much credit to it. The people of this country are fond of circulating wild legends and improbable stories, and this is perchance one of them; or it may be one of the deliberate inventions of the archvillain, Redmond O'Hanlon, and set afloat, like so many other tales concocted by him, for the purpose of annoying those republican holders of land, whom he cannot assail by his gang, and whose persons and properties are beyond the sphere in which he carries on his aggressions."

"The Rapparees, be sure of it," said Lawson "have nothing to do with these rumours of the reappearance of Vincent Fitzpatrick. It is, I am sure, a truth, and all we have to do is to render the claim against us abortive, and I can see but one way to put an end to the difficulty, and that is by the sword."

"Be it so," added Ludlow. "Let it be as you say, by the sword, or if you prefer it, the pistol."

Lawson smiled, and winked at his companion.

"But," continued Ludlow, "before you can use either, you must know the haunts of the person to be assailed, what are his means of defence, by whom he is sustained, and by whom protected."

(To be continued.)

The Indians.

New York, March 12.—The Tribune says General Sherman's pledge to Beecher, that if the Indians should be placed under the care of the army all religious denominations should have an equal chance in teaching and civilizing the tribes, comes from a man who is not in the habit of saying things he does not mean. The question of the transfer of the Indian Bureau cannot be regarded in any aspect as a personal one, but this promise may reassure some who fear that military control will mean an end of religious influence.

The Kadif War.

London, March 14.—In the House of Commons, Lord Egerton, Secretary to the Admiralty, announced that since yesterday a number of transports had left Madeira for the Cape. An exciting scene occurred in consequence of the announcement by Sir Stafford Northcote, that the Government did not intend to remove Lord Chelmsford from the command. Mr. Jenkins, despite the repeated intervention of the Speaker, attacked Lord Chelmsford, declaring his advancement was due to occult influences.

Illusions.

There are some illusions so beautiful, so healthful, and so pleasant, that we would that no harshness of this world's ways, no bitter experience, no sad reality could awaken us from them. Faith in man or woman is a comfortable creed, but you will scarcely find a man of thirty, or a woman either, who retains it. Fairy plays with us, but while she tricks, she blesses us. The more prosaic man, who strips the tinsel from everything, who tests every coin and every pleasure, and tells you that it has not the true ring, who checks capering fancy by the whip of reality, is not to be envied. The French—even at the bottom of all their gaiety—have a sad word, *la sagesse*, and by it they mean one who has worn out all his youthful ideas; who has been behind the scenes and has watched the ugly actors and gaunt actresses by daylight. Such a man's joys are Dead Sea apples. Happy are they with whom the domino is never completely dropped! We may rightly accuse the critic who destroys too many illusions.

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

BLESSING A BELL.—A new 2350-pound bell was recently blessed at the Church of St. Mary, St. Clair, Quebec.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The new edifice of St. Mary's Church, Greenwich, Conn., is rapidly approaching completion.

By the appointment of Archbishop Henni, Rev. Father Donahue, of the Cathedral Parish of Milwaukee, assumes the duties of Vicar General.

It is reported that Archbishop Purcell is in a fair way to get out of his present financial difficulties, through help from the whole Catholic Church in America.

ANOTHER CONVERT.—Mr. Egber Claves, formerly an Episcopalian minister, has been received into the Catholic Church by Very Rev. Father Gallagher, V. G. of Columbus, Ohio.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.—St. Vincent's Church, Baltimore, Md., will be solemnly consecrated on March 25th, by Archbishop Gibbons. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., will preach.

WELCOME HOME.—Right Rev. Bishop Ryan and Father Cronin, of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived in that city Tuesday morning, Feb. 25, from their trip to the Old World.

C. T. A. U. OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Much interest is manifested in the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Massachusetts, to take place next month at Lawrence. The temperance society of Saint Francis de Sales parish, Bunker Hill district, has voted to leave the Union.

RECEPTION TO BISHOP RYAN.—On the occasion of the recent reception to Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, N. Y., tendered him by his clergy, addresses were made to him in English, Latin, French, German, and Italian. Bishop Ryan surprised his auditors by replying to each of the addresses in the tongue in which it was addressed to him.

THE FRIDAYS IN LENT.—At all the masses of the Fridays in Lent special commemoration is made of subjects connected with the crucifixion. On the Friday after Quinquagesima Sunday, the theme is the Crown of Thorns; after the first Sunday in Lent, the Spear and Nails; after the second Sunday, the Holy Winding Sheet; after the third Sunday, the Five Sacred Wounds; after the fourth Sunday, the Precious Blood; after Passion Sunday, the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

Pope Leo to his Cardinals.

On the anniversary of his election to the Supreme See, the Cardinals, through their Dean, Cardinal de Pietro, presented their felicitations to the Holy Father. He replied as follows:

The good wishes and congratulations which you offer us, in the name of the Sacred College, on this anniversary of our elevation to the Pontificate, are extremely agreeable to us. Lord Cardinal, in receiving them, with feelings of the warmest gratitude, it is pleasant for us to be able to express to the Sacred College our satisfaction at the numerous proofs of attachment and respect which it has given us in the course of this year, and for the aid which it has afforded us in the duties of the government of the Church. From the moment that it pleased the Lord to raise us to the august chair of St. Peter, when our heart deeply moved and penetrated with the thought of the heavy burden imposed on our weakness, felt almost appalled, the most efficacious encouragement we received was from the certainty that we would find in the Sacred College a powerful support, and from the assured hopes that Divine Providence, which in such tempestuous times called on us to rule over the Church, would never be wanting to us with its merciful aid. Animated with that confidence, and fully aware of the evils and necessities of society at present; and moreover, intimately convinced of the power of the Church to effect their removal and cure, nothing was dearer to our heart than to show the world the beneficent nature and salutary influence of the Church, so as to bring back to her the princes and people, as well as to re-establish her in that noble state of liberty which is hers by Divine ordinance. If our solicitude and our words, received with respect and obedience by the faithful of the universe, have served to re-arouse amongst some of them a love for the Church, and to render others of them less hostile in their feelings towards her, that result will be solely due to Him who has made the nations capable of being healed; to Him who has given efficacy to our words, and also to the inestimable treasures of light, truth, and beauty with which the Church is enriched. But in rendering to God the acts of thanksgiving which are due to Him, we know how difficult and hard is the way we have to traverse, for in fact, the ever-increasing propensity to evil which is afflicting society, the arrogant designs of many men whose audacity is increasing by unexpected triumphs, the disloyal warfare which in all parts of the world is being waged against the Church and the Papacy, give pre-eminence of darker and more terrible terrors. However, with the aid of God, neither adverse events nor the menaces nor the deceitful flatteries of our enemies, will prevent us from doing our duty, and we shall ever apply ourselves to follow in the glorious footsteps of our most illustrious predecessors. Always ready to extend a friendly hand to those who, in good faith and with repentance, come back to the Church and cease to persecute her, we will continue to combat those who make war on her, and we will persevere with constancy and firmness in the defence of her rights, her independence, and her freedom. Our confidence rests in Him from whom, however unworthy, we hold our place on earth; in Him who gives to the combatant strength and victory; in Him who has said, "Have confidence I have overcome the world, and who has overcome it by means apparently humble and despicable, and with a wisdom which in the eyes of the world seems but folly. We have therefore confidence, it is a pleasure to us to repeat, in the wise and enlightened assistance of the Sacred College, certain that it will never fail us as long as it may please the Lord to prolong our days. With these feelings, then, and in sympathy with the felicitations and good wishes for our welfare which you have just expressed, we grant to all the Sacred College from the bottom of our heart and as a pledge of our especial affection the Apostolic Benediction. *Benedictio Dei, &c.*

European Jottings.

A few weeks since a manufactory was started in Manchester, England, for the making of "Mellin's coffee." A seizure was made of the product of the factory, and it was found to consist of coffee, chicory and date stones, the last being a new adulteration for such a purpose.

Peace the phenomenal murderer, loved music, and to obtain the money necessary for his defence, sold his three violins for nearly £27, a piano for £25, and a grand piano for £100, who wrote to him that she had no money to spare but hoped to meet him in heaven, has applied for the £100 reward for his conviction.

Mr. Francis Bar, a princely merchant of Milan, as he was in his room counting some money which he had just received, when his barber was announced. That personage appeared and commenced operations, when suddenly he threw his razor on the floor and ran out of the room. "What is the matter?" asked an explanation. "Well," he confessed at last, "the sight of the gold was too much for me. If I had not run away I would have cut Mr. Bar's throat and robbed him." Mr. Bar presented the barber with 100 francs.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

France.—Correspondence from Paris says that the impeachment motion is likely to have the result which its authors do not contemplate, namely, the beginning of a crusade to put down noisy demagogues, who aim at reverting government impossible under every regime, and who are now adopting against the Republic manoeuvres which they adopted against the Empire and Monarchy of July. Gambetta's two papers take different sides. The *Secur*, edited by Brisson, author of the impeachment report, is opposed to the measure on the ground that it would involve a Ministerial crisis.

London, March 13.—A Paris correspondent says that the chief interest of yesterday's vote in the Chamber of Deputies, was whether the Government would be supported by a majority of the Left. On this point all reasonable expectations have been fulfilled, as the Government, on the rejection of impeachment, obtained a majority of 40 in the Moderate Left against the Extreme Left. Such majority leaves the Ministry open to a defeat by coalition between the Extreme Left and the Left. The order of the day, pure and simple, was moved by Clemenceau, on the ground that the Chamber, having refused to impeach incriminated persons, had no right to censure them, was rejected by 225 of the Left to 287 of the Extreme Left and Right.

England.—London, March 14.—The Blackburn Weavers' Association and Wages Committee, of North and Northeast Lancashire, have declined to accept the invitation to send a deputation to the Masters' meeting at Manchester to-day, because the Masters previously passed a resolution refusing ever again to confer with the Weavers' Secretaries. A conference of representatives of the operatives of all districts meet at Blackburn on Saturday.

Russia.—London, March 13.—A correspondent at St. Petersburg confirms the statement that recent accounts of dissensions in the Imperial palace are entire fabrications. He also says the police discovered two secret printing presses there yesterday; two arrests have been made in connection therewith. Prokofij, who it was stated, had the plague and died, is convalescent.

Advices from Russia report that Colonel Knoop of the *Genarvie* has been strangled by the nihilists.

Turkey.—Constantinople, March 12.—The withdrawal of the British fleet has been delayed in consequence of the desire of the Sultan to give a banquet in honor of Admiral Hornby.

Tunisia, March 12.—A violent speech was made in the Bulgarian Assembly to-day in favor of the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to Prince Dondonkoff Karsakoff.

Constantinople, March 13.—The British fleet has left Ismed for Gallipoli on its way to Besika Bay.

London, March 13.—A despatch from Tirnova says there is every indication of a speedy evacuation of Bulgaria by the Russians. A despatch from Constantinople says there are symptoms of much more conciliatory disposition towards Greece.

London, March 13.—Dispatches from Tirnova say that a premature uprising of the Turks near Osman Bazar was purposely brought to a head by the Government, which had received information of extensive preparations for an outbreak. The Government is confident of its ability to repress further agitation.

London, March 14.—A Pesh special says that the Roumanian Senate and Chamber have resolved to conform to amend the Constitution and to conform to the laws concerning Jews, and to the requirements of the Treaty of Berlin. The question will now be submitted to the popular vote.

Much excitement prevails at Limassol, in the Island of Cyprus. All shops are closed, and traffic suspended, in consequence of Sir Garnet Wolseley's monetary regulations. The inhabitants have telegraphed to the Queen, appealing against Sir Garnet's decree.

Germany.—Berlin, March 13.—The Alsatian Parliamentary Committee unanimously adopted a resolution expressing the hope that Alsace and Lorraine may obtain a separate constitution as a federal state, having its seat of government at Strasburg, and a representative in the Federal Council. The Lorraine members refused to adhere to this resolution, unless it was further stipulated that there should be no Prince or Governor of the new State. As this amendment was not taken into consideration, the Lorrainers left the room prior to the vote.

London, March 13.—A correspondent at Berlin says that Bismarck proposed to give Alsace and Lorraine a special cabinet, and make the vote of the Provincial Assembly decisive, instead of merely consultative. The Government Tobacco Bill proposes a duty of 70 marks on foreign, and an excise tax of 50 marks on native tobacco.

A Berlin special states that the tariff Commission has resolved to increase the duties upon rice and meat, which are now 12 marks for each, to 2 marks for rice, and 3 marks for meat. The duty on meat is increased with a view to restricting American imports. The Imperial Government has proposed a duty of 5 pfennings per hundred-weight on coal. It will probably be adopted, as it is considered sufficient to close Germany against British coal.

Berlin, March 13.—The commission to revise the customs tariff recommend raising the import duty on meat to three marks, in order to restrict importation from the United States.

Vienna, March 14.—The *Political Correspondence* states that Lord Dufferin, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been instructed to lay stress upon the necessity of strictly adhering to all provisions of the Treaty of Berlin, and declaring decisively that the San Stefano provisions must not be revived under any pretext whatever, England being convinced that the difficulties in regard to Roumelia could be overcome only by a mixture of vigor and moderation on the part of the Pope.

Africa.—London, March 13.—Upon the petition of the consular delegates at Whydat, a Portuguese man-of-war blockaded that port in consequence of the arrest of Portuguese subjects by the King of Dahomey. The King blockaded the roads leading into the interior.

Austria-Hungary.—Pesth, March 12.—Latest telegrams announce that the flood, with a terrific roar, is rushing from two sides over Szegedin. The horrors of the situation baffle all description, and the town is in fact destroyed. Two-thirds of it are now submerged, including citadel and post and telegraph offices, whole rows of houses falling, orphanage destroyed, and all the inmates are buried in the ruins and two manufactories on fire. The inhabitants are flying to New Szegedin, and more elevated parts of the town and municipality of Pesth are making every effort to send assistance to Szegedin. Relief trains have already started, and accom-

modation for fugitives has been provided in barracks and public buildings of Pesth.

London, March 12.—A despatch from Pesth says that a hundred square miles in the neighborhood of Szegedin are flooded. The crops in this district are lost. The Government has sent 40,000 florins for the relief of the inhabitants. The Radicals in the Diet to-day violently attacked the Government for neglecting to take precautions to prevent the calamity.

Venice, March 13.—The Hungarian Minister of Finance left for Szegedin with 200,000 florins to be distributed among the sufferers by inundation.

The misery is increasing. Rescuing boats continually strike ruins, so that in many cases the rescue of sufferers is impossible. A violent storm is raging, and the flood is continually rising and is now two feet above the level of the Theiss. The submerged area has been reduced to 600 square metres, which continually decreases. After the first irruption of the waters 35 soldiers were drowned. It is stated that the railways carried gratuitously 10,000 fugitives yesterday.

London, March 14.—A large portion of the suburbs of Szegedin are below the ordinary level of the river Theiss. Instead of five or six hours, which it was calculated the flood would take to spread through the town, scarcely an hour and a half passed. Some hope is entertained that on account of the timely alarm, the loss of life has not been very great, but the victims must be numbered by hundreds, if not thousands, nor is the havoc yet complete. All Wednesday dull sounds were heard in all directions, indicating the fall of successive buildings. The poorer classes were extremely unwilling to abandon their homes, in many cases forced had to be used. All the communities vie with each other in sending provisions, and opening their houses to the refugees. Comparatively few avail themselves of the latter offer. The working classes especially prefer abiding by the nearest safe spot in the town; thus thousands are encamped on a high embankment. To let the water from above and behind the town run into the river in front could be only imperfectly carried out.

Pesth, March 14.—The Emperor Francis Joseph will forego his intended visit here to receive the congratulations on the occasion of his silver wedding. He desires that the money intended for the festivities be distributed among the sufferers by the flood. The Emperor and Empress also give 49,000 florins.

General News.

The San Francisco Bulletin says that the total arrivals of Chinese at that port in 1878 were 6,773, and the departures 6,971.

Since Paris opened her first horse butchery 122,133 horses, 1,870 asses, and 203 mules have been eaten there. In the country they eat less of such viands.

A Virginia correspondent says that owing to the fact that white Protestants shun the negroes, the latter in large numbers are becoming subject to Catholic influences.

In Berlin the silk trade has nearly died out by reason of French competition, while at Lyons it is exceedingly depressed by reason of the greatly reduced demand from this country.

A negro boy in Elia, Ga., (believed to take care of the baby. His mother left it with him, however, although he declared that he would kill it, and when she returned he had basted it to death.

Baton Rouge boys started a pedestrian exhibition (admission two cents), and a nine-year-old walker stuck to the track till he fell from exhaustion. He has since been dangerously ill.

The coal industry of Pennsylvania has reached enormous proportions, the annual product being valued at fifty million dollars. The first coal mined, amounting to a few hundred tons, was sold in Philadelphia in 1811; for twenty-one dollars a ton.

The debt of the city of Paris is now nearly \$100,000,000, and the interest about \$20,000,000 a year. The credit of the city, however, is, if possible, even higher than that of the country. The municipal taxation is nearly \$22.50 per head of population.

A bachelor who lately died in Manchester, England, left his property to the thirty women who had refused his matrimonial offers. He said in his will that to their refusal he owed the peace he had enjoyed during life and that he felt himself their debtor.

The True Witness

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Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS, and thereby save us much time and trouble in attending to their correspondence.

An Explanation Wanted.

Will some one tell us why it is that the Custom House is supposed to charge the new tariff as soon as it is spoken in Parliament, and before it has passed into law? We hear that the Custom House is to charge the new tariff at once, without waiting for the bill to become law by constitutional usages. This, we are informed on good authority, has been the custom hitherto, but we cannot understand by what authority a tariff can be enforced before it goes through all the stages to which other bills are subjected.

Daniel O'Leary.

Daniel O'Leary, until last night champion pedestrian of the world, makes his exit. Broken down, it is said, by his performances, he now leaves to some other man to equal or to excel the records which have made his name so well known in pedestrianism. In his time he beat all the celebrated walkers in that high school of athleticism, England, and in its offspring, the United States. He was too, modest in his triumphs. He used to say that he was no walker at all, and that there were poor boys running about the bogs in Ireland who could beat him, if they only knew it. Those who know him will give him an excellent character, and it is well to know that he has now a competency on which himself and his family can live for the remainder of their days.

Archbishop Purcell.

The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati, a paper that is said to be the "official organ" of Archbishop Purcell, says that the debts of the Archbishop must be paid in full, as the Catholic Church never repudiates. No doubt the Catholics of the United States will do as their Bishops desire, and if collections are ordered over the Republic, the result must be satisfactory. The Catholics of the United States have many calls upon their purses, but a call for such a purpose as that proposed could not and, we believe, would not be allowed to pass unheeded. There are supposed to be eight or ten millions of Catholics in the United States, and a vigorous effort on their part should be able to pay these debts of honor, and enable the Archbishop to end his days in peace.

The Lettifier Affair.

Parliament did well in passing a vote of censure on the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. He outstepped his power, and he has merited the rebuke which Parliament gave him. But the Parliament of the Dominion should be careful not to interfere with the authority of the Local Legislature. The Province has rights as well as the Dominion, and it would be a dangerous thing to infringe on them. Party spleen should not force the Government to make the mistake of dismissing the Lieutenant-Governor. He did wrong, for that wrong he has been censured, and there the matter should end. In the old country a man placed in the position, now occupied by the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, would resign; but in Canada people generally pocket rebukes when party influence is concerned.

An Unfulfilled Promise.

Sir John A. Macdonald has fulfilled one promise. He has given the people of this country Protection. Now let him fulfil other promises, and show a disposition to act the part of an honest politician. When Sir John A. Macdonald made his speech in Montreal he twitted the Reformers with having increased the salaries of the Ministers, and the country understood from what he said that, if returned to power, he would make a change. Now if Sir John A. Macdonald is as good as his word he will do as he led the people to understand he intended doing. Remember it was Sir John A. Macdonald himself who said that a man who promised when in Opposition to do certain things which he refused to do when in power, was a "demagogue," and while we do not hazard so wild a charge, yet others may do so, unless Sir John keeps his word.

A Practical Joke.

"Dr. Palmer" writes a letter to the Gazette, in which he gives an account of an entertainment given to Mr. Costigan when that gentleman was at Belleville. "Dr. Palmer" commences his letter by saying, "the subjoined correspondence was addressed to the Evening Post," but that the editor refused to insert it. "Dr. Palmer" certainly never addressed "the subjoined correspondence to the Evening Post," and even if he had he would not have inserted it. Anything in Mr. Costigan's favor is always welcome in our columns, but when correspondents say "Dr. Bergin was the next speaker—fluent and convincing, his remarks were very much admired," we think it time to stop. "Fluent and convincing" we have heard of the gentleman who was "unaccountable to public speaking," but when men talk about Dr. Bergin being "fluent and convincing," we will be pardoned if we decline to be a party to perpetrate so huge a practical joke.

Home Rule for Alsace and Lorraine.

When the flag of the Hapsburgs fell at the battle of Sedan, and Austria lay at the mercy of her Prussian conquerors, all Europe knew the cause of the disaster was in the spathy of Hungary. Austria benefited by the lesson and gave the Hungarians Home Rule, and now the Empire is not only "peaceful," but it is strong and loyal as well. Later, in 1870, the eagles of France were brought captive to United Germany, and Alsace and Lorraine, after 200 years of French rule, passed once more into the possession of the Fatherland. And Germany has not read history in vain, for instead of leaving Alsace and Lorraine a thorn in the side of the Empire, Home Rule has been granted the two Provinces, and the vote of this Provincial Assembly has been made decisive, instead of consultative, as hitherto. The news is encouraging for the Irish cause. Home Rule will make Alsace-Lorraine loyal to United Germany, and the time will come when England must follow suit.

The Chief of Police.

The four serious candidates for the position of Chief of Police are Messrs. Paradis, McGowan, De Salaberry and Baynes. The question now is, which of the four is the best man. Mr. Paradis has long experience in the police force, but something more than long experience in the police force is required, and that something Mr. Paradis does not possess. Again, we have Mr. McGowan, who has had experience as a sergeant of police, as a soldier, and as a lawyer. After Mr. McGowan we have Mr. De Salaberry, who has been for some years an officer in the volunteers, was with the Red River Expedition, and is a lawyer, too. Mr. Baynes claims the position on the strength of his many years' service in the Volunteers. Taking practical experience as a guide, we think Mr. McGowan is the best man. If some experience in the police, in active military affairs, and in law, are recommended, Mr. McGowan possesses them. If Mr. McGowan is of that class of men who go through the world with their eyes open, he ought to make a good Chief of Police. After Mr. McGowan, Mr. De Salaberry would be our favorite; but we think Mr. McGowan has the most experience.

Monument to Colonel De Salaberry.

During the late celebration in honour of the memory of Colonel De Salaberry at Chambly it was decided to erect a monument to the hero of Chateauguay. The movement is a laudable and a patriotic one. The General Committee appointed to carry on the work desire that the subscriptions should come from the people at large, and it should not be confined to any section of them. They say that the services of Colonel De Salaberry belong to all British subjects, and all should take pride in doing honour to his memory. The movement has already assumed practical form. Mr. J. O. Dion, the Secretary of the General Committee, has established several sub-committees, and that much has been done to secure the success of the undertaking. The English people certainly should not be behind in the work. Colonel De Salaberry did service for the Empire, and it will be a becoming thing for the English speaking people to generously assist the project. It was indeed noticed that there were few, if any, English speaking people at the demonstration at Chambly, but that will be looked upon as no consequence if they contribute to the monument fund.

A Suggestion.

Every day experience proves that there should be a difference in the manner in which city and country Volunteer battalions are treated. Apart from the many different conditions under which they already exist, and to which we have from time to time drawn attention, we may point out another anomaly, and one that calls for reform. According to orders, the clothing, arms, &c., of the Volunteer Militia must be inspected by the Brigade Staff once a year. This inspection is to take place at the headquarters of the corps to be inspected. In the country corps this, or ought to be, an easy matter. These corps drill for a few days every year, and then their equipment is supposed to be placed away. Sometimes, indeed, they do not drill for two years, in which case the inspection ought to be still easier. In city corps, however, it is quite different. Many, if not most, city corps, drill once a week, in all seasons of the year; some drill often than this, and in that case, the trouble of getting the clothes in for inspection is considerable and should be obviated. We see no reason why the clothing of the city corps could not be inspected on parade during an ordinary drill evening, and an order to that effect would be a boon to the commanding officers of corps and to the men too.

British Capitalists Emigrating.

One of the most significant incidents of the age is to be found in the fact that British capitalists are emigrating to the United States and Canada. It is not long since an English smelting firm was negotiating for the purchase of land in Toronto, and no doubt, we will hear more of this firm yet. Now, too, we see that a Montreal firm is negotiating for the purchase of large mills in Massachusetts, while we are told that "a company of Black Country iron masters are erecting extensive iron works at South Pittsburg, Tenn;" and that a wealthy Liverpool firm is going extensively into the cattle and meat export trade at New York. These facts have a grave significance for the future of British commerce. Wedded to the theory of Free Trade, England is rushing to her doom. Free trade, so she ruled to Free Trade as a combination of circumstances which enabled her to take advantage of the situation, and now it looks as if the tide had turned against her. If her capitalists emigrate even in ever so small numbers, the impetus it will give to foreign competition must have a damaging effect upon British manufactures, and the result cannot but be disadvantageous to Great Britain.

The "Blakes" on "Popery."

As we surmised yesterday, some of our contemporaries are endeavoring to make political capital out of the speech of Vice-Chancellor Blake. They appear to think it is an admirable opportunity to hit at the brother of the Vice-Chancellor, the Hon. Edward Blake, and through him at the Reform party. And in order to accomplish this, a "Catholic" writes a letter to the Ottawa Citizen, and this letter is simply an attempt to harness the Reform party to the "Popery" hobby-horse of Vice-Chancellor Blake. This is how "Catholic" politicians use the attacks made on their religion. If they can make a favorable political move, they would encourage such attacks. But after all, "Catholic" in the Ottawa may do no "Catholic" at all. If he had called attention to the language of the Vice-Chancellor and censured it, we would have applauded him. Such language should not be encouraged by any respectable citizen, and the Vice-Chancellor himself should be ashamed of it. But this attempt to draw in the Hon. Edward Blake is discreditable.

The Hon. Edward Blake is a liberal-minded man. We have failed to learn that he has ever heard of express hostility to anyone's religion. He is not responsible for his brother, and to expect that he would, in such an assembly as the one in which the meeting referred to took place, contradict what his brother said, is simply to expect what is unreasonable. But when we see such discreditable tactics resorted to, we do not wonder that Catholics are dragged through the political mire by both parties, when it is found out that religion is used in order to gain political ends.

"Concordia Salus."

His Worship Mayor Rivard hit the keynote yesterday when he referred to the Public Peace. We advise our readers to look over his utterances with care. They are Christian and patriotic, and indicate resolution to bend with a will to the work of bringing about harmony and good will among all sections of the people. He said: "I am sure that all good citizens will unite, if necessary, to prevent any demonstration taking place in our midst of a nature to excite or to wound the feelings or susceptibilities of any portion of the population." Certainly they will! Our portion of the population, at least, will, we are sure, lead off and say "Yes," to a man. They will, we are sure, make no "demonstration" of a nature "to excite or to wound the feelings or susceptibilities of any portion of the population." Why should they? They live in a mixed community, and anything that is calculated to annoy their neighbors, is just the thing they should avoid. Our efforts should be directed to secure "CONCORDIA SALUS." If the Irish Catholics, or the French Canadians, or the Chinese, or the Protestants, "excite or wound the feelings or susceptibilities of any portion of the population," we would rejoice to see "the citizens unite, if necessary, to prevent" it. We heartily congratulate the Mayor on the attitude he has assumed, and we are sure that he will receive the support of every law-abiding citizen in his endeavors to bring about that good feeling which he assured us at one time existed, and which we are all so anxious should exist again.

The Mistakes of the New York "Herald."

The New York Herald of Wednesday had an unusually long article on "The Protectionist Policy of our Canadian Neighbours." The article in question expresses a wonder that Great Britain has not established free trade between herself and all her colonies. It says that the colonies are a source of expense to England, that they multiply her vulnerable parts during war, and that the only reward England can look for is "in the value of her colonies as free markets for the products of her home industry." The Herald marvels at England permitting her colonies to restrict freedom of trade, and says that it is "very much as if the United States should allow Local Legislatures in California and Alaska to levy duties on New England manufactures." We think, however, that the cases are not identical. California is represented in Washington, while Alaska is ruled directly from the Capitol. Californians assist in making the laws of the United States. If Canada was a part of a Confederated Empire, and if Canadians represented Canada in the Imperial House of Commons, then, indeed, that Imperial House of Commons might have the right of insisting upon the making the commercial laws of the Empire at large. But Canada is not represented in a confederation of the Empire, and without that representation England never can have the power of controlling the commercial laws of the people of this country. We are not a State in the Union, as California is a State in the Union, but we are a free people, who pride in being a part of the Empire, but who will insist upon the right of doing what is most calculated to advance our own interest.

The Budget.

At last the great question has been settled; the Hon. Mr. Tilley has made his Budget speech, and the new Tariff has been brought down. Our morning contemporaries occupy nine or ten columns of their space over the Hon. Mr. Tilley's speech and the proposed Tariff. We can give but a condensed report of the proceedings, and have neither time nor space to review the situation at length to-day. From the cursory glance we have been able to bestow upon the new Tariff, we will be surprised if some people will not be disappointed, while others will be pleased. But is this Tariff now law or not? It appears to us that it is not yet law. Before it can become law it must go through the usual forms of the House, and yet, as we suspected, the Custom House has received orders to enforce the new Tariff at once. A morning contemporary publishes the following telegram, which it says explains itself:—

"OTTAWA, March 14, 4 p.m. To W. B. Simpson, Collector of Customs, Montreal: 'On receipt of this message you are to receive entries conditionally, subject to adjustment after receiving printed tariff resolutions by mail. Importers must sign promise to amend the face of each entry.' 'Acknowledgment receipt.' 'J. JOHNSON, 'Commissioner of Customs.'"

We are very much mistaken if this order is not illegal. The Tariff is not yet law, and it cannot be enforced until it has gone through all the stages necessary to give it force. It appears to us that this order could be successfully contested, and that the Hon. Mr. Tilley has outstepped his authority in enforcing a Tariff which was simply read in the House of Commons, but which is not yet law, and which cannot be law for some days to come.

"Protection" and Independence.

Some time since we ventured to predict that the question of Protection would bring Canada face to face with the question of Independence. It appears that Sir George Campbell, the M. P. for Kirkcaldy, in the British House of Commons, has taken a similar view of the situation, for he has, we learn, given notice of motion which amounts to this:—If we in Canada, are to have Protection, it is desirable for England to continue its connection with us? This is just what we anticipated, but it will come to nothing. Canada will have Protection, the question of Independence may be discussed, but Great Britain is more likely to follow our example and protect her own industries than she is to cut us adrift. Sir George Campbell is considered an able man. His knowledge of Colonial and Indian affairs is, perhaps, not equalled in the House of Commons. A motion of such a nature as that referred to, coming from such a man, cannot be "pooch-pooched" as we notice a morning contemporary attempts to do. There is some meaning in it, and it may yet lead to serious discussion. If so, we hope Canada will be respectful, but firm. Much as we desire to continue our connection with Great Britain, and much as we think this connection adds to our glory and to our advantages, yet we cannot forget that the country is pledged to Protection, and Protection the country should have. Sir George

Campbell can hardly hope that he can drive Canada from the policy it has resolved to adopt by threats of separation. We have been authoritatively told by Sir John A. Macdonald that the Protection we are to have will be "not rash," but "efficient." If we benefit by such Protection why should we hesitate to adopt it. Canadians have been giving their loaves and fishes long enough to others; it is time now to keep them for themselves, even in presence of a threatened discussion on the question of Independence. Canada desires to continue her connection with Great Britain, but Canada wants and must have Protection.

The Tariff.

Canada has proclaimed commercial war on the world. She has taken up the gauntlet, and in self-defence, has granted Protection to the industries of her people. The Protective Tariff is an open declaration that for Canadians it is Canada above all, and that when the interests of Canadians clash with the interests of others, it is the duty of the ruling powers to stand by and to fight for their own people. This is what the Conservative party promised, and this is what the Conservative party has honorably commenced. Impromised Protection, and Protection it has given, faithfully and well. From this day we anticipate a new era in Canadian affairs, and, if we mistake not, Montreal will soon be black with the smoke of thriving industries, and the country at large will experience the impetus which confidence begets, and which Protection will at once encourage. The Reform journals will of course make a point out of the possible results of this commercial war, and will point out that it is but the first step towards annexation or separation from the Empire. But this is all political clap-trap. Protection is calculated to make Canada prosperous, and the prosperity of the colonies must strengthen, and not weaken, the Empire at large. As for the United States—let them take the tax off native products, and Canada will do the same. Meanwhile we had either to protect ourselves, or else go into bankruptcy. No doubt the United States will not be an indifferent spectator to all that has been done. Legislation of a hostile character may even be attempted. It is not at all improbable that the United States may "shut down" on Canada, but even so, it is our duty to look to ourselves and this country could not be worse than it is. At last, however, the Free Trade fiction has exploded; the Conservatives have given the full measure of Protection, which they promised, and if they never did anything else they are entitled to be looked upon as having done that by which Canada was to be saved from itself.

Vice-Chancellor Blake on "Popery."

Vice-Chancellor Blake has been indulging in very strong language in Toronto. As the phrase is in this country, he has been "going" for the Catholics. Here is what he said in St. James Cathedral Schoolhouse, Toronto, as reported in the Mail of the 7th instant:—"He sincerely trusted that former differences ceasing to exist they should become the pattern diocese, and shoulder to shoulder fight the battles of the Church, and with other Protestant denominations, go strongly against Popery and infidelity." For a Vice-Chancellor, this language was not bad. When we consider that Vice-Chancellor Blake is paid by Catholic as well as Protestant taxpayers, that he should insult the very people who contribute to his salary. What confidence can Catholics have in such a man? It is not from such men that an even-handed rendering of the law can be expected. Catholics cannot trust him, and generous-minded Protestants must see that language such as this is not calculated to conduce to that good feeling which everyone so much desires. Man will resent insult. It is the history of mankind from the commencement of the world, and it is as natural for a man to resent a wrong as it is for him to breathe. But when that insult comes from a Vice-Chancellor, it is intensified many degrees. Vice-Chancellor Blake was not appointed to fling "Popery" into the faces of the Catholics of this country, and to ally Catholicism to infidelity. But let us note the issue. The political opponents of Vice-Chancellor Blake will endeavor to make capital out of this incident, and his political friends will endeavor to screen him. But we hope some of our M.P.'s will see this question out, and will ascertain whether or not Catholics are to be insulted by the paid officers of the country. To allow such a thing to pass would be to put a premium upon rivalry. We are glad to notice that the Ottawa Citizen condemns the Vice-Chancellor, and every right-thinking Protestant in Canada will, we hope, echo his words, that such language as that used by Vice-Chancellor Blake "will meet with little sympathy from right-thinking Protestants."

Hanlan in England.

TORONTO, March 15.—The following special telegram to the Globe, dated London 14.—"Edward Hanlan, the Canadian sculler, left Manchester this morning for Newcastle, where he will stay at the Ord Arms, Scottswood. He will begin a strict training immediately to gradually reduce his weight. He now weighs 171 pounds, whereas his rowing weight is 154 pounds. He is in splendid health and capital spirits and confident that he will make a good record in English waters. His rowing in Manchester was in very fine form. He rowed a long, even, powerful stroke, and won many admirers among boating men. Hensley, Hanlan's trainer, is also well. Both enjoyed their sojourn in Manchester very much."

The New York "Star" on the Pedestrian Match.

New York, March 17.—The Star, in speaking of the Gilmore Garden affair of last week, says civilization professes a great deal of disgust and pity for the Indian method, which usually consists in cutting himself with a knife and tearing away from confinement of hooks fastened to his flesh and burning his cuticle with hot coals, but it is a civilization that can make a week of holidays over pretty much the same sort of business and ladies and gentlemen crowd to applaud self-inflicted tortures to which the melodramatic cruelty of the Indian is mere child's play. Barbarism, it must be acknowledged, has this advantage of us, that it does not suffer to make money, but to fit itself for the special work that, according to the savage nature, it is given to do. We have yet to hear one plausible excuse offered for the civilized show. The Tribune says:—If a horse appeared in public in the condition of Harriman during the last hours of the walking match, Bergh's society would have interfered, but as has often been remarked before, there is no Bergh for men and women and, above all, no Bergh for the protection of audiences. Lord Gifford, V. C., of Coomassie celebrity and who was formerly connected with the gallant 24th Regiment, has volunteered for active service at the Cape, of which country he has had some experience.

"The Schools of Our Fathers."

Eloquent Lecture by Archbishop Bede Vaughan of Sydney, N. S. W.

During the past winter, according to our Western method of reckoning, although in Australia it was summer, the Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., visited Sandhurst in the province of Victoria, and there before the principal people including the Mayor and Bishop delivered two lectures. One of these was on the "Schools of our Fathers," a fascinating topic at any time, but doubly so when touched by the author of the masterly biography of St. Thomas Aquinas.

The last time, Mr. Mayor, my Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen, I had the pleasure of addressing you, I did what I could to draw out a picture of what Christ had done in bringing Christianity into the world. I showed you how the revelation given to Noe of creed and moral law and worship, had by degrees lost its true hold upon the minds of the vast masses of mankind; and how the idea of sacrifice itself had been corrupted; and how that was left for man to believe in with anything like absolute conviction, was himself and the material world spread out beneath his feet then went on to show what kind of radical revolution had been effected by our Saviour. I prove to you by bringing under your attention the four corner-stones of the Old Testament and Christ's realization of its prophecies, and of the New Testament and the actuality of its teachings and promises in the history and action of the Christian Church. I suggested to you that God alone can make the past play upon the future; and that none but Divinity could have made the impression in the wax correspondent so exactly with the carving on the die. Besides that, our Lord's career, his life, death, and especially His Resurrection, all point with a steady finger to one great fact which explains all things, and without which all remains a dark, inextricable tangle of contradiction. We next looked at the basis of the new religion and philosophy; and saw how intimately Christ Himself was, and is still, bound up with the success and endurance of the novel polity which He introduced into the world. I left you there, with His new scheme of universal empire before you, and appealed to your common sense as to whether it is possible for any sane man to deny the conclusion arrived at by Napoleon I, when he declared that Christ is "our Father and our God." I now beg of you, Mr. Mayor, my Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen, to proceed one step further. Every form of doctrine has been, generally speaking, propagated by teaching. And, humanly speaking, the success and spread of any form of thought has depended upon the amount of love, labor, and skill brought about in imparting it to others. In speaking to you this evening, therefore,

THE SCHOOLS OF OUR FATHERS.

I am not about to confine myself to any narrow view of this large subject. I am about to speak of teaching and teachers on a large scale. And whether that teaching have as its subject-matter the fine arts, sciences or letters—whether it have to do with theology or philosophy—is a matter which affects us only so far as those subjects act with more or less influence on the human spirit. I take it that the schools of our fathers consisted of all those various influences which went to form men, whether they were brought to bear during youth or during the entire career from the dawn of reason to its close. Let us, then, taking this broad view of culture and formation of heart, intellect, and character, throw a glance upon the principal centre of schooling in the great pagan world, that we may then be in a position, by means of the comparison, to realize the difference between the teachings of paganism in its higher form and those introduced by the philosophy and religion of Jesus Christ. There is just one centre of the world of paganism which drew together everything that comes within the highest and noblest of true pagan teaching and education. True Alexandria was founded by the enlightened generosity of royal munificence. The museum, the cloisters, the great dining-hall, the paid and proud professors, all these attract the attention of any one studying the teachings of the past. Or we might be tempted to visit Rhodes, and accompany Cicero there, and visit with him her famous, her brilliant schools of rhetoric; or Strabo might be anxious to visit Tarsus, because her citizens had the reputation of being addicted to letters with all the enthusiasm and unselfishness of men who loved nothing better than, or indeed so much as, the consideration of a deep philosophy; or we might take our chance, and make a visit at random to any of the principal cities of Asia Minor, for we would be sure to find in any of them some clever and expert rhetorician or grammarian who would amuse or astonish us by his skillful play of dialectics. But no; these, though possessing many attractions, cannot be for a moment compared to the one great school renowned throughout the ancient world. Let us, I say, once for all, fix upon Athens, for she is the

QUEEN OF LETTERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

and of all the arts of life. Here we shall find gathered into one all and more than we require. Here we can study, at our leisure, the highest forms of ancient culture, and see how much the best that earth can give is worth. Amongst the multitude of teachers let us pick out the most renowned, and grasp, so far as we may, the position they attained. We may, perhaps, look upon Socrates as the father of philosophy. "Know thyself" was his motto. His intellectual honesty amidst thousands of idlers in the streets of Athens. But he did not pretend to teach a religion. His vocation was to wrestle with the sophists, and turn the laugh against the most expert of all the Grecian reasoners or grammarians that came across him. He naturally gained a following. The Athenian student did not live much in the closet. The narrow rooms and miserable houses of Athens offered no temptation to him to stay at home. The porch, the academy, the garden, the lyceum, these he frequented; or the agora, or the gymnasium and the market-place, where he was almost sure to come across Socrates; whose unyielding finger, flat nose, thick lips, and big nostrils, made all laugh to see him, and whose extraordinary quickness of intellect and readiness of repartee soon converted the most audacious to seriousness, and created an uncontrollable sense both of wonder and admiration. He may be called the parent of the four great schools of thought, or rather, of speculation, which succeeded him. His death gives us the best kind of picture of his teaching. His disciples were not above their master. Though sharp and honest Socrates was, after all, simply a man with a fallen nature. He could not rise above himself. And his death, which is the explanation of his intellectual position, displays most vividly the misery of the creature when he possesses astounding gifts of intellect and character. You know that he took poison, and thus left this world. These are the very words of Plato:—"And Socrates also touched himself, and said, when the poison had

reached his heart, he should then leave us. But now his lower belly was almost cold; when recovering himself for he was covered; he saw a cock to Esculapian. Discharge this debt for me, and do not neglect it! 'Tis the most enlightened teacher of ancient times, except perhaps Plato, died, giving testimony to the power of traditional superstition, and sacrificing to a god in which he could not really believe. He, if any man, is a classic illustration of the truth of Daniel's couplet.

Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man! I will not refer to Socrates' private life; his death tells all; he had nothing more than other men of his day to help him to restrain his passions, and to give him an insight into the higher forms of interior life. After his death his school ceased to be, or rather his disciples set up schools for themselves, or went their way to live upon the remembrance of the past.

THE FOUR DISTINCT TEACHINGS that followed that of Socrates' were those professed by Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and Zeno. Each of these men had his following or school. The principle of imparting knowledge was, not by books, but by the living voice. When a founder of a school died, or retired, one of his leading disciples generally took his place; and so for a short time there was in each school a succession of teachers, handing down the traditions of the master-mind which gave it its original name. At first all lectured in the public gymnasia of the city, which were principally used for feats of bodily skill and athletic exercises. Here in various quarters of the city the professors gathered together their disciples, and descended with them on the various questions which at that day agitated the human mind. But, as is natural, when the schools became more important, and the rivalry more keen, each leader of thought was glad to gain more privacy. They were glad to find some quiet, healthy, rural spot, where, undisturbed by the crowd of the city, they could converse at ease, and instil their doctrines with less distraction into the minds of their disciples. Thus, Plato sought at his own expense a little garden close to the Eleusian Way, in the shady groves of the Academy. Here hundreds of students to hear him; his gentle voice, his soaring philosophy, his pure, poetical, and fascinating conceptions of the good, the beautiful, and the true, took captive those who hung upon his lips; his teaching was partly theoretical; his aims were more spiritual than practical; he did not even aim at teaching the masses of mankind; his Republic is essentially ideal; he shunned the crowd; he professed explicitly that he reserved himself for the chosen few; he looked for such qualities in his followers, to begin with, as the masses of mankind could not possibly possess—such natural or moral gifts, and such a character as he required as a basis of operation were altogether exceptional, and were seldom to be found amongst the highest Greeks. And even his very teaching itself was looked upon by him as useless or dangerous, or at least, unfit for the great majority of mankind. His persistent orders to those whom he had initiated into the views that were ever floating before his brilliant imagination were couched in these words:—"Take care that these things do not ever fall into the hands of unprepared and uninitiated men."

HOW DID HIS TEACHING END?

Just the same as all human speculation in philosophy—in division. Just as the teachings of Pythagoras and Socrates broke up into discordant schools, so did those of "Plato the Divine." His views were broken into four or five antagonistic philosophic creeds, and he himself is only known by the beauty and sublime poetry of his "Dialogues." In these days a man would as soon think of going mad as of pinning his faith to the whole Republic, or the Dialogues, or the philosophy of Plato. He was but a bright butterfly who disported himself during his youth, and attracted man around him, but his teaching does not last. He himself is but a name, and his doctrines simply the interesting speculations of a singularity pure, poetical, and subtle mind. Of his morality I will not speak. He was, perhaps, one of the highest and most free from error of the pagans; but even he was tainted, and approved of doctrines and practices from which any ordinary Christian man would shrink with genuine horror and recoil. The next great light of pagan times is Aristotle. His vanity and conceit, and sarcastic and biting temper, when at all thwarted, and his gross immorality and ingratitude, I will not refer to here. Whatever his powers of intellect may have been, and his influence for a time, he was no model even for pagans to imitate. He taught also in a garden at one time. It was in the rich grounds near the Ilissus. His force of mind, his subtle, penetrating, and accurate intellect, could not but impress and subdue those that had to do with him. Logic and ethics were his strong points. He loved books, and was the first man to appreciate the real value of a library. He, like those that went before him, aimed at forming a school. He left his house and garden to his followers in his will. These were his very words: "My garden and the walk, and all the buildings that adjoin the globe, I bequeath to such of my friends herein described, who care to pass their lives together in them in study and philosophy, on condition that no one shall alienate or make any individual claim, but that all shall share alike, and live in domestic peace together, as is natural and right." Well, his followers kept his house and garden for a time. Theophrastus and Straton, and then Lycon, in his turn, enjoyed them. But, within a short period, his disciples split into various divisions, and we have now to look upon the great

"MASTER OF THOSE WHO KNOW"

as pre-eminent still in the canons of logic, but as pre-eminent in little else except in mental gifts and keenness of practical insight. He died as he lived, either from disappointment at being lifted in an experiment, or from his own mind by means of acetic No one can look on Aristotle either with love or admiration as a man; he is rather a model in conduct of what should be avoided; and his school soon lost its hold, dissolved under the solvent influence of new methods of thought and the living voices of other teachers. As teachers of humanity, the greatest names, then, of ancient times, those of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, were but as bubbles on the surface of the calm ocean of thought that break and expand their little circles till they have exhausted the feeble impetus which the tiny minds of the greatest men have given them. The third great school of our pagan fathers was Epicurus. This man had also a garden, in which he instructed his disciples in the principles of pleasure. His school did not require establishing. Each fallen son of Adam is a natural votary of pleasure, and there is as little call for going to school to learn how to enjoy life, if that is to be made the principle or pivot of human destiny, as for taking lessons in the practice of any of the other selfish propensities of fallen flesh and blood. To be a philosopher of the garden, all that is re-

quired is to disbelieve in a future world and have a good temper and a good digestion. Zeno, the fourth father of the schools of ancient philosophy, is far more worthy of consideration than Epicurus. He had a more practical object in view than that of mere barren speculation of vulgar pleasure-hunting. He selected as a place for teaching the "Painted Porch."

HE FELT THE PRESSURE OF FALLEN NATURE WITHIN HIMSELF.

and perceived its effects in others; he looked on man as a spark of the universal reason, and he considered it was man's duty to place himself in harmony with universal law. He, too, like Plato, did not consider the crowd of men fit subjects for his philosophy; he looked for the select souls, and possessed so high an idea of what human nature ought to be, that it was occasionally admitted by his followers that a really wise man had never yet been found. Though his teaching attracted many earnest natures amongst the cultivated few, still the radical law in it, the ignorance it evinced of a personal God, though it admitted a universal reason, cramped its action and rendered it impotent to meet the crying wants of humanity, or to enlighten the darkness which hid from sight the future destiny of man. We have now gone through the names of the greatest schools of our pagan fathers, and have briefly considered the effect their lives and their teachings exerted upon the world. As to large and wide-spread influences, these they never even tended to achieve in their most palmy days. They had no message to impart, except that which sprang from the most active brain, differing essentially in nothing from any other human brain. They certainly appear to have been affected with that natural craving after light which belongs to the condition of every fallen son of Adam. But their theology was without sap, as it was without certainty. They may have had some creed, but it was all spun out of unassisted reason, except so far as their minds were modified by the old traditions which had not wholly died in the human conscience.

THEY LACKED LIGHT AS THEY LACKED CERTAINTY.

Their disciples wondered at and loved them, if they were men of exceptional parts and of loving dispositions; but to believe in them with an immovable conviction was simply impossible. Their creed had no power over the inner life, over the pride and passions of the carnal man; they could not penetrate into the interior sanctuary of conscience or take real possession of the soul. I do not say there were no exceptions, and that they did not, in rare instances, create an enthusiasm which was carried into the region of practical life; but this was merely with certain temperaments; they could not take possession of and master man as man, or sway the human heart or conscience by the clearness and the absolute certainty of their tenets. Hence, with their own genius their schools died out, or merely protracted a kind of existence which exerted no perceptible action upon the great world of men. Zeno, it is true, and the Stoics, had some powerful followers; but their philosophy was wanting in force and distinctness, and their first principle was not such as could possibly renew the world. Hence we may say that the highest efforts of the most learned, accomplished, and profound theologians of ancient days egregiously failed to impress the masses of mankind or to exert any permanent or widespread revolution in the conscience. And more than this, as I have suggested before, these pagan theologians were men who could not have possessed our conception of honesty, or have understood our notions of ordinary consistency. They saw around them on every side the fearful idolatries and execrable orgies of pagan worship. Then knew, and, indeed, privately, at least, taught that the service of "immortal gods"

WAS A MISERABLE AND DEGRADING SUPERSTITION.

And yet they did not stir a little finger to put down what they knew to be the very essence of darkness and degradation. More than this, they attended, with the greatest composure, the pagan rites of worship and sacrifice, and sanctioned by the authority of their presence, actions which in their hearts they must have thoroughly despised. Not one of them is exempt from this intolerable hypocrisy. Plato and Aristotle are as bad as the others; Zeno, and Epicurus, and Cicero, and Cato too, all seem to be unconscious of their prevarications; or, perhaps having no real certainty in any of their theories, full in, as a matter of prudence, with the practices of the people, which they could not leave on the follies of ignorant and degraded creatures who were not fit to listen to their high and soaring speculations. Thus it was but natural, leaving out of account the nature of their theories, that the masses of honest and keen-witted men should not give their faith to the fathers of the pagan schools; and that never such a thing has yet been heard of as a Platonic city, or an Aristotelian town, or indeed of any two families who put in practice and lived according to the precepts of their greatest masters. They were simply splendid failures. They exhibit to us the highest point to which the doctrine and morality and influence of the cultivated mind and intellect can reach. They are now but names known comparatively to few. Their teaching did not spread beyond the garden of the academy, or the painted porch, or the lyceum. And we can point to them through all these ages, and in the perspective in which they stand take measure, and determine their just position as benefactors of the world. Neither in creed, which feeds the mind, nor in morality, which feeds the will; nor in sacrifice, which feeds the heart, did they do else than prove their

ABSOLUTE ENVIENES TO BE SAVIOURS OF THEIR FELLOW-MEN.

The four or five great teachers whom I have chosen as the highest specimens of humanity even in their private lives, if we have to accept Zeno, were men who for a moment could not stand the test. But what shall I say of those who formed the staple of the philosophers of ancient days? Allow me for a moment to refer to some few of them, as specimens of the rest. In the words of Mr. Jones, who wrote a very interesting history of philosophy: "Heraclitus was a confirmed melancholy. He was eaten up with a devouring melancholy, and nourished supreme contempt for his fellow-man. He fled to the mountains, there in secret, to prey on his own heart. Parmenides was born to wealth and splendour, enjoying the esteem and envy which always follow splendour and talent. It is conjectured that his early career was that of a dissipated voluptuary. Diocetes taught him to despise riches, and he devoted himself to philosophical pursuits. The results of his meditations issued in the construction of a theory which opened the door to universal doubt. Empedocles was a man of haughty and passionate character. His love of distinction showed itself in priestly garments, a golden girdle, the Delic crown, and a numerous train of attendants. He proclaimed himself to be a god, whom men and women reverently adored. He plunged

headlong into the crater of Mount Etna. Aristippus was founder of the Cyrenaics. Socrates, says Lewes, "reminds one of Dr. Johnson with the young bloods," Zopham, Beauclerc, and Rennet Langton; he was wise enough and tolerant enough not to allow his virtue to be scandalized by their love of pleasure." From Athens he went to Egina, where he met Laus, the world-renowned courtesan, whom he accompanied to Corinth. Antisthenes was stern, and his doctrine was rigid; he was proud, and his doctrine was haughty; he was cold, and his doctrine was unsympathizing and self-isolating.

THE NEW TARIFF.

[Owing to the pressure of advertisements on our columns we are compelled to condense the tariff-bill, and will give only the most important articles. The following contractions are used:—For cotton, C; for wool, W; for silk, S; for iron, I; for steel, St; for brass, B; for copper, Cu; for tin, T; for lead, L; for zinc, Z; for silver, Ag; for gold, Au; for platinum, Pt; for nickel, Ni; for cobalt, Co; for manganese, Mn; for potassium, K; for sodium, Na; for calcium, Ca; for magnesium, Mg; for strontium, Sr; for barium, Ba; for strontianite, Sr; for celestine, Sr; for witherite, Ba; for cerite, Ce; for thorite, Th; for uranium, U; for zirconium, Zr; for niobium, Nb; for tantalum, Ta; for columbium, Co; for vanadium, V; for chromium, Cr; for manganese, Mn; for iron, I; for steel, St; for brass, B; for copper, Cu; for tin, T; for lead, L; for zinc, Z; for silver, Ag; for gold, Au; for platinum, Pt; for nickel, Ni; for cobalt, Co; for manganese, Mn; for potassium, K; for sodium, Na; for calcium, Ca; for magnesium, Mg; for strontium, Sr; for barium, Ba; for strontianite, Sr; for celestine, Sr; for witherite, Ba; for cerite, Ce; for thorite, Th; 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The Late Shere Ali. TASHKENT, Turkistan, March 12.—The following events occurred immediately previous and subsequent to the death of the Amir, Shere Ali. The account is given by the Russian surgeon, Javorsky, the only European who witnessed them. The Amir was not dead when the three pretenders to the Afghan throne sprang up in Tashkent, among them Hamid, the nephew of Shere Ali, who was in communication with the English. Hamid's party, urged, no doubt, by English agents, began active operations on the evening before the Amir's death. They were joined by Commandant Feis and the Governor of the town of Leinai, in spite of the efforts made by two other pretenders— Ibrahim, eldest living son of the Amir, and Ahmed Ali, grandson of Shere Ali, son of his eldest son, Lahomet, who died in 1867. These latter proceeded to the fortress of Pashtahval where, however, they were dispossessed of everything by the commandant who had been gained over to Hamid's party. Hamid had provided for all eventualities. They were compelled to fly to the mountains, pursued all night by Governor Liensai. The Amir died the following morning.

The Rev. Mr. Cook Brought to Task. The "phenomenal" Cook has been making one of his dramatic assaults upon "the Italian priesthood" in the prelude of his last lecture. In it he accused them of being the authors of a concerted attack upon the American high-school system, and insinuated that Governor Robinson is nothing but a tool in the hands of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. We are pleased to see that, despite of their admiration for Mr. Cook, there are still Bostonians who have not quite surrendered to their common sense and practical judgement. The Congregationalist, for instance, puts a good deal of hard sense and plain fact on this subject into the paragraph which we subjoin.

We think Mr. Cook mistaken in the fear of a Romanist attack upon our high school system, expressed by him in his lecture, the abstract which we publish to-day. We believe in watching the Romanists closely as to public-school matters. But the chief opposition to high schools does not come from them, so much as from a source which he seems to have overlooked. His statement that high schools are supported by the rich is not strictly true. There are thousands of men, many of whom are just above poverty and all of whom are far below wealth, who have small homes, too often burdened with a mortgage, and little or no other property. These men are taxed to support high schools, and to pay their taxes in these days is hard. They work ten hours a day. They have no vacations except by intermitting work, and that means loss of wages for the time thus spent. They earn, all told, from seven to twelve hundred dollars a year. They see the high school teacher working, as they suppose, only five or six hours daily. They know that he has one or two recesses a year, and a long vacation in summer, while his salary of from twelve to twenty hundred dollars a year, goes on. Ignorantly, perhaps, yet not unnaturally, they regard this state of things as unjust. They do not see the value, moreover, of some features of the high school course, as usually pursued, and to which many wiser people are coming to be of their mind. It is from them that the opposition to high schools comes, and in most cases they are no more Romanists than Mr. Cook is. He must make sure of his facts if his logic is to stand.

The O. M. & O. Railroad. A Trip From Montreal to the Capital. As the spring approaches, the travel on this road, sometimes called the North Shore, will increase, the more especially as irrepresible of the convenience, the route from Montreal to Ottawa is remarkable for its splendid scenery, both by land and water. Fine wooden buildings in connection with the institution are springing up all along the line, and even a few handsome brick edifices are making an appearance, where a few years ago the song of the mud turtle was heard. The satisfaction expressed by travellers at the way affairs are managed, are loud and universal, while the ladies send forth a sigh of relief when their memory carries them back to the Grand Trunk monopoly and the four and a half terrible hours sojourn at Prescott Junction. Except when heaps of snow render it absolutely impossible, the punctuality is something wonderful, the trains being seldom more than half a minute either ahead or behind time, and this very often at a sacrifice, for we understand Mr. Scott has given instructions to the effect that under no consideration, except that of safety, shall trains be delayed. The road is well ballasted, and the conductors seem to know their duties; they are civil and obliging, as, indeed, are the generality of the officials connected with it, which is strange, considering it has a semi-political character. There is very little of interest to be seen just now anywhere, the snow covers everything up, but when the summer draws on things will be different, and it will become a pleasure to look through the carriage windows and observe the beautiful village of St. Rose and its islands adjacent; St. Therese with its college; St. Scholastique and its picturesque hamlets and pretty churches; Lacatche with rivers at its back and the farms scattered all over the country. An interesting place on the line is Calumet, opposite L'Orignal, where you cross over to get to the Gledonia Springs, a place of popular resort. Papineau village is also a pretty stopping place, but prettier still is Pantagone, five miles in rear, also famous for its springs and avenues of health. The next place of importance going to Ottawa is Buckingham, three miles away, does not detract from its interest. The Laurentides, a range of hills from which Mount Royal might be stolen, as like it to the poetic chain of Canadian mountains, running as far as the Gattinow, and then stretching away towards the Maritime Provinces. They deserve all the praises heaped upon them so liberally by Canadian poets and lovers of fine scenery, for the eye is seldom tired examining their various beauties—more particularly toward the fall, when they present a gorgeous appearance. Geologists say the range is the most ancient in the world, though how they found it out is a mystery to non-scientific persons. It would not be safe to make the assertion in presence of a Magillcuddy of the Reeks. The phosphate mining district which the road traverses will also no doubt be a source of wealth and a point of interest, and in fact, right through into the wooden city of Hull, the sights to be seen are not easily forgotten. The only drawback observable is the terminus at Hull, which is over two miles from the business part of Ottawa, but this will, in a measure at least, be remedied, as the Government intend erecting a depot at Le Breton Plate. Even this is too far from the city proper, but half a loaf is better than no bread.

O'Leary Interviewed. NEW YORK, March 13, 1:30 p.m.—A reporter of the National Association Press just had an interview with O'Leary. He was in good health, but seemed in a kind of dreamy state. He feels terribly cut up at being compelled to withdraw from the race. In regard to being drugged he said—"My regular attendants in all my contests and in this have been Matthew T. Slatery and W. E. Harding. They attended me in my two five hundred miles matches and also in my last race for the belt, and with Hughes. I did not engage Barney Aaron, but my backer, Al. Smith, placed me in his charge. In my race with Hughes, Aaron assisted Harding and Slatery and I had no reason to complain. When I met Campana, Aaron trained the latter against me. The report circulated about them drugging me is false. I understand my friends are threatening vengeance against them, but they are doing those gentlemen great injustice. My trainers would sooner lose their right hand than do me an injury. My failure I cannot explain. I was in splendid condition, as Harding, my principal attendant, knows, and I told him to put up all the money he could get. I also gave him \$1,000 to take to the Herald office, to wager I could walk 540 miles in six days. After I went the first fifty miles I felt there was something the matter. I could not perspire, and was tired out. I walked the last 170 miles on an empty stomach, and hardly knew what I was doing, as I felt so exhausted. I have made my last walk, for I am physically used up. All I want now is Harriman or Ennis to win the belt; if it goes to England I am afraid it will never be brought back.

"You will have to go for it again?" said the reporter. O'Leary smiled, and said—"Well, I have come to the conclusion that no walker can beat a runner six days. In the last tournament all three runners, Corkey, Brown and Powell, won all the prizes. Since I walked and won the belt long distance walking and running has been patronized more, and henceforth I shall engage in no more contests in which both walking and running is allowed."

O'Leary's wife and two children are with him. While the reporter was present O'Leary received a harp of flowers three feet high, valued at \$200. O'Leary sent a note to the Judges that he will give either Harriman or Ennis \$1,000 if they beat Rowell and prevent the belt from going to England.

WILSON'S COD-LIVER OIL AND LIME.—The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed Consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves, have, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod-Liver Oil is in this combination robbed of its unpleasant taste, and rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the Lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the assistance required to heal and restore the diseased Lungs. A. B. Wilson, Boston proprietor. Sold by all druggists.

Domestic Reading. Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it. Whatever is obtained by deceit cheats no man so much as the getter. Truth will be our salvation, but it must be the whole truth—truth without compromise. The great see the world at one end by flattery, the little at the other end by neglect; the meanness which both discover is the same. No Government can dispense with religious force. No government has been able to raise itself over the ruins of faith.—Dr. Alton. Duty though set about by thorns, may be made a stair, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake. Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken. Covet nothing, unless you want to increase the misery of your position; covetousness is the arch-enemy of contentment, and the begetter of unnecessary anguish. Give your children plenty of out-door air; let them sniff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their cheeks and temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary, that no child should be denied access to it. Schools without religion mean modern paganism, which turn out the Duke of Wellington said, "clever devils;" but I believe we shall find them rather to be divided into two classes, into stupid devils and intellectual malfactors, in proportion as passion or pride gain the mastery over the heart.—Archbishop Vaughan.

A full font of Japanese type comprises sixty thousand characters, and when a compositor gets twenty-five or thirty wrong letters in a word, and the proofreader overlooks them, they are scarcely ever noticed by the reader. The printer's case is distributed all round a big room, and when he is at work, running from one box to another, he looks like a base-ball player making a run. The dictionary of the Abnaki Indian language, which is to be seen now in the Harvard College, was written 200 years ago by the distinguished Jesuit Missionary, Father Sebastian Rastles, who brought Christianity to the Indians of Maine. He was murdered by an English force in 1724, and fifty years ago Bishop Fenwick of Boston erected a monument on the spot where he fell near Madison, on the Kennebec River. A pestilence broke out in 1129, which in a short time swept off 14,000 persons, and in spite of all human efforts daily added to its victims. At length, on November 26th, the shrine of St. Genevieve was carried in solemn procession through the city. That same day but three persons died, the rest recovered and no others were taken ill. This was but the first of a series of miraculous favours which the City of Paris has obtained through the relics of its patron saint.

As EXEMPLAR.—Everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and that can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbour's eye into a beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

AGRICULTURAL. HOW TO FIGHT THE POTATO-BUG. Dr. Jabez Fisher on the Best Methods of Applying Paris Green. The forthcoming report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture will contain a valuable paper by Dr. Jabez Fisher, of Fitchburg, Mass., on "The War With Insects." The paper is especially devoted to discussing the best method of fighting the potato-bug, and the essential parts of it are as follows:— It is an insect that has brood after brood in the same season. As soon as the young have time to hatch, you will find them at all stages of development during the whole season. There is, in my view, but one remedy, and that is what some of you are afraid of; but you have to come to it,—Paris green, arsenite of copper. I have tried two or three modes of applying Paris green, and have settled upon one. I think the best way is to use a hundred pounds of plaster (the finer ground the better) to one pound of Paris green. One pound is ample for one hundred pounds of plaster. I am not sure but that proportion of green is too much. Most of you have applied it very much stronger. The great point is to get a single particle of Paris green upon the potato leaf. Now, Paris green is an impalpable powder; it is exceedingly fine. It is necessary to apply but a single atom of it in one spot; but you want to apply it evenly over the whole foliage of the potato; and to do it, the best diluent, the best thing to dilute it with, is plaster. I apply it by means of a dredging-box, after the form of the ordinary flour dredging-box, used in the kitchen. Have one that holds about a quart, with a cover pierced with holes, which is on the end of a handle, about three feet long. All that is necessary, when it is filled, is to give a slight turn to the handle, and you can apply it to the potatoes as fast as you can walk beside a row. It is not necessary to cover the whole potato leaf with the green, but it is better to put it on pretty thoroughly. You will find that the green colors the plaster in this proportion—one part to a hundred. It colors it quite distinctly, and you can see it on the potato-vine very readily. You do not want to put much on; it is a waste of the poison, and a waste of time to do so. All you want is the slightest possible dusting; nothing more nor less than that.

I will say a word about mixing. A great many people have trouble in mixing Paris green. They are terribly afraid of it; it is poison, and they do not like to handle it at all. The best way I have found is to take a large wrapping-paper (heavy brown paper) as large as you can conveniently handle. Your plaster should be sifted to get all the lumps out of it. Spread a layer of plaster on the paper, and then spread the green as thoroughly over it as you can carelessly; then take your paper (one end in each hand), and move it from side to side with an alternate rising and falling motion, rolling the mixture from side to side until you cannot see a particle of plaster nor a particle of green. It does not take a great while to do it. You should not take too much at a time. The quantity will depend on the size of your paper. When it is perfectly homogeneous in color, then it is in a condition to use. The plaster will be washed off by the first rain, more or less; but the green is more persistent than most people suppose. Being a very fine, impalpable powder, it remains on the somewhat uneven surface of the foliage of the potato; after the plaster is washed off, the green is still there, and will continue to kill the larvae of the potato-bug that eat it. The theory of its action is, that the larva eats the green, and it must eat it in order to produce any result. It does not hurt the larva to put Paris green upon him, it does not kill him; it must enter into his circulation to do that. One atom of the green, as I have said, will kill him, and is just as good as a pound. The same effect will be produced by any amount that eats leaves in the same way. The currant-worm and the gooseberry-worm eat the leaf in the same way; their mouth takes both sides of it, and wherever the green is, it will kill them the same as the potato-worm. You may say that it will not do to put Paris green upon the currant or gooseberry, because we are going to eat the fruit. I would not use it upon currants or gooseberries, except for the first crop of worms, which generally comes before the fruit has formed, or when it is very small; and ordinarily it will be washed off the smooth skin of the berry before any of the fruit is eatable; or, if you should chance to eat any of it, the quantity would be so infinitesimal, in the way I advise its application, that no harm would be likely to arise in consequence. I should have no fear in applying it to the currant or the gooseberry early in the season, before the fruit has grown; but, after that, I should use something else.

I have one suggestion to make. I do not know that there is anything in it; I only throw it out as a suggestion. It has come to my knowledge this year, that in four distinct cases—in one of which there was a field of four acres, in two others a field of two acres, and in a fourth, a field of one acre—one-half of each field was treated with Paris green. I do not know how it was spread, or how heavy the coat was; but one-half of each field was treated with the green; the other half, in three cases, was protected by hand-picking; and, in the fourth case, the field was taken care of by Guinea hens, which was a perfect protection. In all these four cases the crop, in round numbers (by estimate—it was not weighed), was double on the part where it was hand-picked and treated with Guinea hens, what it was on the part treated with Paris green. I do not think the Paris green hurt the crop; simply call it to your attention as a point to be looked after in the future. I do not believe it is possible for an insoluble powder like Paris green to have any detrimental influence on the growth of the potato. I believe Paris green has been tried in Michigan at the rate of 500 pounds to the acre without any detriment to the crop.

Following the reading of the paper at the meeting of the State Board there was a general discussion of the question, the main points which were as follows:— Question.—There is an objection in very many sections of the State to the use of Paris green for almost any purpose; and there is an objection in many cases to the purchase of potatoes, if people know that Paris green has been used for the purpose of destroying the bug. Dr. Fisher—I consider that prejudice entirely absurd. Question.—How frequently do you find it necessary to repeat the application? Dr. Fisher.—As often as you find the bug; that is to say, you go over your field, and the next day, if you have effectually applied the green, you will see scarcely any potato-bugs; within 48 hours every one will have disappeared. If you have not put it on effectually, if you have left spots where there are bugs, of course it will take some time for them to reach the green; but when they do reach it they will die, and it is only the next crop to which you are to apply it. With regard to the use of children, if it is of any benefit to

the children, I should use them in that way. Put it in the most expensive mode possible to raise potatoes by hand-labor in picking the bugs. I have known many people who have tried it. They had a prejudice against Paris green, and they picked faithfully and effectually every bug they found during the season; but I never knew a person to continue it two seasons; the education of one year was sufficient. The labor is at first a little too much. The game is not worth the powder that it costs. Question.—Is there any objection to using it in water? For two years I have simply put a teaspoonful of Paris green in a large watering-pot of water, and it has been perfectly effective, without injuring the potato. Dr. Fisher.—That might answer, if it did not require much labor to carry the water. It costs so much to dilute it and carry it through a field, that it seems to me that it is not profitable to do it. Another thing: the green is not soluble in water at all. It is only by keeping it constantly stirred that you can have and hold it reasonably well mixed with the water, and you never can be sure but what one leaf is going to get ten times as much as another; and then it is very difficult to apply it so that the greater part of your water will not go upon the ground. You cannot apply it in small enough quantities. It wants simply a spray, and you cannot readily apply it in that way. It is much easier to apply a small quantity in the dry form. There has been a machine gotten up to use as a sprinkler, costing some \$6, which it would be a benefit to the manufacturers, no doubt, if you would purchase, but it is a waste of money, in my view. Question.—I would like to ask whether the potatoes absorb any of the Paris green as food for the plant? Dr. Fisher.—Potatoes, and all other plants, absorb their food entirely in a liquid form. Paris green does not and cannot exist in a liquid form. It is an insoluble powder absolutely. I may here mention a fact that has just come to my notice. A quantity of green was put into a hog-head which was nearly filled with water, to be stirred up and used, as occasion required, for potato-bugs. A valuable heifer obtained access to it, and quenched her thirst in a liberal way. The herdsmen was very much frightened in consequence, and employed some hurried remedies, which proved to be of no avail; for the reason that the heifer refused to acknowledge that she had done any wrong, and never gave the slightest indication that she was in the least degree affected by the poison. If she had stirred up the green, the result would, of course, have been different. I think it is an advantage to apply the plaster perfectly. You want simply, as I said, what looks like a spray of plaster. The smallest particle of green to a potato-vine is amply sufficient for the business. It will remain there three weeks, if there should be no rain. A slight rain removes but very little of the plaster; it takes a heavy rain to wash it all off. And the green is still more persistent than the plaster, and remains after the plaster is washed off. You cannot see it; but you know it to be there by its effects.

DISEASED CATTLE. Lecture by Prof. McClellan. The lecturer proceeded to review the question of our meat supply, and how we can increase our sales in foreign countries. He thought he would first of all refer to our own country, and the action of the Minister of Agriculture, in taking the steps he had done in the late cattle scare, placed the whole Dominion under an embargo upon the export of our cattle. The bill of Great Britain for food supplies from foreign sources during 1878, as shown by the Imperial trade and navigation returns, includes the following items, which demonstrate what a vast demand there is for commodities which Canada produces, and should stimulate every citizen to an interest in our country's resources, and means for securing a still greater share of this enormous and gradually increasing trade:—

Table with 2 columns: Item and Value. Includes Live cattle, sheep, pigs, fresh meat, poultry and game, eggs, potatoes, canned meats, butter, cheese, etc.

Mr. Dyke further urges that "the French market would be the best in which to place our surplus, for it is the best in favor in this country, to wit, fat cows. I have it on good authority that a line of steamers has been chartered to carry our surplus to the United States, Paris markets, early in the spring, and I again urge upon our exporters the advisability of at least testing the market for our surplus. The French market open to our produce, but at this very moment a shipment of 300 head are leaving Halifax for Bordeaux, and a similar quantity is being shipped to Genoa, and to other ports. The French market is open to our produce, but at this very moment a shipment of 300 head are leaving Halifax for Bordeaux, and a similar quantity is being shipped to Genoa, and to other ports. The French market is open to our produce, but at this very moment a shipment of 300 head are leaving Halifax for Bordeaux, and a similar quantity is being shipped to Genoa, and to other ports.

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TABLE OF PREMIUMS.

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How the War Against the Zulus is Conducted. Says the London Truth:—In order to show the mode in which this Zulu war is carried on by us, I republish a proclamation that I extracted a month or two ago from the 'Lokstein,' a journal published at Pretoria, Transvaal.

BUCKEY'S BELL FOUNDRY. Superior Bell of Copper and Tin, mounted with the best Rotary Mangle...

NOTICE.—AN APPLICATION WILL BE MADE to the Parliament of the Province of Quebec, at the next Session thereof, for an Act to incorporate 'Le Societe des Secours Mutuels des Frangais a Montreal.'

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Fire-side Sparks. (From Posen).

Real Lunacy.—Trusting the Crescent. If Lord B. wants to make Ireland a loyal and as pleasant to Royalty as Scotland, let him shift 'Arthur's Seat' to Dublin.

Landlady: "How shall I make out the bill for this artist in the parlour, John? Shall I call him 'Mr.' or 'Esquire?'" Landlord: "Oh, you may write him 'Esquire,' and charge him 'a sovereign extra.'"

GERMAN GRAB-VEREIN (UNLIMITED).—ADMITTED PROSPECTS.—This Association has been formed for the purpose of affording its Shareholders the maximum of profit with the minimum of payment.

Eligible place of residence for a young widow.—Wedmore. When may a man be said to make a suitable match? When he espouses a cause.

Why are barques like Michael Angelo Titian, and Paul Veronese? Because they are three masters.

On the principle of natural selection and affinity we should expect, and doubtless on inquiry find that "cream" gin was drunk by the scum of the population.

The ship Bombay, of Bath, C. S., went ashore on the Gunfleet Sand, January 30th, and was afterwards assisted off. On being found tight she was run into Harwich.

When the warder held the recently condemned burglar by one leg out of a railway carriage window, did he not come very near breaking the Peace.

"Where will you put me when I come to see you at your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that this horse would not shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

"Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a sphere?" "Of a sphere me madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

Tom Sheridan asked his father for money. Sheridan, to avoid giving an answer, began: "Tom, you ought to be doing something to get your living. At your age my father made me work. My father—'" "Stop, sir," cried Tom, "I will not have your father compared with mine."

X.—, a Bohemian who is always on the lookout for a chance to borrow fifty cents till next Tuesday, presents himself at the door of a rich acquaintance. "My master doesn't respect to-day," says the servant. "That's all right. I don't want him to receive. I want him to give. Tell him the Shah of Persia wants to see him."

An elder Scotch woman went one day to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking he did this from anxiety not to give an over dose, but from his penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, he said, "Dinna be sue mean wi' man; it's for a pair fatherless bairn."

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song, and began, "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly back from the room, remarking: "Not if I know it, she won't. She belts blue blazes out of me at home, and I stand it like a man, but when she threatens to hit me in a strange house, and calls me a liar before a whole crowd, I'll run as long as I have a spark of manhood left."

An American editor who has been married five years, speaking of the babies, says: "The delight of the days—the torment of the night—elegant in full dress, but horrible in deshabille—beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell—exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully de trop in the parlour, stage, or railway car—the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlimited spanking—the glory of 'pa'—the happiness of 'ma'—who wouldn't have em?"

Mrs. Anthony worked so earnestly at mending the debt of a Providence church, that she became insane, and tried to kill herself.

The Prussian authorities have suppressed a popular Polish almanac, because it contains a memoir of Cardinal Ledochowski (the deposed Archbishop of Posen), which is disrespectful to the Government.

Miss Rosina Heikel is the first woman to enter upon the career of a physician in Finland. Her reception by the women was most flattering when she returned from completing her studies, and they tendered her a banquet gotten up in splendid style.

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The eight bridesmaids of the Duke of Connaught's bride will be daughters of the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough, the Marquises of Conyngham and Hendford, and the Earls of Argyll, Bradford, Erroll and Mount Edgumbe. There will be all the state and splendour usual on such occasions but in consequence of mourning neither ball nor banquet.

There are 69 places in France called St. Etienne. This curious fact was ascertained in consequence of a libel committed by a Paris newspaper, which stated that the receiver in every town of the name brought an action, and the paper has been ordered to pay \$20 damages to each of them, besides a fine of \$40.

A man who wishes to become a medical practitioner in Germany is now obliged to pass, some time in the course of his third year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology; and at the close of his studies he has to devote as much as five months to passing a final examination in the practical departments of his profession.

A curious display of folly and stubbornness on the part of a Russian nobleman is reported. This man owns 40,500 acres of arable land, which he will not cultivate himself nor lease to anybody else; and he will not permit the extirpation from his acres of the Siberian marmots or of the beetles, which spread over the country, destroying a large portion of the crops every year, and for whose extirpation many thousands of people are elsewhere employed by the authorities.

The Michigan meteor appears to have been a large one. It looked like an immense ball of fire, and lighted the heavens luridly. It exploded near Traverse City with a noise so loud as to be heard at a distance of ten miles, and a force sufficient to shake houses like an earthquake. A fisherman on the shore of Lake Michigan is the only person who saw the explosion. He says the meteor flew into small pieces, which fell into the water, breaking a hole through thick ice.

LETTER FROM KINGSTON.

A few particulars about our "Limestone City" may be of some interest to the numerous readers of the Post, which by the way has a good circulation, and is very popular here. Kingston is situated on the foot of the lake and the head of river navigation. In a sanitary point of view it is perhaps the healthiest city in the Dominion, diseases of a serious character are comparatively unknown, and medical men complain that it is anything but a paradise for them to live in.

Approaching the city from the lake or river, the traveller's attention is attracted by the numerous fortifications lining the shore, which were built by the Imperial Government in 1845, and finished a few years later. Fort Henry is built on the only elevated point for miles around, and completely commands the city and environs, from which it is separated by an arm of Lake Ontario. Leading from the Fort are two earth-works of considerable depth, called the north and south ditches, and at those points there are two circular, cut-stone structures, called Martello Towers, loop-holed for rifles. On the Kingston side there are two of these towers, one known as Murray's Tower, mounting eight guns, and contains a homproof magazine; and besides being of great strength, is protected on the lake side by massive stone work, slanting outwards and downwards into the lake. Shoal Tower, a similar structure, situated on the southeast side of the city is completely surrounded by water; it is about 80 feet in diameter at the base, and 60 feet at the top; the wall facing the lake is about 20 feet in thickness and contains two flats, each mounting 4 guns. On Point Frederick opposite, there is another tower of the same proportions, and further south on Cedar Island stands another. These towers are within short range of each other and have movable roofs which can be taken down in a short space of time. I understand that Kingston, as a military stronghold, is considered second only to the "Gibraltar of Canada," old Quebec. There is a crazy individual here named Devlin hectoring a la Chiquiquy, but it reports are true much more loud and vulgar, if that were possible. He passes unnoticed by Catholics, and respectable Protestants look on him with contempt. He is at loggerheads with our local press, particularly the British Whig, because it would not publish his advertisement for love or money, and rumor has it that the editor has purchased a rawhide with the intention of chastising him for some offensive allusions made with reference to himself and wife a few evenings ago at one of his harangues. Some months ago he conducted himself in a similar manner in Milton, Ontario, when the Protestant and Catholic inhabitants of that place good-naturedly rode him on a rail, and gave him the option of leaving the place in a very limited time, or else he would have to submit to be tarred and feathered. When he happens into a place where bigotry will not take, he tries phrenology. His audience here was very small, and was principally composed of Tom Robinson's pets. He claims to be a man of great personal courage, and boasts of having shot a few men in his day. He frequently gets wrangling in bar-rooms, and when excited he uses the most foul and disgusting language. Nevertheless, he opens his nightly tirades with prayer, and winds up by giving the benediction. Oh, what a benediction! Though he differs with nearly every one he meets, still he agrees with the Montreal Star that St. Patrick is a myth, and, consequently, we poor Irish are but deluded dupes. Such an announcement, coming from such high authority, should be sufficient to stop the proposed parade on the 17th. In a commercial way our city has felt the general depression but little compared to other places; we have had but few failures considering the number in business, and confidently look forward to better times. Hoping the Post will share largely in the expected prosperity, Kingston, March 7th, 1879.

Miscellaneous. Mrs. Anthony worked so earnestly at mending the debt of a Providence church, that she became insane, and tried to kill herself.

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The Michigan meteor appears to have been a large one. It looked like an immense ball of fire, and lighted the heavens luridly. It exploded near Traverse City with a noise so loud as to be heard at a distance of ten miles, and a force sufficient to shake houses like an earthquake. A fisherman on the shore of Lake Michigan is the only person who saw the explosion. He says the meteor flew into small pieces, which fell into the water, breaking a hole through thick ice.

Spring Fashions. New York Herald.

Fashion is not a feeble goddess, and rarely yields to the attacks of satire, by which she is so frequently assailed. Occasionally she seems to do so; but it is only in seeming, for when a fashion is abandoned it is not in deference to its assailants, but because its wearers demand a change. But in all ages, either with the pen or the brush, satirists have assailed fashion. In a manuscript of the eleventh century an illuminator introduces the father of all evil dressed in the prevailing style. He wears the long sleeves of the period, which had to be knotted to keep them from touching the ground, the enormously lengthened train and the dress laced up in front. Trains, however, did not grow any shorter because of the "paper bullets of the brain" fired at them, for in the thirteenth century a satirist thus discourses of the ladies of the period:—"They are like peacocks and magpies; for the pies naturally bear feathers of various colors, so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies have not long tails that trail in the dirt, so that the ladies make their trains a thousand times longer than those of peacocks and magpies."

Among other hits at the fashion is found the following announcement, which is called the petition of "one William Gingle, coach-maker and chairmaker of the liberty of Westminster." He states "that for the service of ladies wearing hoop petticoats he has built a round chair in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle and closing mathematically when she is seated." And further, that he has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be "let in at the top." And "that the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her." It is to be hoped that such extremes of fashion will not be revived in this century. A few years ago many of our ladies wore hoop skirts measuring four and a half yards around the lower edge, but when they had reached that size Dame Fashion kindly declared they should be laid aside altogether.

An old poet tunes his lyre to the following song:— Now dressed in a cap, now naked in none; Now loose in a mob, now close in a doan; Without handkerchief now, and now buried in one; Now plain as a Quaker, now all in a puff; Now a shimpe in neat stays, now a slattern in jumps; Now high in French heels, now low in your Now monstrous in hoop, now trash, and walking With your petticoats clung to your heels like a waucikin; Like the cock on the tower, that shows you the weather, You are hardly the same for two days together.

Notwithstanding these attacks, Fashion sits securely on her ancient throne, having the whole world for her empire and all the inhabitants thereof for her subjects.

The most pointed surprise of the new season is the restoration of the panier, or the so-called Camargo puff, which was introduced in the eighteenth century along with Watteau dresses and garden theatricals. It is predicted that fashion will restore the very Camargo which was once called "a rage and a vertigo," but until it is safe to venture upon extravagance painters will be of the same material as the dress, and procured more by loopings, draperies and trimmings than by separate puffs, wings, &c., applied to the costume.

For ordinary walking dresses a "trimmed" skirt—that is a skirt with the trimming arranged directly on it, is combined with a jacket more or less tight fitting, or an overskirt and short skirt, the latter either trimmed with a simple flounce or left plain, according to the goods used. Polonaises of simple designs are also employed to complete costumes, but are not so fashionable as the above mentioned arrangements. For suitings the "tailor" finish—rows of machine stitching—is the accepted trimming, the vest, collars, cuffs and revers of some different material from the rest of the garment. For costumes made of cloth and the heavier woollen goods used for early spring and travelling the underskirt is not infrequently without trimming of any kind, excepting several rows of stitching near the bottom, and the overskirt is of some simple design, like the "Birena," the "Muriel" or the "Lilien," finished to match the underskirt.

This is one of the simplest and most practical designs for a trimmed walking skirt. It has a moderately boufant drapery, and is finished by a deep kilt plaiting on the bottom. This skirt is suitable alike for heavy or light goods, dressy or ordinary wear, and is really an excellent design for walking fabric. For dressy wear, or where a combination of materials is used, the Berenice is especially desirable. This has a short, fully draped apron, from which revers are turned back and carried to the back, where they support the drapery in a moderate puff. Another new style especially suitable for summer silks and grannies, is the Litta, which has the apron and side gorges puffed and the back effectively draped. Two, and even three materials are used in combination for street costumes, and this applies to the simple suits made of percale, cotton satine, marine cloth and other fabrics for summer wear. The rule observed when only two fabrics are used is to have the costume itself made entirely of one goods and the accessories and trimmings of the other. There is a wide scope for the exercise of much taste in the selection and arrangement of the goods to be used in combination, and, while strong contrasts are allowable, good taste dictates that the arrangements must not be bizarre in effect.

Death of an Archbishop. London, March 10.—A despatch from Paris says a great deal of regret is expressed at the death of Archbishop Millet, who made himself famous by his magnificent restorations of the Cathedrals of Reims and St. Germain. In the opinion of architects the restorations effected under the supervision of this prelate are in every respect a fine original work.

The French Communists. London, March 10.—The trouble which has grown out of the difference of opinion upon the amnesty question is by no means yet ended. The Radical majority in the municipality of Paris, it is believed, no longer represents the feelings of the majority of its constituents. As long as amnesty was simply talked about, and the exiled Communists were safe in New Caledonia, expressions of opinion in favor of their release and return were in order; but now that there is almost certain danger of the return of even some of the most dangerous exiles, the Bourgeois begin to regret their liberality, and they are strongly inclined to support what remains of the Conservative element in the present administration.

The Brazilian Postal System.

The Brazilian Postal system is described as barbaric in the extreme. It is said that all foreign mail bags on their arrival in Rio are emptied of their contents in some public place, and foreigners who are supposed to know what they want, are expected to select whatever letters they choose without reference to right or proprietary interest. The system in vogue somewhat resembles the grab-bag principle, the grabber, however, having the liberty to repeat as often as he pleases without hindrance from the postal authorities.

The Right King. (Toronto Mail). A special cable despatch this morning says Sir George Campbell intends to ask the Home Government if they know that the Marquis of Lorne "advocated protection" in his recent speech from the throne at Ottawa, while they were urging other nations to adopt free trade; and if they think it right to continue union with Canada by the appointment of a Governor on such humiliating terms. The Governor-General of Canada rules over a constitutionally governed country. He is not a mere Colonial office agent. He "advocates" nothing, but simply gives effect to what a free people, through their Ministers, advocates.

Taxes in Russia. In Russia taxes are collected in this way: A peasant, representative of a district, comprising several villages, is charged with the duty of collecting a certain amount of money, and it is the business of the people to distribute the taxes among themselves as they like the best. For the prompt collection, in the first place, the representative is responsible, and in case of tardiness he is imprisoned for a week with common criminals, and furnished with food at the cost of three cent a day. A district is obliged to pay for all its residents, whether they are actual residents, or have gone elsewhere, or are in the army. In case a tax collector is unable to do his duty, he reports to the authorities; then the police appears armed with rods, and if the rod does not secure the desired result, the property of delinquents is sold at auction.

Folly. Dr. Gausback, a Swedish chemist, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies which are not eviscerated previous to being embalmed are in a condition of suspended animation. Unfortunately, the secret of bringing them to life again has been lost, but the Doctor hopes to recover it. He has been conducting experiments with that object for fifteen years past, using a snake as the subject to operate on. The reptile has been frequently petrified and restored to animation by a process which has not been made public. Dr. Gausback has asked the Swedish Government for a condemned criminal to experiment on, the condition being that the man shall be pardoned if the process is successful in his case, on account of the benefit to science and humanity. It is doubtful whether the discovery would not prove unfortunate for the world.

Prince Louis Napoleon's Letter. Prince Louis Napoleon, before leaving England to join the British forces in their campaign against the Zulus, addressed the following letter to M. Rother explaining the motives of his undertaking:—

Mon cher Monsieur Rother:— I am about to leave Europe and my absence may continue for some months. I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. For eight years I have been England's guest. I completed my education in one of her military schools, and have kept up my connection with the British Army by joining it, on several occasions, during its great manoeuvres. The war Great Britain is now carrying on at the Cape of Good Hope has lately assumed a much more serious aspect than it had previously. I felt anxious to watch the operations, and I sail in two days.

In France, where, thank heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote to assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me.

My thoughts whether I am near or far, will constantly turn towards France; I shall watch the plumes she will gradually pass through with interest and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her!

I trust that during my absence the patriotism of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident, and will continue to hold before the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrine, remains constantly animated by the most ardent patriotism.

Accept, mon cher Monsieur Rother, the assurance of my sincere friendship. NAPOLEON.

The Royal Wedding. London, March 13.—This morning, shortly after 11 o'clock, the Duke of Connaught was married to the most brilliant and accomplished of princesses, the Princess Louise, daughter of Windsor Castle, for a long time of years. These festivities, the anticipation of which has kept the eye of Europe on tiptoe for weeks, were of the most impressive description. The preparations were on the most extensive scale, and nothing was left undone which seemed likely to make the occasion one long to be remembered by those present. Probably never in the course of history did the Lord Chamberlain—upon whom the responsibility for the arrangements chiefly rested—feel more fully the cares and perplexities of office. At an early appointed hour as possible the wedding procession moved up the aisle to the altar before which the ceremony took place. The princely couple were there joined in holy wedlock by the dignitaries of the Church who had been chosen to perform this office. Prince Arthur, William Patrick, third son of Queen Victoria and of the late Prince Consort, is 28 years old, having been born at Buckingham Palace on May 1st, 1850. Princess Louise Margaret is ten years younger than her husband. Among the guests were recognized many personages prominent in civil, social and military circles of the various countries of Europe. In addition to the royal family of England, most of whose members were present, were the King and Queen of Belgium; the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and other royal personages. The weather was superb. The old town of Windsor was gaily decorated, and all business suspended. Shortly after the wedding ceremony the Prince and his wife set out for Claremont, where they will spend their honeymoon. Their departure was witnessed by an immense crowd, who manifested much enthusiasm.

