MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS,

COMMERCIAL REVIEW AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1881 } MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.10 POST-PAID.

SUMMARY.

THE Moscow exhibition has been postponed until 1882.

MR. POWELL, the Conservative M.P. for Wigan, has been unseated for bribery.

THE REPORT that some members of the Kennedy family were burned at the Nice disaster was unfounded.

SHEEP ROT has assumed threatening proportions in Leicestershire. Sixty percent of one farmer's flocks have perished.

A PAGE of the Czar has been arrested on the charge of secretly serving a sentence of death upon the late Emperor.

TWELVE BARONIES in County Cork have been declared disturbed, and an extra force of police has been ordered there.

MRS. D. H. BUXTON, the authoress of the novel of "Jennie and the Princess" and other popular works of fiction, is dead.

THE CONNECTICUT SENATE has rejected a Bill passed by the House of Representatives, and designed to facilitate obtaining divorces.

MR. GLENN, the largest wheat grower in California pronounces the wheat profit so small that he must seek diversity of culture for his 45,000 acres.

ADVICES from Alaska state that a tribe of Indians at Hoocheno recently burned two of their number at the stake for some unknown offence.

THE Earl of Caithness died at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, lately, aged 50 years. His death is due to paralysis of the heart. His body will be sent to Scotland.

WITH the approval of the Lords of the Treasury, Mr. Childers has sanctioned an allowance of £1 to each soldier engaged in the Zulu War, to compensate them for damage done to their uniform.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, Frederick Douglas was almost mobbed in Vergennes, Vermont, for attempting to disseminate negro sentiments. Now that town has a negro Sheriff, a French Mayor, and a young woman as Town Clerk.

IN HANCOCK COUNTY, West Virginia, fifty miles from Pittsburg, the paupers are sold every March to the man who will keep them for the lowest amount. Horrible cruelties by their purchasers are reported. An effort is making to abate this inhumanity.

THE LEADERS of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months' deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains, and long thick veils.

JASPER TULLY, editor of the Roscommon *Herald* and a Land League organizer, has been arrested at Boyle, charged with intimidation. Tully, in his last speech, referred to a museum in New York, where he said rewards are given for heads of Irish landlords.

DANIEL BASHIEL WARNER, the President of Liberia, is dead. He was born near Baltimore, Md., in 1815, of slave parents who, however, obtained their freedom, shortly after his birth. He had been in Liberia ever since, and was a statesman of considerable ability.

THE works for the proposed tunnel from Dover to Calais have made such satisfactory progress that its promoters are now able to employ three shifts of men constantly, throughout the twenty-four hours, and are sanguine of being able to bore about thirty feet per day, when all the machinery is completed.

THE SONS of two farmers, in Ulster County, N.Y., led on by reading dime novels, have started West, to seek adventures on the plains. They are about twelve years old. They took more than $100 with them, which is now missed by the parents. Also a full supply of knives and pistols, which they purchased at Newburg a few days ago.

A BILL has been introduced in the French Legislature providing that any citizen who loses his life while saving life or property at a fire, any physician who dies while laboring in the hospitals in time of epidemic, and anyone who dies while endeavoring to save a fellow-being, shall be regarded as a soldier slain on the battle-field, and insure a double pension to his family.

SANDWICH rather carries off the palm among the English boroughs, so far as electoral corruption is concerned. The constituency numbers only about 2,000, but the list of persons who have taken bribes fills seven folio pages, each of two columns, and among these there are 127 who are marked as having taken bribes with perfect impartiality from both parties. The place is described as "of a rural character, engaged in no manufacture and no special trade," except, it should have been added, the trade of politics.

CANADIAN.

THE SYNOD of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Canada will meet in Ottawa on the 20th of May next.

THE NOMINATION of candidates for the County of Prescott takes places at L'Orignal on the 7th of April. Polling is fixed for the 14th. There are some half a dozen candidates.

THE HON. OLIVER MOWAT and Miss Mowat will cross the Atlantic early in May. They go to join Mrs. Mowat and Miss Edith Mowat. The whole party will return home before the close of the summer.

IT HAS been discovered that a Toronto sausage manufacturer has been in the habit of using horse-flesh and other carrion meat in the manufacture of sausages. The smell that arose from his place led to the discovery of the fact.

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE and Mrs. Mackenzie will sail for Europe early in May, where they will stay some months. Everyone will hope that rest and change of scene may bring about Mr. Mackenzie's complete recovery. There is every reason to believe that they will.

THE BUILDING set apart for Canadian exhibits at the Brazilian Exhibition, to be held next fall, will be located in the heart of Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Frazer, of the Customs Department, has received a photograph of the building from Mr. Bentley, English Consul General. The structure is a fine as well as commodious one. It is understood that the number of contributions will be quite large.

A CURIOUS MONSTER was seen by the captain and crew of a schooner crossing the St. Lawrence between Murray Bay and Kamouraska. The apparent length of the monster was fifty feet, with long fins upon the back and the head resembling those of a shark. It raised itself out of the water a short distance from the schooner, and floundering upon its surface caused it to boil for some hundreds of feet around it.

A PROJECT is now under way for connecting Carleton Place with Cornwall by rail, giving a still shorter route to Montreal than is now had by the North Shore road from Ottawa. It is said that by the construction of this link the distance between the two points will be shortened by twenty miles. The portion of road to be built to connect the Canada Central and Grand Trunk lines, at the points named, is 75 miles. Some capitalists have the matter in hand.

WORK will be resumed about the middle of this month on section 15 of the Canada Pacific, the section formerly awarded by the Whitehead contract, which was taken off the hands of the contractors by the Government, under the superintendence of Mr. Haney. The work remaining to be done consists of filling and ballasting. Some 500 men and two steam shovels will be employed. It is intended to complete this work this summer, and also to finish the ballasting on section 14.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT happened at Jordan River, six miles from Shelburne, N.S., on Tuesday, by which one man was instantly killed and another seriously injured. A schooner being launched, after being repaired, was caught by the wind, and fell over on her side upon the men who were working underneath her, instantly killing James Hardy, seriously injuring Benjamin Smith and slightly injuring a workman named Peuts. Mr. Hardy was part owner of the vessel, was 45 years old, leaves a wife and large family and was a municipal councillor for the district of Ragged Island Bay, where he resided.

DR. MOSTYN, late M.P.P. for North Lanark, and Mr. James W. Manning, jr., son of Mr. J. W. Manning, License Inspector for the same riding, left Almonte on Monday week for Appleton, five miles distant, in a small skiff. They did not return that night as expected, and next day some gentlemen from Appleton being in Almonte, enquiries were made about what delayed the unfortunate gentlemen, and the information was elicited that they had left for home at 4 p.m. on Monday evening. Their friends became alarmed, and at once a number started in search resulting in the recovery of the bodies.

A SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT occurred in Brockville on Monday about five o'clock a.m. Two young men named Arthur Wright and H. Fraser, accompanied by Fraser's brother-in-law, left there early in the morning on a duck shooting expedition, and when they were about a mile up the river, it is said, their boat was capsized by coming in contact with some floating ice. Mr. Wilson, who resides close by, heard cries for help, but on proceeding to the shore could only see one person, Fraser, who was clinging to the boat. Fraser was soon brought to land and conveyed to Mr. Wilson's residence. The bodies of the other two men were found a few hours later.

IN THE NOVA SCOTIA ASSEMBLY on Wednesday the Attorney-General, Mr. Thompson, introduced a bill authorizing the Government to borrow $392,000, to be reloaned by Government to various counties for road and bridge service. Counties are now in debt to the Government for road advances some $10,000; this is to be repaid by counties out of amounts they may borrow from Government. The interest on the amount so borrowed is to be a first charge on all future road grants for twenty years, providing a sinking fund to wipe out the whole liability at the end of that time. Inverness county, which now owes $27,000 for advances, the interest of which it is unable to repay, is to have that amount wiped out of the Government assets, but that county will not be allowed to borrow any part of the $392,000.

A PECULIAR CASE came before Judge Mackenzie, in Toronto, in connection with the earing of appeals against the voters' list. Mr. Hugh Miller, druggist, of King street East, appealed against the insertion on the assessment roll of the name of one Robson for a property on King street, near Berkley street. Robson was examined and stated that he had possession of the property by long possession and by virtue of his marriage with the widow of Daniel Bloxum, colored cabman, who died in 1857. Mr. Miller's solicitor then produced a copy of the will of Daniel Bloxum, made on the 6th September, 1856, which bequeathed to Mr. Miller as his sole executor all his real and personal estate, including the property in question and some land in Nottawasaga, the same to be held for the benefit of his wife, but only during her widowhood. The admission by Robson that he married the widow, who is also colored, in 1877 has the effect of vesting the title to the property to Mr. Miller. He testified that the marriage ceremony was performed by a colored clergyman. Had not the matter come up in connection with the question as to who was entitled to the vote, Mr. Miller might never have learned that Robson had married the widow.

THE CENTRAL PRISON.—The *Telegram* says "The new warden of the Central Prison already seems to have justified his appointment by the Government. The change has been so satisfactory in its results that it is a pity it did not take place sooner, as it doubtless would have done if it had not been for politics. Mr. Massie has special aptitude for the place, and has put his heart into the work. Under his management the prison should soon become a model correctional institution and contribute a good share of the expense of its maintenance. We have probably heard the last of the Central Prison scandals which used to intrude themselves upon the public attention."

CUSTOMS SEIZURE.—The Government organ in Ottawa says: "We are informed that the Customs Department recently confiscated a quantity of goods imported by a Toronto firm, who were charged with under-valuation and the making out of false invoices. In addition to the confiscation, the parties were compelled to pay the full amount of the duty and a heavy fine in addition. A similar offence has been discovered in London, Ont., and the case is now under consideration. From what we learn, the confiscation of a large quantity of English and American importations will be the result. We understand the Department is enforcing the clause of the law which imposes a fine of three times the value of the goods seized. This, with the costs of a suit in the Exchequer Court, before which such cases go, should have a deterrent effect upon merchants of smuggling proclivities."

THE ELECTIONS.—The *Mail* says:—"Those who imagine that two swallows make a very perfect summer are entitled to rejoice in the victories in East Northumberland and Carleton as indications of the rehabilitation of the Grit party. Our 'Liberal' friends may hug the delusive incidents of the two victories indicated above, but the people of Canada remember mainly the great victory of 1878. The Opposition have still an immense leeway to recover before they can hope to cope with forces so much their superior in the ranks of the party. That three years nearly have elapsed before a reverse has taken place, that the Government should in these three years have won so many seats from the enemy and saved so many of its own vacant constituencies, was simply an unprecedented thing in the political history of Canada. That two seats should have been lost under the peculiar circumstances affecting the recent contests is not so very remarkable. It is of course a gratifying circumstance to the Opposition—it enables them to prove their existence. We quite sympathize with their rejoicing. The present Government has lost two seats. It can afford to lose a dozen. It can spare a score, and yet leave the Opposition in a minority. Yet the present Parliament is likely to close with a majority for the Government larger in all probability than Mr. Mackenzie was able to command in his third year of office. We have no settled belief in the permanence of ministries. Ours will doubtless crumble too, but not so soon as the Opposition imagine. The refusal of the present Government to give places to its friends at the expense of Grit office-holders has caused the loss of some friends. The strict and stern enforcement of Customs laws has caused the loss of others. The rigid exclusion of all attempts at land speculation has no doubt irritated others. In every branch of the public service there has been such a tightening of the reins as has seemed too sharp to some, who, observing and perhaps suffering from the practices of the late Government, believed themselves entitled to some 'consideration.' Putting all these things together we can admit a moderate ground for suspecting that we may lose some constituencies at the elections."

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

THE HILLS OF LOUGH SWILLY—TENANTS' IMPROVEMENTS—A MAN-OF-WAR AND MEN OF LOVE—THE PIG—INTELLIGENT BOOKS—FROM POTATOES AND MILK TO CORNMEAL STIRABOUT AND NOTHING—THE LATE LORD LEITRIM'S INJUSTICE AND INHUMANITY—ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

14th March—Left Derry by train, crossing from the banks of the Foyle to Lough Swilly. Got on board a little steamer, marvellously like an American puffer, and panted and throbbed across the waters of the lough. The sun shone pleasantly, the sky was blue, which deserves to be recorded, as this is the very first day since I arrived in Ireland on which the sun shone out in a vigorous and decided manner, determined to have his own way. We have had a few—a very few—watery blinks of sun before, but the rain and sleet always conquered. Sailed up among whin covered mountains, with

RECLAIMED PATCHES

creeping up their sides, and pretty spots here and there with handsome houses, new and fresh looking, built upon them. It is an inducement to merchants and others to build their brand new houses here, that the air is fresh and pure, the scenery grand and beautiful and the salt water rolling up to the foot of the rocks. It was pointed out to me by a friend, that these mountain-side farms were reclaimed, by great labor I'm sure, by the tenants, trusting to the Ulster custom, but the landlords, knowing that custom was not law, then raised the rents upon them. If they could not, or were not willing to pay the increased rent, increased because of their own labor, they could leave, others would rent the places at the increased figure. "As for you, ye shiftless, miserable tillers of the soil, ye can go where you like, emigrate if you can, get you to the workhouse or the grave if you cannot." It is hard to believe that this could be done, or has been done lawfully again and again. If it is true it spoils the comfort of looking at the pleasant homes built upon reclaimed spots. We look more kindly on the cottage homes nestled among nooks of the hills.

The sky did not cloud over again, it remained blue and bright and coaxed the waters of Lough Swilly to look blue and bright also. Flocks of white sea gulls dipped, darted and sailed about in an abandonment of enjoyment. Flights of ducks rose on the wing and whirled past.

We sailed between two forts that frown at one another in a grim and desolate manner at Rathmullen. Was informed that a man-of-war ordinarily lay at anchor in this lough to keep half an eye on things in general, and poteen, I suppose, in particular. It was complained that the blue jackets, finding these mountain girls sweet and pretty, and easy to keep—for since cows are become such a price, a good one, not one of the bovine aristocracy, but a commonly good one, being value for £20, the damsels of the hills are accustomed to "small rations of tea and potatoes"—the sailors marry them, "and that," said my informant, "makes servant girls scarce about here."

I did not sympathize properly with this complaint. I was glad to hear that any form of humanity in this island is scarce. I hoped the blue jackets were happy with their Irish wives, for a Liverpool sailor lamented in my hearing that the girls of seaport towns did not often make good sailors' wives. Let us hope that they did better who chose among the wild hills of Lough Swilly.

I am told that another cherished institution of Ireland is passing away—

> "The pig that we meant
> To drynurse in the parlor to pay off the rent."

The pig is becoming an institution of the past. I was told by a gentleman of the first respectability in Derry that sucking pigs are sold in that market for thirty shillings. These would be precious to the peasant if he had them, but he has not, nor means to get them. This great resource for paying the rent is gone.

Up the Lough we sailed into beautiful

RAMELTON,

an exceptionally pretty, clean little place, boasting of a very nicely kept hotel. The scenery all around is delightful. Across the Lannon River, on the banks of which is one of the principal streets, is a lofty ridge crowned with grand trees. The Lannon runs into Lough Swilly, and is affected by the ebb and flow of the tide. The trees on the ridge are tenanted by a thriving colony of rooks, very busy just now with their spring work. Two delightful roads, one above another, run along the brow of the hill under the shade of the trees. I discovered that rooks know a great deal; that there is infinite variety of meaning in their caw. The young couples who are starting housekeeping have not only to provide materials and build their homes, but to defend their property at every stage from the rapacity of their neighbors. They have also to build in such a manner as to satisfy the artistic taste of the community. I saw an instance of this during a morning walk. Five rooks were sitting in judgment on the work of a young and thoughtless pair of rooks, I suppose. The work was condemned, the young couple were evicted without mercy and the nest pulled to pieces by the five censors with grave caws of disapprobation, while the evicted ones flew round and showed fight and used bad language. The Coercion Act was not in favor among the black coated gentry of the air.

It has fallen like a spell over Ireland though, and evictions are hurried through as if they thought their time was short.

PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO SPEAK

to a stranger. I have succeeded in obtaining introductions, which I hope will give me an entrance into society in Donegal. I drove over to Letterkenny and obtained introductions to the mountain districts. Hearing there that I was only four miles from a small place called Rusky that I had a desire to see, I hired a car on the solemn assurance of the driver that he knew the place and the way to it. Over the clean well-kept roads, between straggling hedges of whins beginning to show the promise of golden blossoms, up hills and through hollows, the driver told me stories of the hardship and patience of the poor. The poor people, he said, do not live on potatoes and milk now, but on cornmeal stirabout without anything—milk or anything else to it; that, three times a day and glad to get enough of it to satisfy hunger. After driving four miles, found we were lost as far as Rusky was concerned, so we turned back, and Rusky remains unvisited for the present. Spoke to people of position about the driver's story about the food of the lower classes, to have it painfully confirmed. A weaver in Antrim complained to me that he had had no bed clothing of any kind during the last severe winter. I am told this is a very common case. A clergyman in Donegal mentioned to me one family that he had visited in the way of his calling the day before. The father lay ill of fever on some loose straw on the bedstead, his only covering the poor garments he had worn when able to be up. A little lame child in beside him for warmth; nothing to eat but the yellow meal and water.

Milford, March 16th.—Was driven by my new friends over a part of Lord Leitrim's estate, and through his

TOWN OF MILFORD.

The murdered Earl has left a woful memory of himself all over the country side. He must have had as many curses breathed against him as there are leaves on the trees, if what respectable people who dare speak of his doings say of him be true, which it undoubtedly is. Godly people of Scottish descent, Covenanters and Presbyterians, who would not have harmed a hair of his head for worlds, have again and again lifted their hands to heaven and cried, "How long, Lord, are we to endure the cruelty of this man?"

One case (which is a sample case) I will notice. In the plantation of Scottish settlers in the North it seems that either for company or mutual protection against the dispossessed children of the soil, the farmhouses were built together in clachans or little groups. After a lapse of years these clachans in some cases expanded into small towns. The people built houses and made improvements on their holdings, paying their rent punctually, but holding the right to their own money's worth, the result of years of hard toil and stern economy under the Ulster custom. In this way the greater part of the town of Milford sprung into existence.

One John Buchanan, a Presbyterian of Scottish descent, son of respectable people who had lived on this estate for generations, was employed in the land office of the Earl of Leitrim over twenty years. This man trusting to the Ulster custom and the honest goodness of the old Earl, grandfather of the present Earl, a good landlord and a just man, by all accounts, invested his savings in building on the site of the old farm house in Milford a block of buildings—quarrying the stone for them—consisting of two large houses on Main street, and the rest tenement houses on Buchanan street. He improved his farm by reclaiming land, making nice fields out of bog.

When the good Earl died and the late Earl came into possession, he immediately raised the rent to nearly double what was paid before, making John Buchanan pay dearly for his improvements. John Buchanan died rather suddenly, leaving a widow and five children. The widow in her overwhelming grief was visited by Lord Leitrim personally. He told her with great abuse and outrageous language, that she had no claim whatever to a particle of the property, "she did not own a stone of it." The widow, worn and nervous with the great trouble she had passed through, was unable to bear this new trouble; his Lordship's violence gave her a shock from which she never recovered. He then sent his bailiffs and put her and her children out, put out the fire, as taking possession, and re-let the place to her, again doubling the rent. Her eldest son, a young lad, boiling with wrath over the wrong done and the language used to his mother, went to his aunt, living at some distance, and besought her to send him out of the country, lest he should be tempted to take vengeance in his own hand. His aunt seeing this danger, fitted him out from her own pocket, and the poor lad, his mother consenting, was expatriated out of harm's way to far Australia.

The widow never recovered the shock which Lord Leitrim had given her. It was aggravated by despair at seeing all the savings of her husband's lifetime appropriated by the strong hand, and her children left destitute. She was also in debt to the value of £600 for building material for an addition built to the house and some office houses, built later on, some time after the rest of the property. This debt of $500 wore on her. She had no means of payment; all her means were swallowed up in this property. The creditors could not collect it off the property, it was not held liable for the debt, neither was Lord Leitrim, who had seized the property. Her sense of honesty and the honor of her husband's name made her fret over this debt. The doctor had declared her illness heart disease, brought on by a shock and her death imminent. To soothe her mind her sister again came forward and out of her own pocket paid this money. The widow died and was buried. Their only relative tried what the law would do to redress the grievances of the orphans. The presiding judge, the chairman of the quarter sessions, lifted up his hands saying, "Must I issue a decree that will rob these helpless orphans." The decree was issued, and the children ejected without a farthing of compensation. To leave no stone unturned the children went in a body to Lord Leitrim to ask, as justice had been powerless, for mercy from him. He ordered his servant to put them out. At the time these orphan children were turned out of the house their father built there was not a farthing of rent due, all had been paid up at the unjust Earl's own estimate.

This case has been heard by the Royal Commissioners sent to enquire into these things, but it appears that there is no law to redress a tenant's wrong. This occurred under the tenant custom of Ulster.

I drove round this fine property in Milford. It was pointed out to me that almost all the houses in the town were acquired by Lord Leitrim, by the strong hand, in the same way. Passed the house from which the Presbyterian minister the Rev. Mr. White was evicted. It was his own private property. It stands windowless and roofless, a monument to the dead earl. The priest of the parish had no house of his own; he was a boarder with one of his flock, who had built himself a house in the time of the good earl. When Lord Leitrim fancied that he had cause of quarrel with the priest he obliged his tenant to put him out, on pain of losing the house which he had built. After he had got rid of priest and minister, he built a little Episcopal church, that the people might worship at his shrine. The little church stands empty now. The graveyard about this little church was a rocky corner with little soil. The minister ventured to request that the people might have leave to draw a little clay from a hill near, to cover the bodies interred there, as there was not soil enough. "I'll not give a spoonful;

LET THEIR BONES BLEACH THERE,"

said the earl.

During the life-time of the good earl, the people being encouraged to improve their lands, crept up the mountain side, reclaiming whatever land they could. I have seen some of these portions, and noticed how they had got up close to the rocks, by using the spade where the plough would not go. They cleared off the whins of the mountain; they drained the bogs. They made kilns and burned lime for top dressing. When the wicked lord came into possession he not only raised the rent on the tenants' improvements, but built a kiln of his own, and burned lime, forbidding them to use theirs, compelling them to buy from him at his price. He would not even allow them to make manure of the floating sea-weed that drifted in from the sea.

Went to see the place where Lord Leitrim was done to death. Looked down on Milford Bay, dotted with little treeless and shrubless islands. Round it are round-shouldered hills, brown and bare now—purple with heather bells in summer time, I dare say. On a point stretching out into this bay stands his residence, Manor Vaughan. The road leading from Manor Vaughan to Milford is screened by a plantation of trees. On the opposite side of the Bay the hills are really mountains. The murderers crossed the Bay, tied their boat to a stone, and waited in the plantation. Lord Leitrim, with his clerk, was driven along on one car, followed by another containing his servants. His car, somewhat in advance, went slowly up a little hill. Those lying in wait fired, the driver fell dead. Lord Leitrim was wounded; he jumped off on one side, the clerk on the other. He had pistols but they were in the car; he retreated, trying to defend himself as they poured on him shot after shot. The other car, instead of coming up, stopped in mortal terror. The clerk, only slightly wounded in the ear, ran to them, exclaiming, "They are killing Lord Leitrim, they have killed me," and dropped dead with nervous terror. The assassins had poured in all their shot, still the Earl was not dead. He might yet have been saved if there had been any one to help him. What must his thoughts have been in that supreme moment. They beat the life out of him, he defending himself to the last. They cut loose their boat, rowed across the Bay, cast it adrift, took to the mountains and escaped.

The Earl fell, his head in a little pool of water. The country people coming in to Milford town passed by with white faces on the other side; no one lifted his head, no one looked to see if life was extinct. At length the constabulary came, and the remains of the dreaded lord were carried in a cart into Milford. There was a *post mortem* examination; part of his poor remains was buried in the grave yard of the little church which he built, and a load of the clay he refused to his tenants brought to cover it. His name will long linger in evil fame among the mountains of Donegal.

It is but just to the memory of this man to say, that some, who with good reason abhor his memory, do not believe that the charges of gross immorality made against him were true. Others who think themselves equally well informed hold a contrary opinion. To think of mentioning all I have heard of his oppressive injustice would be impossible. I was told that when news of his death came into certain places, men clasped hands and drank one another's health as at a festival, that pious people thanked God for the deliverance, who abhorred the means by which it came about. I saw among the hills three nice farms, which a well-to-do farmer bought and improved, and finally bequeathed to his three sons. One died and the Ahab-like Earl took possession. Wishing to evict another for the purpose of throwing two farms into one, he offered the farm to the remaining brother in addition to his own. The man refused to ruin his brother. The Earl, to punish him, raised his rent from £35 to £70. Griffith's valuation of this farm is £29 5s. Another eviction from Milford was so pitiful in its cruelty that the compassion of the country was roused, and a home bought by subscription for the old people. I saw the property from which these people were evicted in Milford, a valuable row of houses.

The present Earl acknowledged the justice of the claim of John Buchanan's children, and spoke of restitution, but his agent, on whom the mantle of the late Earl has fallen, persuaded him against it, as nearly all the property in Milford town had been acquired in the same way. "Making restitution to one would open up the question of the others, and could not be afforded."

Milford has a pretty strong garrison of boyish-looking police. We met Captain Dobbin, escorted by a carload of these preservers of the peace?

One word about Griffith's valuation. It valued the improvements made by the tenants before that valuation, and, *therefore*, they, the tenants, even under that valuation in many cases paid for their own improvements. I have heard a good deal about careless farming in Ireland. The contrary is very much the case in County Donegal, as far as I have seen. The lands are carefully tilled. Tillage creeps up among rocks and around them, using up every spade breadth of soil.

Letterkenny, Donegal, March 18th, 1881.

TORONTO.

(Special Correspondence of the Witness.)

TORONTO, April 1.

Although we are now in April, there has been little in the weather here indicative of spring. Cloudy skies can only bring dashes of snow instead of rain, and March has been wanting in the genial days which usually characterize some part of it. It may be to this steadier cold that the absence of serious disease is attributable this spring. Colds, however, have been very prevalent and very annoying, although not dangerous. The harbor is not open yet, in fact ice boats have been sailing around in safety, and a schooner which tried to make the harbor had to run to Oakville. Building has been going on on the Island, and communication is kept up by the ice boats. Building in the city will be active this summer, a large number of "permits" having been taken out for new buildings and improvements on old ones. Strikes or arranged-for strikes have spread from mechanics to laborers, and those who serve bricklayers and plasterers have now arranged for a union on their own account, and are preparing to strike for from $1.40 to $1.75 per day if the masters will not give an increase without such action. The danger of winter building has been shown by what has taken place with a new school in the west end of the city. The wall fell in with a high wind lately, and although a large part of the work was left standing, it is said the building will never be very safe. There is much need of additional school accommodation, but it should not be provided for by building at a time when fires have to be kept going in order to keep the mortar from freezing.

THE WAUBUNO CASE

has been dragging along in the Assize Court before Chief-Justice Wilson and a special jury, selected from the class from whom the grand jury are taken. The judge again decided that there was evidence enough to go to a jury, so that the "Waubuno" people had to put in their defence. Sympathy for Mrs. Fisher will probably have a good deal to do with the decision of the jurors, but it may not so extend to all as to secure a verdict for Mrs. Fisher. The evidence has been so conflicting in this case that there will be room for some one or more of the jurymen coming to the conclusion that they cannot conscientiously give a verdict for the plaintiff, and there may be another disagreement and no result from this trial as from the last. The expenses are very heavy, the counsel fees being the greatest part of them. The counsel for Mrs. Fisher has been changed in consequence of Mr. Bethune not being paid for his services at the last trial.

THE "GLOBE'S" COMMISSIONERS TO MAINE

have been receiving somewhat extensive notice amongst the provincial papers, and a good deal of ridicule and unfriendly criticism. The *Globe* this morning thanks the papers which have given so much attention to the commission, so that some of them may probably devote less of their space to it in future. It has been argued that the commission will be useless, as two journalists will not be able to obtain reliable information, and that all the information attainable has already been given to the world. It may be expected, however, that many will peruse readable letters from correspondents, who would not pay much attention to ordinary newspaper articles or to dry reports.

THE ELECTION OF BENCHERS

for the Law Society of Osgoode Hall, who rule the lawyers of this Province, has been exciting a good deal of attention in legal circles of late. All present and past attorneys or solicitors-general of either the province or the Dominion, who are members of the provincial bar, are from having held that office benchers, and besides there are thirty benchers elected by barristers. A good deal of commotion and correspondence has taken place in regard to the election. Formerly the bench was a close corporation, the remaining benchers choosing another to succeed to any vacancy which might occur by death or otherwise. But ten years ago they were made elective, an election taking place every five years. Hitherto chiefly the older and more prominent members of the profession have been chosen, but a number of younger barristers have this time been advocating the choice of some benchers from their number and have nominated four or five. The *Mail* has been the journal in which the correspondence has mostly been carried on, as the Conservative element is decidedly preponderant amongst the profession. What the result of the movement of the junior barristers will be remains to be seen. Part of what they are agitating for is the exclusion of laymen from practice in the Division Courts and from conveyancing, the last being chiefly sought by country practitioners, for conveyancing is in the city almost entirely in the hands of lawyers. It is not the Law Society, however, but the Legislature, which has to make such changes in the law, and it is pretty safe to say that a long time will elapse before any such change is made. One or two

POLITICAL MATTERS

have been attracting attention. The Toronto collectorship is not yet filled, although the office has been vacant for months. Still matters have gone on very well under the charge of the surveyor, Mr. Douglas. It is even said that improvements have been made. Some are beginning to think that it might be possible to get along without a collector at all and save his salary. It might be dangerous, however, in some circumstances, as there would be greater opportunity for collusion. It is regarded as certain now that the prize will go to Mr. Patton, Sir John Macdonald's former law partner, and a very old man, so that any services he would perform would be merely nominal, as he has had no commercial training. The Liberals have been taking great comfort out of the Carleton, N.B., election, and the *Mail* has said nothing about it so far, probably waiting for some explanation from New Brunswick. It vigorously attacks the speech of Mr. Blake, in fact goes rather beyond the bounds of fair criticism.

BISHOP McNAMARA DRIVEN FROM THE LECTURE HALL AND STONED.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 2.—Bishop McNamara, of the Independent Catholic Church, while lecturing against Roman Catholicism last night, was driven from the hall and stoned on the street. The police escorted him to his hotel. He announces his intention to lecture to-night. No arrests have been made, but it is believed the matter will not be permitted to drop, although Bishop McNamara's course does not meet general approval.

THE IRISH AGITATION.

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

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

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

There were collisions between people and police at Coolavin, near Ballaghaderin, Ireland, on Saturday, whilst the police were protecting process servers. Two persons were killed and a number wounded.

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

THE SOCIALIST EDITOR IN COURT.

LONDON, March 31.—Herr Most, the editor and publisher of the *Freiheit*, the socialistic organ, who was yesterday arrested on the charge of using his paper to incite the subjects of a foreign State to sedition and rebellion, was to-day brought before Judge Ingham at the Bow Street Police Court to answer. The Court room was full of foreigners, whose sympathy with the prisoner was evident. Solicitor Poland, for the Government, contended that the editor of the *Freiheit* was bound to obey the laws of the country. The Government had no intention to interfere with the freedom of the press. Herr Most had the right to publish what any British subject might publish but nothing more. Mr. Poland contended that the article on the Czar was most scandalous, and deserved the infliction of a penalty. Judge Ingham, after hearing the arguments, remanded Most for a week. He refused to take bail in the case, although good sureties were offered. The Judge also ordered that all the *Freiheit* property seized by the police should be held, except the money belonging to the prisoner, which he allowed to be returned to Most. Judge Ingham refused under any circumstances to allow either Most or his friends to have possession of the *Freiheit's* type and presses during Most's incarceration, but ordered the police to keep possession of it, thus virtually suspending the paper.

The *Times* condemns the prosecution of the editor of the *Freiheit*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* condemns the prosecution of the *Freiheit* as simply a means of advertising it.

Sir Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, stated in the House of Commons, on Thursday night, in reply to a question, that the prosecution of Herr Most, editor of the *Freiheit*, had not been undertaken at the instigation of any foreign state, but wholly on the initiative of the Government.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The correspondent of the New York *World* says: Lord Beaconsfield is still engrossed with public affairs, and persists in attending to matters of business which press on the leader of his party. He is anxious to see his old private secretary, Lord Rowton, and proposes giving him instructions regarding his memoirs and private papers. These are of incalculable value from a historical point of view. Lord Beaconsfield spent a great deal of time putting them in shape. They embrace the secret history of English politics for the last half century. It is generally understood they will not be published until at least ten years after Lord Beaconsfield's death. Lord Beaconsfield has strong objections to keeping his bed, and is now propped up on pillows in his drawing-room. He is quite aware that it is a toss-up whether he lives or dies, but to outward appearance he is the most unconcerned man in the chamber. He is always ready with a *mot* for the doctors, and positively refuses to allow them to call in a third physician. Speculation is rife as to who shall succeed to the leadership of the Tories in case of Lord Beaconsfield's death. Lord Cairns' bitter attack on the Government policy is regarded in Parliamentary circles as a decided bid for the leadership. It is generally admitted that Sir Stafford Northcote's chances are very slight. There will probably be a severe struggle between the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Cairns. Lord Salisbury is a formidable rival, as he is connected with great territorial English families. His elevation would be in keeping with the traditional policy of the Tory party. Lord Cairns is a lawyer promoted to the peerage for party services. He is regarded as the ablest parliamentarian of the Conservative party.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.

The Wimbledon team for the current year selected at the meeting of the Executive Council of the Dominion Rifle Association is as follows:—Sergeant T. Mitchell, 10th Battalion; Major Macpherson, Governor's Foot Guards; Private C. N. Mitchell, 10th Battalion; Captain Thomas, 54th Battalion; Captain Balfour, 8th Royal Rifles; Lieutenant Ewan, 35th Battalion; Sergeant D. Mitchell, 13th Battalion; T. W. Mitchell, 32nd Battalion; Private A. Nelson, 53rd Battalion; Staff Sergeant Walker, Queen's Own Rifles; Private Anderson, Governor's Foot Guards; Sergeant Weyman, 8th Cavalry; Captain Weston, 66th Battalion; Color-Sergeant Hencock, 13th Battalion; Sergeant Sutherland, Governor's Foot Guards; Private Walker, Wakefield Infantry; Color Staff Sergeant Sancier, 18th Battalion; Sergeant Payne, 13th Battalion; Quarter-Master Corbeil, 63rd Battalion; Private Bradley, 25th Battalion.

A BATTLE FIELD AND BURYING GROUND UNEARTHED BY FLOODS —A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

ROME, Ga., April 4.—Nature unearthed an astonishing revelation in the country here the other day. The recent storm in this section swelled all the streams to overflowing, among others the Coosa River passed its banks and submerged the country through which it runs. The Coosa flood was sudden, and its recession was so rapid as to tear and disarrange the land in many places. The farm of Frank Perry was deeply overflowed, and when the waters subsided they did so with a rush which literally peeled off the farm all the top soil to a greater depth than it had ever before been penetrated by either plough or spade. After the departure of the waters the greater part of the farm was found to be an uncovered battle field and burying ground. Part of the territory consisted of mounds, evidently fortifications, these strewn with implements of aboriginal warfare, beads and earthen vessels. The remainder was covered thickly with skeletons, all perfectly exposed in good preservation and all lying in regular rows. The place is attracting crowds from all directions. It is almost impossible to prevent vandalism from seriously impairing what will undoubtedly prove to science one of the richest "finds" ever made on the American continent. Among the countless number of Indian pipes found is one of great size and exceedingly fine workmanship, the bowl carved with great skill into the form of a human head.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

A ukase has been promulgated in St. Petersburg ordering, with the view of a restoration of complete security in the capital, the creation of a temporary council, charged to assist the commandant of the city.

The Paris *Lanterne* publishes a telegram from St. Petersburg, stating that a violent quarrel has broken out in the Imperial family, in consequence of which the Grand Duke Constantine, who is strongly suspected of Nihilism, is about to resign his post of Grand Admiral and Minister of Marine. Immediately after the departure of the foreign princes from St. Petersburg, measures of great severity are to be taken against the Nihilists.

The investigation in regard to the murder of the Czar has resulted in the arrest of Kibaltschitech, son of a priest, who made a full confession, including a statement that he manufactured bombs, similar to those used by Russakoff.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 4.—The Czar has received several letters containing threats against his life.

VIENNA, April 4.—The news from St. Petersburg continues sensational. A few nights ago, it is said, the Czar on retiring discovered under his pillow a communication bearing the official stamp of the Nihilists, warning him that if a representative government and a liberal constitution were not granted to Russia within six weeks from his accession he would by the resolution of the Executive Committee suffer the same tragic end as the dead Czar.

THE EAST.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 30.—The ambassadors have decided to sign the protocol declaring they regard the last offer of the Porte acceptable. Negotiations will be opened to induce Greece to accept. The protocol acknowledges the frontier line last offered; proves the sincerity of Turkey's desire for peace, and admits the cession of Epirus almost impossible. It also advises the Powers to recommend the acceptance of the Turkish proposal.

A sensational but apparently authentic report has reached London from Paris. It is that the Sultan a few weeks ago made a secret proposition to the French Government to depose the Khedive and put in his place anyone named by France. By this the influence of England in Egypt would be destroyed and the prestige of France vastly increased. For this France should float a new loan for the Sultan and furnish military support if necessary. The French Government, after getting the whole scheme laid before it, declined to accede to the proposition, and revealed the whole proposal to the English Government.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

A frightful accident occurred at the Q., M., O. & O. Railway station at Hull, at about nine o'clock on Saturday night. A man named Philip Quinn was waiting for the night train, when some friends came up and invited him to take a drink. He acquiesced, and this was followed by several others, which made him feel drowsy. Leaving his friends, he wandered away from the station, and nothing more was heard of him until the express came up, when cries of some one in distress attracted the passengers. On a search being made, Quinn was found lying on the track with both of his legs cut off. Medical aid was immediately sent for, and the unfortunate man, who suffered terrible pain, was removed to the General Hospital, where every effort was made to stop the flow of blood, but without success, Quinn passing away about 1.30 o'clock this morning. It is rather strange that such an accident could have happened so near the station, and when the train was running slowly. It is said that the headlight of the locomotive was out of repair and that a small lamp was doing duty instead.

THE TRANSVAAL.

DURBAN, March 29.—Joubert is sending his men home, and the British re-inforcements on the way up the country may be ordered back. A portion of the Naval Brigade left Newcastle yesterday to rejoin their ships. The "army of occupation" will not exceed 2,000 men. The Boers are exceedingly anxious about the Royal Commission. They are glad that Sir Evelyn Wood is to be the President of it, Joubert having formed a high opinion of him.

The rumor in London of the surrender of Pretoria has no foundation in fact.

A DRUNKARD'S DREADFUL POSITION.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., April 3.—Michael Herold, of Scholes street, was found this morning by a policeman hanging upon the iron spikes of a high fence. The spikes had run through his wrists and hands. The man was securely pinned. Help had to be summoned before he could be taken down. He was three feet from the ground and completely exhausted when rescued. Herold said he was intoxicated, got on the stoop to attempt to climb the fence and sleep in a stable, but slipped and caught on the spikes. He was in that position several hours.

MR. BRADLAUGH.

LONDON, March 31.—The Court of Appeals sustains the decision of the Lower Court that Mr. Bradlaugh had not the right to take the affirmation instead of the oath. Mr. Bradlaugh will appeal to the House of Lords.

LONDON, April 2.—The Rev. Henry Varley will contest Northampton against Bradlaugh. He says in his address to his electors: "The man who denies the existence of the Divine lawgiver is unfit to legislate." The Conservatives will also put up a candidate.

A DESTRUCTIVE EARTHQUAKE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 4.—A strong shock of earthquake at Chio in the Island of that name yesterday destroyed many houses and seriously damaged nearly all the remainder. Many of the inhabitants were killed. The remainder are encamped in the fields. Many neighboring villages were destroyed. During the panic the Eastern Telegraph Company's offices were pillaged. The shock was felt in the Island of Syra and at Smyrna.

EXETER HALL.

Exeter Hall, London, was reopened on Monday week as the property of the Young Men's Christian Association, after being entirely remodelled. At the evening celebration, Earl Shaftesbury, President of the Association, presided, being supported by the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Earl Cairns.

AN EXPEDITION ANNIHILATED.

ALGIERS, April 2.—Four natives belonging to Col. Flatter's mission exploration for the Trans-Sahara Railway have arrived at Quaigla bringing details of the almost complete annihilation of the expedition by natives.

CASTLE DALY.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY ANNIE KEARY.

(*Author of "A Doubting Heart."*)

CHAPTER XXXII.—*Continued.*

"You don't make any remark upon it, Cousin Anne."

"I am too unhappy. I was remembering how your father told me one day that I must not expect any good result to follow my poor efforts here, because the ground was so full of dragons' teeth sown in the old, unjust, revengeful times, that there was no room for good grain to grow till all the harvests of evil had been reaped. It does bring a feeling of despair when one sees that the only hope our patriots are putting before themselves is the opportunity to begin sowing more dragons' teeth."

"Yet when oppressed nations rise and right themselves the world is glad. It is not sowing dragons' teeth if they succeed."

"That depends on the spirit which prompts and carries out the rising. I dread the word 'revenge' for us Irish. Such dark deeds have been done on our side, too, that I have no faith in good coming to us, till we have risen to the heights of repentance and forgiveness."

"I wish D'Arcy O'Donnell could come and talk to you. Do you know, Anne, he was in this neighborhood in the spring, and Connor wanted to bring him to you; but he refused, partly because he thought acquaintance with such a rebel as he would be distasteful to you, and partly because he has alway kept aloof from his relations on our side—not caring to know people who, as he thinks, were hard on his mother long ago. He accepted Connor and me to cousinship because we could have had nothing to do with that last-generation quarrel."

"Nor had I; but you see it's the same spirit in everything. We sow dragons' teeth in our family relationships and reap them to the last grain. Do you happen to know the young man's address? I should like to write and make overtures of peace. I suspect he is very poor in friends older than himself."

"I know he is; do write to him, Anne, and make him come down and stay with you here. He would listen to you, if he would to anyone; and that would be good for Connor. He is in Dublin now. See, I have put his address under his verses on the cover, that you mayn't forget it."

"How still the valley is to-day!" Ellen said, after a pause. "I suppose it's because the school-house and work-rooms are empty, and so many people gone; but the place is not like itself with no buzzing and singing, and no red cloaks to be seen in the melancholy little bare gardens or on the hill-sides."

"Peter has given strict orders that none of the people who start for America to-morrow are to come to the lodge to wish me good-bye. I am afraid he has held out a delusive hope that, if I am left in peace to-day, I shall be strong enough to-morrow to go with them as far as Galway and see them on board. But I must not put myself in the way of another such scene as that last parting on shipboard. I wish some less gloomy person than Peter Lynch were going with them—some one who would bring a cheerful account back."

"Mr. Thornley?"

"Ah, that's a good idea; if he comes in to-day I will ask him. He would manage for the emigrants better than Peter Lynch, and talk them into good spirits."

"It would be easy enough for him; he has not the least idea what parting means to Good People's Hollow exiles. It is only mountaineers who ever have *mal du pays*. I don't think anything could make me go; the more miserable the country is the more I feel bound to cling to it; and I think I should be very angry with anyone who tried to draw my affections away from it just now. I should so hate myself if I felt them going."

"But you would be wrong. I am afraid Connor's talk is unwholesome for you."

"I don't sympathize in his hopes, but I feel bound to stand by him when he is putting himself into danger for what, rightly or wrongly, he believes to be the good of the country. I should be very jealous of yielding to any influence that would be likely to draw us apart just now. I should feel it treachery to Connor."

"If a stronger influence than his came, you would have to follow it."

"But it shall not come. There are women in Ireland now who are caring for nothing but 'the country' and the men who still hope for her. I can emulate them."

"Take care not to fancy antagonism where it does not exist. I am very much afraid of that for you, dear."

"There are other things that I am much more afraid of for myself; but I have let you talk too long; your cheeks are quite flushed, and you look so weary. We will not speak another word till I have finished this petticoat. I daresay it will be treasured and handed down as a sacred relic, this last piece of home-spun Good People's Hollow flannel its possessor will ever own."

In alternate long silences and snatches of talk the morning in the turret-room wore away. Peter Lynch, with a face of concentrated gloom, looked in now and then for orders. The breaking up of the kingdom was almost as deadly a blow to him as to his beloved mistress. Murdock Malachy limped in, to carry off the bundles of gifts for the emigrants as they were made up; and, directed by Ellen, the little housemaids came backward and forward, from store-closet to cellar, bringing miscellaneous contributions to the bundles, which varied in value from shell boxes and pin-cushions of Anne's manufacture on past winter evenings, and bottles of cordial waters, to homespun cloaks and blankets. Anne portioned out these treasures with such a liberal hand, that the house seemed to be in danger of being stripped to its walls. "They must have a little overplus," she said, as excuse for herself; "they will be packed in the emigrant ship with people sent from the workhouses with hardly more belongings than slaves in a slave-ship; and they would not feel they were taking the Good People's Hollow luck with them, if they had nothing to be hospitable with."

In the afternoon there was a lull in the business of packing. Anne, utterly worn out, dropped into a heavy sleep on the sofa, and Ellen drew her seat into the depths of the wide window-recess to look out over the valley. Then she perceived, what the stillness out of doors had prevented her suspecting before, that the little garden was crowded with people, many of them on their knees. They looked as if they had been waiting long; some partially hidden by the bushes in the garden, some crouched down behind the projecting sides of the window, out of sight, but close enough to hear the sound of voices within. Was it to catch a tone or two of Anne's voice for the last time they had come? Murdock Malachy put his head in at the turret-room door, and seeing Anne asleep closed it softly. A moment after there seemed to have been some signal given without, for the crouchers under the shrubs and in the shadows of the window projections rose up by twos and threes, and approached the front of the window till they commanded a near view of the sofa and of Anne's face, turned so as to let the evening air refresh her cheeks. Then most of them fell on their knees again, and gazed silently. Ellen drew back not to impede their view, and soon, to save them from the contagion of her own sympathetic grief, so moving was the sight of those gazing faces, puckered into grotesque contortions in order to keep down the sobs that would have disturbed the sleeper, or the tears that would have hindered the last yearning look.

Whole families knelt together—old men and women, who had coaxed Anne O'Flaherty to ask favors for them of her father, when her lisped requests were sure to be granted, and their grandchildren, who had come to her with their lisped petitions a month or two ago. Some took one look only, and then buried their faces in their hands, and rocked themselves backward and forward, shaken with noiseless sobs; others knelt rigid, and looked to the last second allowed them, with wide-opened eyes, and pale, drawn faces, down which the tears trickled slowly and unheeded.

"As the souls that are let out of Purgatory on All Souls' Day, and have to go back at night, look at the Blessed Virgin through the windows of heaven," Peter Lynch whispered to Ellen, after he had signalled to the last party to rise and go; and coming up close to the low window, crossed his arms on the sill, and condescended to explain the scene to Ellen, and excuse himself for the sanction he had given to this farewell scene, which might dangerously have agitated his mistress had she awakened in the midst of it.

"She," he said, nodding his head toward Anne, "believed me when I tould her they would go off contint to-morrow widout a last look at her; but sorrow a one of 'em would have moved. We'd have had a riot over it, and the ship would have sailed widout 'em. So I called thim together and made a bargain. 'Three minutes for each set of you,' I said, 'as many as can kneel by the window, if she falls asleep; and whin I lift up my finger you're to get up and go.' And some of them have been there since morning waiting for the chance, and there is not one of them but will go away wid an aisier heart for had it."

Peter's head here disappeared suddenly, for Miss O'Flaherty moved on the sofa and opened her eyes, and Ellen rose and bent over her.

"I have had such a strangely vivid dream," she said, sitting up with an eager, refreshed look on her face. "I thought I was dead already, and lying on an open bier in my grave. It was a dark narrow space where I was lying, but at one end there was a door, opening on a well-lighted staircase, which, in my dream, I thought led up to heaven. I wanted to get up and go to the staircase, but I found myself unable to rise—there seemed to be a great weight just over my heart pressing me down. Then I looked up, and through the roof of my grave I saw a crowd of people standing round it, and their tears trickled through the turf and fell on me like lumps of lead and weighed me down. Then I thought I heard voices calling me from the top of the stairs to come up, and one voice said, 'Why don't you pick up the tears and bring them with you to me?' And at the sound of that voice I seemed to have strength to rise; and I began to gather up the tears, and as I did so bright figures trooped down the stairs and took them out of my hand. I expected to see the angels return by the way they came, but instead of that they rose up through the roof of the grave, and took the weeping people by the hand and led them away. I looked after them, and saw that the bare, parched-up ground on which they stood became verdant under their feet, and on every side waved with grass and flowers and ripe corn. You were the last left by the grave, and I was wondering what would happen to you, when I heard a sound of horse-hoofs coming down the road, and immediately the scenery of the dream faded, and I thought only of seeing your father ride up to this door, as he has done hundreds of times to bring you home when you have been spending the day with me. Don't I hear the sound still?"

"Yes," said Ellen; "It must have been that sound awoke you. There is some one crossing the bridge: it is Mr. Thornley. I wish he had not appeared just now. I wish you had finished your dream, and seen papa come for me."

"We must be patient: a great many messengers come to us before the last. I am glad it is Mr. Thornley; he is much better to me than the end of my dream, for he will help us through the rest of our day's work, and satisfy me about the start to-morrow. I can't depend on Peter's judgment quite as securely as I used to do. I have noticed a change in him since my illness. His head is not what it used to be."

"Or, rather, Miss O'Flaherty's strength is failing; it's just that," Ellen remarked to John Thornley. "She was the mainspring of the life here, though she always contrived to fix her suggestions on other people, and fancy the credit of every success due to them. Peter Lynch was her Frankenstein-monster, whom she had electrified with activity herself, and of whom she afterward stood in awe. It is sad to see how bewildered he is, poor fellow, now that the source of all his energy and importance begins to fail him."

"Yes, indeed. It almost took away my breath this afternoon to find the great Peter Lynch coming to me for directions."

It was after two or three hours of hard work, when the day was all but ended, that Ellen and John Thornley found time for even as much conversation as this. John had had half an hour's private interview with Miss O'Flaherty, and since then had been actively engaged in securing that her arrangements for the departure of the party of emigrants on the next morning should be properly carried out, while Ellen busied herself with minor details, or in carrying news to Anne of what was going on out of doors. John had insinuated that this last observance had far better be omitted, since the hearing of occupation she had no longer strength to share was a needless strain on Anne's endurance; but Ellen could not bring herself to acquiesce in such a startling novelty as that of any undertaking being brought to a conclusion in Good People's Hollow without the mistress' participation in every step of its progress. By this time the last package of goods had been piled on to the great waggon that was to start as soon as the moon had risen, the last head of a family had been spoken with and duly instructed in the part he was to act next day, Peter Lynch had gone off to bed, and the entrance-hall, that had been more or less crowded with people and baggage for the last few hours, was emptied of all its occupants but John and Ellen. The front door stood wide open, and the freshness and peace without were tempting.

"Miss O'Flaherty said you had better go out for a walk before it was quite dark—that it would do you good," John suggested.

"I will go as far as the bridge," Ellen said, "and then if I am wanted in the house they can call me back."

The moon would not rise for another hour, and the sunset lights had faded even from the tops of the hills. A soft pearly twilight lay evenly over the valley and the mountains, and the colorless river rushed in dark swirls and eddies round the arches of the bridge. Ellen folded her arms on the parapet, and looked down into it.

"I am glad of the sound," she said. "It is something definite to listen to. The stillness hurts me, for I fancied it full of sobs and sighs. There are so many people weeping in the valley to-night."

Then she told her companion about the scene at the turret-window while Anne was asleep. John listened, looking into her eager, agitated face like one in a dream. The words at least were dreamlike, the face that looked appealingly into his for sympathy—the sum total of interest in the world for him. A few months ago, it would have given him extreme pleasure that she should confide anything to him that troubled her; but now the contrast between her state of feeling and his own struck him with a deadly chill. He had quite made up his mind that this twilight half-hour should decide his fate. He could not bear again to leave her to suffer alone all the trouble he saw before her, and there seemed no reason to wait longer before he spoke to her of his love; for he believed, in his new-found humility, that nothing but the overpowering strength of his affection could win back hers; to show it her fully was the only chance of awakening ever so faint a response. And now all these eager words poured out before him, with so little thought of himself in them, seemed to him as he listened to swell into a river of sound, sweeping wider and wider every minute between them—so wide, that the strong cry from his heart to her to come to him could only reach her thin and poor, as words spoken at a great distance.

"I don't believe you care in the least for what I am telling you," Ellen said at last reproachfully, when a pause in her narrative came, to which he made no response. "I thought you would have been a little interested at least. You must have been, if you had seen for yourself what I saw."

Then John turned away from her and covered his face with his hands. He had always thought himself a resolute man who had borne and could bear a great deal of pain without shrinking, but the immense disappointment that the next moment might bring seemed just then too bitter a downfall to be risked at once. Should he even now abandon his purpose and give himself a little longer time to hope? For a moment or two he remained in silent struggle with himself.

There was a surprised expression on Ellen's face, when, pale and resolute, he turned back to her again. "I beg your pardon," she began softly, "I see you did care very much."

"No," John answered, "I was not even listening to what you said. You won't be able to forgive me unless I can make you understand how full my heart is of another thought. I dare not call it a hope."

"Can we have hopes for ourselves just now?" Ellen interrupted quickly.

"Only of one kind. Yes, let me go on; if a hope is more to us than life and death, we can have it even while we are standing between the living and the dead. Whatever was happening to ourselves and other people—if the world were crumbling round us, and you and I were left alone, I should still wish as earnestly as I do now to tell you that I love you, and I should hope as I do now that you might find some little help or comfort in knowing of my love."

There was a moment's silence, and as Ellen did not turn away, but fell into her former position, leaning against the wall of the bridge and looking up at him, John took courage and went on.

"There—the word is said: it has been on my tongue a hundred times when I have been with you. It is a poor word for the feeling that has been in my heart ever since the first moment I saw you. I can't make you understand that. I know I have no words: people like me, who habitually hide their feelings, find themselves spellbound when they would give their lives to be able to speak out. Perhaps years of loving deeds might show you something of it. Leave to render them to you is what I ask. I should not have spoken so soon if you had been happy; but as it is, I think it better to speak for the chance that the knowledge of my love may help you through this dark time, even if it cannot for a long while to come win back yours."

Ellen listened to the end, and then let her face drop between her hands.

"Will not you answer me at all?" John said. "Must I say to you as you did to me?—Don't you care at all for what I am telling you?"

Then she lifted up a tear-wet face.

"I am so sorry, I am so sorry. How could you think that knowing that would help me?"

"Don't be so very hard on me as to say that it would not help at all—that you utterly reject what I offer."

"I don't mean to be ungrateful."

"Gratitude has nothing to do with it. I can bear anything better than that word from you. It is not gratitude I want from you."

"And so, you see, I can never give anything you care for in return for all you have done for mamma and the boys, and for forgiving me, and going on caring for me, after that time when you must have thought I behaved so ill. You must really let me go on being grateful to you for that, for it touches me more than all your other benefits, though I know quite well how much you have done for us all."

"That's nothing; if it were, one kind word, one hopeful word from you, would overpay a millionfold."

"It is your saying that, makes me so very unhappy."

"I don't ask for it now, only for leave to wait on, in hope, for years, till you can give it."

"It would be no use. Years will only make it more impossible for me to give you what you want. We have to go different ways. Don't you see that it is hard enough for me to have my heart torn between Pelham and Connor, who are both wanting me to sympathize with them on different sides, dragging me different ways? If I loved you—but I don't—oh! I could not, I could not. Forgive me for being so decided. I don't mean to give you pain indeed, but the thought is dreadful to me."

"Every answer but one must give me pain, and that one you say you cannot give."

"I can't indeed; it is quite, quite impossible."

"Then don't let us say any more about it."

He turned, and walked slowly to the house, and Ellen followed a few paces behind; but when they had nearly reached the open door, she hurried forward, and, coming up to him, touched his arm.

"I am afraid I have vexed you more than I need. I ought not to have been so vehement; forgive me for that, please?"

"No," John said deliberately, after a pause of thought; "I don't forgive you for that, I thank you. I believe you might have said it in a way that would have given me yet more pain. I can't take it all in yet, but I believe the energy with which you have refused me will save me from absolute despair. I think there must have been some pity in your heart, something pleading for me, however faintly, or you would have been less vehement. I shall not quite despair."

"Indeed you had better; but we are friends. When we knelt in the chapel yesterday, and I felt that you had forgiven me for my conduct about that essay, I was so glad. Let us be friends."

"No, we are not friends. I am your lover. There is no use in calling things by false names. I am the more sorry for your determination against me, because I promised my sister to return immediately to England, if I found I could not be of the use to you I hoped to be. And next to you, I owe most to her."

"Your sister will be glad to get you back, and thank me."

"She loves me too sincerely, and understands too well what the disappointment of my hope will be to me, not to be bitterly sorry. I could tell her what it was to me in better words than I told you. Will you read a letter she sent by me? She wished me to give it you, whatever was the result of my speaking."

"If you like I will."

"Of course I don't expect it to influence you in any way. I only want you to know how you are thought of, and what friends you might summon to your side in a moment if you wanted them."

Ellen ran up stairs when they entered the house, and John turned into the turret-room, where Anne was still lying on the sofa by the turret-window. She carefully avoided looking at him as he entered, but he went straight up to her sofa, and stood before her.

"You were right," he said, slowly; "it was no use. Yet I am not sorry she knows."

Anne held out her hand to him. "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be said, except that I am disappointed. A year or two ago, when I did not really know you, how very much surprised I should have felt at myself for saying that."

"Of course, you understand that I should not have asked her if circumstances had been with me as they were a year or two ago—if I could not have offered her such a home as her father would have thought fit for her."

"Circumstances—I was not thinking of circumstances, but in the change in my feelings toward you. I hope you did not say anything of the kind to Ellen."

"No; but why?"

"I should have despaired of your ever understanding each other, if you were capable of making such a mistake as to suppose that you could tempt her from starving Ireland by talking to her of a comfortable English home."

"There is one thing I should like to ask you. Do you suppose—have you any reason to think—that I have a rival?"

"Only the 'dark little Rose,' of whom Murdock is singing out there, and the wrongs of its people that fill her heart to the exclusion of anything unconnected with them."

"Unconnected with them!—yes, I understand. If I had chanced to be a rebel—if I had written mischievous incendiary verses, she would not have disconnected me from all that interests her. She would have believed in me then; she would have thought more of that than of all."

The sound of Ellen's approaching steps stopped the complaint, and to afford himself a semblance of occupation and an excuse for keeping his face concealed, John snatched up from the floor the sheet of paper written with D'Arcy O'Donnell's verses, and signed with his name in Ellen's handwriting; and for the quarter of an hour that elapsed before Anne and Ellen retired to bed, he sat by the sofa reading and re-reading the poem, with as dark and bitter thoughts in his heart as the poet in his angriest moments had ever desired to evoke in an English bosom.

Anne had a restless night, and during the early part of it Ellen sat by her side, to be at hand to satisfy her when any anxiety about to-morrow's arrangements, or sudden recollection of something omitted that ought to have been done, flashed into her over-active mind. It was while she was dropping asleep at last that Ellen opened Bride's letter and read it by the flickering light of the night-lamp, glad that Bride's clear bold writing made it possible to decipher every word.

"I do not put any formal beginning to my letter," she read, "because I do not yet know whether the person who will read it is the woman in the world I congratulate most heartily, or her I feel most sorry for. You will know when you read. I do not expect you will rejoice as I shall rejoice for you; and certainly you will not grieve as I shall grieve for you, because you don't know yet, as I do, what the heart is worth that you have either accepted or thrown away. It is not exactly about that I want to write to you. I write because whatever happens I should like you to know that I send my warmest wishes across the sea with John, for his success in winning you to be his wife; and if you ever come to understand what he has been to me, since at a very early age the troubles of life began for us both, you will know what an amount of admiration and love for you that wish implies. I will be candid, and tell you at once, that this affection does not spring from any knowledge I have of yourself, but from the reflection in John of what his love for you has done for him. Till this last year I used to think that he could not be better or more than he was; but I have now seen that loving you has made him much more. It has been like the sun, bringing out the rich and delicate shades of character that had been concealed under the frosts of our old life. I believe now that people don't grow up and get to be all they might be, till the deepest and strongest love of which they are capable is called out; and that is what has happened to him since he has seen you. For being that to him whose good is my nearest care, I thank you, whatever else happens, and shall thank you always. If you love my brother, and are generous enough to be at all sorry for me, for losining the most intimate place in his companionship, I say to you heartily, never mind: it is better with me too now than when I thought I had it secure. The opposite roads of getting and giving up lead to the same ends with those whose feet God sets in them. Don't answer this letter unless you can write yourself at the end, what in hope I venture to sign myself—'Your sister, Bride Thornley.'"

A movement in the bed made Ellen look up as she reached the end of the page. Anne had started up in bed, wide awake from her uneasy doze, and looked so alert and ready for confidence that Ellen could not resist the temptation to light a candle and give her Bride's letter to read.

"It seems a great pity to drive such people away from us. Don't you think so?" Anne remarked, as she handed the paper back to Ellen kneeling by her bed.

"Oh, Anne, don't; don't be against me."

"Against you, dearest?"

"Yes. When a thing can't possibly be, what is the use of looking back to it, and reproaching oneself?"

"If you don't love him, of course it cannot be; but, Ellen, I must tell you this now, however angry you are. Once or twice this summer you have said, or left unsaid little things that disposed me to think that you did love Mr. Thornley."

"But you must have been mistaken; and Anne, even if I did—mind, I am not confessing it—but even if I did love him it would still be impossible for me to do as he asks. So many obstacles rise in the way that I have not the heart to trample down—promises to Connor, old recollections of painful scenes in my childhood, old jealousies over my father when I thought the English half of the family looked down on him. It would be with half a heart I should come to an English lover; and the half I had turned my back upon would be so indignant and so sore. For Mr. Thornley's sake, as well as my own, I must not do it."

"Not in this mood, certainly."

"All the time he was talking, and since, a verse of one of Sullivan's poems, which Connor is always quoting, would come into my mind and ring like a warning in my head—

> 'A separate race, distinct, apart,
> And so till life itself shall end;
> The English and the Irish heart
> No human power can fuse or blend.

I am afraid I should always suspect him of looking down on me for being an Irishwoman."

"Give me Miss Thornley's letter then. I shall take it quite away, or some day, when you are as old as I am, you might read it over again, and take its generosity very bitterly to heart, contrasting it with your own suspicion and prejudice. I did not know that your mind was so full of dragon seeds, or that you had such baneful harvests to reap still, my poor child."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

> "Let us strike hands as hearty friends!
> No more, no less; and friendship's good;
> Only don't keep in view ulterior ends
> And points not understood
> In open treaty. Rise above
> Quibbles and shuffling off and on;
> Here's friendship for you if you like; but love,—
> No, thank you, John."
>
> CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"Bride, dear, you won't very much mind the trouble of taking Mrs. Joseph Maynard out shopping this morning, will you? She has set her heart on going to some sale in the Tottenham Court Road, and I have ordered the carriage at twelve; and you had better take your purse with you, for she is sure to forget hers, and want to buy lots of little things. And oh, by the way, there's Johnnie and Bobbie and Wattie; could you drop them at the Polytechnic on your way, and call for them some time in the afternoon, when you think they will be tired? Something must be invented for them to do this morning, and I really don't think I dare leave them to plague John again."

"So your hospitality has arrived at the vicarious stage already, Lesbia, has it?" John himself remarked from the end of the drawing-room he had just entered with his hands full of letters. "It is sooner than I expected. I gave you an entire fortnight for the glory of patronizing your old tyrants to overweigh the trouble of entertaining them, and here at the end of ten days you are rolling the burden on Bride's shoulders, who has no old grudges to balance it with."

Lesbia, who was standing before Bride's writing-table attired in a riding-habit, and with the most becoming possible little feathered hat on her head, turned round quickly—"Now, John, the Maynards have been here three weeks at least, and I am sure if you were not so absent you would have seen how I have devoted myself to them—giving up two operas and one singing lesson, and playing at draughts with Dr. Maynard nearly every evening.'

"Ah, yes, while the novelty of dazzling them and consciously heaping coals of fire on their miserable heads lasted, I allow you played your part to perfection; but I don't count the week while Dr. Maynard stayed, for I observed you devoted yourself solely and singly to his subjugation, and there you were simply following your instincts and annexing another province to your conquered territory in the Pays-des-tendres. That does not count."

"Dr. Maynard, indeed!"

"Well, I know he is not a novelty; but he is a man, and not a brother, and therefore in a degree worth pleasing. I have no doubt you had made inroads on his heart even in your Cinderalla days, and gained little occasional victories from the cinder-heap; but that must have made the pleasure of walking over the ground fully armed all the greater."

"I can't think what you mean, John. I wish you were not so fond of puzzling me. Whenever I want you go anywhere with me, in the morning, you say you are busy, yet you can always find time to come into the drawing-room and say disagreeable things."

"That is to countenance you, Babette, in making Bride do disagreeable things. If I did not set you an encouraging example of unamiability, I don't see how you could answer it to your conscience to inflict the Maynards upon her for a whole day, after asking them here yourself, and promising solemnly to be answerable for their entertainment."

"Never mind, John," said Bride, looking up from a letter she was sealing, and nodding cheerfully, "I am really very glad to take my share. I approved of Lesbia's sending an invitation to our cousins this spring, so I ought to be ready to give up a little time to their amusement; and I am not arrived at such a pitch of self-indulgence as to consider it a great hardship to sitin an easy carriage for an hour or so while other people make bargains. I shall keep clear of that part of the business by taking a book with me."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid that will only half satisfy Mrs. Maynard," cried Lesbia; "she will want you to look on and advise, and buy, as a present to herself or one of the children, everything she particularly admires and says she cannot afford to pay for. That is what I had to do when I took her out shopping last week."

"You should have all the popularity such admirable behaviour as a shopping companion deserves, then," said Bride, laughing; "I cannot undertake to imitate it. I have other ways of spending my money. Mrs. Maynard will console herself by remarking a little oftener than usual, this evening, how singularly good for you was your bringing-up at Whitecliffe, and how much more amiable and agreeable than the rest of your family you became under her care."

"I can't help their flattering me," said Lesbia, pouting a little; "but of course I know that whenever anybody says anything at all complimentary to me, you and John only laugh at it."

"My dear, we would not if we could possibly help it," said John, stooping down and kissing the pretty flushed cheek. "If you will only manage to pick up admirers who can flavor their compliments a little more delicately, we will undertake to swallow them without so much grimacing; but at present, between Maynards and Pelhams, the incense offered is too coarse and overpowering for bystanders not to choke over it now and then. You certainly have not hitherto been fortunate in the intellect of your adorers."

"Ah," thought Lesbia, "if they only knew! There are people who can say and write flattering things of me in a great deal better words than John ever uses—real poetry; and they said and wrote them too long before I was rich, and admired me in my poor old washed-out muslin dresses; for whatever Mrs. Joseph tries to insinuate now, I never will believe that any hint of what was likely to happen had reached the Dalys when they sought me out and made so much of me."

She half turned her head away from John toward the open window, through which the March wind blew, freshly laden with the perfume of the hyacinths and violets in pots that filled the balcony; and as these thoughts arose the pouting lips parted and trembled into a smile, and the eyes grew very dark and glistening, and her hand involuntarily let fall the folds of her habit and strayed upward to touch a little bunch of green leaves that just peeped out from the bosom of her jacket.

"What have you got there?" asked John, on whom the sudden softening of the face had not been lost. "Let me see—shamrocks! Where did you get them? And what on earth put it into your head to ride out with a bunch of shamrocks in your bosom on St. Patrick's Day this year? You'll be taken for a Chartist."

"I don't care—there's no harm," cried Lesbia, startled, and blushing furiously. "I bought them of the old Irish woman who sweeps the crossing at the end of Eaton Place; and, John, I've seen you give her a shilling yourself, though you do always say it's so wrong to give to beggars."

"An inconsistency in my behavior which you think justifies you in getting yourself taken up by a special constable or cheered by a mob of Irish bricklayers. I hope your escort—that is he riding down the street, I presume—will enjoy the charge of you under the circumstances."

"My dear Lesbia, do give up your badge, if John thinks it likely to attract attention," said Bride anxiously.

"But it won't," Lesbia answered, giving the clump of faded leaves a hasty thrust inside her jacket-bosom. "No one can see it there without looking close. John only remarked upon it because he is crosser than usual this morning. I noticed it the instant he came into the room."

Bride's anxious eyes turned to her brother's face, and recognized the look of painful preoccupation and worry on the brow and in the eyes, that might always be observed in John as an accompaniment to the sharp, bantering talk that Lesbia voted crossness.

"I wonder whether there was a letter from Ireland among all those that came for him this morning," she said to herself, "and what there was in it to pain him so. I almost wish that some news would come to end it all quite. If she were fairly married to her rebel poet, he would be miserable at first, but it would be better for him in the end; and I suppose he would arrive in time at being able to see a three-leaved plant without speaking crossly and looking despair. What did possess little Lesbia to flourish the token in his face to-day? I have often enough given her hints to avoid Irish allusions as much as possible."

"There—I must go; they have all three ridden up to the door, and the groom has brought my horse round," exclaimed Lesbia, hastily gathering up the folds of her riding-habit again and running from the room. John followed to help her to mount, and caught her up in the hall, just as the servant, throwing open the door, disclosed a group of two ladies and a gentleman on horseback drawn up before the kerbstone.

"I am glad," John remarked, "to see it is only Marmaduke Pelham and his sisters for the sake of whose company you have thrown Mrs. Maynard over on Bride. I was afraid it might be some new victim, and then I should have felt it my duty to remonstrate. Captain Pelham may look out for himself; he is old enough, and big enough, and obtuse enough, to release me from any responsibility, however you may be intending to behave toward him."

Lesbia flashed an indignant look back at her brother as she ran down the steps, and before her friends greeted her found time to whisper energetically, "I would not be as clever as you are, John, for all the world, for you never can see anything else in other people but exactly how stupid they are; and you sneer—and you can't think how disagreeable it makes you."

"Yes, I can," John answered, with a sigh whose depths took Lesbia by surprise; "but don't put the sneering down to cleverness, I beg, for I assure you it savors much more of the opposite quality."

Captain Pelham had now alighted from his horse, and was begging leave to put Lesbia on hers, and John went round to shake hands with the two young ladies. While they chatted with him, Lesbia bent down from her seat to put in a word, and something fell from her bosom.

"Oh my poor shamrocks, John!"

But Captain Pelham was beforehand with him in rescuing the green bouquet from under the horse's feet, and placing it, dripping with wet from the pavement, in the hand held out for it.

"Thanks, so many. I am afraid I shan't be able to wear my poor shamrocks again; but I should not have liked them to be actually trampled on, it would have been a bad omen for to-day."

"An omen very likely to be fulfilled, I should say," John muttered, quietly.

Meanwhile intelligent glances had been exchanged between Mary and Louisa Pelham, and they turned to John with simultaneous appeal for sympathy. "Now, is it not a most extraordinary thing," they exclaimed together, "how those two always do think and feel exactly alike on every point without speaking about it beforehand? Just do look at Duke's coat. He came down stairs with a bunch of shamrocks in his buttonhole this morning at breakfast-time, and Charlie and Fred, who, you know, went yesterday to be sworn special constables, threatened to take him into custody for a Chartist, and shook their staves at him; and papa was really a little annoyed, till we explained that it must be in compliment to Lesbia's having sung 'The Wearing of the Green' so splendidly last night. Duke would not confess his reason, but now it's plain enough. I wonder which of them thought of it first."

"An interesting subject of speculation. I am inclined to believe that Lesbia's brain is capable of conceiving such an original idea as wearing a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day without assistance. You know best about your brother's."

"But, Mr. Thornley, you must allow that it is a very odd fancy for them both to take up just now. You have heard, no doubt, that there is a kind of expectation abroad that something will happen to-day in Dublin like what went on in Paris last February. Troops have gone over, and constables and arms, and most likely there'll be barricades and fighting. I heard an old gentleman tell papa that St. Patrick's Day was a very likely day for the rebellion to begin, and that if it was so hundreds of people would be killed in Dublin before to-night. I wonder where our cousin Connor Daly is just now; he is a dreadful rebel, you know, and papa has lost all patience with him. Do you suppose there will be any news by to-night?"

"I don't expect it myself; but whatever news arrives it will not, I hope, prevent your coming to us for Lesbia's ball to-night and enjoying yourselves."

"O dear no, thank you. We would not disappoint darling Lesbia for the world, and we are looking forward amazingly to her first ball this season. She is to wear her new emeralds. Nothing shall prevent our coming to see how she looks in them, we promise you."

"Not the deluge," John muttered to himself, as he remounted the stairs to the drawing-room. "I wonder whether it is really coming at once, or whether it is only the distant roar of the streams at the water-gates we are hearing this year. At all events, we are unready enough for anything to happen."

Bride was at the drawing-room window, looking after the riders, when John joined her.

"Lesbia certainly looks very pretty on horseback," she said, drawing her head back when the cavalcade had turned out of the square; and "Captain Pelham is what most people would call a fine-looking man. He would take her to live in the country, at Abbots Thornley, and she would settle down after all her little vanities and flirtations into a very happy popular Lady Bountiful. I wonder whether that is to be the solution of all our difficulties, the happy consummation that is to relieve us of our grandeur. This second spring will hardly pass without her fate being settled one way or another. I hardly know what to wish."

"Can you answer it to your conscience, to wish that any human creature you have a regard for, should be condemned to Marmaduke Pelham's companionship for the rest of her mortal life?"

"He is dull, poor fellow, certainly; I was observing him at his mother's *conversazione* last night, and trying to look upon him as a possible brother. For two entire hours and a half, I calculated, he remained leaning with his back against a certain spot in the wall, and never speaking to anyone."

"There was no harm in that; I should have comported myself in precisely the same manner, if I had been let alone."

"Of course you were not, people know you can talk, and seek you out. However, I don't believe that Marmaduke is more silent than his cousin, Pelham Daly; and I used sometimes to think that his silence and reserve were rather attractions to Lesbia than otherwise. It piqued her curiosity."

"It is not the silence I complain of, but the speech—and there is this essential difference between the cousins—Young Daly's remarks, when they do come, are not unfrequently to the purpose; Marmaduke's never. I have even known a spark of actual Irish wit to have been struck out from young Daly, on due application of steel to his flint—that is to say, when his sister talks to him; but this other one is pure pudding-stone—you might hammer for ever and never get a light."

"But do you suppose Lesbia sees the difference? She does not value intellect as we do."

"The wiser she—it is a miserable idol to have set up."

"My dear John, at least wait till Mrs. Joseph Maynard has gone back to Whitecliffe, before you reverse your worship. I can't profess even to tolerate folly while she is with us."

"Is the coast clear of her now?—can I stay half an hour here with you in safety?"

"Most fortunately she has gone to call on a friend whom she does not consider grand enough to invite to Eaton Square, and she will not be back till twelve. To have you for half-an-hour's talk will be a rarely satisfactory beginning to my day."

"I don't know that I am going to talk, I feel more disposed to imitate Marmaduke Pelham, and stand with my back to the wall in silence for half an hour."

"You could do that as well down stairs. However, as you have established yourself in that niche of the window recess, put your head a little further back still, and look out. I made a discovery when I was watering the plants yesterday, and I want you to share it. Can you see out far—across the trees, over the opposite house-tops, to the sloping roofs of some buildings in a back street beyond? There is an extra tall one, with three high twisty chimneys, and four attic windows, with dark-blue jalousies all in a row."

"What of them?"

"Don't they bring recollections to your mind? I knew them again in a minute, and went out last evening to make sure. The back street is Spring Street, and those attic rooms with the blue jalousies the apartments where we lived once for eighteen months. The last year you were at Westminster, when you were head boy and brought home such an armful of prizes, and poor mother cried so bitterly because she had nothing but bread and cheese to give you that day for dinner."

"Let me see; it was the year before she died. It is sixteen years ago, then."

"It feels like a century. I remember I used to make Eaton Square my way whenever I went on an errand, for the sake of looking up to the flowery balconies of the grand houses, and wondering what the people were like who lived inside. I was asking myself yesterday how I should have felt if a wise woman out of the 'Magic Ring,' my favorite reading in those days, had shown me through one of the windows a vision of ourselves as we are now, inhabiting this room."

"Very much disappointed, I should say, if your castles in the air of that period at all equalled those with which I seasoned my bread-and-cheese dinners. I never doubted in those days that prosperity would come sooner or later, and I imagined her with a fairer face than she has shown me yet."

"I believe I should have been somewhat disgusted if I had seen myself as I look now; for a girl's castles in the air generally presuppose a little beatification, let her have in sober earnest ever such a poor opinion of her own looks: but, John, I think I should have been satisfied with what the years have done for you if I could have seen it then and understood as I do now. The outside circumstances, the riches and display, we two have very little to do with, and shall soon give up, but all that really graces our position, all the consideration worth having, is what you have won. I don't think that even when you first began to feel your own powers and be ambitious in those Westminster days when your first little triumphs were won, that you could have expected greater recognition and literary success than the two last years have brought you. Reasonably—or even unreasonably—you could hardly have expected more."

"No, but I expected something different from what the reality of this sort of success proves to be. It's the character of the work itself I am disgusted with—my own powers, as you call them, not what they have brought me. I believe it is the experience of those three years'active work in Ireland that makes bookwork, now I have come back to it, seem tame. I can no longer, as I once did, consider it the most glorious occupation in the world to put words judiciously together."

"As if that was what you do! but, however, I dare say it is best for you to be dissatisfied with your own doings. I am sure I would not have you

> '"Bow before the little Drop of Light
> That dim-eyed men call praise and glory here.'"

(*To be Continued.*)

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

THAT WAS A GOOD THING which was said by a young lady of decidedly anti-spiritualistic views, the other day. Being told that the shapes she had seen at a dark séance were spirits out of their bodies, she instantly replied, with apt force, that if the spirits were out of their bodies, the dupes who believed it must be out of their minds! She has never been asked to a séance since.

ONE SEES a great many funny signs in a great city, but the following sign, discovered by a reporter on Stirling street, Baltimore, a few days ago, is worthy of mention. It is painted in big, black letters on the side of a house, as follows:

"Ic Fur Sail Yeare
An Mile."

WE CAN ALL APPRECIATE the feelings of Sidney Smith in the following story: When he called on a certain great personage he was ushered into a room which had mirrors on all sides. Wherever he looked he saw himself reflected, and when he came away he said he had spent an hour in the company of about a dozen of the best-looking clergymen of the Church of England.

"LA ME!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three morta weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

A BLACKSMITH was summoned to a county court as a witness, in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs, had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied, "I told the fools to settle, for I said the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers their shirts, and if they got into Your Honor's court you'd skin 'em!"

A PIEDMONTESE PAPER called the *Gazette* not long ago took a step which, for ludicrous *naivete* and honesty, is probably hitherto unexampled in the history of journalism. One day the following note appeared in the paper: "We regretfully recognize the fact that the story in course of publication in this paper presents too little interest for the majority of our readers, and we find ourselves in disagreeable situation of being obliged to suspend its publication."

PERHAPS no American schoolboy's composition has ever put the "Father of his Country" on a stranger moral basis than this: "George Washington was a little boy what once lived in Verginny what had a nax give him by his old man. Wen Georges old man foun out what George an the nother boy done, he called George to him an he ses, George Washington who cutted the bark ofon the cherry tree? George ses i did. Tha old man sais you did George sais i did and i cannot tell a li. Why cant you tell a li says the old man. Cozsays George if i tell a li this here fellarl blow on me and then I'll be spank'd twict. Thats right sais the old man wenever you get into trouble the esyist way out is the best."

MARY WISE AND FRANK McDONNELL, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, went before Alderman Barr to be married. After McDonnell had promised to take the woman to be his "wedded wife" she fell into a fit of boisterous laughter. The alderman reproved her for this "unseemly cachinnation," but she only laughed the louder. Then he discovered that she was drunk, and refused to go on with the ceremony. Vainly McDonnell appealed to the alderman, setting forth the plight he would be in, he being married to the woman, and she being unmarried. The half-married couple went away to drown their disappointment in strong drink; but before the asphyxiation was complete both were arrested, and the husband is now serving thirty days in the county jail and the bride-elect forty days. —*Harper's Weekly.*

> De robin am chirpin',
> De bluebird am singin',
> De voice of de blue jay am heard in the land;
> De wild ducks am flyin'.
> De ganders am sighin',
> An' de big bunko man he am showin' his hand.
>
> De mud 's growin' deeper,
> An' thunder 's a-comin',
> An' de possum comes out of his log fur to see;
> De warm rain 's a-fallin',
> De spring calf am bawlin',
> An' de whitewashin' season has opened fur me.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A "HORSE CAUSE" was once tried at York, in which the facetious Sergeant Wilkins was for the defendant, his duty being to prove that the horse in dispute was "sound in wind and limb." One of the witnesses as to the breach of warranty was an elderly clergyman, and after his evidence in chief was concluded, the following conversation took place:

Sergeant—"Well, witness, you're a parson, you know; you don't know anything about horses, do you?"

Witness—Yes, I think so. My father was a great horse-breeder, and I've studied them pretty considerably.

Sergeant—"Oh, I dare say you're a very clever fellow. Can you tell my lord and the jury the difference between a horse and a cow?"

Witness—"Why, there are so many points of difference. One is the same as between a bull and a *bully*, the bull has horns and the bully has not! (Politely bowing to the sergeant, who sat down.)—*Leisure Hour.*

THE CENSUS.

"You haven't asked me all the questions. Now don't say you have, for you know you haven't!" said citizen to a census official. "No," replied the latter, demurely; "I haven't asked you, sir, whether you could read or write, because that would be an insult; I haven't asked you whether you were a negro, because I can see that you are not; I haven't asked you whether you are lame or blind or dead, for the same reason; and I haven't asked you whether you are an idiot, because that is unnecessary."

WHAT THE SEASONS BRING.

> When comes the southern summer breeze,
> That softly blows from tropic seas,
> Who lives in impecunious ease?
> The bummer.
> When borean blasts blow fierce and free,
> And winter reigns on land and sea,
> Who chuckles then with fiendish glee?
> The plumber.
> Or warm or cold the breezes blow,
> From tropic seas or arctic snow,
> Who comes his "sample lot" to show?
> The drummer.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

JUST THRY IT.

A well-known field officer was going his rounds, but unfortunately he had forgotten the countersign. Upon approaching a sentry over a magazine the field officer was duly challenged, "Who goes there?" the sentry at the same time bringing his rifle to the charge. The field officer halted, but gave no answer. Again "Who comes there?" rang out in the stillness of the night. A muffled kind of reply was given "The what?" called out the sentry. The field officer, being at his wits' end for an answer, at last said, "Hang it, man, don't you know I'm your own colonel?" "Begorra, sir," replied the sentry, "I knew it all along, but my orders are not to allow any one to pass without the word!" and, advancing a step nearer to the field officer, he called out, in a stage whisper, "Thry 'Panther,' yer honor." "Panther!" roared the colonel. "Pass, panther, and all's well," sang out Pat.

TORTURING BY ELECTRICITY.

THE AGONY WHICH THE KILLERS OF THE CZAR WERE COMPELLED TO UNDERGO.

According to a despatch from Geneva, Russakoff and Jaliboff, the killers of the Czar, have been mercilessly put to torture in the presence of Gen. Loris Melikoff. Russakoff was electricized by powerful batteries, and forced by the intolerable agony he suffered to answer the questions put to him.

Park Benjamin, the scientific expert, said yesterday: "The idea of torturing criminals by electricity is not original with the Russians. It is a British invention, and was first suggested, about five years ago, by an English mechanical journal, in commenting upon the execution of criminals by electric shock instead of by hanging. The English writer wanted to do away with the cat o' nine tails, which is administered in England to garroters and other criminals of certain classes, and use the electric battery, as he somewhat grimly expressed it, so as to produce absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wounds or even bruises), thrilling through every fibre of such miscreants. There was an American inventor who had a design for inflicting this species of punishment. He fitted brackets of iron on the arms and thighs of the criminal, and placed in them wet sponges. When connected with a current of electricity the shock would by this system pass through the legs and shoulders, and avoid the vital parts of the body.

"The torture inflicted by electricity is of two kinds—by contraction of the muscles at rapidly recurring intervals and by burning with sparks. The tortures of old days, when not done by fire or compression, were the straining and tearing asunder of the muscles. Of this kind were the rack, scavenger's daughter, and the cages of Louis XIV., in which a man could not stand up or lie down. The electric shock exactly reverses these conditions. It produces an enormously rapid contraction in the body of the muscles at very short intervals. The degree of pain produced is about the same. The force of the electricity has to be nicely graded, as a too powerful shock would numb or kill a man.

"The other method is by condensing a number of intermittent sparks on the flesh. This burns the skin, and at the same time produces contractions of the muscles. If put to the side of the jaw it would make every tooth ache."

A distinguished surgeon of whom questions were asked concerning the machine said: The best way to explain it is to give you actual experience: then you will know exactly how it feels. Here is a Faradic induction coil. I pull out this tube a little way. Now, let me place this electrode to your hand. There."

"Oh!" exclaimed the enquirer, as a tingling, thrilling sensation ran through every finger, and his hand closed in an involuntary grasp.

"Does it hurt?" asked the doctor.

"A little."

"Well, we'll try again. Now, you see, I pull this tube further out. I again touch it to your hand and—"

"Whoop!" shouted the victim; "take it away!" The feeling was as if the hand was crushed in a vise. Every nerve ached and trembled with pain.

"That hurt, did it? Why, that's nothing. Here's something of a very different sort."

He fastened to one wire a small wet sponge, and to the other wire something like a paint brush, with the brush part made of fine wire. He put the sponge in the visitor's hand, and then touched the back of the hand with the wire brush. The pain was unbearable. The surface of the skin was scorched and the muscles of the hand were contracted in a violent manner.

"That is called the electric scourge," said the doctor. "If it were dark you could see sparks fly from each wire. Imagine the effect if the electricity were ten times more powerful."

"Could any man bear that torture?"

"I think not; any man would confess under it, but it is a question what confidence could be placed in such a confession. A man would confess anything to escape the agony."

"What could you compare the pain to?"

"It would be the same as burning alive."

"Would it injure the man?"

"No—not unless the pain drove him insane. If the battery was too powerful it would kill at once. Applied to some parts of the body the scourge hurts more than on other parts."—*N. Y. Sun, March* 28.

OUT-DOOR AIR AND EXERCISE.

The surest of all natural prophylactics is active exercise in the open air. Air is a part of our daily food, and by far the most important part. A man can live on seven meals a week, and survive the warmest summer day with seven draughts of fresh water, but his supply of gaseous nourishment has to be renewed at least fourteen thousand times in the twenty-four hours. Every breath we draw is a draught of fresh oxygen, every emission of breath is an evacuation of gaseous recrements. The purity of our blood depends chiefly on the purity of the air we breathe, for in the laboratory of the lungs the atmospheric air is brought into contact at each respiration with the fluids of the venous and arterial systems, which absorb it and circulate it through the whole body; in other words, if a man breathes the vitiated atmosphere of a factory all day and of a close bedroom all night, his life blood is tainted fourteen thousand times in the course of twenty four hours with foul vapors, dust and noxious exhalations. We need not wonder, then, that ill-ventilated dwellings aggravate the evils of so many diseases, nor that pure air should be almost a panacea. Out-door life is both a remedy and a preventative of all known disorders of the respiratory organs; consumption, in all but the last stage of the *deliquium*, can be conquered by transferring the battle ground from the sick room to the wilderness of the next mountain range. Asthma, catarrh and tubercular phthisis are unknown among the nomads of the intertropical deserts, as well as among the homeless hunters of our northwestern territories. Hunters and herders, who breathe the pure air of the South American pampas, subsist for years on a diet that would endanger the life of a city dweller in a single month. It has been repeatedly observed that individuals who attained to an extreme old age were generally poor peasants whose vocations required daily labor in the open air, though their habits differed in almost every other respect; also that the average duration of life in various countries of the old world depends not so much on climatic peculiarities or their respective degree of culture as on the chief occupation of the inhabitants; the starved Hindoo outlives the well-fed Parsee merchant, the unkempt Bulgarian enjoys an average longevity of forty-two years to the west Austrian citizens thirty-five.—*From "Physical Education," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

THE POET'S DOUBLE—A CURIOUS STORY.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent issue says, "Many of us know that the Hungarian revolutionary poet Petofi disappeared in a skirmish with the Cossacks during the war of Hungarian independence, but his body never having been identified, doubts were long entertained as to his death. During the unhappy period which followed the termination of that war, proscribed persons and those who feared enrolment in the Austrian army wandered about from one lonely place to another to evade the pursuit of the agents of the Government. At this time persons pretending to be the poet more than once abused the hospitality of patriots. Even as late as 1877 a man calling himself Daniel Manasses—from his biblical name he was supposed to be a Unitarian—asserted that he had been taken prisoner by the Russians in 1849, had been set to work in the lead and silver mines of Siberia, where he had spoken with Petofi. The excitement produced by this report was naturally very great, and was turned by the *soi-disant* Manasses to his own advantage. The agents of justice at last took up the matter, and after a severe examination they found he was an old offender whose name was not Manasses, and that he had never been beyond the boundaries of Transylvania. Besides such interested deception, many persons of undoubted honesty, whatever may have been their judgment, asserted that they had seen the missing poet in the flesh. M. Jokai has lately suggested that Petofi had a double, and in support of such theory quotes M. Batho, who had known Petofi for many years, and last saw him three days before the battle of Schassburg, in which he disappeared. At that time the determined character of the Russian invasion and the successes already gained by Nicholas's generals had proved to all Hungarians capable of taking a rational view of affairs that further resistance was hopeless. Petofi's friend, therefore, attempted to dissuade him from returning to Bem's army, but in vain. After the battle he made all possible enquiries after him, and spoke with several persons who said they had seen Petofi flying on foot before the Cossacks. As a fugitive honved Batho took refuge, under an assumed name, with Petofi's father-in-law, Szendrey. Before this Petofi's wife had returned alone to her father's house, and her father had given her a large sum of ready money to enable her to seek her missing husband; she soon became convinced of his death, and married again. A little later (at the end of April, 1850), Szendrey having moved to a different part of the country, whither he had been accompanied by Batho, who had resumed his proper name, a woman from the neighboring town came to the farmhouse, and told him that a fugitive lodging with her desired to speak with him. A little girl who came with her, on seeing a portrait of Petofi in the room, exclaimed with childish *naivete*, 'Why, that is the gentleman who lodges with us.' The child's remark determined Batho to accompany the woman to her house in the town. Entering the room pointed out to him he found a man strikingly like his missing friend. He had the same face, the same arrangement of the hair, similar eyes, the same carriage of the head, and even the voice was Petofi's; 'and yet,' as Batho observed to Jokai, 'he was not Petofi.' A conversation ensued. The stranger, reproaching Batho with not recognizing his friend, proceeded to talk in detail of affairs such as it was difficult to suppose that any other but Petofi could be acquainted with, Batho's conviction that he was talking with a stranger began to waver. He allowed himself to be addressed as 'thou,' gave him twenty florins, told him that he would return with Szendrey, and if the latter recognized the stranger as his son-in-law, they would provide him with the means of passing the frontier and living abroad. The stranger, be it observed, was aware of the second marriage of Szendrey's daughter, and gave that as a reason against his going to the house. When Batho and Szendrey arrived the next morning, they found that the stranger had at once provided himself with a new pair of boots, and had gone for a walk from which he never returned. M. Jokai concludes that the same person on later occasions made similar use of his striking resemblance to the missing poet, and thus gave rise to the widespread belief that he was not dead."

AN ANTI-PROTESTANT RIOT.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF MARSALA ATTACK A METHODIST PREACHER—PRIESTS ENCOURAGING THEIR VIOLENCE.

A despatch from Rome, dated March 11, to the London *News* says, "The account in one of your contemporaries of the anti-Protestant riot at Marsala is incorrect. The following, as far as I can ascertain, is the true version: According to a letter from Marsala in the *Riforma*, the quarrel between the Protestants and Catholics in that city dates from August last, when a young Methodist class-leader, Signor Lettieri, was sent there in compliance with the repeated invitations of the Protestant church, and at once became the object of the bitter persecution of the clergy, who assailed him by means of the pulpit and the school-room and the less obtrusive, but more potent, instrument, the confessional. At length Signor Lettieri replied by a challenge to a public discussion, to which the clergy answered in a violent manifesto. Some further correspondence was succeeded by a prolonged lull, but with the advent of Lent there came a preacher from Palermo, the Jesuit Father Previti, whose violence as a pulpit orator had frequently brought him into collision with the authorities, and whose attacks on the Protestant church at Palermo were so incessant that the Waldensians started a newspaper to defend themselves. With such a fire-brand, disorders were inevitable. The placards which formed the pretext for the riot contained, as the clericals admit, nothing more irritating to their susceptibilities than the words Lent and the Gospel. Nor is it true that Signor Lettieri paid men, with sticks, to guard the bills from being torn down. Not even the most biased Clerical papers assert this, while Signor Lettieri explicitly denies it, alleging that the only circumstance giving any color to the charge is that a class member from curiosity watched a placard to see if it would be torn down, as it had been the day before. As for the rioters, their purpose seems to have been far more serious than was first supposed. I am assured on good authority that when they broke into the house of Signor Bruno, who is not Signor Lettieri's colleague, but a layman with whom he resides, the inmates were in bed. Warned by savage shouts that his life was in danger, Signor Lettieri hurried on some clothes, and escaped on the roof. Signor Bruno was dragged out of bed, and being taken for an Evangelist, a ruffian drew on him with his knife. The error was happily discovered in time, and thus, as the Minister of the Interior, Signor Depretis, said, bloodshed was avoided as by miracle. As regards the share of the clergy in this riot, I hear from a letter to a deputy that while an *auto da fe* was being made in the Cathedral square of the wreckage of the Protestant house, the priests not only lent the consecrated banner usually carried before the Host, but stood on the steps rubbing their hands in glee, while from the balconies around ladies waved their handkerchiefs, shouting 'Viva la Madonna de la Tufa.' When the mischief was done and the authorities began to interpose, Father Previti, it would indeed appear, administered a prudent rebuke to his flock, but this must be taken for what it is worth, and in conjunction with the unanimous opinion of the Catholic press of the peninsula that the Protestants have had a good lesson."

THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN JAPAN.

Mr. Atkinson, a missionary under the American Board in Kobe, writes to the *Missionary Herald*, under date of January 18th, of the probable opening of a new era for Christian work in Japan. He says:

"For two years and more I have tried to get the preachers about me to go out into the highways and byways to preach; but, while admitting the value of such work, all feared to make the attempt lest government should object. I went yesterday to see the governor of the million and more people of this Ken, and in the midst of conversation about Christianity, I asked him how it would do to begin street preaching. His reply was a question as to what is being done in Tokio. I saw from this that the provincial governors can hardly allow what is not permitted in the capital, but that they feel at liberty to go as far as the authorities in the metropolis go.

"There are things permitted by government showing that quiet permission for extensive Christian work is the order of the day. One sign of this is the public selling of the Scriptures now allowed. Another is an incident occurring in one of the governorates to the northeast of Tokio, where the people of a certain castle town have been noted for anti-foreign notions. The Methodists went there to work, and the people after a time rose up and drove them out. The governor, knowing of the trouble, winked at it. After a little he was called on to resign, and the man appointed as governor in his place *is a Christian*.

"Street preaching will come pretty soon. When we can break up the ground and sow the seed in that public way you may expect to hear some wonderful things from Japan, I think. My intense desire now is to get strength into the professing Christians, and to raise up as large and as good a force of native preachers as possible. It seems to me that the time is near when a tremendous work will be on our hands. In thinking of this I am glad that Messrs. Greene, Gulick and Davis are absent for very much needed rest and change. They will be more needed when they return, if God in His goodness return them to us, than they are now, though we need them badly enough at present. They will be needed for *ballast*. The natives will do most of the work, but the Japanese are capable of great excitement, and are in danger of losing their equilibrium in the midst of it. This is one additional reason for getting all possible knowledge and strength into the present number of workers and believers. We shall need every missionary on the ground who may have, by years of experience, acquired the knowledge and power that qualifies for steadying and leading great masses. The signs of the times seem to me to indicate that spring is on us in our work. The plowing and sowing is to be done, and then the summer will come on apace with its abundant fruitage."

THE PROGRESS OF MISSIONS.

Until within thirty years, one might express a doubt as to whether the gospel could elevate and heal the most degraded heathen, and prove a savor of life unto life. But to-day the Portuguese can no longer maintain that the Hottentots are a race of apes, incapable of Christianization. You can no longer find written over church doors in Cape Colony, "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted," as at the time when Dr. Van Der Kemp fought there for the rights of the down-trodden natives. To-day no one would be found to agree with the French governor of the island of Bourbon, who called out to the first missionary to Madagascar, "So you will make the Malagasy Christians? Impossible! they are mere brutes, and have no more sense than irrational cattle;" since there are hundreds of evangelical congregations established there, which have now, counting those only of the London Mission, three hundred and eighty-six ordained native pastors, one hundred and fifty-six native evangelists, and three thousand, four hundred and sixty-eight native lay preachers and Bible readers.

Twenty years ago, Englishmen who had travelled around the world insisted to me that the native Australians were absolutely beyond reach of the gospel, and must first be educated up to it in some way, before they could understand its simplest truths. To-day this opinion is refuted by the Moravian Missions in Gippsland, which have five churches, clean houses, and one hundred and twenty-five baptized native Christians. Yes, we have to-day, as the last Evangelical Alliance in New York demonstrated, the glorious faith-strengthening joy of seeing it proved, without more missionary statistics, that the most degraded heathen, because they are also men, listen to the gospel, and learn to believe it; that no race is so spiritually dead that it cannot be quickened into new life by the "glad tidings;" no language is so barbarous that the Bible cannot be translated into it; no individual heathen so brutish that he cannot become a new creature in Jesus Christ; and that, therefore, our Lord and Master, revealing himself to us as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, in the widest sense, gave no impossible command when, embracing without limit all suffering humanity, he said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—*Dr. Christlieb on Protestant Foreign Mission.*

A CALM VIEW OF THE BOERS.

The Boers have earned a great deal of praise for the persistent manner in which they have endeavored to maintain their independence in South Africa. Rather than submit to any form of British domination, they have "trekked" and "trekked" in order to discover a home in which they might be able to call themselves their own masters. These wanderings have excited the admiration of sentimentalists, who did not hesitate to compare them to the weary sojournings of the children of Israel. They do not appear to be quite so romantic and worthy of admiration when it is remembered that one of the principal reasons why the Boers have persevered so persistently in maintaining their independence was their desire to keep slaves without question or interruption. Like other white men who have encountered colored races, they have had a feeling of contempt for all who possessed another kind of skin than their own. When the Boers opened up new territory they fought the aboriginal races and took the captives as bondsmen; when they had no new territory to annex they made raids among the savages around them and drove to their homesteads whatever slaves they wanted. The Kafirs who were seized as slaves by the Boers led a miserable and degraded life. They were never treated better than as beasts of burden. Their natural affections were treated as a matter worthy of no kind of account, and they were permitted to live and die in as brutal a state of ignorance as they were when first seized in their own kraals or sold to satisfy the rapacity of some native chieftain. It is satisfactory to see that this slave question has not been forgotten in the negotiations between England and the Boers. Sir Evelyn Wood has insisted upon receiving from the whites of the Transvaal adequate guarantees that the rights of the dark races shall be respected. The delimitation of the Transvaal is also an arrangement which will have a very beneficial and humane effect, inasmuch as it will prevent the Boers from making those slave raids into the country north, east, and west of the Transvaal, which were not only a stain upon the character of the Boers, but a perpetual source of dangerous reprisals from the invaded peoples. If England has gained no military glory from this Boer war, she has at all events done an honorable service to the natives of South Africa, which, perhaps, they may at some future date remember with gratitude.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT OAKHAM CASTLE.

It was mentioned in the *World* a day or two ago that the Princess of Wales had left a gilt horseshoe at Oakham Castle, in Rutlandshire, in commemoration of her visit there to Lord and Lady Aveland. The horseshoe was suitably inscribed and fastened to the wall at a point indicated by Her Royal Highness, out of the reach of mischievous urchins and lovers of royalty. Oakham Castle was built on the site of a Royal Hall that was standing when Edward the Confessor made his survey, probably by Walcheline de Ferreris, to whom Henry II. granted the manor. He died while besieging Acre with Richard Lionheart, and the manor and castle repeatedly reverted to the Crown and were again as often granted, among the possessors being Henry III.'s brother, Richard, King of the Romans; De Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, and Thomas of Woodstock, uncle of Richard II. It was an unlucky possession. Four of its holders were executed for high treason—Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II.; Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Richard III.'s friend and victim; Edward Stafford, another Duke of Buckingham, beheaded in 1521, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who lost his head in 1540, because—people do aver—Henry VIII. wasn't pleased with the wife, Anne of Cleves, obtained through Cromwell's negotiations. Another unfortunate holder was Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of York, who was trampled to death at Agincourt. Oakham Castle never had any defensive works except the outer wall. The Hall alone remains, and is regarded as the finest domestic room in England. Its architecture is late Norman or very early English. The interior wall and the gate of the Castle yard are covered with horseshoes, the lord of the manor being authorized by ancient grant or custom to demand of every peer on first passing through the lordship a shoe from one of his horses, or money to buy one. Many of the shoes are gilt and inscribed with the donor's name, and Timbs records among these donors Queen Elizabeth, the late Duke of York, George IV., the Duchess of Kent and Queen Victoria. The evidence as to the origin of the custom is confused, but it is traceable to a toll-payment.—*N. Y. World.*

"THE BLACK DEATH."

LONDON, March 27, 1881.

A despatch from Constantinople says that the plague has appeared at Kufa, ninety miles south of Bagdad, and that the mortality in Nedjib is increasing.

WILL IT SPREAD WEST?

Already Europe is becoming alarmed at the appearance of the pest in the East, and fears are expressed that it may spread westward. It therefore becomes important to know the characteristics of the disease. The London *Standard* states on pathological grounds that it is a "very malignant form of contagious fever," which breaks out suddenly in certain localities and spreads with frightful rapidity, and that the present "type" is as virulent as that of the Middle Ages. It is characterized by swellings of the lymphatic glands and by carbuncles, and beyond doubt one seizure seems to afford no security against a second attack. This is, however, a point upon which physicians have not often had a chance of studying, since "the pest" does not usually leave the same individual a chance of experiencing its symptoms twice. It has been contended that it is not contagious, but in almost every case of an outbreak the disease has been traced to persons who have come from infected districts. In the Astrakhan epidemic of 1879, and in that of 1771, which cut off 100,000 people in Moscow, the pestilence was known to have been brought, in the one instance, from Central Asia, and in the other from Choczin. Again, during the latter outbreak the 1,400 inmates of the Imperial Foundling Hospital, who were isolated, and in 1813 the town of Jegia, in Malta, which was shut off from Valetta, where the disease was raging, entirely escaped. Quarantine, however, as a preventive against the ravages of cholera, has been proved to be utterly futile, and it is very generally allowed that it is not much more potent as a barrier against the plague. No other form of death has ever enlisted into its service historians of such brilliant talent. De Foe could not have been an eye-witness of the horrible scenes of 1665 in London. But he had doubtless talked to many who had survived those dreadful times and were familiar with the tales of the corpse carrying waggon going its dismal rounds, of the living being unable to carry out the dead, and of London deserted by the Court, and, indeed, all who could escape into the country. In "Rienzi" the late Lord Lytton has given an account scarcely less pictorial of the plague in Florence, and in almost every other European country "the pest," which crept like a foul miasma over Asia, Northern Africa and Europe from Naples to Archangel, and even to distant Greenland, where it smote the Esquimaux by thousands, has secured such able chroniclers that, at the slightest sign of its re-appearance, Western Europe naturally grows alarmed. In the years 1348, 1361, 1363, 1569 and 1602 London was visited by the "black death," though these early attacks of the disease sink into insignificance when compared with that which desolated the city in 1665, the year which will ever be known as "the year of the plague." In reality, however, though it caused before Christmas a mortality of 68,596 out of the half million people which the metropolis then contained, it did not abate until 1666, while in the thirteen subsequent years there were many fatal cases recorded. But after 1679 no death from plague is known to have occurred, and in 1704 so entirely had it disappeared that the name of the disease was actually omitted from the bills of mortality.—*N. Y. Herald.*

CHAINED LIGHTNING LET LOOSE.

(*From the Albany Journal, March* 11.)

An incident worth recording took place in the engine-room of Weed, Parsons & Co.'s printing establishment on Tuesday. In one corner of the room stands the machine which furnishes the electric light for Whitney & Co.'s dry goods store, on Pearl street, the power of which comes from Weed, Parsons & Co.'s huge engine. One feature of the machine is the armature, a wheel containing coils of insulated wire through which the electricity flows in powerful currents when the apparatus is in operation. This armature revolves with terrific velocity and constitutes a powerful magnet. On the day mentioned a young man came in and ground a pair of large scissors at an emery wheel near the generator. Turning to go out past the machine, he carried the scissors carelessly in his hand, when they were immediately drawn into the armature and were soon revolving with it at frightful speed. The young man got out of the way as quickly as possible and was unhurt. For a few minutes the machine presented a very startling spectacle. The whirling scissors, twisted and broken, but still adhering to the revolving armature, began to cut the wires and thus broke the electric current, which escaped in streams from the fractured ends of the wires, and in a moment or two that portion of the room was literally filled to the ceiling with whirling lightning, looking like a huge piece of Fourth of July fire works. No one dared to approach the monster to stop the machinery for some little time, but the belt was finally thrown off, and the rather dangerous show was at an end. The incident afforded a striking illustration of the power of the agent which man is endeavoring to render subservient to his will.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

The will of Charles Edward Stuart, Count d'Albanie, has recently been proved in London by Lord Lovat as the attorney of the Countess Sobriski de Platt, the late Count's daughter. The deceased claimed to be the lineal descendant of "Prince Charlie," the young cavalier so famed in Scottish song and story. Not many years ago a gentleman resided in the Eastern Townships who claimed to be a descendant of the Royal Stuart. He was very proud of his name, and when asked how he spelt it usually replied, "with a 'u' sir: thank heaven, there is no 'w' in my name." The late Count bequeaths to the Marquis of Bute the Highland "Claidth-mor," said to have been worn by the testator's grandfather, the "Young Cavalier" at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk and Culloden. The broadsword is described as an "Andrea Ferrara." After the lapse of one hundred and thirty-five years the Jacobite songs are still popular in the Highlands of Scotland, and not unfrequently among the Scotch settlers of Canada the stirring strains of "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?" and

> "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,
> Safely o'er the friendly main;
> Mony a heart will break in twa
> Should ye no come back again."

"Bonnie Dundee" is as popular as ever in the drawing-room. Flora Macdonald, who saved the Pretender, and managed at imminent risk to herself to get him out of the British lines, was banished with her husband to North Carolina, but on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war in 1776 he remained true to his allegiance, and served King George. The regiment he commanded was stationed for a long time on Staten Island in New York harbor, in the same cantonment as those of the "Queen's Rangers," commanded by Colonel Simcoe, who on the conclusion of hostilities removed to Upper Canada and gave the name to the district so called. Flora Macdonald and her husband only remained a short time in Canada. She died in her native land. The remains of the fortifications erected by these Highlanders on Staten Island are pointed out to the tourist.

SKYLARKS FOR AMERICA.

An English gentleman named Rowe, profiting by Mr. John Burrough's suggestion that the English skylark might be naturalized in this country, is about to ship twenty-five pairs of these birds to the United States and liberate them here. It is doubtful, however, if the skylark would make so profound an impression here as in England, where there are almost no birds with remarkable musical abilities. The skylark's song would be tame compared with the rollicking gush of melody from the throat of the bobolink, and as for sweetness and sentiment, the notes of the American wood thrush are far superior to his. But we cannot have too many song birds, and would gladly welcome the skylark, especially as he comes from England, which owes us much amends for the curse of the English sparrow, a bird with no song, ill-tempered, and of doubtful value to the farmer.—*Boston Journal.*

HOW HE WAS CONVERTED.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN UNBELIEVER—OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT.

WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S., Dec. 20.

It has been five years since God for Christ's sake spoke peace to my troubled conscience. I was an infidel. I belonged to a philosophical club in the city of Washington, D.C., and was secretary of that organization. Several of our members had once preached the Gospel of Christ. Our president had formerly been a leading Baptist minister in one of our Western cities, and I, myself, have been connected with a Methodist Conference in the State of Virginia. I am happy to say that upon my conversion the above mentioned organization was broken up, and the late infidel president is now preaching again the unsearchable riches of Christ. One has since died confessing faith in Jesus as his personal Saviour. Others have united with the different evangelical churches here and are doing noble work for the Master, while others are still groping their way, either in the darkness of infidelity or in the by-path of spiritualism.

I remember the circumstances of my conversion as though it was but yesterday. Mr. Hammond had been laboring here with marked success, and we were discussing "true revivals" in our Club meetings. Mr. Hammond heard of it, and remarked in one of his discourses that if we would come to him he would convert us. We sent a letter inviting him to come to us, assuring him that if he had any more of truth than we had we would gladly accept it. He declined to come on account of other pressing engagements. We thought he was afraid to meet the criticisms of our members, and so I was appointed to visit his meetings and invite some one of those who had recently been converted, prominent men, to discuss the question of "revivals" before us. These also declined. I thank God they did. Their declination caused me to look more closely into the phenomena presented night after night, and day after day, of conversions truly wonderful. You have probably heard Mr. Hammond relate some of them. Enough to say, I became interested in the meetings. I was anxious to discover the motive which influenced refined and cultivated ladies to labor so anxiously with men whose whole life had been a life of shame and degradation. I saw that when the change was effected in the career of a man, it was a change so striking and so real that it resulted in a complete revolution in his character and person. My infidel friends said to me that this change was simply the result of mind force, or animal magnetism. But this could not have been so, for no such agencies were at work operating upon me to cause me to will and to do what was demanded of me, in the sense in which they meant it. Besides, it is a very weak argument against Christianity. When the infidel offers such an objection he unconsciously admits first, that the Christian is mentally the superior of the infidel, and, second, that he is also physically his superior. Again, he unconsciously admits that when the Christian minister operates upon the sinner he has also the power of transmitting these qualities to the sinner or sinners he acts upon; for no sooner is the sinner acted upon than he in his turn begins to act upon others, and so in eternal succession. Now, then, instead of being operated upon by mind force, or animal magnetism, change the phraseology, and say he has been operated upon by the Spirit of God, and you have the only possible solution to the phenomenon of a converted soul.

I was standing in the rear part of Sunderland's church talking with a gentleman on the subject of religion, when we were approached by a Miss, who said to me: "Pardon me for intruding upon your conversation, but if you are not too much engaged, I would like to have you talk with that gentleman standing over there," indicating with her hand a young man standing and resting his hands on the back of one of the pews in the rear of the church. I said to her that I would rather not talk with him, for if he is interested on the subject of religion, I might lead him over into heterodoxy, and I did not care to assume that risk. "Oh, no," she replied, "he thinks as you do, but I would like to know whether your philosophy will do him any good." "Very well, then," I answered; "I will talk with him." I passed over and invited him to a seat. After being seated, I asked him what he thought of the meetings; of the probable cause of the conversions we had been witnesses to. I found that he agreed with me in my views of the subject, and began to wonder why the young Miss desired me to talk with him. While leaning toward him I discovered that he had been drinking, and then remembered to have seen him coming out of a liquor saloon that very morning. I saw at once his difficulty, and recognized mine. What could my philosophy do for him? I might prove to him that over-indulgence in strong drink would be injurious to his brain and stomach, but what good would such proof do his heart when his head was bent on gratifying his appetite? I recalled to my mind the fact that I had seen only a few weeks before a physician carried from a saloon, placed in his carriage in a beastly state of intoxication and driven home. This man was a graduate of four or five different medical schools. Surely he knew enough of physiology and anatomy to know what would be the effect of strong drink habitually indulged in upon the human system. But what good did his knowledge of these sciences do him? So I asked myself what good can my philosophy do him since my appeals to his head cannot reach his heart! Had his mother not already plead with him with the inspiration of tears, and every night and morning prayed that he might not go down to a drunkard's grave? If he could withstand a mother's loving plea, and prayers, and tears, surely he would not listen to a temperance talk *from me!* Since my philosophy could not do him good, what could? I saw men come under the influence of the Gospel of Christ who had been hardened and habitual drinkers, men who had scarcely drawn a sober breath for thirty years. I saw there men changed, and changed so completely by this power of conversion, that their very faces shone with a peculiar light, which beamed forth the joy their hearts could not contain, and their whole nature seemed to be changed. If anything could do this young man any good, then, it was not infidelity, or any other scheme of man's devising. I saw this, I say, and getting up to go out of the church, I encountered my lady friend, who said, "Well, what result?" I answered, "My philosophy can do him no good." She replied, "That was just what I prayed for." As quick as a flash the truth entered my mind. If my philosophy can do him no good under the circumstances, what good can it do me? If the Christian scheme alone can benefit him, is it not grander and nobler than all others, and may it not also help me? I hurried out of the church greatly troubled in my mind—when something seemed to say to me, "You came near making a fool of yourself," and I inwardly resolved never to go near the church again.

I afterward learned that this young lady (I did not then know her name) repaired to her home, sought her sister, and together went to their room to pray. They prayed for my conversion. The youngest said she believed I would be converted on the morrow. Her sister did not think so, had very little faith in the effort her sister was making in my behalf, but she would kneel while her sister prayed. That prayer of faith saved the sick, and I was indeed converted on the morrow.

Notwithstanding I said I would not go near the church again, I was the first at the church in the morning. I was disappointed in not finding any one there, and went out and walked around the square several times. When I returned the services had begun. I took a seat somewhat back, and with my whole soul troubled resolved to find peace if I could that very day. Just as this resolve was made Dr. Sunderland asked for prayers for a young man in whom he was deeply interested, and then poured forth a prayer so full of power and pathos that I felt how completely alone I was, though surrounded by so many. I said to myself all these people are interested in one soul, and no one careth for mine. O, such a sense of utter loneliness that came over me at that moment! And then a sudden chill seemed to seize me and I shook like an aspen leaf. I tried to control myself, but the more I tried the stronger this convulsion held me. It seemed as though two forces were contending within me for mastery, and neither would yield to the other. I leaned my head on the seat in front of me and the flood-gates of my soul opened and I wept bitterly. Then I thought of God and of Jesus. Involuntarily I repeated this passage of Scripture, but I repeated it as a drowning man catches at a straw: "I believe that thou art, that thou art the rewarder of all them that diligently seek thee," and now I come to thee, since thou hast promised that "Him that cometh to thee thou wilt in no wise cast out." Save, Lord, or I perish! Then all my burdened load dropped off, and the light of truth and God swept over my soul, until I could have shouted, Glory to God! for very joy. At this moment I felt a kindly hand laid upon my shoulder and a voice in my ear, asking, How is it now, brother? It was the voice of Dr. Rankin. I replied, It is all right now! And blessed be God; it has been all right from that moment up to the present hour.

I shall leave this simple narrative with you, praying to God that its very simplicity may reach the heart of some one who is treading in the same dark path I once trod, and in which I found nothing to cheer when my hour of deepest need came. For years I read and studied the works of infidels, and I don't think there is a single school with whose literature I am unacquainted, and I can truly say that, as compared with the religion of Jesus to satisfy human needs, and to cheer a despairing and hopeless life, and to give quiet and rest to a dying soul, they are as darkness is to light, sadness to joy, and death is to life.

It may be well for me to refer to my early life. At the age of fifteen I went on board a man-of-war to go on a three years' cruise on the Brazilian coast. This was in 1859. In 1861 war broke out in our Southern States, and we were ordered home. After a short stay on the blockade I was discharged. Almost immediately thereafter I enlisted in the 13th U. S. Infantry, and participated with that regiment in all its marches and engagements from Vicksburg, &c., to Chattanooga, &c. At the close of the war in 1865 I was discharged, and after a few months' stay at home I enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps, and was stationed at the Naval Academy for four years, or during the term of my enlistmen. About this time I began to be concerned about religion, and united with the Catholic Church. I was persuaded that my vocation was the priesthood, and as soon as I obtained my discharge I entered the college to study for that office. Upon the assumption of infallibility by the Pope, I became disgusted and left for home. I soon after united with the M. E. Church, and after a time was licensed to preach. After preaching for a year or so, my voice gave out and I retired to private life. All this time I knew nothing of a change of heart. I was an intellectual believer in the Bible and in the religion of Christ; hence, when troubles and trials came I had nothing on which to lean. Not possessing vital piety, I was not prepared, after all my experience in the ministry and out of it, to admit that any one else possessed it. At first I became careless, then indifferent, then doubtful, and then infidelistic.

In the meetings conducted by Mr. H. I was often conversed with by Christian people, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, seemed to antagonize me, and in the end left me no better than before. I remember on one occasion the Rev. Dr. Rankin held a conversation with me, in the course of which he said, "You say you don't believe in the existence of a God. Now, He may exist, though you doubt it. Promise me you will pray to Him even though you doubt His existence. Say, 'O God, if there is a God, teach me Thy truth.'" How many times afterward I repeated that simple invocation! How often I thought that possibly the God of my youth might still be revealed to my more mature manhood! Even while I prayed I thought how foolish it was for me, a sceptic, to pray to a something whose existence I denied. And yet the prayer seemed to do me good. It seems to me now that the repetition of this prayer led me to look more closely beneath the surface of things, and to see in the world around me evidences of an intelligent creative first cause for all things.

Something cannot of itself spring from nothing. Therefore, that something must be eternal. What is that something? Whatever exists must have a cause either without or within itself. If it has the necessary cause of its own existence in itself it must be eternal, for the same necessary cause must have operated equally at all times, and if there ever was a time when it was not it never could have caused itself to be. Thus I began to reason with myself, and thus my mind was being prepared for the reception of that truth which soon afterward led me out of the darkness in which I had been groping, into the broad light of day!

Trusting that the future of all who may read this recital of my experience and conversion, may grow bright with a living hope of a blissful life in the unmeasured beyond,

I am, respectfully,
P. C. CHEEKS.
Windsor House, corner 10th and F streets, Washington, D.C.

YOUTHFUL CONVERSION IN TORONTO.

BY E. P. H.

DEAR YOUNG READERS OF THE "WITNESS,"—I have received numerous letters from young friends in Montreal, who, a year ago, thought they gave themselves to Christ. The writers of these notes tell me they are still rejoicing in Him. I read, at a large meeting here, the following letter, which deeply interested everybody. I thought some of you might like to read it, and that it might remind you of the time when, last year, you gave your hearts to Jesus. I pray God that you may keep close to the Saviour. I trust you still have a place and a time to pray and read the Bible every day. I often pray for you, and I hope you will remember me also in your prayers. Many here are rejoicing in Christ as their only Saviour. The following is the letter:

Mr. Hammond:—

DEAR SIR,—I feel as if I would like to tell you all about how I came to give my heart to Jesus. I attended your first meeting in Sherbourne Street Church, not because I wished to, but because I belonged to the Sunday-school. But I listened to all you said, and I felt that, when our Saviour had suffered so much for us and loved us so much, I was indeed a great sinner not to love and serve Him. And then, as if every wrong act that I had been guilty of came before me, and oh, how unhappy I felt, I almost wished I had not heard you, but I went to church that night and oh, how my head ached, but my heart ached worse. I was no better on Monday, and went to the meeting in the afternoon. You spoke about the great love of our Saviour in dying on the cross for us and I could not keep the tears back. Mr. Lake spoke to me, and how I valued what he said, but I fear he did not think so, for my heart was too full to speak. Then my Sunday-school teacher came to me; but I felt that if I wanted to come to Jesus I must do so myself, that neither Mr. Lake nor Miss Spence could do it for me. So I came home and went to my room and all I could say was, Lord, I come to Thee, and Thou hast promised that if we come to Thee and ask forgiveness for Christ's sake, Thou wilt hear us. And then I said that verse you had been teaching us:—

> "Jesus take this heart of mine,
> Make it pure and wholly thine;
> Thou hast bled and died for me,
> I will henceforth live for Thee."

I could say no more, so I just stayed on my knees, and all at once I felt as if all the load was gone, and such joy! Oh, how I could pray then, and I rose from my knees a very happy girl, for I knew that my sins were forgiven for Christ's sake. And oh, Mr. Hammond, I do thank God that I ever heard you. I regret that I delayed so long, but I am determined, with God's help, to be a true Christian, and I would not give up the peace, the joy and happiness I have felt since I came to Jesus for all the world. It seems now as though I loved every one, and every thing, because my heavenly Father made them. And I could pray all the time. I pray as I go through the house, and in the street. And, Mr. Hammond, I will always love to hear your name, and to think of you, for it was through the words you spoke that I gave my heart to Jesus.

I have often thought that if I gave my heart to Jesus and became a Christian, I would have such a struggle to do right. But now it is so different and I do not think of doing what I would have done a few weeks ago. When anything troubles me I go and tell Jesus all about it, and then I feel quite safe. How I pray many will come to Jesus; I do think if they only knew how willing God is to forgive them they would not delay so long, for I know there is no true happiness unless we serve God. I have signed the covenant and, God helping me, will keep it. My brother and sister signed also. My mother is dead and gone to Heaven, I am sure, for she was a true Christian, and I know I shall meet her when I die.

I fear I will have wearied you with this long letter, but I know you will forgive me, for I wanted you to know how you had been the means of leading another poor sinner to Jesus. Pray God to help me to serve Him all my life.

Yours respectfully,
———— ————,
Aged 15 years.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY BOYS AND GIRLS FOR CANADA.

THE EMIGRATION WORK OF THE DESTITUTE CHILDREN'S EMIGRATION HOME OF GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, FOR 1881.

It is not in our experience that time hangs heavy on our hands, but rather the opposite. We feel often that time is too short for all that we see to do. We can hardly imagine that twelve months have passed away since we were preparing our ninth band of children for Canada, and now the work is before us again, but so it is. As soon as one party is sent out and settled, another has to be set ageing. Our weekly letters and reports from Miss Bilbrough keep us informed of the welfare of our large family in Canada, and lead us many a time to thank God for the great opening we have there, under her superintendence, for our children. In her recent letters she urges us to send a party of boys early in the spring, the girls later on, and so divide the party, and save crowding up the Home in Canada too much at once, and also give the boys more time to become acquainted with her and she with them. For these and other reasons it seems to be a matter we should make an effort to accomplish, although there are also difficulties in the way, such as having the boys ready in time, and the securing of proper parties to go in charge. We have resolved to send a party of 60 boys at the end of this month (March), and the girls at the end of May. The Lord has made it very plain to us this year that we should send a larger number of children by the legacy of £1,000 left by the late Mr. Thos. Corbett, of London, "to pay passages of children to Canada, leaving others to provide outfits." Two generous friends in London have sent us £500 for outfits; and this, along with £100 from other parts of the country, will provide for 120 children, which number we intend to send at the times named out of the 340 children we have at present in the homes. Miss Anna Bilbrough, who is at present in this country, will be returning to Canada about the end of this month, and we hope to get her efficient help in taking the boys out along with one of my daughters. Although my own health is not so good, and a change would seem desirable, I cannot see my way to go at this time, nor do I know if I shall be able later on, but trust the Lord will guide. Whilst the emigration fund is so liberally supplied, that for the maintenance of the homes is not so, but is somewhat low. I would suggest that some of those who have been wont to send for emigration should this year give to the general work, to the city home and refuge, or to the cottage home building fund, and thus help to share our burdens. We have rescued ones placed out in this country as well as those in Canada.

WILLIAM QUARRIE.

PERSONAL.

The Queen is to visit Cobourg in the autumn.

The Princess Louise is expected to sail for Canada on the 26th May.

Lord Colin Campbell, brother of the Marquis of Lorne, who went to South Africa for his health, has returned rather worse.

It is said Mr. Parnell's frequent visits to Paris are made, not to conspire, but to court. They are transits of Venus, not Mars. Rumor has it that he is to wed a fair French woman.

The bride of Dr. Royle, the special medical attendant of Prince Leopold, was married in a dark green velvet suit, which appears to have been a great innovation in the fashionable world.

The late Czar of Russia was in the succession to the British Crown, but he was not nearly so closely allied to Queen Victoria as "Plon-Plon" happens to be, whose great-grandmother was sister to George III.

Mr. Labouchère says that English physicians and English mothers are behind those of America and the South of Ireland in not vaccinating children above the ankle instead of on the arm, which is so frequently disfigured.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was born June 9th, 1781, and there is a movement to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. He died in 1848, and his son Robert, who was a very able engineer, in 1859.

The old King of Holland is the most devoted of fathers. While holding and caressing the baby-princess in his arms his young wife archly said to her husband: "You seem to be delighted, but would you not have preferred a boy?" "No, no," was the prompt reply; "I have had poor luck with my sons."

The Belleville *Ontario* says, concerning the statement that Mr. Crouter, who has just been elected for East Northumberland, is an Orangeman: "We have the authority of a gentleman who lives a near neighbor to Mr. Crouter, for stating that the latter is not an Orangeman, nor is he a member of any secret society."

It is understood that the Governor-General will leave Ottawa for the North-West Territory in June or July. He will go as far as Edmonton, on the River Saskatchewan, following as nearly as possible the route of the Canada Pacific Railway. He will probably be accompanied by representatives of one of the leading London dailies.

The death is announced, in his seventy-seventh year, of J. Paul Cobbett, the third and last surviving son of William Cobbett, author of "The Political Register." Also of Mr. T. C. Scott, the agriculturist, whose letters in the London *Times* for the last quarter of a century on the harvest, the state of the crops and other subjects are well-known to all persons interested in agriculture.

Newspaper men will no doubt be pleased, and in an equal measure surprised, to learn that the veteran editor of Canada, familiarly termed the "Father of the Canadian press," Colonel Wylie, has once more donned the harness and again entered public life as editor of the *Daily Recorder*, of Brockville, the journal which he so many years edited and owned. Although now upward of seventy years of age, he still retains the hale vigor of early manhood, and wields as trenchant a pen as in the days of yore.

It is said that the Speaker of the English House of Commons, Mr. Brand, who has long displayed symptoms of weariness, and is breaking down under the severe discipline he has been made to undergo, has expressed a wish to retire at Easter or soon after. He has suffered recently severely from a cold. His voice is so exhausted that he can scarcely be heard, and he has grown so thin and emaciated that his medical advisers are unanimous in ordering him to take rest and hurry to the south while there is yet time.

It seems not to be known, even in foreign journals, that Mr. J. C. Mathew, who has just been raised to the English Bench, is a nephew of the Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew. He is the son of Mr. Charles Mathew, of Lehens, in the County of Cork, who was Father Mathew's brother. He was a very able mercantile lawyer, and is the second English judge raised to the Bench without having taken the rank of Queen's Counsel. He is the second Roman Catholic also raised to the Bench since the Reformation. The first was the late Sergeant Shee.

"Mr. Mackenzie is one of the very first debaters in Parliament, and his speaking not only indicates with what strong powers nature endowed him, but how much is within the reach of assiduous cultivation. No one, on hearing his first speech, could have believed he would ripen into a consummate master of parliamentary discussion. He is always ready, be the subject what it may. His vast stores of political knowledge have been amassed in the course of a life devoted to party warfare, on which probably an idle day never dawned. Mr. Forster, the present Secretary for Ireland, is the man he reminds me of; but he is readier than Mr. Forster, and has a better style and better delivery."—*N. F. Davin.*

Sir Garnet Wolseley, it is said, will be made a peer; and if so, his peerage will be the twelfth which Her Majesty has conferred on distinguished generals. Sir John Colborne and Sir John Keane were created severally Lord Seaton and Lord Keane in 1839. Sir Hussey Vivian was made Lord Vivian in 1840. Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were raised to the peerage in 1846; Lord Fitzroy Somerset was made Lord Raglan in 1852, and Sir Colin Campbell was made Lord Clyde in 1858. Sir Hugh Rose was created Lord Strathnairn in 1866; Sir Robert Napier, Lord Napier of Magdala, in 1868; Sir William Mansfield, Lord Sandhurst in 1871; and Sir Richard Airey, Lord Airey in 1876. Of these peerages only one, Lord Clyde's, is as yet extinct.

An English lady, accustomed to travelling abroad and able to converse fluently in the languages of the countries she visited, recently found herself alone in a railway carriage in Germany, when two foreigners entered with pipes in their mouths, smoking strong tobacco furiously. She quietly told them in their own language that it was not a smoking carriage, but they persisted in continuing to smoke, remarking that "it was the custom of the country," upon which the lady took from her pocket a pair of gloves and commenced cleaning them with benzoline. Her fellow-passengers expressed their disgust at the nauseous effluvium, when she remarked that "it was the custom of her country." She was soon left in sole possession of the carriage.—*London Truth.*

There was a battle-royal on the 12th of March at Bettisfield Park, Whitchurch, the seat of the late Lord Hanmer. The Hall was occupied by Major Sir Wyndham Edward Hanmer, Bart., brother to and heir of the late lord, who died on the 11th. On Saturday afternoon a Mr. Charles Hanmer, of Rhyl, accompanied by a number of men from the same place, obtained an entrance into the Hall under the pretence that he was the rightful heir to this very fine property. Major Sir W. E. Hanmer obtained the assistance of the Flintshire police, and amidst the greatest excitement the whole party were forcibly ejected and taken to the Hanmer and Overton police stations, where they were locked up. The body of the late Lord Hanmer only arrived at Bettisfield Park a few hours after the unseemly occurrence.

"Sir Charles Tupper's most distinguishing characteristic, like that of Mr. Blake's, is force. Though he has not the scholarship nor finish of Mr. Gladstone, it is with Mr. Gladstone, were I searching for a comparison, I should compare him. Yet they are dissimilar in so many ways that the choice does not seem happy. They are alike, however, in this: Extraordinary capacity for work, power of going from place to place, and making great speeches with little or no time for rest or study. Different in kind, his command of expression is as ready and effective as Mr. Gladstone's. He has the faculty of growth—the sure mark of a superior mind when found in a man over forty. He has, in recent years, soared beyond himself, and developed a lightness of touch which one would not have suspected to have been within his reach."—*N. F. Davin.*

The cable announces the death of the Sirdar Bahadur Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan, C.S.I., who was one of the most notable princes in India. He sided consistently with the British in their war of conquest against the tribes of the Northwest Provinces. His assistance to Lieutenant Reynell Taylor enabled that officer with a few untrained levies and two old cannon—the only shot for which were stones—to reduce by siege the fort of Lahi, which was defended by 500 men and ten guns. During the mutiny he placed his Mooltani horsemen at the service of the British; took part in no less than sixteen engagements, and all he received for his assistance was the title of Khan Bahadur, the Third Class Order of Merit, the Mutiny Medal and a pension of £60 a year. After the suppression of the revolt he went as British envoy to Cabul, and returned thither to open negotiations before the late Afghan war. Failing in this he retired to a small estate in the Bannu district. A Punjaub officer said of him, "Gholam Hussein Khan is a perfect gentleman, with chivalrous ideas of honor, a peacemaker among his equals, kind and benevolent to those under him. In soldier-like spirit there was not his superior in India."

"Mr. Blake, were he a man of ordinary force, would hardly deserve the name of an orator. The greatest, the most essential, gift for an orator is force, and this he has in the highest degree. 'Force,' says a great authority, 'is the sole characteristic excellence of an orator; it is almost the only one that can be of any service to him.' This is stating the case too strongly. Again, the same writer says: 'To be a great orator does not require the highest faculties of the human mind, but it requires the highest exertion of the common faculties of our nature.' Mr. Blake's intellect is strong, well equipped, quick. His mastery of facts is astonishing. He is hardly so successful when he deals with figures. His command of language leaves little to be desired for immediate effectiveness. But there is a total absence of literary tissue in his speeches, and, there being nothing to relieve the excellent monotony, they are not easy reading—and how speeches will read has become an important question in modern times. I have not the least doubt that, if Mr. Blake were to go into the English House of Commons now, he would in a very brief time be in a Liberal Ministry. The fight for the first place would soon be between him and Sir William Harcourt, and the result would be easy to forecast."—*N. F. Davin in the Canadian Monthly.*

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The Witness.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1881.

BUSINESS VS. THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN HAMILTON.

Very instructive reading are the opinions published in the Hamilton *Times* of business men in that city on the probable result of the passage of the Scott Act on the business of the city. Twenty-one firms were interviewed. Of these six were brewers and wine manufacturers, of whom four have German names; they all denounced the Act as calculated to destroy their business, which is precisely the purpose for which the Act is designed. Their testimony is excellent. Six other opinions were those of wholesale and retail grocers, all but one dealing in liquors. They are all opposed to the Act, as a matter of course. The one who had given up the liquor business was Mr. Adam Brown, who said that if all the wholesale grocers went out of the liquor business he did not think the grocery trade would be diminished. The fact seems to have escaped the other grocers—or, at least, the *Times* did not mention it—that if they sold less liquor under prohibition they might sell enough more groceries to make up the loss. We presume the difficulty with them is that the profits would not be so great on the groceries as they are on the liquors. Another opinion was that of a cigar manufacturer, who is opposed to the Act. This also will not astonish observers of the close connection between tobacco and whiskey. Finance ministers in all countries are accustomed to put the two articles on about the same footing in constructing their excise and tariff systems. There remain, then, only eight firms interviewed who have no apparent interest in the liquor traffic, and whose opinions alone are entitled to any weight on a question of this kind. Of the eight, four were opposed and four were in favor of the Act. Of the four opponents, one was a dealer in musical instruments, one in dry goods, one was a vinegar manufacturer, and the other a hardware dealer. The four firms in favor of the Act were: Wood & Leggat, wholesale hardware merchants; R. M. Wanzer & Co., sewing machine manufacturers; E. & C. Gurney, stove manufacturers and Copp Bros., stove and implement manufacturers. Two of these firms have a Dominion reputation, and we are greatly mistaken if the four firms who are in favor of prohibition do not employ more labor than all the other seventeen firms combined. In addition to the above, the *Times* gives the opinions of the dealers in wall paper, without mentioning names, as being favorable to the Act from a business point of view. It must have struck most readers of the *Times* that it made an extremely limited canvass of the business firms of the city—or does it wish the outside world to believe that the brewing and liquor dealing interest overshadows all the other business interests in that ambitious city? Perhaps, however, the *Times*, in giving so much prominence to the opinions of the liquor interest, wished to show the citizens of Hamilton to how great an extent the opposition to the Act is confined to the identical business it is proposed to abolish. Why have we not also opinions of the boot and shoe dealers, the wholesale or retail dealers in, or manufacturers of, clothing, the furniture manufacturers and dealers, the booksellers, or any other of the hundred of useful and legitimate industries, every one of which is directly injured by the liquor traffic? These honest tradesmen are well aware that the $250,000 or $300,000 now spent annually in Hamilton for drink, would, under prohibition, be diverted to their own counters. Not only would they gain what the liquor-seller would lose, but a great deal more than that, since men earn much more when they are sober than when they drink, and consequently will have much more money to spend toward making their homes comfortable and their families happy. On this point we reproduce the striking testimony of Messrs. W. J. and Anthony Copp, of Hamilton, as published in the *Times*: "The "passage of the Scott Act will increase the "manufacturing power here and thus draw "more people to the city. It is true that a "few buildings now used as taverns will "be vacated, but they will be afterward occupied by men engaged in honest industry. "Farmers and many other outsiders will be "induced to come to the city, and their "children will be brought here to be educated on account of the higher moral tone "consequent on the passage of the Act. "The labor-producing power of the city will "be increased. Five percent is an extremely "moderate estimate of the increase which "will follow. Men will take better care of "their families and there will be more money "for the legitimate requirements of the "family. Merchants will gain vastly by "having fewer bad debts as a result of the "adoption of the Act." Whatever the personal practice of the individual members of these four great firms may be, with the exception of a junior, none of them are publicly known to be connected with any total abstinence society, so that their testimony must be accepted as that of men who have looked at the matter in a broader sense than total abstainers are generally credited with doing.

PARTY SPIRIT.

In an age and country in which party spirit is always spoken of as an evil, blinding men's judgment on national issues, one naturally takes a questioning interest in any movement to increase it. In the matter of organization, Liberals are generally weaker than Conservatives. A party held together by interests has a natural cohesiveness, while one composed of men governed by ideas has in it all the time the elements of disintegration. Organization has for some years, under the leadership principally of Mr. Chamberlain, of Birmingham, been the watchword of the Liberal party in England, the result having been a triumph. The same ideas seem to have taken hold of the analagous party in this country. Since Mr. Blake's former visit to this city the younger members of the Reform party have been busy organizing themselves into what appears at the moment to be a very powerful club. Last week, with the countenance of their chief, the whole party is understood to have organized itself into a Reform Association. There is one thing to be said in favor of such organizations, and that is the more the citizens themselves take the management the more they will dispossess that sponging parasite thing known in the United States as "the machine." Parasites can only live on morbid organisms. The miserable clique which has for some time assumed to be and been permitted to act as Reform party in Montreal has now, we presume, disappeared. The new organizations will have to see to it that they remain really healthy and representative, or they will degenerate in like manner. The question is how is all this partyism going to end. Instead of seeing it decrease it is growing greater and bids fair to do so so long as our present system of government continues. Our great thinkers have the problem revolving in their minds. One thinks that the domination of party can be got rid of by selecting the Cabinet from the various elements represented in the House and not from one party. Mr. Blake foreshadowed the time when a different system of election shall prevail whereby Parliament would represent much more exactly the feeling of the country. As it is, a majority of a few hundred votes in the whole country will often give a Government such a preponderance in the House as to paralyze all discussion. The new system was to be one also whereby minorities should be represented. The effect of this would be that Parliament would be made up of men of strong individuality rather than to a large extent of available nonentities, whose chief merit is that they have never become publicly known for any acts or opinions which offend any section of their fellow-citizens. Such a system would probably weaken partyism both in the country and in the House—in the country because men and not party would be the issue at the polls, and in the House because it would be composed of men and not mere party followers.

LORD DUFFERIN AS AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY.

It has been said that there were in the whole British service only two available men to whom the Government could look with any degree of confidence successfully to execute their plans. These were Lord Dufferin for diplomatic service, and Sir Garnet Wolseley for the army, both of whom won their first laurels of any account in Canada. But then this was said just after Sir Austen Layard and before Mr. Goschen, after Lord Chelmsford and before Sir Frederick Roberts. Besides these there are now other rising men in both services, but still to these two, who have been so far successful in everything they have undertaken, the English people, and in a somewhat less degree, the English Government, still look in times of difficulty. There was a good deal of murmuring because Sir Frederick Roberts was sent to Africa instead of Sir Garnet Wolseley, but this was quieted in part by the consideration that Sir Garnet could not be sent to the Cape to conduct a war which, however, successfully it would end, could have no other result than that of compelling him to swallow his own words of a year ago, and moreover, Sir Garnet was needed, so it is said in the House of Lords, to which he is to be raised, to explain and defend Mr. Childers' new army scheme. Mr. Goschen has not been absolutely successful in Constantinople, but he has certainly done better than could have been expected. The Montenegrins got Dulcigno without striking a blow, and the Porte has been brought to the point of offering Greece at least such concessions as the Ambassadors have been willing to accept, and to agree upon jointly recommending and even urging upon Greece to accept. Greece appears bound to go to war rather than accept anything short of her just claims, but this does not alter the fact that, principally through Mr. Goschen's efforts, a possible settlement has been proposed by the Porte. However it ends, therefore, Mr. Goschen's mission has been successful, and it appears that it has now come to an end, that Sir Austen Layard is not to return, and that another man is to take this supremely important post. Of course Lord Dufferin has been chosen. He is about the only available man. But apart from his general fitness, he is especially fitted for the successful accomplishment of the fresh tasks which have to be undertaken at Constantinople. About two years ago he replaced Lord Loftus at the Czar's Court, principally because the era of hostility to Russia which Lord Loftus so well served was to be succeeded by one of at least outward peace and good will, and Lord Dufferin has fulfilled this mission most successfully. At Constantinople, however, his work will be of a different character. The reforms in Armenia, promised by the Treaty of Berlin, have never been carried out, in spite of all the promises the Sultan has made, and in spite of the extreme urgency of both the late and the last British ambassador. If there is anything that a Turkish Sultan dislikes more than being compelled to restore provinces to other kingdoms, it is making reforms in the government of the provinces over which he rules. He would almost rather give them away than reform them. Armenia is probably the worst governed province even in Asia. Petty internecine wars are always going on, the administration of justice is hardly attempted, while the administration of injustice flourishes greatly. The heavy taxes which are levied on the people are made a great deal heavier by the system of farming them to usurers who exact double or treble the proper amount, only limiting their demands by the ability of the people to pay. Turkey has promised time and again to commence reforming all this, but she never has commenced. It will be Lord Dufferin's task to get the Sultan to work, by some means, though what these means are is not very clear, seeing that Britain is not likely to guarantee any more loans at present, nor is she likely to use force. If anybody can bring about a change Lord Dufferin will. He is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and his name is a power throughout that part of Asia. When the Syrian Christians were massacred in 1859 and the Mohammedans were carrying things with a high hand, Lord Dufferin was sent out by Lord Palmerston, and he quickly brought order out of chaos, humbling the insolent Pashas, and even punishing some of them. It is to be hoped that he will succeed as well in his new mission.

A PIVOTAL CONTEST.

The most important temperance election ever held in Canada will take place in Hamilton on the 13th of April on the question of the adoption of the Scott Act. Hamilton is a flourishing city of thirty or thirty-five thousand inhabitants, constituting as enlightened and progressive an urban community as can be found anywhere. For over a year the Scott Act has been the engrossing topic of discussion. The temperance party are well organized, and are being assisted by Prof. Foster, of New Brunswick, under whose direction a paper called the *Scott Act Herald* is being published during the campaign. This is found the more necessary, as of the local papers the *Spectator* is hostile and the *Times* neutral. The opposition of the *Spectator* has been able and persistent, and must have damaged the prohibition cause a good deal in the minds of those who look at the subject only superficially, or who are governed much by its opinion. If the Act is adopted in Hamilton the temperance party will be encouraged to try it in other cities, perhaps in Toronto and St. John. If it is defeated, while the result may somewhat defer the attempt in other cities, the fight will still go on in the rural constituencies. But whatever the issue of the election, the fact that the public mind has been intently turned to the problem of dealing with the liquor traffic will be productive of immense future good. Canadians will not have to study this question long before they realize the utter absurdity, the essential barbarism of sanctioning by law the common sale of poisonous and maddening liquor. All the moral and intellectual forces of our age are tending toward that result, and whether the public opinion of Hamilton is yet sufficiently enlightened to abolish the license system or not, that it will do so before many years we have not the shadow of a doubt. The election in Hamilton derives additional importance from the fact that it is immediately followed by Scott Act elections in the counties of Halton and Wentworth on the 19th and 22nd of April respectively. These two wealthy and populous counties lie adjoining the city of Hamilton, on either side, and the issue in each of them will doubtless be more or less affected by the result in the city. Both the temperance party and the liquor party see that the Act will be more effective in the city if it also prevails in the adjoining counties, while if it is rejected in the city and adopted in the counties, its beneficial results in portions of the counties will be lessened on account of the facilities for procuring liquor which will exist in the neighboring city. The advantages to the operation of the Act of a more extended prohibited area are so evident as to redouble the exertions of both its friends and foes. We see it stated that the brewers, distillers and wholesale liquor dealers of Western Ontario have contributed liberally to secure the defeat of the Act in these three constituencies, and well they may, for if it were carried in these places the prohibitory movement would receive an immense impetus throughout the province, and we should not likely hear any more of either the Boultbee or the Almon amendments at the next session of Parliament.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD has aroused the ire of Senator Conkling, and the latter has apparently become openly hostile. When the President constituted his Cabinet, he showed his determination to be free from machine rule. The circumstances attending his nomination at the Chicago Convention when he was elected by the Blaine men, who preferred him to President Grant, enabled him to take this stand. Mr. Blaine was placed at the head of the Cabinet, while Mr. Windom, who was also a candidate for the Republican nomination, was given the second position. The only man who could be supposed to have been appointed out of consideration to Senator Conkling, the controller of the machine in the Empire State, was Mr. James, the Postmaster-General, who was, however, allowed on all hands to be the man best fitted for the position, having already achieved an honorable celebrity in the Department. It was not to his political tenets but to his great ability, probity and success in his office as Postmaster of New York that he owed his appointment. On the other hand Mr. McVeagh, the Attorney General, was the strong opponent of the machine in his State, Pennsylvania. The machine men have, therefore, had good reason to complain, though it is doubtful whether many but themselves and those connected with them have cause to be grieved therefor. Close upon this has followed the removal of Collector Merritt, a Conkling man, from the New York Custom House, and his appointment as Consul-General to London. In his place Judge Robertson, a Blaine man, was appointed. This is the immediate cause of Mr. Conkling's wrath. As the Collector controls the entire patronage of the Custom House, he has also the control of the machine, which will then have passed from the hands of Mr. Conkling. It is said that Senator Conkling could, in the present state of matters in the Senate, defeat the confirmation of the President's nomination. This is what he is said to threaten, but he will probably prefer remaining quiet within, thus causing a split in his own party. The President does not lack firmness of character, and if Senator Conkling shows fight it is not improbable that he will get enough of it.

POLITICAL STRIFE is at an end for the time in England, as members of both parties await with bated breath the result of the struggle between the powers of life and death in the somewhat lonely home of the ex-Prime Minister of England. There is apparently very little hope entertained by his physicians that he will recover, and, considering the nature of the disease and the Earl of Beaconsfield's age, there is nothing to inspire the hope that they may be surprised by a different result, as physicians so often are. Lord Beaconsfield is seventy-six years of age, the oldest active statesman in Europe, and, if we except Prince Gortschakoff, the oldest statesman, active or inactive. Mr. Gladstone, who has been in serious danger twice within a short time, is four years younger than his great opponent, for whose severe illness he shows so great a solicitude. Prince Bismarck, who still bears the heavy burden of the ever-increasing burden of state in Germany, and who shows at times that it is becoming almost greater than he can bear, is ten years younger than Lord Beaconsfield. The Earl of Beaconsfield has displayed so much keen humor and sprightliness in his speeches and writings, and has been so daring and ingenious in his policy, that those who know him and other statesmen almost solely by their speeches, writings, and public acts, and these form a great majority, are inclined to regard the great English magician as a much younger man than either of the great statesmen who alone can be compared to him in point of prominence. Mr. Gladstone's characteristic is intense earnestness, while that of Prince Bismarck is perhaps iron firmness, either of which draw forth the feeling of veneration and respect due to age, which has perhaps unjustly been withheld from one who has shown more of the volatile side of his character.

ON EVERY POLITICAL QUESTION in England there are two distinct and, more often than not, contradictory cable reports published in the American papers. One is the Liberal opinion written by a Liberal sympathizer, who understand and appreciates Mr. Gladstone's strength in the country, and the other, the Conservative opinion, written probably by a correspondent who judges of the feeling of the country by the feeling of London, a very great mistake indeed, since the last reform of the franchise. Upon the question of the evacuation of Candahar, to which the Tories of London are so bitterly opposed, the Conservative news writer states that a strong feeling is rising against the Government. There is no doubt that such feeling is strong among the ultra-Imperialists, who, now that the famous scientific frontier has been proved perfectly useless, are naturally vexed that the only fruits of the very costly campaign in which about £20,000,000 was spent, have to be thrown away. We doubt very much that the feeling is very strong among reasonable people. Generals Stewart and Roberts, who have each won deserved renown by the Afghan campaign, and particularly by that part of the campaign of which Candahar was the focus, and both of whom have good cause to know the relative positions, from a military point of view, of Candahar and Quettah, of Candahar and Herat, and of Candahar and Cabul, are opposed to the retention of Candahar. General Sir Garnet Wolseley sees no strategetical value in it, and Lord Chelmsford spoke against its retention in the House the other day. The maintenance of a considerable force separated by four hundred miles of desert and gorge from the distant Indian outpost of Quettah, would be both costly and dangerous. The English people, therefore, are not likely so anxious to throw away good money after bad in such a glaringly foolish way.

A FEW DAYS AGO it was said that the refusal of the lower house of the Reichsrath to pass a resolution of regret for the death of the Czar and of condolence to the Imperial family of Russia ended all prospects of any attempt at a triple alliance under the new Czar, such as that effected under Alexander II. a couple of years ago. It was generally supposed, too, that Alexander III. was opposed to Germany, and was especially hostile to the Bismarckian policy. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that mutual interests have brought the heads of the three nations into accord for the time at least. Emperor Francis Joseph and the Imperial family of Austria have been very warm in their expressions of condolence and of regret over the death of the Czar, and the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have also been deeply moved by the death of the Czar, and have expressed warm sympathy with the new ruler. The Crown Prince of Prussia had a special meeting with Alexander III. at his urgent request. Now it is announced that the three Emperors will meet during the summer at Ems, and that they will be accompanied each by his special adviser. The alliance will be one, however, which will have little or no influence on international questions. They are not at one upon these subjects. The common bond between these great heads is merely the existence in their kingdoms of a social element which is very dangerous to them. They no doubt wish to take united action upon this subject. England and other Powers have also been appealed to, but there is little inclination on the part of these to enter an international agreement in a matter with which each nation should deal itself.

A RADICAL WAY they have of doing things "away down in Tennessee," if we may judge from the manner in which the "Four-mile "Temperance Law" is enforced. This law provides that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold within four miles of any chartered educational institution, and as a great many small towns stood in the way of the proper working of the act, the State Legislature has revoked their charters. It is a good thing to keep the great demoralizer Rum four miles away from the young, especially during the most susceptible period of their lives for good or evil, and growing up as doubtless they will with a wholesome horror of the accursed thing, the probability is that four miles will be a great deal too near to suit them hereafter. It is evident indeed from the change that is taking place in public opinion throughout this continent that the day is not far off when the average man will not have the "moral courage" to run a saloon, the "duty" will consequently devolve upon "the lowest "of the people," and under such circumstances the "trade" will prove such a nuisance and expense to civic and general governments that in sheer self-defence they will be obliged to place such restrictions upon it that finally, after having made one great dying struggle, it will collapse, asphyxiated by its heretofore kind protectors.

THERE ARE NEW DEVELOPMENTS about the Syndicate. It seems their unlimited right to build branches covers not only Manitoba and the North-West, but also Ontario. They have as yet no main-line in Ontario. We have ventured to prophecy that they will not make one. The form of their contract with Government gave at least a very broad hint that they never intended to build the section from Nipissing to Fort William. But they are at liberty, it seems, to make branches from any point of the line that was to be, and according to a cable despatch this morning the first thing they have resolved to do is to build a "branch" to Sault Ste. Marie. There will surely be weeping and wailing in the loyal ranks of the Conservatives, which were held together against many misgivings by the declaration that the Grits proposed to build their line by the Sault, while the Syndicate line was to run through Canadian wildernesses all the way, and now the very first thing we learn is that the Syndicate is grit too and means to build its line by the Sault. The same telegram informs us that there is to be a branch line down to the boundary at the Souris, which we also foretold, and which will necessarily connect with a line belonging to the same proprietors, now being urged through North-westward from Minneapolis, by which all our North-West business will have an easy exit to the United States.

IT IS NOW SAID that the East Northumberland election has no meaning upon the railway or that of protection, as both of these issues were sunk out of sight in Mr. Crouter's address to the electors—that he conquered on local and personal grounds. Now we have another election to record. Carleton was one of the chief Conservative strongholds in New Brunswick. At the last election, when most of the New Brunswick counties voted for free trade, this one gave a large majority for protection. Dr. Connell, the brother of the late member, was from personal and family reasons a strong man. He expected to walk the course, and his friends laughed at the idea of opposition. Opposition came, however, in the person of "a backwoods farmer," named Irvine, who said he was not going to spend a cent of money, but he wanted the people to have a chance to protest against the enormously bad bargain made by the Government with the Pacific Syndicate and against protection. These subjects formed the burden of every speech. To the astonishment of those who think the people of Canada may be made to swallow anything Mr. Irvine has been elected.

NEWFOUNDLAND has at length decided for a railway across the island, its Government having accepted the offer of an American syndicate to build the railway for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars per year for thirty-five years and a million acres of land. The colony had the benefit of competition in making its bargain with railway men, so that the arrangement may be presumed to have been made without wholesale surrender of the people's interests and the future well-being of the Province. About the time the present session of the Legislature assembled, there arrived in St. John's the representatives of two syndicates—Mr. E. W. Plunkett, formerly of the firm of Shanly & Plunkett, Montreal, representing a company of Canadian capitalists, and Mr. A. L. Blackman, representing an American company, both of whom at once laid proposals for building the railway before the Government. As the terms briefly telegraphed as having been accepted from Mr. Blackman differ from those appearing in his original proposal, we cannot give a synopsis of the bargain made further than the above statement, until the arrival of Newfoundland papers containing particulars.

THE BANQUET to Mr. Blake proves conclusively, and we hope for all the future, that a dinner at which wines are not provided will be not only as successful, but more successful than one of the old kind. Numbers are of course increased by the lower cost, while the character of the attendance is not lowered, but rather elevated by the change. There were hundreds of excellent citizens present last night who would certainly not have been there had it been a drinking banquet. We shall be glad to see the time when wines shall be banished altogether. As it was, all being free to act as they chose, the great majority left them entirely alone. The difference of moral weight between a gathering like this and one from which the best men are excluded is also worth the consideration of those who have such matters in hand. The lack of vinous enthusiasm will be deplored by some, but of that it may be said that, though it may add to the noise, it is liable to detract from the dignity of an occasion.

THE BAD INFLUENCE of "dime literature" is daily illustrated by accounts of escapades by boys while suffering from the effects of this pernicious reading. Our telegraphic despatches this morning give the case of the sons of two New York farmers, who, after robbing their parents, have started, armed to the teeth, for the West, in search of adventure. Our boys in Canada also suffer from this literature of sugar-coated crime. An instance occurred not long ago where the ambition created by ten-cent novels, to figure as thieves and robbers, brought a dozen boys together into the criminal dock of an assize court, and shortly afterward, in an adjoining county, a morbid love of adventure, originating from the same source it was said, led two young men into midnight raids upon orchards and dairies that ended in one of them receiving his death-wound from a shot-gun. The only efficient way of dealing with this vice of sensational reading is to cultivate in the young an appetite for healthy mental food.

A PLAN FOR THE REGISTRATION of the state of health has been prepared at the request of a committee of the Canada Medical Association by Mr. Thomas W. Monk, of the Meteorological Office, Toronto, and is now under the consideration of the Dominion Government. The benefits to be derived from the accumulated experience of a large number of physicians thus obtained are expected to be very great, and the prevention of epidemics spreading will be fairly ensured. The influence of the weather upon health will be shown by these statistics, it being well known that the death rate is remarkably connected with the changes in the weather. Some system of health registration is needed, as without it public health cannot, according to Dr. Lyon Playfair, the great sanitary authority, be administered with full intelligence. The medical men of this country have long been agitating this question, and strong hopes are entertained that the Government will be able to meet their views.

IF THE "WITNESS" were to advise the murder of any of our leading divines or merchants we presume it would be open to criminal prosecution, and we are sure the public would hold that such prosecution was no breach of the liberty of the press. If the *Scottish American*, a journal published in New York, but influential largely in Canada, were to give such advice we presume criminal action would lie against it in American courts, notwithstanding the fact that the crime advised was to be committed in a foreign country—certainly the moral aspect of the case would not be changed, and the liberty of the press would not be a valid excuse for such atrocity. We do not think, then, that the prosecution of a paper for the crime of inciting to murder and other crimes should be reckoned an assault on the liberties of the press. If the press is at liberty to counsel murder, is there anything it may not do?

THE READERS of the WITNESS are now familiar with Mrs. McDougall in her new role of correspondent for the press. Her charming powers of description she has already had opportunity to prove, and the frank simplicity of her accounts have already carried with them the conviction that we should have a truthful tale as soon as the troubled districts should be reached. In her last letter she writes from the wilds of Donegal, the scene of the brutal murder of Lord Leitrim, which was one of the early episodes of the agitation. In forming a true estimate of the course the Irish people are pursuing, it is necessary to know the circumstances which have given it birth, and of these none are more important than the mutual relations between landlord and tenant. In the case of the late Earl of Leitrim we have an instance of the extreme oppression which, in some instances, does much to account for agrarian crime.

CIDER has been placed in the category of intoxicating drinks by the Connecticut Legislature, and rightly, too, in the opinion of many. In the cider producing districts of the United States and Europe, the people are neither noted for health nor prosperity, which is attributed to the habits engendered by excessive cider drinking, while it is asserted by some that the desire for stronger liquor is provoked. As certain ciders are also very apt to disagree with some constitutions, it would appear best, taking all things into consideration, to leave it alone or make vinegar out of it, though cider vinegar is a little too sharp for some people. Perhaps it would be better still to eat the apples, and when a country produces more than enough for its own use, export them. An apple in India, for instance, is regarded as great a luxury as grapes are in Canada in winter, if not more so. Send the apples to India instead of converting them into cider.

"SOME FRIENDS" persuaded Philip Quinn, while waiting for the train at Hull on Saturday night, to take a drink, which was of course followed by several others, and while in a drowsy state he left them and wandered on to the track, the result being the loss of his life under the most painful circumstances. The feelings of those who first urged poor Quinn to drink are not to be envied. Will they profit by this terrible lesson, resolving never again themselves to partake of the cup in which there is death, nor to tempt others to do so? This is their solemn duty, and in no other way can they hope to atone for their offence in indirectly causing the death of a fellow creature hurried into the presence of his Maker drunk.

THE MORTALITY of the city of New York at present is unparalleled, pulmonary and febrile affections being exceptionally great. The press and public attribute this excessive mortality to filthy streets, defective sewerage and bad ventilation. It is also announced that for the first time in the history of the city, true spotted typhus, which only originates where great filth abounds, has made its appearance. Our civic authorities should take a lesson from this and see, now that spring, with its hot sun, is upon us, that the backyards and streets are put in decent condition, for with all New York's sanitary faults, it is said to be under better management than Montreal in this respect.

THE ISLE OF MAN is now the isle of woman. It has enfranchised female owners of property and added nearly five hundred names to the voting register. Elections are shortly to be held, and when the new Tynwald meets, a movement will be begun for a further extension of the franchise to women who are occupiers. We do not know what proportion of the women of Massachusetts have been demanding this change, but in municipal corporations whose interests are chiefly those of property, it seems only proper that all properties should be equally represented.

THE LYNCHING OF PRISONERS by mobs of men in the Southern and Western States has given an unenviable repute to that section of the United States which Tennessee is at least determined no longer to merit, a bill having passed the Legislature to the effect that any sheriff who suffers a prisoner in his hands to be taken by a mob shall forfeit his position. As there is good reason to believe that many sheriffs have, if not wilfully aided or abetted, at all events made but poor endeavor to hold on to prisoners, this law may make them a little more zealous in performing their duty hereafter.

MR. HENRY VARLEY'S CANDIDATURE in Northampton is, we think, more likely to lessen Mr. Bradlaugh's chances than those of the Conservative candidate. He was formerly a butcher, and will appeal strongly to the very classes who support Mr. Bradlaugh from political motives, and he has plenty of energy and of that rough and ready sort of eloquence which is necessary to the success of a popular candidate. On the other hand extremely few Conservatives are likely to vote for Mr. Varley in preference to an ordinary Conservative candidate. His principal object is probably to keep Mr. Bradlaugh out.

ACCORDING to a telegram the London *Times* has discovered that there is too much strong liquor drunk in England. Indeed? Who would have thought it? What is the *Times* going to do about this discovery? Hitherto when the people have asked for the privilege of abating this evil in such localities as specially felt it, Parliament has always refused them, and the *Times* has derided them. What plan does the *Times* propose, to remedy the matter? We await the arrival of the paper to learn.

THE OLD LATIN PROVERB that the gods first make mad those whom they wish to destroy, is surely applicable to Mr. Parnell, if there is a particle of truth in the cable despatch referring to the rumors of an anticipated rising in Ireland. It is said that Mr. Parnell's attitude is regarded with disquietude, and that his visits to Paris are inexplicable. If this means anything it means that Mr. Parnell is plotting treason and rebellion.

A MEMBER of the New York Legislature proposes that hereafter in all cities of over one hundred thousand population the rate of wages shall be two dollars per day, and requires the municipal authorities to enforce it. If this proposition were to become law it would not be long before such cities became groups of empty houses. The opinion of many people that there are altogether too many "legislators" is not without reason.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND GOVERNMENT deserve great credit for the course they have decided to adopt, as indicated in the resolution they have caused to be adopted by the Legislature, with regard to the Legislative Council question. An appeal to the country can be effective on this question in Prince Edward Island, as there the Legislative Council is elective.

LITERARY REVIEW.

NOT PREHISTORIC.

A very interesting volume of archæological enquiry is composed of ten of the Rhind lectures, delivered in 1876 and 1878, by Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Scottish Academy and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The title of this volume, *The Past in the Present; What is Civilization?* (Harper Bros.), is a very appropriate one, as it relates to the occasions when rude and primitive stages of certain arts are known and practised among a civilized people, whose ability to advance beyond these stages cannot be doubted, and it throws discredit on certain theories which have been ingeniously built on the discovery of remains in caves, &c. Dr. Mitchell in 1864, visiting Fettar, one of the Shetland Islands, observed a little boy making a stone whorl for his mother's spindle. Spindles thus made were found in general use in that locality, the whorls being similar to those

which are to be found in every museum of antiquities and which, when dug from the earth are called "Adder Stones" by the ignorant. Thus, says Dr. Mitchell, the most primitive of all known methods of spinning is thus found holding its place among a people who have for generations been spinning by the aid of the most complex machinery—an art in its rudest state side by side with that art in its greatest perfection, both practised by the same people, the same in race, the same in capacity, the same in civilization, and from many points of view, the same in culture. "If," he says, "the woman I speak of were suddenly entombed, spindle in hand, and if centuries after she were exhumed, when nothing remained of her but her bones and her whorl, some zealous antiquary might show one reason at least for relegating her to pre-historic times." Dr. Mitchell shows farther that the more complicated and perfect forms of any art are not necessarily, or even probably the latest, as contrivances deteriorate rapidly when supplanted by a superior art or contrivance, as, for example, manuscripts no longer exhibited painstaking and taste when the art of printing began to be practised. An old woman in Inverness, living within a couple of hours' drive of a spinning mill and tweed factory, was found busily manufacturing yarn with a spindle weighted with a potato instead of a stone whorl, and she had never even seen a whorl. This showed the natural degradation of an art which is dying out. Dr. Mitchell then tells of the manufacture of rude pottery in the Hebrides, and says:

Here was a woman, living in a wretched and perishable hut, built (without cement) of unquarried and unshaped stones, busily manufacturing just such pottery as was made by the early pre-historic inhabitants of Scotland—just such pottery as is now made by some of the most degraded savages in the world—yet her comforts and wants were ministered to not only by the great towns in England, but by the Indies, China and America. If we buried her—house and all—what might a digging on the spot disclose a century hence!—her bones, her whorl, her quern, and her craggans. That Sheffield, Manchester, India, China and America had sent her of their products and manufactures, there would remain no evidence. There might be a puzzle, however, about the contribution from Staffordshire—the broken crockery—and perhaps as the consequence, an ingenious speculation about an early and a late occupation of the ruined hut by successive people at long intervals and in different stages of progress and culture.

Similar very interesting facts concerning the modern use of the quern, the *knockin' stane*, the foot plough, the one-stilted plough, the home-made bone button and a number of similar antiquities are also given, with an account of the black houses and bee-hive houses of the Hebrides, and the cairns which are still built to the memory of dead in parts of Scotland. The sixth lecture is devoted to the curious superstitious practices still, or recently, to be found in Scotland. These are the carrying of fire round houses, fields, boats, &c., on the last night of the year, the burning of a live cock for the cure of epilepsy, the sacrifice of a bull on the 25th of August, St. Mourie's day, near Dingwall, the adoration of wells and the value attached to charm stones. These superstitions occur among people who are by no means specially ignorant and uncultivated, but it is difficult to find out much about them, as they are generally practised with secrecy and spoken of unwillingly. The last four lectures are devoted to the question, "What is civilization?" and there is a voluminous appendix containing many additional facts. The volume is plentifully illustrated, which adds greatly to its interest and value. (Dawson Bros.)

TROLLOPE ON CICERO.

That prolific novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope, has surprised the literary world by a two volume *Life of Cicero* (Harper Bros.), inspired by an enthusiastic admiration of the orator, and a desire to defend him from the attacks of such modern writers as Mr. Froude and Mr. Forsyth, and the belittling comments of Macaulay and Dean Merivale. Mr. Trollope's enthusiasm for his subject is thus expressed:

It is not only that Cicero has touched all matters of interest to men, and has given a new grace to all that he has touched; that as an orator, a rhetorician, an essayist and a correspondent, he was supreme; that as a statesman he was honest, as an advocate fearless, and as a governor pure; that he was a man whose intellectual part always dominated that of the body; that in taste he was excellent, in thought both correct and enterprising, and that in language he was perfect. * * * But there was a humanity in Cicero, a something almost of Christianity, a stepping forward out of the dead intellectualities of Roman life into moral perceptions, into natural affections, into domesticity, philanthropy and conscious discharge of duty, which do not seem to have been as yet fully appreciated. To have loved his neighbor as himself before the teaching of Christ was much for a man to achieve; and that he did this is what I claim for Cicero, and hope to bring home to the minds of those who can find time for reading yet another added to the constantly increasing volumes about Roman times.

The keen delight which Mr. Trollope, as a novelist, shows in dissecting character and analyzing motive is equally manifest in his work when he undertakes the task of historian, and his studies in English statesmanship serve him in good stead while depicting the state of things at Rome during a period which was the "very turning point of civilization and government in the history of the world." In discussing the character of a man, says Mr. Trollope, there is no course of error so fertile as the drawing of a hard and fast line.

To expect a man to be the same at sixty as he was at thirty is to suppose that the sun at noon shall be graced with the colors which adorn its setting. And there are men whose intellects are set on so fine a pivot that a variation in the breeze of the moment, which coarser minds shall not feel, will carry them round with a rapidity which baffles the common eye. The man who saw his duty clearly on this side in the morning, shall before the evening come recognize it on the other; and then again, and again, and yet again the vane shall go round. * * In judging of such a character as this, a hard and fast line will certainly lead us astray. In judging of Cicero, such a hard and fast line has too generally been used. He was a man singularly sensitive to all influences. It must be admitted that he was a vane, turning on a pivot finer than those on which statesmen have generally been made to work. He had none of the fixed purpose of Cæsar, or the unflinching principle of Cato. They were men cased in brass, whose feelings nothing could hurt. They suffered from none of those inward flutterings of the heart, doubtful aspirations, human longings, sharp sympathies, dreams of something better than this world, fears of something worse which make Cicero so like a well-bred polished gentleman of the present day. It is because he was so little like a Roman that he is of all the Romans the most attractive.

These volumes are fascinating and instructive. The popular style in which they are written will make them attractive to those who in general care little for classical subjects, and in the future there is a chance that the personality of Cicero may be considered more interesting by the college student than it has been in the past. (Dawson Bros.)

PERIODICALS.

An article of special interest at this time in the *International Review* for April is one entitled "The Last Trial of Russian Nihilists," by Madame Z. Ragozin, a Russian lady residing in New York. This is the first of a contemplated series, the facts of which are drawn from original stenographic reports of the trial. A paper on "Improvements in Prison Discipline" is contributed by A. S. Meyrick, who was the working member of a commission on prison labor appointed by Governor McClellan, of New Jersey, in 1879. "The First American Bishop" is an account of the life and work of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., who was appointed Bishop of Connecticut about one hundred years ago, and was the first bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. In this number is concluded Edwin Arnold's new poem, "The Iliad of India," which was commenced in the January number. Other papers are, "Statutes Regulating the Practice of Medicine," by Ernest W. Cushing, M.D.; "Schurz's Administration of the Interior Department," by Henry L. Nelson, and "Francis Lieber," by President D. C. Gilman.

(A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.)

Cassell's Popular Educator: A new and revised edition of this popular work is being prepared, the first number of which is now ready. In view of the great acquisitions which have recently been made in all branches of knowledge, and the increase during late years of the number of readers, the publishers considered that a new edition was needed. The papers of the former issues have been revised, corrected and brought up to date. In this number are lessons in geography, grammar, history, French, botany, art, animal physiology, elocution, book-keeping and penmanship. Issued by the same firm is *Old and New Edinburgh* a narrative of the history, people and places of the "Modern Athens." The first number containing a large number of illustrations is now ready. To be obtained from F. E. Grafton, St. James street.

A very important part of the *Girls' Own Paper* is the space devoted to household matters. In the March number there is the first instalment of "The Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper," by Dora Hope; an article on decorating and furnishing a drawing-room, by Madame de Lorraine; "Seasonable Dress and How to Make It;" besides a chapter on embroidery, one on point lace work, and several columns of "Useful Hints," a large number of which are recipes for cooking. Among the other articles, besides the serial stories are "Clasped Hands," a Scottish story of the past generation; "A Brave Woman," "How to Rear Fowls," and "The Queen's Domestic Life." Published at the "Leisure Hour" office, London. Canadian publishers Wm. Warwick & Son, Toronto.

Wide Awake for April opens with a frontispiece of a sunny spring day drawn to illustrate a poem by Mrs. L. C. Whiton, called "A Joyous Little Maid." Two very old rhymes appear here in a new dress, the story of "Little Miss Muffet" and "Mother Hubbard," the latter being called "The True Story of Mother Hubbard in 1881;" the former is illustrated with three engravings. A story that will interest both boys and girls is "How Logs go to Mill," by Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels, illustrated by four cuts. Among other stories are "The Quaker Wedding," "The Story of a Good Little Mother," and "The Bandit's Cave," all with illustrations. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)

MR. BLAKE'S SPEECH IN MONTREAL.

The following is the speech delivered by Mr. Blake on the 29th inst. at the banquet tendered him by the Liberals of Montreal:

The Hon. Mr. BLAKE on rising was greeted by the audience with the greatest enthusiasm, all present rising and cheering for several minutes. He said: I beg to return you, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, my most grateful and heartfelt thanks for the kindness of the terms in which you, sir, have been pleased to propose, and this distinguished company have been good enough to accept, the toast of my health. I am very conscious, sir, that all this is due to your kindness of heart, and that it is from the warmth of your affection to the cause we are met together to promote, that these expressions of sympathy and confidence have been evoked. I regard it as a hopeful omen for the future of that cause, that my colleagues, with whom the battles of this session have been fought, that, with the small but united band which, during a very long period—too long, our adversaries said, but not too long as we believe—devoted to the great question of the session; I say I regard it as an omen of the accessions of strength in the future and of the triumphs of this cause and these principles, that you have gathered in such numbers and in such enthusiasm, in order to make the demonstration, not in favor of any man or any set of men, but in substance and in reality in favor of the principles of the Liberal cause in Canada. (Cheers.) I had occasion already in this city, this afternoon, to address an important representative gathering of delegates and others from the various constituencies comprised in the district of Montreal, met for the important, the vital purpose of perfecting their party organization, and it became my duty to discuss at some length the circumstances which have been present to the minds and thoughts of all those who took an interest in public affairs for the last few months; and under these circumstances, as I presume many who were there are now present here, I shall dwell upon those matters very briefly upon this occasion. Referring then, without further preface, to the subject which formed the principal topic of discussion during the session, I am relieved in this audience, I know, from the necessity of enlarging upon that topic because, as you, sir, have observed, I had an ample opportunity a little time ago, during the course of the discussion of the subject, of presenting to the people of Montreal my views as to the course that the public interest required to be taken in that matter. The views, which I did not disguise from you, I even then entertained, as the results of the struggle have been duly verified; a great public misfortune has since that day taken place, and I may go further and say a great public crime has been committed. I promised you then, in the name of the Liberal party, that every opportunity which full discussion, which elaborate investigation, which reasonable delay, which propositions exposing the objectionable character of the terms submitted to us could afford, should be given to the majority of the House of Commons. That pledge, which was all that we could give in the interests of the country, was redeemed, and every opportunity was given to those who formed the controlling element in the House of Commons to consider and reconsider the vital and momentous character of the act which they were called upon to sanction. And I do not speak without having weighed my words, when I say that my belief is that there was not merely outside that House but also within its walls, at one time, a preponderance of opinion adverse to that contract. (Hear, hear.) By what means? Under what circumstances? By what pressure? I don't accuse any one of baseness, I don't accuse any one of impropriety, but there was a rallying to the support of the Government which deliberately chose to pledge itself to the carrying of that contract. What that preponderating influence may have been it is not for me to state; it is for the country to judge. It has had an ample opportunity of hearing the merits of the question, and it will have further opportunities in the discussions which between this time and the next general election must take place; and, after hearing the question, to decide as to whether or not we are in the right. As I said to you in January, there was, in my opinion, no comparison between the merits of the two plans that were proposed from the two sides of the House. We offered to the consideration of Parliament and the country this proposition: That we should build the works necessary to get a communication with the prairies of the North-West, already under way; that we should proceed with the railway through the fertile territories as rapidly as the colonization and development of these territories required them; that we should subsidize a Company to build the road to the Sault, so that from east to west there would be a railway connection with that country. To these comparatively moderate and limited objects we submitted that we should devote all our energies, and not employ them upon an expensive scheme of communication and colonization, rather proceeding to the practical development of the North-West, so as to put into that country the people who would make it valuable. You know you have been told time and again that the land which has been given away is not to be counted as worth very much, because its value depends upon the railway which is not built there, but we said, "Then do not give it away; build the railway through the fertile belt to give the land the value which you admit it will bear the instant the railway is built." We pointed out that we would be in an infinitely better position by adopting that course than we would be by the construction of the line along the part which, for some years, will not be productive of any benefit to the country. That was our view, and against that view was set nothing but this, that it was necessary to make the contract at once—not the contract for building at once, because this work is not to be completed for a period of ten years, but that it was necessary to make the contract at once, and to enter into the engagement.

The hon. gentleman then reviewed the Pacific Railway contract, his views on which were published fully in the WITNESS, on the occasion of his address in the Queen's Hall, before the agreement was ratified.

The situation of this country in reference to its public expenditure was critical. I am one of those who say that, in our present financial condition, every proposed addition of a permanent character to the public charges ought to be watched with the utmost jealousy, because we are under very heavy engagements—under engagements which are very shortly to mature, which have been placed under Legislative enactment; and, with reference to the Pacific Railway, it will add very largely to the public debt and to the existing charges, and with reference to the development of the North-West Territories in the same direction—every addition that is made to the annual rate of public expenditure is serious. But there is an additional circumstance which ought to give them more weight than in 1873. That circumstance is this—that the surplus revenue now produced is not due solely to the recurrence of a period of activity—the circumstance that we have exported an enormous excess of grains, of timber, of animals, of produce, and received a great deal of money into the country, which has enabled us to have the surplus. It is not due solely to these causes, but it is due to a cause beyond that, because there has been a very serious increase in the rate of your taxation. That is the reason why you have this surplus, as I said to my friends this afternoon, and credit is taken by the Government for having this surplus of revenue. They would almost have you believe that they had made the money—that they had earned it without its being any charge upon you. I really have been inclined to ask the question in the House, whether they declared that they had made a present to the people of this country of that amount; but in truth, in some way or other, in some shape or other, it is taken out of your pockets, and the great art which they have displayed, and the great benefit which they think they have conferred upon a grateful people, is that they have found out how to put a few lines in the statute book to add to the rate of taxation and to take something out of your pockets and put it into the Treasury for the public use. The Finance Minister deserves the gratitude of the people for this. He says to each of you, "Sir, while you have heretofore paid so much in respect of importations, I call upon you to pay half as much again, and I take a great deal of credit to myself that I have found out that way of making a demand upon you." Now, gentlemen, I say that, as the tariff has been adjusted, although the average rate of increase upon articles of importation or consumption appears to be forty to fifty percent, yet the taxation is so adjusted as to make the increment something like eighty percent, and I believe some of the classes of goods that the great part of that surplus has been derived from are principally used by the poorer classes. It is obtained by taxes upon the prime necessaries of life; it is obtained by taxes on the raw materials of manufacturers; it is obtained by a system of taxation which is quite contrary to the principles of political economy, whether we belong to the protection school or the free trade school; and it is obtained in a manner, in my judgment, most unscientific and bungling, in a manner which those who are the authors of the tariff have thus indicated to be incorrect, because each session we have had a Tariff Bill, whilst each session we are told that the tariff is now perfect. I suspect we shall have another Tariff Bill next session, and another Tariff Bill after that, and then, I hope, in the good time to come, that we will have still another Tariff Bill. The situation has been made more critical by this increase of the public charges, because every such increase being of a permanent, or practically of a permanent character, diminishes the available margin. I feel that if it be the fortune of the Liberal party once again to be called upon to deal with the finances of this country under circumstances of depression, and if, indeed, it be their fortune to deal with them under any circumstances, their task in regulating the public affairs, so far as our tariff is concerned, will be seriously complicated by the course which is now being taken, by which the burden of the public charges has been increased. If we are told that we have ourselves increased the public charges, we answer that, in our opinion, it is not right that the Finance Minister who, in 1878, declared that $22,500,000 was all the money that would be required for the public services, and that we were censurable because we were spending some $23,500,000, that he should subsequently come before the people of this country and say in 1881, "we want $26,500,000 or $27,500,000." But I believe it to be injurious that we should have a large surplus in this country from year to year. In the first place, we do not want to put any more money into the Treasury than it absolutely requires, for the money is better in our own pockets than in the Treasury, and in the second place if it comes into the Treasury it furnishes a very easy excuse for an extravagant use of it. So long as you permit the system of a large surplus to be estimated for from year to year, so long will you find the Government declining to resist, or, at any rate, not resisting, every proposal to increase the public charges. If you choose to pay your money when you know it is unnecessary, then you have yourselves to blame if it is needlessly used. Now I have stated these considerations with reference to the finances in this country, and indicated that if this Government continues still in its present course for two years to come, at any rate we must contemplate the raising of a very high revenue, and that the revenue must be raised, as it has been both before and since Confederation, by taxation from the Customs and the Excises. I say further that revenue would have to be raised from the Customs duties imposed upon a great variety of articles. The doctrine has been propounded by all statesmen who have investigated the subject of finances, that it is an axiom that revenue must continue to be raised from indirect taxation from a large number of articles. There is no doubt whatever that this would continue until there is some new scheme of raising the revenue propounded, and that thus there will be a very considerable amount of incidental protection as an essential result from the very condition of things. You know, I suppose, my sentiments with reference to free trade and protection. I have never disguised them, and it is not here, even in this city of Montreal, that I should disguise them for an instant. (Hear, hear.) But I am not prepared to allow those who oppose us to distort the state of things or the attitude of the Liberal party on this subject, and I make these plain statements of what I believe to be absolute and essential conditions as to the mode of raising the revenue as my contribution to the subject. At the same time I declare to you that it is my opinion, first, that in the interest of all parties, in the interest of the country as a whole, of all indeed but an infinitesimal proportion of the people of this country, that there ought to be very considerable modifications of the tariff. I believe it will be found to be right, and that it will be found to be advantageous to those who are engaged in various branches of manufactures, throughout this country, that the increases which have been made to the tariff should be altered, and that it was not advantageous that those increases coupled with the increases which have been made upon the raw materials of their trades; but these increases, in the interest of protection, which have resulted from the tariff, positively are hurtful, and that in many trades the cost of production has been increased, without any corresponding advantage to the persons engaged in the trade. I believe it will be found that the working of this tariff has mischievous results—that very mischievous results, which I do not intend to attempt to trace to-night, will flow from its operation. I stated as long ago as 1879, when I did not hold a seat in Parliament, that the people of this country had decided by a majority at the polls, and by an overwhelming majority in Parliament, to try for themselves the experiment of a very high restrictive tariff, and that as the experiment was to be tried, it behooved us to pay for our experience and get the benefit of the lesson. I believe it behooves each one of us with unprejudiced minds to watch the working of this experiment. My own opinion is very strong that it will be found that the experience of other countries might have served us for a guide, but we have determined to buy our own experience, and we ought to take advantage of the lessons for which we have to pay. If we take a case of a country where there is a large manufacturing interest, and another country where there is a large consuming interest, and if we have an anxious desire to ascertain what the working of this system is, in order to reach a sound conclusion upon it, we need not go far. All that I desire is that, in making investigations, the people of this country, whether they look at the subject from one point of view or the other, should endeavor to embrace both. Those who maintain the importance of maintaining a high restrictive tariff have always this advantage, that they can point to concrete results; they can point to the manufactories, to the hands employed, to the goods produced, and say, "There is our argument." That admitted, it is not the whole case, and it is acknowledged there is another side to the question and another point of view; but the difficulty is that, in order to bring that other point to view, opponents must use the same method. They have a different eyesight, they have arrived at their conclusion, and have based their process of reasoning and investigation upon it. Now, what is it that makes this magnificent city of Montreal? It is not your merchants' warehouses; it is not your large manufacturers; it is not the number of rich capitalists; it is not the artisans that you have here. It is the people who consume the goods. All your interest is bound up with theirs; your interest is bound up in their prosperity; as they prosper so will your trade prosper, and as they feel themselves less able to buy, so will your trade become more dull. It is important to you, in the narrowest sense, looking to your own interest, to your own individual interest, to consider the condition of the community upon which your prosperity depends and to consider the effect of the general scheme of tariffs upon the general prosperity of the consuming community. (Applause). I do not investigate this subject further now than merely to throw out this suggestion for your consideration, and to ask you to consider the subject in its full scope, and endeavor to investigate the subject from every point of view, and not to form a judgment either upon one side or the other, except upon full consideration. Now we have declared in Parliament our opinion that this enormously heavy tariff ought not to be continued at its present rate; that it ought to be reduced, so as to create something like an equilibrium between the revenue and a reasonable expenditure.

Having shown that the tariff ought to press equally on all classes instead of pressing on the poorer classes, such as the taxes on the necessaries of life, and advocating the hereditary principles of liberty which distinguished the party, he continued: There is another principle upon which we are in issue with our adversaries, and upon which we have different opinions, that is to the effect of the operations of commerce and of exchange. We think that a free and voluntary exchange is to the mutual benefit of both parties who effect the exchange, and we believe that that position is established by the mere fact that it is a voluntary exchange, because if it had not been suitable to both parties it would not have taken place at all. The very fact, we say, of an exchange indicates to you that if it be free and voluntary, both parties to that exchange agree that it was to their particular exchange should take place, that is our opinion of commerce. Our belief is that there is no restriction needed, and that in a fair exchange each party profits by the operation; each pays that which he is willing to give for what he wants, whether it be in the form of goods or in the form of money. By confederation the Custom's line between the Provinces had been removed for the benefit of the whole Dominion, and the limits of a free exchange should not be reached at the boundaries of our own soil. The less of such friction as arose from protective tariffs fell upon all parties, so the effect of it really was as if a man were to say, "if you will not allow me to sell my goods to you, and if you insist upon my losing $1, I shall insist upon losing $2." Now these are the abstract views that are entertained of the practical operations of the fiscal affairs of this country. It is obvious that, for many years to come, we shall have to raise a large revenue in this way, but I desire to say this, that we should take care in raising that revenue that we inflict the least injury and impose the fewest restrictions which we can, and none which can be avoided. (Applause.) Now, I have one more suggestion with reference to the future. My belief is that whatever may be the ebbs and flows of public opinion on these questions throughout the world, that the great forces are with the cause which we advocate, that the material forces of nature are in its favor—steam, the railway, the telegraph line, every improvement in production, in transport, is in favor of the general principles to which I have alluded—and it is evident that the potent advantages of these mighty factors are in its favor, and we cannot but believe that the day is not far distant when we shall see countries taking juster views than they do at present upon those principles which regulate the commercial and fiscal affairs of nations. Speaking at the instance of the Young Reformers of Montreal, I will be permitted to address to them a few words upon the general principles of reform. (Hear, hear.) One of the most eminent English Reformers not long since described Reformers as men who desire to subordinate personal and sectional interests to the national interests. Now, on what is that hope, which is the first and leading characteristic referred to in this definition, founded. It is founded on the indefinite—I will not say infinite—but the indefinite possibilities of improvement in the intellectual nature of man in his condition, in his width of view, in his view of all questions with regard to which the doctrines and standard of public virtue are disseminated among the community. We know what has been done in the way of invention and improvement in the last fifty years. I briefly alluded to a score of great and important improvements a moment ago, but we know also that the practical inventor may adopt wonderful theories, but his theory will not always work; it will be defective in some particular, and will not always carry out in practice if he does not make allowance always for some things. If he does not make allowance for the resistance of the air, if he does not make allowance for the power of gravitation, if he does not make allowance for a specific degree of tensile or other resistance in materials—all these allowances must be made, but they are in their nature almost fixed, and a scheme, however admirable it may look, must fail if the inventor has not made these allowances. But the task of the Reformer who engages in improvement of the political institutions of the people, and of the machinery under which they are governed, and of the different Governments under which they live, is more complicated, while it is a more noble task. Why is it more complicated and more noble? Because the indefinite possibilities of improvements in their moral conditions are susceptible of improvement in an infinitely greater degree than physical characteristics. The inventor cannot alter the resistance of the air, he cannot alter the law of gravitation, he cannot improve the conditions of the tensile resistance of a material, but we know that the material upon which we work is capable of indefinite improvement, and, therefore, it is our happy privilege to aspire to an ideal beyond that which we feel may be at this moment realized, and strive toward that which may not be attained in a very short time, but which it is our privilege to look forward and upward to—to look for such an improvement in the condition of the people, amongst whom and for whom we live, that institutions and conditions may be created which we know cannot at this time successfully work, because the conditions under which the people live will not permit it, and which may work successfully in the future. (Applause.) There are heights of ideas and principles attainable by us if we have honestly persevered beyond those which are present to us at the moment. If we do not do this we run some danger, for those who have been ardent Reformers in their youth may become suddenly Conservatives in their old age. I have seen men who, having placed before them some definite ends, have never advanced beyond their immediate attainment, and have made them their sole goal, and have not looked beyond them, and have thought that their attainment was the work of a lifetime, and perhaps thought that, when these things were attained, perfection had been reached. They believed that there was nothing further in the future, that it was time to "rest and be thankful," as Lord John Russell said, after the Reform Bill of 1832, unconscious that there was to be a Reform Bill in 1867 and another afterward. These observations he illustrated by referring to the pretension on the part of the Conservative party that they were the political successors of Baldwin and Lafontaine. He showed the fallacy of this pretension, and referred to the struggle for responsible government and the secularization of King's College, Upper Canada, in both of which the Conservative party had given cold support indeed. He spoke from recollection of a banquet in this city at which Baldwin and Lafontaine did not meet with the reception that was accorded to Liberal principles in this city to-day. Continuing he said: Now I would ask the young Reformers to look at the institutions upon which we now live, and to see what the real vigor and substance of them are and what flows from them. It is just as well to take a Radical view of these things. A Radical is one who looks at the root of the matter; a Radical is one who considers the form and substance, and understands the real form and features of things, both those that he admires and those which he does not. What is it which endears us to the principle of a constitutional monarchy? It is because we believe that under it substantially we have the fullest development of the doctrines of self-government. It is because we believe under the form of a constitutional monarchy we have in a very efficient way the old and benevolent name of a commonwealth; that it is the commonwealth that governs us. Now what is our plan of carrying out this system of self-government? We have a Legislature elected by, and which ought to be, as it is said to be, representative of the people, and we have an Executive chosen out of that Legislature, and responsible to it, and through it to the people, and we have an independent judiciary. These are the three elements of them, and we enjoy these in their essence and in their substance. But I think there is yet something to be done, to which young Reformers may well look forward as the work of their lives. Having that self-government, there are some important matters in the disposition of which we have no part or control. You know, with reference to our foreign policy, with reference to our commercial treaties, and with reference to all those things which are called matters of Imperial concern, it is not the Empire at present which decides, but it is the Ministers of the Crown who reside in England. It is not all the subjects of the Empire who have to pass upon the matter, and in which they are deeply interested, but it is the Ministers of England and the representatives of the English constituencies to whom they are responsible. We are, in this particular respect, in a subordinate and dependent position; we are not merely subjects of the Queen, but we are the subjects of the Queen's subjects. For my part, I don't feel comfortable so long as that state of things exists. I quite agree in the suggestion made by Mr. Mercier, this afternoon, that we ought to have a voice in the making of the commercial treaties, and that we ought to have a voice in the making of treaties which affect ourselves, and that in all these matters which affect the common interest of the Empire, these four millions of British on this side of the Atlantic ought to have some voice in their disposition. (Applause.) It is a long time since I pointed out that we were drifting on this subject, and since I ventured to point out danger in drifting, my belief is, and my belief is to-day, that we ought to take up this subject as one of vital and pressing importance, and that it ought to command our best efforts and our best energies in order to reach some solution of it. What are the facts of the case? We are said to belong to a partnership; but the great element of a partnership is that all of the firm shall have a voice in the concern; but that is not the case with us, for we have not a voice in the concerns which affect us, and I say that the time is coming when the people of Canada will decline to submit exclusively to the government of other people in matters in which those people have no concern. He referred to the legend of the Sibyl who offered the five books to the king of Rome. Thinking the price too high he refused. She then burned one book and returned. This was done until four had been burned and the king had to pay for the one the price for which he might have had all. It might be so with us at this time, and that the only mutual ground left to us would be the question of common defence, and if it were I would say you might rely upon it that Englishmen of every shade on this side of the water would join in the idea of a banded Empire, having its local affairs managed by local Parliaments, but banded together inseparably always and for ever for the common defence. I believe that such a confederation would be a good omen for the future, would be a good omen for the preservation of the Empire upon the reasonable grounds of giving satisfaction to all its subjects, and a good omen of peace and progress and prosperity for the world at large. The question is being broached from other quarters; it is being considered in other parts of the Empire. Does anybody suppose that the Irish question is going to be settled by a Land Bill? Does anybody suppose that, if the Land Bill is just in its provisions, that will dispose of that question? No. What is wanted is what Mr. Gladstone foreshadowed in his speeches in Scotland before the general election, an honest attempt to deal with this subject, to remit the local concerns to local bodies and to remit Imperial concerns to an Imperial body. Now, as to this negotiation of our commercial treaties, what were we told last session? We were told that we were going to have an advantageous commercial treaty with France, that Sir Alexander Galt was at Paris, and that it was on the point of being done, but, whilst the question was being considered by the Foreign Office, the critical moment passed, and the occasion and the treaty was lost. I never heard a stronger argument than that to enforce what I say. Referring to the subject of representation he said: What do we find? Why, that in the Province of Quebec, in Ontario, and, indeed, in the whole of the Dominion, at the last general election there were almost as many people voted for the Reformers at the polls as for the Conservatives, but there was an *overwhelming* majority in Parliament for the other side. Is that creditable? Is that an adequate and fair representation of the people? Is it proper, that whilst they should be registering their decisions, that the arrangements should be made that though their numbers are equally balanced at the polls, there should be an overwhelming majority in the House. The only objection to the systems devised to obviate this was that they were too complicated for the people. It should be the work of the Reform party to educate the people, so that we might eventually have a perfectly representative House of Commons. Again, they ought to consider the question of the authority of the Executive, and insist that measures shall be brought down at such a time that there shall be a full discussion, and an opportunity given for the popular view being obtained before Parliament finally passes upon a measure. Otherwise the House of Commons became simply a machine for registering the decrees of the Government, instead of a real representative legislative body. If Parliament was to subserve its real purpose there should be an absolute power of dissent, and to resist the encroachment of the Executive upon the Legislative power. It was a very gratifying circumstance in the public life of to-day that there was both in and out of Parliament a strong disposition to discountenance any personal animosity, and that whatever differences of opinion there might be on political matters, they might exercise courtesy toward each other. There could be no nobler style of friendship than that of those who agree on such matters. Concluding, he said: You have associated yourselves as a band of brothers; on public questions you encourage an independent spirit, but you desire to unite to do what is best for the interests of the country. Our duty is to recognize and encourage you in this task; everywhere unity is essential; we require union in order to succeed; with union we shall succeed. You know it is said that "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the solid land," and any one, however insignificant, however small he may be, and unable to do anything alone, if he will join himself to a mighty mass, if he will incorporate himself in a great body, seeking to promote great public interests of the country, he can exercise an appreciable and a noble influence, and a noble party, hence will be as irresistible as the cause of truth and justice ought to be. The applause throughout was frequent and hearty, and a storm of cheers followed the closing sentences.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS OFFICE, April 5.

GREENBACKS bought at ⅛ dis.; American Silver bought at 4. British Silver bought at 6.

P. D. BROWNE & Co., Brokers,
124 St. James street.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The general wholesale trade has been very dull during the past week. It was expected that a good number of purchasers would have been down during the past few days, but their number has been disappointingly small, and the purchases made have not been considerable. The early spring has not had the effect anticipated. It is pointed out, however, that the roads in the country have been very bad for some time back, and that farmers have consequently been kept from visiting market towns and making purchases. Retailer dealers, therefore, under the circumstances have not felt like making large purchases. This accounts also in some measure for the fact that payments have not been at all up to the mark. It is hoped, however, that once the "between season" is well over, and navigation is open, that a great change will take place. There can be little doubt that the commerce of the port will be increased during the coming season, but it would be unreasonable to expect a very great increase in view of the fact that in Great Britain the recovery from the depression is very slow and that a good deal of complaint of the condition of trade is still heard. The unfavorable policy adopted by some countries must also have its effect. The dry goods trade has done very little since this day last week. Only a few small parcels have been bought. The sorting-up trip of travellers will probably be somewhat later this year than usual, as reports from the country are to the effect that stocks are as yet very little broken into. All classes of staple goods are firm as to price. Cotton mills are about to be erected in many parts of the country, the latest being that at St. Croix, N.B., which an American firm propose building. Canadian silk manufacture is reported to be in a flourishing condition, the mills being unable to keep up with the orders received. The New York trade has also been quiet. The *Bulletin* reports that in cotton goods the week has developed a freer movement in some of the leading staples from first hands, but otherwise there was a good deal of irregularity in the demand, and business with the package houses was therefore only moderate in the aggregate amount. Stocks are light. Manufacturers' agents represent prominent makers of cotton goods have made slight price concessions, in order to reduce accumulations that have taken place during the late lull in the demand, and this has resulted in more business. Of woollen goods the *Bulletin* reports the requests for both spring and fall as being unsatisfactory and below expectations. An improvement is looked for shortly, however. The iron and hardware trade here has been dull. In pig iron there has been nothing of any consequence doing. There is no demand, and quotations are almost purely nominal, the outside figures of best brands of Scotch being $19.50. The markets in Scotland are weak and there is some talk of blowing out furnaces in order to make the supply more commensurate with the demand. Manufactured iron has been without change. The demand for bar has been steady, though small, and values are unaltered. Ingot copper is firmly held at 17c to 17½c. Ingot tin unchanged. The grocery trade has been rather better than other branches, the demand from the country being fairly large. Drugs and chemicals are dull, though values are for the most part steady. Leather has been quiet, and boots and shoes fairly active for the season.

On the Corn Exchange business has been quiet and without change. Rather less business than is usual at this season is doing in grain for spring delivery. No. 2 Canada Red Winter is quoted nominal at $1.24 to $1.25 for cargoes for May delivery, and at $1.27 for carloads on spot. Nothing doing in corn.

The local receipts of wheat by railway for the week ending the 30th of March were 7,900 bushels. Total receipts from 1st January to 30th March, 385,353 bushels, against 374,475 bushels at corresponding date in 1880, being an increase of 10,878 bushels. Local shipments for the week ending 30th March, 663 bushels. Total shipments from 1st January to 30th March, 1881, 342,278 bushels, against 292,484 bushels at corresponding date in 1880, being an increase of 49,784 bushels.

There is no change in the flour trade, which continues as at the close of last week, very quiet. Values are steady at the recent decline. The local receipts of flour by railway for week ending 30th March, 10,109 barrels. Total receipts from 1st January to 30th March, 119,993 barrels, against 71,574 barrels at corresponding date in 1880, being an increase of 48,419 barrels. Local shipments for the week ending 30th March, 2,030 barrels. Total shipments from 1st January to 30th March, 54,087 barrels, against 31,567 barrels at corresponding date in 1880, being an increase of 22,520 barrels.

The Provision market is without change. A fair local jobbing trade continues. The receipts and shipment of butter and cheese for the week have been immaterial.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—There is nothing new to note in this branch of trade; manufacturers are still busy with back orders which will require two or three weeks to complete. A few buyers have been in the city and left fair orders, but few new parcels will be sold until the opening of navigation and improvement in country roads.

LEATHER.—Business is steady and prices, as previously reported, with the exception of a sale of about nine tons of Splits, at 23c and 28c, and there is nothing special to report. There have also been some shipments of Splits in the hope of relieving the market, which is considerably overstocked. Slaughter Sole still sells freely at quotations, and Spanish is a shade firmer, owing to a recent advance in hides.

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.—A very quiet business has been doing; no heavy transactions to report, and prices are nominally unchanged. The English market continues without movement, and the tone has become somewhat weaker in the leading lines, but has not led to business of any importance.

FURS.—There has been a further decline in the better qualities of Minks. The market here is very unsettled, Furs not selling very rapidly.

Mink	Skins		$1 00	@	$0 00
Martin	"	prime	75	@	1 00
Beaver	"	" dark, per lb.	2 25	@	2 75
Bear	"	bl'k prime large	7 00	@	8 00
"	"	" small	2 00	@	4 00
Red Fox	"	prime	125	@	1 40
Muskrat	"	Spring	00	@	00
"	"	Winter	10	@	12
Lynx	"	prime large	1 50	@	2 00
Skunk	"	prime dark large	50	@	75
"	"	prime wh'e large	25	@	60
Raccoon	"	prime	25	@	60
Fisher	"	prime	5 00	@	7 00
Otter	"	prime dark	8 00	@	10 00

WHOLESALE PRICES.

The English breadstuffs markets are quiet but firm. Beerbohm reports: Floating cargoes, wheat and corn, strong. Cargoes on passage and for shipment, wheat and corn firm; Mark Lane wheat and corn firm. Number of cargoes on sale off coast coast, Corn nothing offering. English and French country Wheat markets firm. Farmers' deliveries of Wheat during the week 25,000 to 30,000 qrs. Liverpool, White Michigan, 9s 7d; Red Winter, 9s 10d; No. 2 Red Winter Wheat for shipment this month and next, 45s 6d; do for prompt shipment, 46s. The Chicago Wheat market is quiet and rather stronger at $1.06⅝ May, $1.07½ June. Corn is about ⅛ dearer at 42⅝c May and 42¾c June. The local grain market is unaltered, and prices are mostly nominal.

FLOUR, receipts, 8,395 bbls. There is no change to report. The only sales reported on 'Change to day were: 100 bbls. Superior Extra, $5.35; 200 bbls. Spring Extra at $5.10; 125 Medium Bakers' at $5.40; 200 Strong Bakers at $5.75; 250 Ontario Bags at $2.60; 250 at $2.70. Quotations: Superior Extra, $5.30 to $5.35; Extra Superfine, $5.20 to $5.25; Fancy, $5.10; Spring Extra, $5.00 to $5.10; Superfine $4.65 to $4.75; Strong Bakers', $5.55 to $6.20; Fine $4.20 to 4.30; Middlings, $3.90 to $4; Pollards, $3.35 to $3.50; Ontario Bags, per 100 lbs., $2.50 to $2.70; City Bags (delivered), $3.05 to $3.07½.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter receipts 20 packages. The market is unchanged. Old is quoted nominally for retail at, for: Western, 12½c to 14c. Brockville, 14c to 15c. Morrisburg, 16c to 17c. Eastern Townships, 16c to 18c. Creamery, 21c to 22c. A small jobbing trade is doing at 20c to 23c for old and new fine. Cheese is quiet at 13½c to 14½c.

MEALS.—Ontario Oatmeal, $4.40 to $4.50 per barrel; Cornmeal, $3.00 per barrel.

EGGS are plentiful at about 15c per dozen.

MAPLE SYRUP, 85c per gallon; Sugar, 8c to 10c per lb.

SEEDS—Timothy, $2.60 to $2.75 per 45 lbs; Clover, $4.80 to $4.90 per 60 lbs.

ASHES.—Pots, $3.90 to $3.97½ per 100 lbs.

MONTREAL STOCK MARKET

(Furnished by Macdougall Bros., Brokers.)

MONTREAL, April 4.

Bank Stocks.	Par value of shares	Amount paid up.	Sellers p.c.	Buyers p.c.	Cash Value per share.
Montreal	200	all	184¾	184½	......
Ontario	40	all	102	101¾	......
Du Peuple	100	all	91½	90	......
Molsons	50	all	109	108½	......
Toronto	50	all	150	147	......
Jacques Cartier	100	all	105	100	......
Merchants'	25	all	119½	118½	......
East. Townships, xd	100	all	116	115	......
Commerce	50	all	143½	143¼	......
Union	50	all	92	90	......
Exchange	100	all	67	65	......
Miscellaneous.	100	all			......
Montreal Telegraph			129	128	......
Dominion Telegraph	50	all	92½	90½	......
Rich. & Ontario Navigat'n	50	all	63	62¼	......
City Passenger Railway	100	all	118	117½	......
New City Gas	50	all	146	145½	......
Loan & Mortgage Co.	40	all	......	108	......
Royal Canad'n Insurance	100	30	......	......	......
Canada Cotton	50	all	......	......	......
Dundas Cotton Co.	100	60 p.c.	......	......	......
Canada Shipping	100	30 p.c.	......	......	......
Hochelaga		all	......	......	......

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—APRIL 5.

Comparatively few farmers brought their produce to the markets to-day, and were it not for the presence of market gardeners and the dealers in maple sugar, syrup, and old tub butter, the markets would have presented a rather deserted appearance. Oats are decidedly higher in price, and farmers are expecting that the prices will advance still further. The prices of potatoes are firm, especially for such as are required by shippers, as there is a better demand for shipping to the United States. The fruit market is dull at unchanged rates. Some remarkably fine rhubarb was offered for sale which was raised in the garden of Mr. Patrick Power, of St Henri. Some of the stalks of this rhubarb are over eighteen inches in length, and one inch in diameter. The price of tub butter is without material change since last week; prints are more plentiful and cheaper. Eggs have been abundant and cheap for several days past, but are again on the rise. The hay market has been poorly supplied of late, both the quantity and quality being deficient; prices are firmer, especially for good bright hay.

The following are the prices to-day:

GRAIN.—Oats, 85c to $1 per bag; pease, 90c to $1 per bushel; buckwheat, 60c to 65c; beans, $1.40 to $1.60 do; Indian corn, 00c do.; barley, 00c do.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 40c to 50c per bag; cabbages, 85c to $1.20 per bbl; onions, 90 cents per bush; good onions are $3.50 per barrel; carrots, 30c per bushel; beets, 30c do; parsnips, 50c do; Swedish turnips, 50c to 55c per bag; celery, 40c to 90c per doz.; rhubarb, $1 to $1.75 per dozen bunches; radishes, $1.50 do.

DRESSED HOGS, BEEF, POULTRY, GAME, &c.—Dressed hogs, $9.25 to $9.50 per 100 lbs; Beef forequarters, $0.00 to $0.00 do; do hindquarters $0.00 to $0.00 do; Mutton, forequarters, 0c per lb; do hindquarters, 0c to 0c do; turkeys, 90c to $1.50 each, or 9c to 10c per lb; fowls, 50c to 80c per pair, or 9c to 10c per lb.; partridges, 00c per pair; dead geese, 8c to 9c per lb.; ducks, 10c to 12c do; tommy cods, 20c per peck.

FRUIT.—Apples, $2.50 to $3.25 per barrel; pears, $0.00 do; lemons, $6.00 the case; Valentia oranges, $8.00 to $8.50 per case; Malaga grapes, $0.00 per barrel, containing 45 pounds; Cape Cod cranberries, $0 per barrel; Bermuda tomatoes, $2 per box; Florida tomatoes, $8 per bushel crate; cocoanuts, $5.50 per 100.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Tub butter, 15c to 20c per lb; common prints, 22c to 25c do; superior prints, 30c to 35c do; fresh laid eggs, in baskets, 18c to 22c per doz; packed eggs, 15c to 16c do; maple sugar, 8c to 12c per lb.; maple syrup, 80c to $1.00 per gallon; honey, 00c per lb.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, $9.50 to $13.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; pressed hay is 70c to 85c per 100 lbs or $11 to $14 per ton; straw from $4.00 to $5.50 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

HORSE MARKET—APRIL 5.

The horse trade continues active, although the numbers shipped from here in the past week were much less than on the previous week. A better class of horses were taken, and considerably higher prices paid. Many of these horses had just returned from working in the lumber shanties, where they had been all winter. There were 284 horses shipped from here last week, costing an average of $104.25 each. The average price paid the previous week was less than $90. There are at present about a dozen American horse buyers staying at the American House in this city.

BUTTER AND CHEESE MARKET.—April 5.

There is a fair jobbing trade doing in butter at about the same rates as last week, and holders appear more hopeful than for several weeks, as the stock of old butter in the city is estimated at about four thousand five hundred packages, which is scarcely sufficient to meet the demand for it, especially if the Lower Ports take near as much this spring as they have done for several years past. Old butter sells at 14c to 20c, with a few single tubs of the best at 21c to 22c per lb. New butter brings from 20c to 23c per lb., but although it is sold as new butter some of it is rather old flavored, and probably contains a good percentage of old butter mixed with it. There is no change in the cheese market, and prices of good continue about 14c per lb.

The egg market has been abundantly supplied of late, and prices have declined largely since the beginning of last week, but are to-day a little firmer and inclined to advance. The sales to-day were from 14½c to 15c per dozen. Maple syrup is 7c per lb in kegs, and 90c for Imperial gallon cans.

VIGER CATTLE MARKET—APRIL 1.

There were about 100 milch cows brought to this market to-day, and a good many more were sold yesterday evening and this morning before reaching the market. Milkmen were present in full force, but for some time very few sales were made owing to the very high prices asked. After some delay the owners of most of the good cows became more moderate in their expectations, and a number of sales of good cows were made at from $38 to $50 each, with one extra cow at $55. The best cow on the market was held at $70, but remained unsold. A very fine looking cow for which $60 was asked in the early part of the day, was afterward sold for $50, and several pretty good cows which were held for some time at $45—and which could have been sold at that price last Friday—were afterward sold for $40. Common small cows sold at from $20 to $30 each, and many of them remain unsold. A very fine-looking Ayrshire cow was sold here a few days ago for $58. Poor small calves were plentiful, but butchers had to buy them, as they cannot get the kind they want.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—APRIL 4.

The supply of good butchers' cattle was more liberal to-day, which caused the butchers to hold back for a reduction on the very high prices of last Thursday. A few head of very fine cattle were sold early in the day at St. Gabriel Market for 5½c per lb., but no sales were made at Viger Market to-day at these figures, but 5¼c were often paid. Several carloads of rough cattle were brought from Ontario, which were sold at from 4c to 4¾c per lb. Mr. N. Kennedy bought a number of large cattle for shipment to Britain, the prices paid by him ranging from 4¾c to 5¼c per lb. The usual number of lean small calves were offered to-day—many of them being altogether too young and lean for healthy food. The Health Department should take steps to prevent the sale of emaciated "bob-veal" by confiscating many of the miserable specimens of young calves sold on this market, which have evidently been receiving by far too little nourishment, both before and after their birth. It is difficult to say what prices would be paid for good calves, as none were offered, but butchers are paying from $5 to $8 for rather indifferent calves of from two to three weeks old. Good sheep are scarce and bring about 5½c per lb. A *habitant* brought four spring lambs to this market to-day on a sleigh and sold them for $18 for the lot, having refused several offers of $10 for the two best. The other lambs on the market brought from $3 to $4 each, prices which may be profitable to the raiser if not to the consumer. Fat hogs are scarce and bring from 7c to 7½c per lb. live weight.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.

CHEESE meets with a moderate demand at unchanged prices. Holders continue firm. Finest September and October makes are offered at 69s 70s. Medium cheese is in good demand at 56s to 64s.

BUTTER.—The market is very dull and the demand most disappointing. Prices are nominal. Holders are willing to accept any reasonable offer, especially for medium and low grades. We quote finest American and Canadian, 100s to 105s; medium and low grades, 45s to 70s, as in quality.—*Hodgson Brothers' Circular, 19th March.*

OTTAWA MARKETS.

(Special to the Witness.)

OTTAWA, April 4.—The following are the present market quotations:—Spring Wheat $1.20 to $1.25 per bushel; Fall Wheat, $1.23 to $1.27; Oats, per bushel 32c to 34c; Corn, 55c to 60c; Pease, 70c to 75c; Beans, 90c to 95c; Double Extra Flour, $7 per barrel; Extra, $6.50; No 1 do., $6.00; Oatmeal, $3.75 to $4.00; Cornmeal, $3.25 to $3.50; Cracked Wheat, $6.75; Bran, $20 per ton; Dressed Hogs, $7.50 to $7.75 per 100 lbs; Beef, by the quarter, $5.25 to $6.75 per cwt.; Mutton, Lamb and Veal, 6c to 7c per lb. by the quarter; Lard, 12c to 15c per lb; Butter, 18c to 19c per lb in pails; 16c to 18c in firkins, and 20c to 25c in rolls and prints; Eggs, 12½c per doz.; Chickens, 40c to 45c per pair; Turkeys 90c to $1.40 each; Ducks, 40c to 50c; Apples, $2.77 to $3.75 per barrel; Potatoes, 30c per bushel; Hay, $9 to $10.50 per ton; Maple Syrup, $1 per gallon; Maple Sugar, 15c per lb; Wood, $2 to $4.50 per cord.

TORONTO MARKET

(Special to the Witness.)

TORONTO, April 4.—Wheat—Fall, No. 1, $1.14; No. 2, $1.11; No. 3, $1.08; Spring, No. 1, $1.20; No. 2, $1.17; No. 3, $1.10; Barley—No. 1, 97c; No. 2, 90c to 93c; No. 3 Extra, 83c; No. 3, 72c; Pease—No 1, 76c; No 2, 74c; Oats—No 1, 38c; No. 2, 37c; Corn—57c; Flour—Superior, $4.95; Extra, $4.85; Fancy, $4.75; Strong Bakers', $5.30; Spring Extra, $4.80; Superfine, $4.40; Fine, $4.00; Bran, $14.00; Cloverseed, $4.50 to $4.75; Timothy, $2.50 to $2.75; Hogs, $7.50 to $7.75; Butter, 12c to 18c; Barley (street), 75c to 90c; Rye, 87c to 88c; Spring, $1.15 to $1.20; Fall, $1.10 to $1.13; Oatmeal, $4.10 to $4.30; Cornmeal, $3.00; Pork, $18.50. Wheat firm. Flour, held higher. Barley, in demand. Pease, Oats and Corn unchanged. Bran, higher. Rye, improving. Hogs dull.

HAMILTON MARKETS.

(Specially Reported for "Witness" by W. & J. Marden, Produce and Commission Merchants.)

HAMILTON, Ont., April 2.—White Wheat, $1.10 to $1.12; Treadwell, $1.10 to $1.12; Red Winter, $1.11 to $1.13; Spring, $1.15 to $1.17; Pease, 65c to 75c; Barley, 70c to 80c; Oats, 36c to 38c; Corn, 58c to 60c; Cloverseed, $4.40 to $4.50; Timothy, $2.60 to $2.75; Apples, 25c to 30c; Potatoes, 40c to 50c; White Wheat Flour, per bbl, $4.75 to $5.00; Strong Bakers, $5.00 to $5.25; Butter, in rolls 17c to 20c; Butter, in firkins, 14c to 18c; Eggs, 13c to 14c; Dressed Hogs, per cwt., $7.00 to $7.50

STRATFORD MARKETS.

(Specially reported for "Witness" by Ross & Fortune, Produce and Commission Merchants.)

STRATFORD, Ont., April 4.—Wheat, Fall, $1.07 to $1.10; Spring, $1.05 to $1.10; Barley, 60c to 80c; Oats, 36c to 40c; Pease, 65c to 70c; Flour per bbl. $0.00 to $0.00; Potatoes per bag, 50c to 66c; Apples, 35c to 40c; Butter, 18c to 20c; Eggs, per doz. 12c to 15c; Ducks per pair 00c to 00c; Hides, $8.50 to $9.00. Hay, per ton, $9.50 to $10.00; Wood, $3.00 to $3.50.

PORT HOPE MARKETS.

(Reported by E. Peplow.)

PORT HOPE, April 4.—Wheat and Flour market firm at the following quotations: White Winter Wheat at $1.15 to $1.16; Red Winter, $1.16 to $1.17; Spring, $1.17 to $1.20; Superior Extra Flour, $4.95 to $5 per bbl; Spring Extra, $4.95 to $5.00 per bbl.; $2.37½ to $2.40 per bag; Medium Bakers', $2.45 to $2.47½; Strong Bakers', $2.65 to $2.90 per bag; Bran scarce, held at $13.50 per ton; of other grains, Rye is in small demand at 82c to 83c; Barley, 85c to 95c; Oats, 32c to 33c per 34 lbs.; Butter, 21c to 23c per lb.; Eggs, 12c to 14c; Beef, $6.00 to $7; Mutton, 8c to 9c per lb.; Dressed Hogs, $7.00 to $8.00.

CHATHAM MARKETS.

(Special Telegram to the Witness by Messrs. Taylor, Richards & Co., Proprietors Flouring Mills &c.)

CHATHAM, Ont., April 4.—Fall Wheat, White, $1.03 to $1.08; Red, $1.06 to $1.10; Spring, $1 to $1.05; Oats, 40c to 45c; Corn, 50c to 55c; Beans, $1 to $1.75; Barley, 90c to $1.20.

[For the Witness.

LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME.

Lines dedicated upon a little boy who departed this life, leaving a testimony behind him for all to sing Jesus. Aged two years and two months.

Like a wee timid birdie flown back to its
nest,
Our darling hath entered the fold of the blest,
With Christ the Good Shepherd, for ever to be
Who said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

O, bud of bright promise! so timelessly torn,
From the strong parent stem in thy life's dewy
morn,
How fain would affection have lavished her
store,
To ward off the summons she lives to deplore.

And yet all is well, for we know that in love
Our dear one is taken to mansions above,
To be with the Saviour and aid the glad throng
In swelling eternity's rapturous song.

Sweet child of two summers, we bid thee fare
well!
Though grief for a season our bosoms may
swell,
We hope to rejoin thee one day in the skies,
Where youth never sickens, and age never dies.

M. Murray.

March 11th, 1880.

A VISIT TO A CHURCH IN UTOPIA.

BY REV. J. W. JOHNSTON.

I noticed first a great variety in the people who came to worship. This was *very evident as I stood in the* vestibule that bright October Sabbath morning. Rich people came in and quietly took their places in their accustomed pews. The clerk and the mechanic came in with their wives and children and went to their places. Some very poor people came in, and the threadbare coat and the faded shawl mingled with the elegant silk and the shining broadcloth. There were no poor seats under the gallery, nor no corner into which some Nicodemus could steal, but the seats were so distributed that, in the language of Scripture, "the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." Being a stranger, I was specially cared for, and was taken to a good seat in the best part of the church. Though it lacked a few minutes of the hour announced for service, yet the congregation had nearly all assembled, the organ meantime playing a soft, tender voluntary in perfect harmony with the day and the place.

I thought of home. I could hear the rattle and noise, the banging of books, the rustle of fans, the creaking of new shoes, and the heavy stamping of feet up and down the aisles. Then I thought of the scores coming in late, and the confusion and annoyance attending many of our services, and sighed in spirit over some of the other churches which I had seen. At the last stroke of the bell, the minister came from a private room in the rear of the pulpit and took his place on the platform. Here, by way of parenthesis, let me say that the platform came well out to the pews, so that the magnetism of the preacher caught the sympathy and power of the congregation. There was no long coffin arrangement such as many churches are afflicted with, the minister at one end, and the people at the other; but the pew and the pulpit came so near to each other that no vital force was needlessly expended.

A large chorus choir led the singing, in which the entire congregation joined. Such singing! It seemed as the sound of many waters. I was reminded of the vision of St. John. They all sang. The merchant who all the week had been deep in the mysteries of trade joined lustily in the sacred chorus. The clerk and the mechanic sang with as much spirit as the leading soprano in the choir. The sweet notes of the child blended with the quavering tones of old age, and from the body of the church there came such a volume of song as filled the air with melody.

"Why can't we have such singing in our churches?" I mentally asked myself. Has church music lost its power and attractiveness? Have the hymns of Wesley, and Watts, and Cowper, and Doddridge, become worn and useless? And I said, no! The church to be really influential must be a singing church. The angel of song must always accompany the Gospel.

The singing was followed by readings from the Scripture, a selection being taken from each of the Testaments, bearing, as I afterward found, upon the text and subject of the sermon. Each person had a Bible, and the rustle of the leaves was like the light winds playing upon the trees in autumn. Then came the prayer. At this part of the service the house was remarkably still. The silence was strangely impressive. There was no shuffling of feet, no rattle of broken and rickety fans, no restless, uneasy movement on the part of the congregation. As the several needs and necessities of the people were presented, deep, fervent responses came from the congregation; and when the minister, Jacob-like, grappled with the angel, thrills of desire and supplication swept over the entire church.

I thought of home. I thought of the deadness, the weakness, the general feebleness of our public prayers. I thought of the many ministers who almost dread this part of our service. I thought how many there are who are longing for a liturgy so as to interest the people in the opening devotions. I thought of the many who remain in the vestibule rather than take part in the present exercise.

After the sermon another hymn was sung after which came the notices and the collection. The notices were very few. No clam chowder, no oyster stew, no baked bean suppers, were announced; no entertainment under the auspices of the "Highfalutin Society;" but the minister contented himself by calling their attention to the announcements, on the bulletin board in the vestibule, of the usual meetings of the week. Then came the collection. This part of the service greatly interested me. I noticed that no one nodded familiarly to the contribution-box as if they were bidding it good-morning and would not detain it. Everybody gave something. No eyes were piously turned to the ceiling while the box was passing, as though they expected to see an angel! No fine and superfine lady shrank from its presence in the pew as though it carried the germs of a plague! The little child leaned forward with real enjoyment and gave the penny which the chubby hand had held all through the service; the boys and the girls evidently looked upon the collection as something in which they could participate; and the thud of the coins, the chink of the silver, and the soft rustle of the bills, must have been as music to the collectors.

I thought of home, and groaned heavily in spirit, when I remembered the begging and dunning which is looked upon almost as a minister's work; when I remembered how many men called to preach were nothing but financial agents to debt-burdened societies; when I remembered the acoustic properties of a big penny or a two-cent piece, and wondered if St. Paul had any reference to collections when he said, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much harm;" when I remembered the many people who live handsomely, dress expensively, who deprive themselves of nothing upon which their heart is set, and yet who give a pittance to the church of Christ as though it were a pauper asking bread.

We have conventions and conferences asking, "What can be done to effect revivals?" The Utopian Church furnishes one answer: By bringing the tithes into the storehouse of God. We have no promise of the windows being opened till this is done. God's Word bristles with warnings against meanness. The liberal soul only shall be made fat. Neither a stingy man nor a stingy church has any right to expect a revival. Wherever the cause of God is looked upon as a charity, and the church regarded as a species of poorhouse, an Egyptian famine in spiritual things may be always expected. In Utopia they were in a constant revival, and the promise in their case was happily true, "They that honor Me, them will I honor."

A closing hymn was then sung, with even more spirit and heartiness than the others, after which came the benediction. They all stood, quietly, reverentially, waiting for the closing blessing. Though the day was cold, no one was wriggling into his overcoat; no feet were shuffling into rubbers; no gloves or mittens were being pulled on; but with a silence that seemed like a heavenly pause, they waited till the words, deep and thrilling, were heard, "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Softly the organ played a dismissal, and the great congregation prepared to depart. In the vestibule hands were cordially shaken, pleasant greetings exchanged, and the family life of the church was very apparent.

I was not overlooked, though a perfect stranger, and more than one welcome was extended. I came down the steps, the strains of the organ growing more and more faint, when all at once I started, and lo! it was a dream—a dream, and yet not a dream, for

> "As I dip into the future,
> Far as human thought can see,
> And behold the wonders of the world
> And the glories that shall be,"—

methinks that the church of the golden future, the light of whose glory is beginning to tint the eastern hills, will be like the church in Utopia.—*Zion's Herald.*

"YE TOOK ME IN."

BY REV. E. B. RAFFENSPERGER.

The words that stand at the head of thi article became invested to my mind recently with a new significance. A friend whom I have known for many years accompanied me one Sabbath morning to a church in the distant part of the city. At one time he had been a very constant attendant at the house of God and a liberal supporter of the gospel, but in consequence of reverses in business he has been compelled to give up that in which his heart delighted and to take a much lower place. He has borne up wonderfully, and ordinarily is blessed with a fine flow of spirits, so that few would suspect that he had ever occupied a prominent position among business men.

But there are times when he becomes misanthropic and then he is disposed to find fault with professors of religion.

On our return from the services that day I noticed a pleasant change in his remarks about the church. He related with much pleasure the incident that a prominent lawyer, an elder in that church and "not a candidate for any office" and an entire stranger to him personally, had conducted him to a good seat, and after the services had shaken hands with him most cordially and given him a pressing invitation to come again! There was nothing unusual in this incident because it was just such courtesy as is extended to all strangers in every well-regulated church, yet it made a decided and most favorable impression on this "stranger." He was so handsomely "taken in" by the lawyer that he expressed a desire to go again, and worship with a people who were so glad to see strangers!

His reception was in marked contrast with the coldness that he and his family had experienced at the hand of another church bearing a good Scriptural name, that stands within a few rods of my friend's dwelling. The excellent pastor of this church and several of his officers had been made acquainted with the fact that the family had moved into the neighborhood, and that a little attention on the part of the church would be appreciated, and might result in bringing them to Christ, as none of them had ever made a profession of their faith. The church officials promised to look after these strangers, but nearly two years have elapsed and the family have not been called on! The effect of this has not been good. The family are fast losing their interest in churches and it will be difficult now to interest them in the services of the congregation or the Sabbath-school.

Only a few years ago they lived in a $30,000 house of their own, and enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of life, but they have lost their property through the dishonesty of others. They are poor but honest, and are in great need of the consolations of religion. They remember now the days of prosperity when pastors and church officials of different denominations actually vied with each in the attempt to save the souls of this family! But now, alas, when they have so much less of this world's goods and so much more need of Heaven's blessing, they are receiving the "cold shoulder" even from those who knew them while in better circumstances. They are all keenly alive to the cruel neglect to which they are at present subjected.

My friend is by nature one of the excellent of the earth, a devoted husband, a kind father, a man of sterling integrity and an untarnished name. Those who knew his strange and sad history desire to bring him to Christ. The blessed Jesus is needed in that home, and his church on earth ought "to take in" these strangers. Oh, that, as followers of the meek and lowly Redeemer, we could give better heed to this Scripture:

"Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

GIVE IN PROPORTION.

Donations should be increased with the increase of ability to give. "As God hath prospered him." Increasing wealth requires us to increase our donations, even though we must give thousands of dollars, where before we gave but one. And the large donations of the rich man are not to be regarded as more praiseworthy than the small donations of the poor man, for they require no greater sacrifice. To illustrate: A man whose income is $80,000 a year is under as much obligation to give $8,000 a year for benevolence as he was to give $100, when his income was only $1,000; and the present large donation is no more praiseworthy than his former small one, because it requires no greater sacrifice. In both cases the giver has but done what it was his duty to do.

The rich must give a larger proportion of their income than the poor. A poor widow with a helpless family cannot give a tenth without taking bread out of her children's mouths. Will any one claim that a proportion that is just and right for her, is just and right for a man of means? The proportion must be gauged by the amount of the income. Zaccheus gave half of his goods to the poor, besides restoring fourfold his unjust gains. The first converts at Jerusalem, to meet the peculiar circumstances, sold their possessions and made distribution of the avails, as each one had need. Paul repeatedly intimates that he had suffered all things for Christ's sake. "When John Wesley's income was £30 a year, he lived on £28 and gave away £2; the next year his income was £60 and still living on £28, he had £32 to give. The fourth year raised his income to £120, and, steadfast to his plan, the poor got £92." Mr. N. R. Cobb, a merchant of Boston, adopted a covenant to this effect: "To give from the outset one quarter of the net profits of his business; should he ever be worth $20,000, to give one half of the net profits; if worth $30,000, to give three quarters; and if ever worth $50,000, to give all the profits. This covenant he kept till his death at the age of 36, when he had already acquired $50,000, and was giving all his profits." Christ certainly expects returns proportional to men's means; five talents from those that have received five, ten talents from those that have received ten. Remember Christ's words: "Thou owest unto me, even thine own self." All that men are and have, they owe to be used as Christ's service demands. And should this fundamental principle be accepted, and the New Testament law of giving, which is based upon it, be adopted, the church would avail herself of one of the most powerful means of grace; she would bring down such a flood of temporal and spiritual blessings that there would not be room enough to receive it. She would take hold of the ten thousand millions of dollars of gold and silver that are now in the world, as a mighty lever, and with it uplift the earth and cause it to revolve on a new axis of righteousness and peace, and she would soon enjoy that millennium of peace that is promised in the latter day.—*Monthly Advocate.*

TOBACCO IN THE MINISTRY.

A circular asking the following questions was recently sent to all the regularly acting Congregational ministers in Essex county, fifty-five in number. (1) Do you use tobacco? (2) If so, in what form, to what extent, and why? (3) When was the habit formed? (4) What is its effect, if any, on your physical, mental and spiritual health? Word was received from all but twelve in reply. Forty-one answer with an emphatic negative. One admits that he uses it in moderation, and one gives an evasive answer. There is a slight presumption in favor of its being used by those who have not been heard from. Assuming, even, that all these do use it, the percentage is still not large. Essex county, containing about the average proportion of city and country churches, may stand as a fair representative of New England, if not of the country at large.

The following extracts from these replies—names, etc., being omitted for obvious reasons—will speak for themselves. They are from an interesting and instructive contribution to this question which is being so much discussed of late, especially in the West:

I.

"I do not use tobacco in any form. If a man uses tobacco—as he may—I think it is a sufficient reason why he should not use the office of a minister. In the Boy's Band of Hope here it is necessary that the minister's example should help the boys in the part of the struggle which is against the use of the Indian weed. I think the open field for endeavor is with the boys. I never hesitate to condemn tobacco before the parents who use it, for they are glad to have their boys kept from the habit which they indulge. The girls are often seen here smoking on the streets, evenings. Chewing is decreasing. Smoking is becoming universal."

II.

"Question (1) No, and never did. I consider the use of tobacco injurious to the health, benumbing to the mental faculties, and a great detriment to the spiritual life. Am glad its use by ministers is attracting so much attention. Know of only two ministers of our order in this Conference who are addicted to its use."

III.

"Do I use tobacco? Is thy servant a beast, that he should do such a thing? a moral beast, since brutes could not be persuaded to do such a thing? Do I lie by using this vile thing under plea of a medicine, which is destructive alike of physical, spiritual and mental health? Am I a clergyman so lost to good manners that I stick myself behind a cigar, to blow its fumes in other people's faces? Do I expectorate foulness wherever I go? No! *nunquam! nicht! non!* He that does should be turned out of the synagogue."

IV.

"Do not use it. Never shall, but have known successful ministers who did. It is simply a wart on a man's nose who may be otherwise handsome. Christianity is not repressive but directive, and laziness is a thousand times worse than tobacco."

V.

"I once teased my mother for a penny—received it and purchased a 'long nine,' and began on it. Very soon it began on me and took the business out of my hands. I lay down under a pile of boards, and had forcibly suggested 'the smoke of their torment,' etc., and this is all I know about it."

VI.

"I am not addicted to the habit to which you refer. Do not refrain from 'fumigating' because it is not 'lawful,' only because it is not 'expedient,' not conducive to the best influence of a pastor. Do not believe it injurious physically (in moderation) for adults."

VII.

(1.) "Only to keep moths out of clothing; and snuff to keep insects from preying on my collection of butterflies. (2.) Your second question I have already answered. (3.) Third question needs no reply. (4.) The effect on my physical, mental and spiritual health, of letting it alone, is a better, stronger and more vigorous physical condition, with greater power of endurance, a more undimmed, unclouded and unbefogged mental condition, and more calm, trustful spiritual condition; with more of self-respect, better influence, a consciousness that I am trying to obey 1 Cor. 10: 31, and an avoidance of that filth which must disgust everybody in a normal condition, and God more than anybody else."

VIII.

"To your first question I give an emphatic 'No,' and that disposes of the other questions. I hate the filthy weed in every form, and but for pity to the fishes, could wish it all in the depth of the sea."

IX.

"Whether men and women drink tea and coffee or smoke is a matter that does not interest me in the least. I don't find those topics in the Scriptures and I have enough to do in my legitimate work of trying to bring me to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, without fooling away my time in the discussion of matters indifferent."

X.

"I do not use the 'weed;' moreover I abominate it. Should hesitate before voting to ordain a man addicted to its use."

XI.

"(1.) No! (2.) In no form, to no extent, and for no possible reason. (3.) Never. (4.) The effect of a non-existent bad habit is always good."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.

An understanding of the right place to lay emphasis is important in the reading of many a Bible text. This is well illustrated in the familiar story of the school-boy who, following the rule given him, to emphasize all words printed in Italics, read aloud the story of the old prophet at Bethel, as given in 1 Kings 13: 27,—"And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*." Another illustration is given in the following note from a distinguished New England theologian—who might very properly be one of the revisers of the Bible translation. He says:

Your recent comment on a new version of the text "Train up a child," etc., reminds me of another which may interest some of your readers. One of our older missionaries had a son whose early life was a sore disappointment to his praying father and mother. But in his life's decline he repented, and gave his heart to Christ. When his godly mother was congratulated upon the event as an answer to her life-long prayers, she replied in substance thus; "I knew it would be so; I have never doubted it; I interpret, or rather I read the text,' etc., differently from the common reading. It depends on where you lay the emphasis. I read it, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is *old* will not depart from it.'" Such new versions we can tolerate.

There is very commonly a wrong emphasis laid on the words "the way" in that text; for there is good reason for believing that the emphasis belongs rather to the word "he"—"Train up a child in the way *he* should go," have a care to adapt your wise training to your child's individual needs. In other words, study the child as well as the lesson, if you would train him aright. As one of the more accurate and fresher critics has rendered it: "The Hebrew *according to the tenor of his way*, means the path specially belonging to, specially fitted for, the individual's character. Instead of sanctioning a rigorous monotony of discipline under the notion that it is the 'right way,' the proverb enjoins the closest possible study of each child's temperament, and the adaptation of 'his way of life to that.'"—*S. S. Times.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

THE PHARISEES REPROVED.

Luke 11. 37-47—*April* 17.

37. A certain Pharisee—"Besought him." We have here a part of the war waged by the hierarchy against Jesus in regard to ceremonial washing. Fully knowing the state of the controversy, a scribe, strenuous on that point, invites our Lord, personally, to a dinner, in a company like-minded with himself. Our Lord, on his entrance, accepts the issue by omitting the much-contested ablutions. The Pharisee is amazed, and our Lord, recognizing the drift of the company, unfolds the character and destiny of the hierarchy to take their own view. —*Whedon.* "To dine." The Jews, as well as the Greeks and Romans, had but two principal meals. The first was a slight repast, and was taken about ten or eleven o'clock of our time, and consisted chiefly of fruit, milk, cheese, etc. The second meal was partaken of about three o'clock p. m., and was their principal meal. The first is the one here intended. —*Barnes.* "He went in." Christ, who was the guest of publicans and sinners, did not refuse invitations from Pharisees. He went into any company willing to receive him, but made every social gathering an occasion for religious instruction.—*L. Abbott.*

38. "Marvelled that he had not first washed." Washing the hands before eating, not for cleanliness, but as a ceremonial act, was, in all cases, a vital requirement of pharisaic duty. A rabbi would rather have suffered death than eat before he had done so. "It is better," said Rabbi Akiba, "in a time of persecution, to die of thirst than to break the commandment, and thus die eternally," and proceeded to wash his hands before touching food, with the allowance of drinking water brought him by his gaoler. But observance of pharisaic rules required much more. Christ had just come from among a crowd, and had besides cast out a devil, and, thus doubly defiled, ought to have purified himself by a bath, before coming to table with those who were levitically clean A Pharisee always bathed himself before eating, on coming from the market-place, to wash away the defilement of contact with the unclean multitude, and it was to have been expected that Jesus would have been equally scrupulous. He had committed himself, however, to uncompromising opposition to a system which substituted forms for true spiritual religion, and took his place on the couch without any ceremonial purification.—*Geikie.* It is a much easier thing to whitewash a house on the outside than to take away the rotten beams and mouldered bricks, and rebuild it with solid materials.—*J. Thornton.*

39. "The Lord said unto him." There is not the least improbability or incongruity in our Lord's having thus spoken as a guest at a meal;—his solemn work of reproof and teaching was never suspended out of mere compliment—nor were the intentions of the Pharisees toward him so friendly as these indications seem to imply. They were given mostly from deference to popular opinion, and from no love to him—sometimes even with a directly hostile object.—*Alford.* "Clean the outside." In this verse our Lord depicts, by a very impressive image, the contrast between the external ritual purity and the internal moral impurity of the pharisaical classes.—*Whedon.* "Cup . . . . platter." Remarkable example of our Lord's way of drawing the most striking illustrations of great truths from the most familiar objects and incidents in life.—*D. Brown.* "The outside and the inward part" of a man are not the outside and inside of the body, but the outside apparent conduct, and the inner unseen motives.—*Alford.* "Ravening." Robbery, plunder. Here it means that the cup and platter were filled with what had been unjustly taken from others; that is, they lived by their wickedness. Their food was procured by dishonesty and extortion.—*Barnes.*

40. "Ye fools." The term fool is, literally, thoughtless ones. It is a different word from that used in Matt. 5. 22, and does not imply bitterness or contempt.—*L. Abbott.* "Did not he?" If the Creator require a clean body, will not He also require a clean soul?—*Whedon.*

41. "Give alms of such." There seems no sufficient reason for doubting that our Lord means to commend practical benevolence as better than any scrupulosity about ceremonial purity. "Instead of any excessive anxiety," he says, "about having the outside of your vessels duly purified, it would be better to give their contents to the poor. Such a spirit of beneficence will render any merely ceremonial defects of small account."—*Van Oosterzee.*

42. "Ye tithe." That is, give a tenth part. The law required the Jews to devote a tenth part of all their property to the support of the Levites (Num. 18. 20-24); another tenth part they paid for the service of the sanctuary, commonly in cattle or grain; but where they lived far from the place of worship they changed it to money. Deut. 12. 22-24. Besides these, there was to be, every third year, a tenth part given to the poor, to be eaten at their own dwellings (Deut. 14: 28-29); so that nearly one-third of the property of the Jews was devoted to religious services by law. This was besides the voluntary offering which they made. How much more mild and gentle are the laws of Christianity under which we live!—*Barnes.* "Mint." A garden herb, in the original so called from its agreeable flavor. It was used to sprinkle the floors of their houses and synagogues, to produce a pleasant fragrance.—*Barnes.* "Rue." This is a small garden plant, and is used as a medicine. It has a rosy flower, a bitter, penetrating taste, and a strong smell.—*Barnes.* "All manner of herbs." The law of Moses said that they should pay tithes of the fruits of the earth. Deut. 14. 22. It said nothing, however, about herbs. It was a question whether these should be tithed. The Pharisees maintained in their ordinary strictness that they ought. Our Saviour says that they were precise in doing small matters which the law had not expressly commanded, while they omitted the greater things which it had enjoined.—*Barnes.* There is no need for one set of duties to jostle out another; but of the greater our Lord says, "Ye ought to have done" them; of the lesser, only "Ye ought not to leave them undone."—*D. Brown.* It was a vulgar rule, given by the Jewish doctors, which I fear too many live by, "That men should single some one commandment out of God's law, and therein especially exercise themselves, that so they might make God their friend by that, lest in others they should too much displease him."—*J. Smith.*

43. "The uppermost seats." These "uppermost seats" were seats of honor which were prepared for the elders of the synagogue and for the doctors of the law, and hence called, in the second verse of this chapter, "Moses' seat." They were placed in front of the ark which contained the law, in the uppermost part of the synagogue, at the "Jerusalem end." Those who occupied them sat with their faces to the people. These seats were considered positions of great honor, and were eagerly sought by the ambitious scribes and Pharisees. *Freeman.* "Greetings in the markets." The market was not only a place for buying and selling, for hiring and being hired, but it was also a public resort for all who wished to enquire the news, or to hold disputations. For this reason the Pharisees loved to go there, because, amid the crowds assembled, they would receive the ceremonious salutations in which they delighted.—*Freeman.*

44. "Graves which appear not." As one might unconsciously walk over a grave concealed from view, and thus contract ceremonial defilement, so the plausible exterior of the Pharisees kept people from perceiving the pollution they contracted from coming in contact with such corrupt characters.—*D. Brown.*

45. "One of the lawyers. The lawyer was not an advocate, but a theologian, whose special province was the interpretation of the Mosaic law and the rabbinical precepts.—*L. Abbott.* "Reproachest—accusest." Dost calumniate or dost blame us, for we do the same things. Sinners often consider faithfulness as reproach. It was the complaint of Salvian, many hundred years ago, that he could not speak against the vices of men, but one or other would thus object: "There he meant me;" "He hit me;" and so storm and threat. "Alas!" as he replied, "it is not we who speak to you, but your own conscience; we speak to the order; but conscience speaks to the person." 1 Kings 22. 8.—*J. Flavel.*

46. "Ye lade men." The metaphor is taken from the custom of porterage in the East, where men often do the work done by beasts of burden with us. An Eastern porter will often carry a barrel of flour or a bale of cotton. —*L. Abbott.* The "burdens," then, are not, as so often misinterpreted, human traditions and observances, but the severity of the law, which they enforce on others, but do not observe.—*Alford.* "Ye yourselves touch not." Ye sit in your chambers and schools, and create legal rules, endless, harassing, intolerable, for the people, but not affecting yourselves—shut out as you are from busy life.—*Geikie.*

47. "Ye build the sepulchres." You rebuild these tombs to win favor with the people, while in your hearts you are ready to repeat to the prophets of to-day the deeds of your fathers toward those of old; your pretended reverence for these martyrs, shown in restoring their sepulchres, while you are ready to repeat the wickedness of their murderers, makes these tombs a witness against you.—*Geikie.*—*Condensed from Vincent's Lesson Commentary.*

DOMESTIC.

To Remove Grease from Wall-paper.—To remove grease from wall-paper, lay several folds of blotting-paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

Sponge Pudding.—Three eggs, the weight of the eggs in sugar, in butter, and in flour; beat the ingredients lightly together, having first warmed the butter. Bake about half an hour in cups.

Buckwheat Cakes.—One quart of buckwheat, one tea-spoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of Indian meal, one of molasses; put in tepid water to make a batter, with yeast sufficient to make them light; compressed is the best.

Apple Custard.—Pare and core half a dozen very tart apples; cook them in half tea-cup of water till they begin to soften. Put them in a pudding-dish and sugar them. Beat eight eggs with four spoonfuls of sugar; add three pints of milk, pour over the apples, and bake half an hour.

Gingerbread Loaf.—One cup butter, one of molasses, one of sugar, half of cold water, one table-spoonful of ginger, one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, one of soda dissolved in boiling water; melt the butter, slightly warm the molasses, spice, and sugar, and heat together ten minutes; then put in the water, soda, and flour: stir very hard, and bake in three loaves. Brush them over with syrup while hot, and eat fresh.

Lemon Pudding.—There must be neither bread nor flour, but to make two of these puddings take two large ripe lemons well rolled. Grate off the yellow rinds upon a large lump of loaf sugar. Squeeze the juice into a saucer through a strainer. Into a deep earthen pan put half a pound of powdered white sugar, including the loaf sugar lump, half a pound of fresh butter in pieces, adding the juice. Stir to a light cream with a wooden spaddle or spoon. Beat in a shallow dish six eggs till smooth; stir into the mixture. Butter the rim only of a china dish, and lay around it a border of puff paste, none beneath the mixture, which is poured into it; bake half an hour in the oven; when browned serve in the dishes they are baked in.—*Evening Post.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Chinese on the Pacific Coast have organized a society called the "Congregational Association of Christian Chinese." The whole membership is 222, and the total of their gifts and offerings last year amounted to about £400.

In Connection with the American Baptist mission among the Teloogoos of India, there have been ordained twenty-four of the converts for mission work. There have been more than one thousand three hundred converts baptized since January, 1880.

The Bush Missionary Society at Sydney, Australia, employs five colporteur missionaries, each with a waggon and pair of horses. They held last year 412 services, sold 518 Bibles and Testaments and 5,259 other books, and distributed thirty thousand tracts.

A Chinese Church has been organized at Honolulu with over fifty members The meeting-house and lot have cost over $10,000. The board of trustees consists of ten members, half of whom are Chinese. They have their own pastor, Mr. St. Moon, and their own deacons and confession of faith.

Mr. Spurgeon is confined to his room, and much of the time to his bed, by rheumatism, to which has been added great nervous depression. The physicians recommend a trip to Australia. The Tabernacle Church, of which Mr. Spurgeon is pastor, received upward of 450 persons into fellowship last year, dismissed nearly 300 to other churches, and lost sixty-five members by death, making the net gain of membership about one hundred.

The Missionaries in Alaska are disheartened by the evils of *hoochinoo*, or native whiskey, made from molasses, used by the Indians. The latter know its harmful effects, but seem to have no power to withstand the temptation. The chiefs have begged the missionaries to go to Washington and prevent the traders from importing molasses. Before going to some merry-making, the Indians will bring their guns to the missionaries to be kept till they are over their debauch.—*Congregationalist.*

Writing from Manepy, Ceylon, a missionary tells of the progress of the American Board's work there: "There are in this field two churches, one native pastor, one licensed preacher, two catechists, two Bible women and a hundred and four church members. There are six Sunday-schools, with thirty-seven teachers and a total average attendance of over four hundred scholars. On the Sunday sixteen services are held, including Sunday-schools in different parts of this field. The total attendance at these services averages over seven hundred people."

A Paris Correspondent of a contemporary writes: "Step after step is being taken in the direction of the separation of Church and State. Episcopal stipends have been reduced to the figures of the Concordat, the crucifixes have been removed from the Paris schools, a Secular Education Bill has been sent up to the Senate, and educational diplomas are now to be gained without the necessity of an examination in religious subjects. The Supreme Council on Prisons is also to be remodelled like the Educational Council, to the exclusion of the Archbishop of Paris, the Chief Rabbi, and the President of the Protestant Consistory, hitherto *ex officio* members.

It is a suggestive fact that more than one fourth part of the income of the Basle Mission, which now sustains 115 missionaries in India, Africa and China, and which has already gathered 13,245 church members, is derived from a system of penny collections. There are now about 120,000 persons who contribute a penny a week to this society, these gifts amounting, in 1879, to over $53,000. These collections were begun in 1855, and within twenty-five years that have since elapsed not less than $1,156,145 have been derived from this source. If giving at this moderate rate will secure such sums, how much could the church of Christ accomplish toward the evangelization of the world if all her members should give, not their spare pennies merely, but such larger sums as they might, in a spirit of earnest and devoted self-sacrifice.

Berlin has a Protestant population of 781,686 souls, for which there are thirty-six churches and seventy-five pastors, with church accommodation for only 31,873 persons, or four per cent of the whole. The average number under the charge of each pastor is 10,500! The worst parish in Berlin is that of St. Thomas, which has a Protestant population of 90,000, for which there is one church and one chapel, accommodating together 1,730 persons and ministered to by four preachers. All the parishes are terribly unwieldy. It is said that only about half of the Protestant interments are performed with religious rites. The *Foreign Church Chronicle* says: "These figures present us with a startling picture of religious apathy, and it is a comfort to know that Berlin is an extreme case of the kind. In the smaller towns and in the country there is much more religious life and activity; and there are symptoms of an awakening at Berlin. A few churches are in course of erection, and a scheme is on foot for the endowment of a staff of curates, while the Berlin City Mission is working with praiseworthy vigor. But there needs a national revival and a self-denying spirit not yet displayed in order in any adequate way to overtake the religious necessities of the great centre of German Protestantism."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PUMPKIN SEEDS WON'T LIE.

Charley meant to be a good boy. Part of the time he succeeded tolerably well, quite as well as many others, better than some. Occasionally, however, he made a wretched failure in his attempts to exhibit a high-toned, manly boyhood. He was living with his uncle. It was spring-time, and Charley was sent to the field to drop corn. It was light, pleasant work, and he did not dislike it; but, as with many other things in themselves agreeable, there was something connected with this very trying to his restless, impulsive nature. He was told to take pumpkin seed in the dish with the corn, and drop one in every other hill. He did just as told for a while, but it was not long before the pumpkin seeds annoyed him greatly. They seemed almost alive, and would creep, two or three at a time, into his hand, and thus retard his work, and greatly tax his patience. He endured the trial for a time, dividing his energy between keeping the corn and pumpkin seeds rightly mixed, and holding his impetuous nature in command.

At length, however, endurance ceased to be a virtue, or, at least, ceased to control our Charley. Therefore, no doubt, after some deliberation and a slight struggle with conscience on the one hand, and a desire to be free from annoyance on the other, like another servant who wasted his master's goods, he "resolved what to do." Removing a small sod from its place, he carefully gathered up all the obnoxious seeds, and dropped them together into one common grave; a grave which the thoughtless boy supposed, as many a greater criminal has done, would keep his secret well. He then went on with his work and made good progress.

A few hours later the uncle came into the field. His practical eye, passing along the row where the corn had been dropped, and before the hoe had done its work, observed no pumpkin seeds in the hills. Calling Charley, he said: "What does this mean? What has become of all the pumpkin seeds?" With a calm look of innocence, and with gentle tone of voice, he answered: "Dropped them all—all gone." The uncle replied: "It does not seem possible. Why, I gave you enough for this whole field, and you have not yet gone over half of it. What has become of them?" "I've dropped them all," was the only explanation. "Ah, Charley," said the uncle, "pumpkin seeds won't lie. If you have buried those seeds somewhere, be assured they will rise and tell the truth; they won't lie." So, sure enough, when hoeing time came, there appeared, if not the very seeds that Charley had buried, something else that told a sorry tale to the dishonor of one who had betrayed the trust confided in him. He found to his shame that pumpkin seeds would not lie.

It is worthy of notice that what was found true of this kind of seed is true of all seeds, both natural and moral. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

We hear much about "sowing wild oats." It is often said, "We must expect a degree of youthful indulgence, but the follies will pass away with the passing years. It will all come right by and by." It is true that years will change the shape of youthful follies, but if there be not a decided reformation, the change will merely be in shape. The folly will have become the habit, and if there be not a deep and thorough change of heart and life, the crop of wild oats will bring shame and sorrow. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—*Congregationalist.*

PUZZLES.

PUZZLE BIRDS.

Each of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

What bird is fabled to bring pleasant weather,
And every sailor boy is his well-wisher!
His coat is gay with many a bright-hued feather.
This bird is called *********.

What bird is ever prophesying rain,
Though often his prognostics seem to fail?
"More wet!" he cries; "More wet, more wet!" again.
Do you not know the? *****

What bird is he whose humming charms the ear,
And yet whose voice perhaps is seldom heard!
His plumage gleams like gems with brilliance clear.
This is the ********-****.

What bird so tame about our door-yards hopping,
Builds nests in boxes, trees, or grass and yarrow!
In city squares beguiles the ladies shopping!
Sure, this must be the *******.

In Noah's day this bird was very tame;
And it is one that all the children love,
Its gentle innocence bespeaks its name.
You surely know the ****.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a master of ceremonies. Curtail me and change my final, I am swampy. Curtail me again, I am a bog. Curtail me a third time, I am the god who, next to Jupiter, enjoyed the highest honors at Rome. Next, change my final, and have a Roman proper name. Now, replace my final, and have the name of one of the twelfths of the year. Transpose me, I am something that is never amiss. Behead me, I am to injure. Behead me again, I am to prepare for defence Transpose, I am to deface. Change my initial, I am a common sight in city streets. Transpose me, I am part of the circumference of a circle. Change my initial, I am a kind of fish. Change my final, I am a sphere.

A KNOT.

I am a species of wood. You can spell me with eight letters. My 1, 2 form a baby word; they also stand for a title which students like to gain. My 2, 3 are an exclamation. My 3, 4, 5 are an animal. My 3, 4 are an interjection. My 6, 7, 8 are an adverb. My 6, 7 are an article. My 5, 6 stand for the name of a Southern State. My 7, 8 stand for the name of a Northern State.

ENIGMA.

My 12, 8, 14, 28, 20 is a wading bird.
My 18, 7, 17, 23, 15 is a morning song.
My 11, 16, 26, 2, 24 is a singing-bird.
My 22, 25, 4 is a reward for services rendered.
My 29, 21, 10, 13 is an act.
My 9, 19, 3, 30 is a boy's name.
My 5, 27, 1, 6 is a musical instrument.
My whole, which is composed of 30 letters, is a familiar proverb.

SIXTEEN CONCEALED NAMES.

I grieve to learn that he failed to meet your hopes. I saw a darker color after the leader left, and Rewbergh and Willis can exchange, or get Tannar to, I dare say.

ABSENT VOWELS.

B t t r t r s t l l n d b d c v d.
n d w p t h t t r s t n d t h t d c v n g.
T h n d t n h r t t h t. f b l v d.
H d b l s s d t h l f w t h t r b l v n g.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONCEALMENTS.

States.—1. I remember when Ohio was a wilderness. 2. Albany, Denver, Montpelier and Boston are capitals. 3. Can the painter color a door green? 4. Was Handel aware that he was a great musician?

Rivers.—5. Everything was in order when I left. 6. Oh, Ned, you did not tag us fair. 7. Do not let your anger rise.

Cities.—8. He that ventures into the lions' den, verily he shall be slain. 9. Will Dinah bring home the washing to-night? 10. I told Hal, if axes were dear, not to buy any. 11. As we were getting over the stile, Ed's hat blew off.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF MARCH 19.

Transformations.—Spear, pear, ear, reaps, pea, ape, sea, sear, sap, asp, par, spar, raps, are, pa, rape, as, era, rasp, parse, pare, spa.

Comparisons:—

C.	Seer.
B.	Beer.
D.	Deer.
I.	Ire.
O.	Ore.
G.	Jeer.
Q.	Cure.
E.	Ear.
U.	Ewer.
V.	Veer.
Y.	Wire.

Charade.—Nobody.

Waterfalls.—Montmorency, Glen, Cora-Linn, Yosemite, Little Dog, Minnehaha, Genesee, Trenton, Chaudiere, Niagara.

For Transferring Silk Ornaments.—A very simple process is in use by which colored pictures may be applied to silk so perfectly that the ornamentation is mistaken for hand painting. The pictures of flowers, fruit, etc., are printed in oil-colors on especially prepared paper, and may be arranged in designs to suit the taste. They are transferred by simply moistening the back of the picture with water, and pressing it on with a hot iron. This decoration is used for the silk covers of mouchoir cases, for screens, fans card-cases, cushions, toilet bottles, boxes, etc., prepared for holiday gifts, and as it is so much easier done than hand painting, ladies are using it for decorating the panels, collars, pockets, and sashes of dresses. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

A Famous New York physician observes: "You can double your circulation by washing the feet with cold water before going to bed at night and after getting up in the morning." This is a highly important discovery for newspaper proprietors.—*Philadelphia Item.*

"But do you Know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son; "you know, pa, ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture."

Texas has a law, now about to be repealed, requiring every railway train to stand still five minutes on arriving at the boundary line of the State. This was probably to give the passengers time to get out their revolvers, but the State is becoming more civilized, and that precaution is no longer necessary.

A LIVE DANDELION.

Florence: "Oh, grandma, isn't it terrible? There's a live dandelion out in the back yard!"

Grandma: "Oh, dear me! how careless those circus people are. What shall we do?"—*Meriden Recorder.*

JAPANESE BABY SONG.

Japan, as is well-known, is the paradise of childhood. By the kindness of the author of "Child Life in Japan" we are enabled to print a cradle song in the original:

Nen-ne ko yo—nen-ne ko yo
Nen-ne no mori wa—doko ye yuta
Ano yama koyete—sato ye yuta
Sato no miyage ni—nani morota
Ten-ten taiko ni—sho no fuye
Oki-agari koboshima inu hari-ko.

Signifying in English:

Lullaby, baby; lullaby, baby.
Baby's nursey, where has she gone!
Over those mountains she's gone to her village,
And from her village what will she bring?
A tumtum drum and a bamboo flute,
A "daruma" (which will never turn over) and a paper
dog.

—*Frazer's Magazine.*

WHY HE DID NOT TELL A LIE.

Not long since a railway train ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk Junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the mangled cow was not heard from until quite recently, when he entered the president's office and remarked: "I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow." "Ah, you owned the cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?" "I expect I did." "And what did you value her at?" The man scratched his head, hitched on his chair, and finally replied: "Well, I dunno. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n blazes, and he told me to say she was a new milch cow and lay damages at $70." "Yes." "But my wife said I'd better say the cow was not worth over $50." "Yes. Well, how was it?" "That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is, she was an old cow, dry as a bone, and worth about $15 for boarding-house beef. Yet she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a bad muss around the place, and I reckon you might add a little extra." "Let us say $25." "That's plenty. I s'pose I might have had $50 just as well as not, 'but I don't want to lie about it." "No; never tell a lie." "Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I knew you sent a man out to git all the facts in the case!" replied the man, as he received an order on the treasurer for his check.

HOW HE WAS TAKEN DOWN.

The following story is told of a counsel who was taken down very neatly by a witness whom he was browbeating. It was necessary to the counsel's cause to make the witness break down. The following dialogue ensued:

Counsel—"How old are you?"

Witness—"Seventy-two years."

Counsel—"Your memory, of course, is not so vivid as it was twenty years ago."

Witness—"I think it is."

Counsel—"State some circumstance that occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to judge whether your memory is unimpaired."

Witness—"I appeal to the Court; I refuse to be interrogated in this matter."

Judge—"You had better answer the question."

Witness—"Well sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago, you (addressing the counsel) studied in Mr. B—'s office?"

Counsel—"Yes."

Witness—"At that time your father came into my office and said to me, 'Mr. D—, my son is to be examined to-morrow and I wish you to lend me twenty-five dollars to buy him a suit of clothes.' I advanced the money, and from that day to this it has never been repaid. I remember it as tho' it was yesterday."

Counsel—(considerably abashed)—"That will do, sir; you may go down."

THE PROCESS OF "UNWINDING."

The thieves who infest the lower part of the Bowery at night have a word which, if it is not new to them in the sense in which they are using it, is new in that signification to most readers. It is not uncommon for a stranger who strays into the Bowery late at night considerably intoxicated to find himself in the morning "unwound." He would not be likely to thus describe himself, but to the thieves that word defines the process through which he has passed. While making his uncertain way along that thoroughfare, the stranger had been caught by the arms, and led into one of the many dens which keep open doors all night. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, grasped by their fronts and wound off from him with a single motion, while he stood just inside the threshold. The muscles of his arms, being incapable of that rigidity which a sober man might impart to them, offered no obstacle to the process of unwinding. After the rotation thus imparted to the stranger had ceased he found himself standing on the sidewalk, with only a vague idea of the direction whence he came. The thieves were richer by the value of the coat, vest, perhaps the watch, and maybe a quantity of loose change in the vest pockets. Those who profit by unwinding do not scorn such trifles even as pocket handkerchiefs and odd nickles.—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE JACKDAW.

Vincent Bourne, who wrote the following lines in Latin more than a hundred years ago, was an usher in the Westminster School. Cowper, the poet, was a pupil under him, and subsequently gave an English version to the poems of his former master. Toward the close of his life Daniel Webster repeated these lines, expressing his belief that poetry and wisdom had rarely been more happily blended:

There is a bird who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree show
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fail.
No! not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—What says he? Caw!

Thrice happy bird! I, too, have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between em.

AGRICULTURAL LETTER BOX.

(Conducted by Mr. W. F. Clarke, of Listowel, Ont.)

COTTON WOOD SEED.

SIR,—Mr. Clarke wants to heare something about cotton wood seed. We haive a number of large trees on our farm; some of them will girt fifteen feet; they bear seed; but we think it would be hard to gather. It blows on the cotton. We have a ten-acre field near the trees, and it is covered with little cotton-woods. I could gather them by thousands last fall. If you would like to see the seeds pods, I will try to get you some next sumer. After a hard wind storm, I find some on the ground before the cotton is redy to blow. If it was little trees that were wanted, I could soon get all the man desires, and sell them cheap too, as we do not want them. Father talks of cutting them down to stop them seeding the land. They are great trees to grow. We haive never noticed seed on the small trees, say half a foot across, but I will take notice this sumer. I am twelve years old, and my name is

ANDREW H. ACKLEY.

South Woodslee, Essex Co., Feb. 28th, 1881.

The above is only part of a nice letter, the whole of which is very creditable to the boy-writer of it. While trying to learn farming, I hope he will also endeavor to improve in writing and scholarship generally. Any parties who wish to get a start of cotton wood trees, will do well to order from this enterprising lad. His address is given in full to enable them to do so. I hope he will get a lot of orders, and that his father will allow him to save up the money received, toward buying a farm.

PERSISTENT AND UNREASONABLE

Mr. T. A. McDonald, of Durham, N. S., not satisfied with the large amount of space given him in the WITNESS of March 23rd, sends another batch of communications which may be briefly summarized as follows:—Mr. F. W. Fraser, of Pictou, testifies to the luxuriant growth of Prickly Comfrey, and the avidity with which cattle eat it. Mr. R. C. McCurdy of Pictou, states that he took a photograph of a patch of this plant which was duly chronicled in the WITNESS at the time. Mr. D. F. Power, of Pictou, certifies that he still endorses his astonishing statement of "over 100 tons to the acre," and hopes to see Prickly Comfrey fairly tried, a hope which the agricultural editor of the WITNESS has expressed from first to last. Mr. W. A. McKenzie denounces the unchristian attack of the agricultural editor of the WITNESS. When was any such attack made? Mr. John D. McLeod, Notary Public, of Pictou, certifies that the above-named gentlemen actually signed their respective letters, also that they are "men of good character and credit." Mr. McDonald himself writes a long letter claiming the publication of these testimonies, stating that he can get scores of others, and will send some of them "in a day or two," and has much to say about "the foolish prejudices of some parties who are loud-mouthed against Prickly Comfrey." He denounces the "dead-head unbelief" of all who have an unfavorable opinion of this plant; quotes Scripture freely, and blames the WITNESS for injuring the sale of his sets. He also sends another long newspaper article in praise of Prickly Comfrey. After the large amount of space given him, he has no just ground for complaint. He has had fair play, as every candid reader of the WITNESS must attest. All through, parties have been advised to give this plant a thorough trial, and every endeavor has been made to hold the scales with an impartial hand. The evidence *pro* and *con* has been laid before the public, with no other desire than to bring out the truth. We are on the eve of the growing season, and all who take enough interest in this matter to spend a dollar in putting it to the test, under their own eyes, can do so. In the meantime, the controversy must be regarded as closed.

FERTILIZER FOR A YOUNG ORCHARD.

SIR,—I am the owner of a young orchard of apple trees, situated in the Eastern Townships. I desire to be informed on the following points, as to its treatment.

1st. What kind of fertilizer should I get, and in what manner should I apply it? The soil is a light sandy loam. I do not farm and cannot have any manure. I must employ artificial fertilizers.

2nd. Where can I obtain the fertilizers recommended, and what is the market price for the same?"

Next to well-rotted barn-yard manure as a fertilizer for a young orchard—in fact hardly second to it—I would rank wood ashes. They are better unleached, but if they cannot be got in this condition, I would advise a heavier dressing of the leached ashes. The value of wood ashes as a fertilizer is but little understood, or farmers would never sell them as they seem ready and often eager to do, at 10 cents or a york shilling per bushel to the soap-makers. They are worth at least twice that amount to any one who has land in cultivation, to whatever purpose that land may be devoted. This correspondent can answer the second question for himself.

DEPREDATIONS AMONG POULTRY.

SIR—I have suffered much annoyance lately as well as loss from depredations amongst my poultry by foxes, hawks and minks? Can you suggest a remedy? I might mention we have a creek running through our farm, rear of which is situated the poultry house.

FARMER'S WIFE.

Fergus, Ont., March 14th, 1880.

Two precautionary measures may be adopted. One is to have the poultry-house near the dwelling, and the other is to make it vermin-proof, and see that it is closed up every night after the fowls have gone to roost. I know, by sad experience, that it is useless to attempt raising young ducks and geese, if they have access to a creek infested by mink. They will seize the goslings and ducklings after they have attained considerable size, drag them under water, and carry them off. Trapping the mink will operate as a check, but they are very wary little creatures, and therefore hard to catch.

TEMPERATURE OF MILK ROOM.

SIR,—Would you have the kindness to let us know through the WITNESS, what degree of heat must be kept in an ordinary milk room to raise the most cream, and the best. You will thereby oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

Bryson, Que., March 19th, 1881.

That depends on the depth at which the milk is set. If only two inches, 65 degrees is not too high a temperature. Deep-set milk should have a low temperature. Set six inches, 60 degrees is not too cool. Cream rises more rapidly in a high temperature than in a low one, but it also sours quicker. Let depth of setting and temperature correspond in all cases.

MANURING WITH MARSH MUD.

SIR,—I have a piece of dyke land that I intend to plough, and put marsh mud on, and would like to know which would be the better way; to plough it in, or to put it on top after it is ploughed.

W. F. H.

Avonport, March 11th, 1881.

I do not think it makes much difference, if the land is well harrowed after ploughing.

SIR,—Will you please answer through the WITNESS, what firms took first prize on stump machines at the Dominion and Provincial Fairs for 1880, and oblige,

WALTER C. ELLIS.

Wanpoos, Ont., March 16th, 1881.

Not having the prize lists in my possession, I cannot answer the above query, but perhaps some correspondent of the WITNESS can do so. The address is given in full, so that any party interested can address this enquirer direct.

BRIEF REPLIES.

PRICKLY COMFREY.—P. G. Walker, Westwood, P.O.—Your questions are answered in the WITNESS of March 23, 1881.

THE FUCHSIA.—H. P. Marden.—This plant thrives best in partial shade.

WM. F. CLARKE.

POULTRY.

GOOSE EGGS FOR HATCHING.

SIR,—Could you give me any information with regard to the hatching of geese-eggs, as I have had geese sitting on eggs the allotted time for hatching, and they are perfectly sound as they were when set at first. Two years ago I set thirty-nine eggs of which about half were rotten, and half sound, and last year we had some from the same geese and half were sound and the other half goslings.

2nd. Which is the best way to keep goose eggs before setting.

SUBSCRIBER.

Allen's Corners, March 19th, 1881.

If you want to be successful in raising geese, you must keep your birds in condition to give you a good number of fertile eggs, which will produce vigorous goslings. Feed no grain, and reduce by feeding vegetable food mixed with good bran, until they are thin in flesh, but healthy and strong. Keep them in this way until laying time, then increase the food and they will lay. Increase the amount of food, very little, until they begin to show a desire to hatch, for, as the geese will have laid their full number of eggs, if they lay on fat it will do no harm.

2nd. Keep the eggs in a cool place in good clean bran, standing them on the large end.

Perhaps you would do well to change your male bird. Keep your goslings separate from the old ones and feed good strong food as they need it most.

VETERINARY.

(Conducted by D. McEachran, F.R.C.V.S.)

CESSATION OF MILK.

SIR,—I have a cow about seven years old, which calved in April, 1880. Through the summer she gave a large quantity of rich milk. She milked fairly till about Christmas, when she began to fail, and notwithstanding having roots and slops with pea meal and corn meal, she has gone back and gives but a small quantity daily, say about four quarts. She is and has been quite healthy, and is fallow and feeds on hay and corn stalks. I have changed her food, and still her milk will not increase.

E.

March, 1881.

As the cow has milked for nearly a year, nine months of which "she gave a large quantity of rich milk," and still continues to give "about four quarts," you have not much to complain of. We have little doubt but when she calves again she will prove equally satisfactory, if fed as you have been doing.

BLOOD IN MILK.

SIR—I have a middle-aged cow which calved in the latter part of the summer. Lately she has given clots of blood from one teat. She is a good milker, is milked twice a day and well fed with hay and bran mash with a little corn meal. Can you tell me the cause and give remedy?

READER.

Goderich, March 16th, 1881.

The cause is a diseased condition of the milk reservoir or duct. It will not affect the milk in the other quarters. Milk the affected one separately, foment the quarter, or apply a hot linseed meal poultice to it three times a day. Administer a pound of Epsom salts in three quarts of water sweetened by molasses, and follow it up by one drachm doses of iodide of potassium night and morning in a pint of water.

INFLAMMATION OF THE STIFLE JOINT.

SIR,—I have a horse rising four years old which got kicked two weeks ago as near the joint below the stifle as we can tell. There was no cut. He was worked for two days after, and was not lame of any account. The third day he was very lame and badly fevered. It festered and we lanced it, and it is running yet. He does not seem to mend any, and can bear no weight on it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Peel, March 17th.

We fear you have an almost hopeless case. The kick must have been more serious than it at first appeared, and there must have been a complete or partial fracture of the patella or head of the tibia, followed by synovites. From what you say we fear that there is a discharge of the oil (synovia). He should be placed under the care of a competent veterinary surgeon, who will probably sling him. Try to apply a cold linseed meal poultice with linseed oil and carbolic acid (1 to 20) poured over it; change it three times daily.

SCRATCHES.

SIR,—Would you please give me a cure for scratches. My horse has been bad for about a month. I have been treating with carbolic acid to little effect.

YOUNG FARMER.

Goderich, P. O.

Apply poultices for twenty-four hours, then dry well, and dress with benzoated zinc ointment or two ounces of liquor plumbi to six ounces of olive oil. The legs must be kept perfectly dry; soap and water only aggravate and keep up the disease. A purgative is often useful.

SPAYING.

A CONSTANT READER FOR OVER TWELVE YEARS.—The operation though comparatively simple should not be undertaken by any but professional men or those who have learnt it from experienced operators. We do not recommend the operation, more especially in the hands of amateur operators. In both cattle and swine the advantages from it have been overrated.

LEGAL.

THE PAYMENT OF MORTGAGES.

SIR,—In the DAILY WITNESS of 23rd inst, you say, "a debtor cannot compel a creditor to receive money on a mortgage or other contract drawing interest before maturity." Money has been accepted on mortgages not due, under the advice of the best attorneys of this county. Who is right?

A.

Frelighsburg, March 25th, 1881.

We know a good many mortgages on which we would advise the money to be taken before it was due, if it could be got.

WHO ARE THE HEIRS.

SIR,—I have a wife and children, my property is principally in stocks and mortgages; there is no marriage settlement; should I die without a will, who will inherit my property?

LENO.

Quebec, March 24th, 1881.

Your wife will receive one-half, and your children the other half.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

SIR,—Would you kindly answer me through your paper the following question. A man hires rooms of me (being part of my dwelling, from May, 1880, to 1881. Can I compel him to leave on May, 1881, after giving him two months' notice as he says as long as he pays the rent I cannot turn him out.

CONSTANT READER.

If the lease is a written one, you can compel him to leave when it is up. If not, and he pays his rent by the month, you must give a month's notice. If by the quarter, a quarter's notice.

THE WIDOW'S RIGHTS.

SIR,—A. divided his farm between his three sons, willing to each one his part, and obliging each to pay a certain sum yearly for the support of their mother during her life, and he gave the youngest daughter her part in money. Years after the old lady died, and two of the sons died without wills. Can the widows sell the land and give the heirs their part, or must the land be sold by sheriff's sale, and the money be divided between the widows and children. The municipal and school taxes amounts to nearly as much as the rent of the land. By answering the above you will oblige

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Roxton Falls, March 15th, 1881.

The widows have only the usufruct of one-half the land during their lifetime, and then it all belongs to the children. It could not be sold except by order of a judge on the advice of a family council.

NOTES TO INSURANCE COMPANIES.

SIR,—We insured in the Victoria Mutual Water Works Branch, for $1,000, giving our premium note for fifty dollars, on condition that we were insured for three years from 7th August, 1879. We paid cash August 7th, 1879, $5.00; Sept. 1880, assessment $12.25, and in November we had a claim on them through fire, of $26.00 which they acknowledged correct, but did not send the money. In December, we were notified that they found it impossible to carry on the Water Works Branch, and that the policy would be cancelled, 27th Dec., 1880. They sent us a check for $4.58, instead of $26.00, and a receipt for special assessments, and we presume to frighten us told us they could not return our note yet as they might have other claims on us. The total amount paid for 1 year, 5 months and 20 days, was $36.67. Will you kindly answer whether they can claim any more than the proportion of the note given to the time insured, as they cancelled the policy, or can they still hold our note?

VICTIMIZED.

Montreal, March 14th, 1881.

Yes, if actual losses occur, which would require more than that proportion to pay them, and they can hold the note until every loss is settled up which occurred during the time the policy was in force.

THE *N. E. Farmer* says: "In sowing down land to any crop of grain or grass, do not neglect to use the roller for finishing off the surface, so as to make good, smooth work for the scythe or machine. The roller will also be useful for smoothing down mowing fields, where the soil has been heaved by frost during winter. It will set out the grass plants anew by pressing them closely down to the soil."

THE FARMER'S REVIEW.

SUGGESTIONS OF AND FOR THE SEASON.

The *American Agriculturist* for April says: The active work of the year has now begun over a large part of the country. The plough is already in thousands of fields, and would be in many more were it not for the sodden soil. Never turn the soil when so wet that it will bake into hard lumps. The soil is too wet to be ploughed whenever the mould-board is smeared, does not keep clean and bright while passing through the furrow. A soil that is late in becoming dry enough for the plough, needs draining. The success of a crop largely depends upon the proper preparation of the seed-beds. The soil must not only be loose, deep, and mellow, but it should contain all the essential elements of plant food, and these in an available form. This requires thorough tillage—ploughing, harrowing, etc.—and a good supply of well-rotted manure or its equivalent in some other form. It is folly to expect good crops from a poorly prepared soil, and one lacking the food upon which the plants can feed.

There are two general kinds of farming, with all gradations between—the extensive and the intensive. The former term is applied to that style of farming in which a large area of soil is expected to produce a medium crop. The farms are large, and the attention given to any single acre is small, both as to tillage and manure. This kind of farming includes much of that at present practised in the western and far western States. It may be the best—at least the most profitable for the present—but in time the soil will become appreciably exhausted, and a new kind of dealing with the soil will be imperative. Intensive farming is where a large amount of products is obtained from a small area; the attention to each acre in manure and tillage being comparatively great. This is sometimes styled "high farming," but by this is meant strictly the greatest gains for the least outlay, and it may be either extensive or intensive. Both have their place in our agriculture, as each pays in its proper place.

The first grain crop to be put into the ground is spring wheat, and this should be sown so soon as the ground can be made ready. Out of its proper district, marked by climate, it is of no use to grow spring wheat. There are other crops that are sure and give much better returns. Oats should come immediately after spring wheat in time of sowing. Success with oats in our hot climate largely depends upon early sowing. The cooler climate of Canada and New Brunswick is more favorable for oats, where they are plumper and much heavier than those grown in most parts of the United States. By using seed from the northern localities above mentioned we can grow heavier and better oats than when our own seed is sown. The aim should be to harvest 50 to 60 bushels per acre. This can be obtained by having the soil rich and in good condition, and sown with about three bushels of the best seed.

Barley, under favorable conditions, is a reliable and profitable crop, and should not be considered simply as material for brewing. There is no better grain to feed to horses, and when ground with corn it makes a most excellent feed for cattle and growing swine. The two-rowed varieties yield more than the six-rowed, but bring somewhat less in the market. The grain should be sown thickly. 2½ bushels per acre. Barley will succeed in any good, well prepared soil, but it prefers a mellow, clay loam, in good tilth.

Corn planting comes later in the spring, as it requires a warm soil for the grain to germinate, and suffers from late frosts. The time of planting of course varies with the locality, and the soil can be prepared in readiness for the coming of warm, settled weather. Sod turned under, not too deeply, is considered as the best for corn, but excellent crops can be grown upon stubble, provided there is a good supply of manure given to take the place of the vegetable matter of the rotting grass, etc., of the turned sod.

Beets, including mangels, need to be put in very early. There is much difference of opinion as to the advantage of soaking and sprouting the seeds before sowing them. If thus treated they should be carefully watched, and be sown as soon as the minute germ, or sprout, appears on a few of them. Drying with fine gypsum (land plaster) will make the sowing easy. This treatment will insure quick germination, and the young plants will get the start of the weeds. As soon as the plants are up sufficiently for the rows to be seen, run a hand cultivator between them and within an inch or so of the plants. This will leave a strip next to the rows to be treated with hand-hoes. Use a horse-hoe for most of the later cultivation. The manufacture of beet-sugar promises success, provided enough roots are grown in any one locality to make it profitable to erect the necessary buildings and machinery for extracting the sugar. This needs co-operation among the farmers themselves, and between them and the manufacturers; upon this the success of beet sugar making depends.

Farmers have so thoroughly learned how to manage the potato-beetle that it is not necessary to plant early with a view to escape its ravages. But it is well to plant early, especially if the crop is to be sold, and there is a ready market. The earliest pays the best, and the one who is first gets the cream of the market. The Early Rose still holds its rank among the most desirable varieties.

The most essential crop upon a farm is grass. The better the system of farming the more important will grass become, both in its own value and the good effect it has upon the soil and the crops that are to follow it. Our farmers have not given proper attention to the study of the different grasses and the soils best fitted for each. Meadows and pastures, to do their best, often need a little stimulating fertilizer. Two hundred pounds of guano, or of nitrate of soda, often more than double the crop, and return a large profit on the cost. Improved grass lands mean more milk, cheese, butter and beef, and a farm with a rich, never-failing, permanent pasture is one where live stock will thrive, and the owner of it is very sure to be prosperous. Look well to the grass land.

Cows with calf should receive special care both as to feed and handling. Good hay is the best feed; over-feeding must be avoided, as with high-bred cows, especially, there is danger of milk fever or garget. Light feeding, before calving is the best preventative of this, followed by a mild laxative after the calf is dropped. The udder should be watched closely, and upon the first appearance of hardness and heat, bathe with cold water to reduce the inflammation. It is well to let the calf suck the cow if there is any trouble with the udder. Save the heifers from the best cows, and thus constantly improve the stock. A poor cow is an unprofitable animal, and should be fattened and "turned off," leaving no progeny in the herd. Calves, with care in feeding, may be raised on skim milk by replacing the cream with a little oil-cake meal.

As the days grow warmer the ticks will increase upon the sheep, and become more troublesome. A strong decoction of tobacco in water, used as a dip, or poured along the back, will destroy them. As the lambs increase in size the dams suffer, and the lambs must either be fed some meal daily, or the ewes must be given an abundance of rich food. Lambs can begin to eat at four or five weeks, and thus relieve the ewes.

Pigs need a clean place, and breeding sows should be by themselves with an abundance of cut straw or chaff for litter.

Horses that have had good care will come out in the spring in good trim for the season's work. As the coat begins to loosen the skin is irritated; an ounce of equal parts each of sulphur and cream of tartar given with the food for a few days will correct this. Good grooming with a soft brush should not be neglected. Ground feed, mixed with cut hay, is an excellent food in the spring for working horses. Three quarts of equal parts of corn and rye (or oats), mixed with a pailful of moist cut hay, is enough for a meal. An occasional feed of cut beets or potatoes is useful. With many experienced horse-men an occasional feed of half a peck of potatoes is regarded as a remedy for worms in horses. However this may be, they improve the general condition of the animal in a most positive manner. The main point is, to keep the horses in good health and strength, for upon them devolves a great part of the spring work. As foaling time approaches, brood mares should be turned loose in a box stall and receive the most gentle treatment, as the temper and disposition of the colt is thought to depend much upon this.

The poultry will now get much of their food by foraging: a feed of grain in the morning and at night will be sufficient to keep them in a good laying condition. Sitting hens need good, clean and quiet nests. Water and food should be near at hand. Young fowls need to be fed at frequent intervals, with caution to not over-feed.

There is a good deal of work comprehended in the general term of "clearing up" that must be done. Any accumulation of rubbish, ashes, etc., made during the winter should be taken away, for sake of both looks and health. Rake the yards, and make the surroundings of house and out-buildings assume a tidy and pleasing appearance. The rainy days—and there are a good many in spring—may be employed to advantage in cleaning and repairing tools and putting all the farm machines in good working order. Many of the labor-saving devices mentioned from time to time in our columns, can be made in the workshop while it is storming out-of-doors. The farmer who knows how to avail himself of all the odd hours and half hours, possesses one of the leading essentials of success.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

When the trees that were ordered arrive, they should be heeled-in—a nursery term for a temporary planting to keep the roots from injury until the trees can be planted out. Open a trench and place the trees in at an angle of 45° or less, so that the tops may shade one another, and fill in with fine earth closely around the roots. In this and all other handling of the trees, look out that the labels do not get mixed or lost. In planting put all of the same variety as near together as possible, for convenience in harvesting. After the orchard is planted, make a map showing every tree, its position and variety. This is but little work and it preserves the record of the trees. The nurserymen knows that the majority of buyers judge of a tree by the amount of top it has, and that those who look at the roots are few, hence as a rule the tops must be cut back more or less.

The planting of a tree and the setting of a post are done for very different purposes, and should not be done alike. If thrifty trees are set in a hole cut in a wet meadow and the sods put back, except for a foot or so about the tree, as we have seen done, such trees can not thrive, and many will not survive the first season. Such orchard planting is a waste of money, and if no other land can be used, wait until the land can be drained and made fit for planting. Having the land in proper condition for producing a good crop of wheat or corn, and having laid out the orchard, marking the place for each tree with a small stake, open a broad, shallow hole, and, with the tree in the centre, spread the roots in all directions; sprinkle in the soil upon, and work it in among, the roots, leaving no masses of roots, or large hollow spaces about them. Set each tree carefully, as it is a matter of a lifetime, and on it depends largely the success or failure of the orchard. While the trees are small they need special care. The ground should be well tilled and thoroughly manured. Hoed crops may be grown between the rows, but the very act of planting an orchard indicates that the land is devoted to the production of fruit. If another crop interferes in any way with the best growth of the trees, that crop is out of place. It is sometimes said "the orchard has run out," but it is only another way for saying that the trees are crying for manure. The earlier this manure is applied the better. Good, well rotted stable manure is the best, but should there be an abundance of vegetable matter in the soil, a dressing of lime will often produce gratifying results. Wood ashes or bones will not come amiss upon an old "worn-out" orchard. Pruning may be done until the buds begin to start, after which this work should be deferred until late mid-summer. Grafting of old trees, to convert poor kinds into good ones, should be done just as the buds swell.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN.

The plants of cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce from the cold frames are to be set out so soon as the soil is ready, and the frames used to push forward a crop of lettuce, to be followed by cucumbers—thus making the most out of the investment in glass. Seedling plants, either in hot-beds or window boxes, must not become slender and weak; prevent it by early transplanting and giving more room. Window boxes may be set out of doors in a sheltered place during mild days, but taken in before the air gets chilly, unless it is warm and no danger of a sudden cold turn.

As the heat of the sun increases, the hot-beds will need careful ventilating. As far as may be maintain a uniform temperature for the plants, avoiding both chilling and burning. The distinctions so often pointed out of hardy and tender vegetables, should be kept in mind. Hardy vegetables should be sown so soon as the soil is dry enough to work and heavy frosts are over. Tender vegetables should wait until the soil is warm as well as dry. This is, in the familiar expression, about "corn-planting time." That leading crop being one of the tender class, it makes a safe guide for the others.

Those who wish to give their potatoes an early start can do so by placing the "seed" in boxes of earth in a warm room. They require to be handled with much care at planting time, not to break the sprouts. Rake off the coarse litter from the asparagus bed and fork in the fine manure, taking care to not injure the crowns of the plants.



Tomatoes are among the most tender vegetables, the slightest frost killing them, and a cool night gives them a chill from which they are long in recovering. In a garden the plants can be protected by a screen of some kind, if a frosty or unusually cool night is apprehended. Any light fabric that may be at hand, or even newspapers will answer; stakes may be put around or near the plants to prevent the screen from resting upon them. If the tomatoes are provided with a trellis, the arrangement of the screen is much easier. Those who have once grown tomatoes upon a support or trellis, will never go back to the slip-shod manner of field culture. Not only are neatness and convenience secured, but the fruit is really so much finer as to pay for all the trouble of making the trellis. The number and varieties of tomato trellises given in former volumes, are very large, but we give one more, which is different from any other. Rip strips from 1¼ or 1½ inch boards, four feet long, and sharpen on one end. Three or four of these are driven around a plant 10 inches apart, and flaring outward to be 2½ or three feet apart at the top. Take a ball of common wool twine, make the end fast to a stake at 8 inches from the ground; wind the twine around the trellis, taking a turn around each stake, in a spiral manner, with about 6 inches between the turns. Twine will not injure the plant or the fruit like a square corner, and the vines may be trained more readily. By fall the strings will be useless, and the stakes may be pulled up, tied in bundles, and laid away for another year.

SPLITTING WOOD.

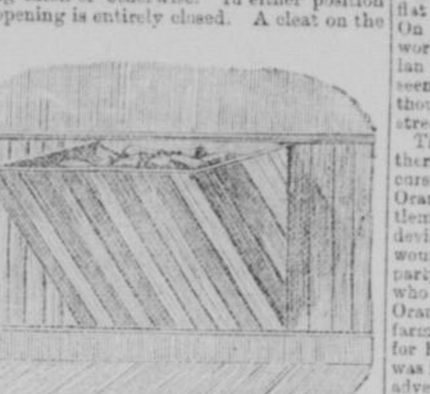
Seeing a boy trying his best to split a section of wood, which would not yield to his axe, a correspondent writes: I showed him an old method, by which he readily split it. He struck "fair and square" many times in the same place, but did not twist his helve at the moment of striking the wood. The secret of splitting is simply to "flop" the axe, thus making use of the poll of the axe as a lever the moment it enters. While this method seems to be pretty generally known to the woodsmen of the Central and New England States, the choppers of the West and South, and all old countrymen that have come under my observation, know nothing of it whatever: frequently striking a dozen times, where one



well-directed blow with a "twist of the wrist" would readily part the stick. I find this motion very effective in splitting our western maple, cedar, balsam, and other tough woods.

A HANDY WOOD-BOX.

When the wood-shed adjoins the kitchen, a box for holding the fire-wood may be made in the partition between the two rooms. The wood-box is V-shaped, and hinged at the bottom; for filling it is swung into the wood-shed, and when loaded it is moved back into the kitchen, and fastened by an ordinary cupboard spring catch or otherwise. In either position the opening is entirely closed. A cleat on the



corners or ends of the box will strike the partition and keep it from going too far on either side. The accompanying engraving shows this swinging wood-box. A small trap-door or slide at the bottom of the box will let out any accumulation of chips and rubbish.

A HOME-MADE COAL-SIFTER.

If coal ashes are not sifted, there is much waste. Sifting is not pleasant work, but with a proper apparatus it may be done with comparative ease.



To make a sifter: Bore holes near one end of any old barrel, put two stout wires across and tightly clinch them upon the outside; these make a firm rest for a sieve. Midway between the cross wires on one side, make a slot in the barrel large enough for a handle, which is an inch through, and fastened to the top edges of the sieve, notches having been first made in the handle to fit the sieve. Provide a cover, and the sifter, as shown in the engraving, is ready for use. The ashes are put into the sieve, which, by means of the handle, is to be briskly shaken back and forth. This sifter is easily made, and cheap, and if the cover fits fairly, there will be little or no dust in the operation.

THROUGH IRELAND.

ONE RESULT OF THE COERCION ACT—LINEN MANUFACTURERS *vs.* HAND LOOM WEAVERS—THE AGRICULTURAL LABOR IN DOWN AND ANTRIM—RAIN IN IRELAND—A DISCUSSION ON ORANGEISM.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

March 8th.—The weather remains frightfully inclement; the snow and sleet is succeeded by incessant rain storms. The Coercion bill has become law and even in the north there seems a difference in the people. There is a carefulness of expressing an opinion on any subject as if a reign of governmental terror had begun. The loyalty always so fervent is now intense and loud. The people here think that there is an epidemic of unreasonableness and causeless murmuring raging at the south and west.

The condition of the handloom weavers and the manufacturers, and the proprietors of bleach greens have changed much during the last thirty years. The weavers, never rich, have sunk down into extreme and utterly

HOPELESS POVERTY

and want; cow and garden patch have both disappeared, yet the rent of the cabin is not diminished. The other two classes have made their houses like the castles and added field to field for pleasure and for beauty. Besides a class of middle men have sprung up between them. Pointing out this fact, the moving of one class upward as a body, the sinking of the other downward, to the residents of Ballymena, I got as explanation that the linen trade was uncommonly brisk during the American war; that during that time immense fortunes were made, that the manufacturers were prudent and economical, while the operatives were extravagant and spendthrifts. This means almost entirely that the men of means and education had the power to absorb the profits of the prosperous time and did so. The idea that has arisen among the weavers of getting up a co-operative society to do away with middle men and keep the rapacity of the manufacturers within bounds is considered an impossibility by all with whom I conversed on the subject. Anything of the kind needs capital and influence. Capital and influence are all on the other side.

In all that I have seen in Down and Antrim, the agricultural laborers seem to be never at any time much above starvation; any exceptionally hard times bring it home to them. In cases of accident, disease, or old age, they have no refuge but the workhouse. There is a constant struggle, as heroic in God's sight as any struggle of their Scottish ancestors, to escape this dreaded fate. When it does overtake them, however, the beggar nurses wait upon the sick beggars with a tenderness that is inexpressibly touching. Emigration is impossible to the laborer or the handloom weaver. They have no money, they have nothing to sell to make money, and they are utterly unwilling to be torn from the places where they were born to be expatriated as beggars, and as beggars set down upon a foreign shore. I am literally giving utterance to the opinions expressed to me. I have heard these people loudly accused of extravagance; on enquiry was told that they bought American bacon and drank tea, whereas, if thrifty, they would be content with potatoes and buttermilk, or ditto and stirabout. As the cow has disappeared, and potatoes have been known to fail, I did not see the extravagance so clearly as I saw the parsimony that would grudge the hard-worked laborer or the pale over-worked weaver any nourishment at all. The charge of spending on whiskey seems more likely by the frightful amount of whiskey shops. Ireland's whiskey bill is going up into somewhere among the millions. It is a fearful pity that this tax on the industry and energy of the people could not be abolished. Truth compels me to add that

FACES, LIQUOR PAINTED,

abound most among the well-dressed and apparently well-to-do class whom one meets on the way.

The tenant-farmers, in some cases, complain of their rents, and would complain more loudly but for fear of being classed with the Land League, for they in the North are intensely loyal. As for the mere laborer, no one seems to consider him or think of him at all. The weather has been so inclement, the days all so much alike, rain, hail, snow, sleet, high winds, and we were so busy coughing, that the days slipped by almost unnoticed.

March 9th—Refusing the tempting offer of a free trip to see the beauties of Glengarriff through the medium of a heavy rain we started for Derry by train. Ah! it does know how to rain in Ireland. Such a downpour, driven aslant by a fierce wind, so that, disregarding the thought of an umbrella, we held on to the rail of the jaunting car and were driven in the teeth of the tempest, smiling as if we enjoyed it, up to the station.

Both sides of the road at the station were crowded with men in all sorts of picturesque habiliments. If it had been so near the poorhouse we would have thought that the population was applying for admittance *en masse*. As it was, seeing the station likewise crowded, the platform beyond crammed, all eager, expectant, waiting on something, we thought it was some renowned field preacher going to give a sermon, or a millionnaire going to give largess. Not a bit of it. It was some person, idle and cruel, who was bringing a couple of poor captive deer to be hunted, and the hounds to hunt them, and the immense crowd represented the idle and cruel who had assembled to get a glimpse of this noble and elevating diversion. If it were possible for the deer and the man to change places the crowd would be still more delighted.

Leaving Ballymena behind we panted through a completely sodden country. Everything was dripping. In many places the waters were out, and the low-lying lands were in a flood.

POTATOES IN PITS

linger in the fields, turnips and cabbages in the rows where they grew, bearing witness that even the last hard winter was many degrees behind the winters of Canada. The land on this road is not so good as what I left behind; therefore there were few gentlemen's houses, and the small farmhouses wore the usual poverty stricken and neglected appearance. There were more waste hillsides devoted to whins, and flat fields tussocked with rushes as we swept on. On the train were some emigrants to the new world, who were to sail from Derry by the Allan line, bound for the United States. I have seen no actual or intending emigrant yet who thought of emigrating to Canada. The broad stream of emigration sets to the States.

There was a discussion on the car as to whether the Orange institution was a blessing or a curse to the country. The arguments against Orangeism were very loudly kept up by one gentleman, who declared it was a device of the devil to keep the people apart, to keep open the wounds of the past, and to foster an intolerant party spirit. His opponents were a pretty girl, who could only say with energy, "I love the Orange cause, and wad die for't," and a small farmer, who was slow of thought and no match for his ponderous antagonist. That poor farmer was forced to acknowledge, by the wiles of his adversary, that he was something out of pocket by Orangeism; that it, in its practical working, did not help a man to be a better father, husband, son or neighbor; that it would be better to pray for the Pope of Rome than to curse him; that the clannishness which makes our Scottish cousins stand up for one another and for their country is better than party spirit that sets man against man, neighbor against neighbor; that this spirit was not the spirit of Saint Patrick or of William the Third. Then he made a violent onslaught on the land laws, on party government or misgovernment by a party who held the land and made laws in their own interest while the oppressed were both voiceless and landless. All this and much more, as if there was no such thing as a Coercion Act in the land.

While this man, right eloquent, conquered his foes and ventilated his opinions, we sped on through the dripping country, under the sides of almost perpendicular rocks, down which little waterfalls, like spun silver, fell and broadened into bridal veils ere they reached the bottom. Then along the historical Foyle, "whose swelling waters," rather muddy at this season of the year, "roll northward to the main," and so following its windings and curvings we flashed into Derry.

Londonderry, March 12, 1881.

IMPROVED CATTLE CAR.

The sufferings which cattle have to endure while being transported in railway cars has at length secured the attention of inventors, and several attempts have been made at remedying the many palpable defects of the cattle cars which have hitherto been in general use. Probably the most humane contrivance for the transportation of cattle is the "Hunter Cattle Car," lately invented by Mr. William S. Hunter, of Belleville, and any cattle car may be readily fitted up with the apparatus necessary to make it serve as a Hunter cattle car. Food and water are readily supplied to the cattle through openings in the side of the car, and the cattle can lie down, each in their own stall, and rest with pleasure. A trial trip was recently made with this car from Chicago to Boston, which proved eminently successful. Thirteen steers, weighing nearly nineteen thousand pounds, were taken from the Chicago stock yards and loaded on one of the Hunter cattle cars on the evening of February 19. The car was then attached to one of the regular trains and forwarded to Boston over the Grand Trunk Railway, and although subjected to several detentions by the way, it reached Boston twenty-four hours before a regular cattle train which left Chicago at the same time. When the cattle were unloaded from the car at Boston, there was not a scratch or a bruise to be seen on any of them, and they walked out of the car seemingly as fresh as when they entered, and on being weighed, before being fed or watered, the average shrinkage did not amount to forty pounds each. Several gentlemen, interested in the cattle business, who were present at the unloading of these cattle, expressed their astonishment at the good appearance of the cattle after a trip from Boston to Chicago without intermediate unloading.

CANADIAN NEWS.

QUEBEC.

EARLY HOPPERS.—Lieut.-Col. Gilmour has shown us a number of grasshoppers which he collected on the roadside near Knowlton on the 17th inst. He informs us that there were thousands if not millions of them hopping about, evidently waiting for the snow to leave so the grass can start. This is decidedly early for grasshoppers to appear, and we presume it is an indication that their ravages may be serious during the coming summer.—*Cowansville Observer.*

ONTARIO.

WHO IS TO BLAME?—Cyrus Long, formerly of the fourth line, Wallace, but now of Tecumseh township, has sold his farm in this township to John Lynn for $2,800. During the reign of Alex. Mackenzie he was offered $3,650, and refused to take it.—*Mitchell Advocate.*

SUGAR MAKING.—This saccharine industry has assumed gigantic proportions this year, and so far the season has been favorable, though very little sugar has appeared on the market this spring. Some idea of the extent which sugar making has been gone into may be gathered from the fact that Napanee has, this spring, sold to farmers 3,650 sap buckets and 25 evaporating pans.—*Napanee Standard.*

THE TILSONBURG APPLE-DRYING ESTABLISHMENT is 50 feet long by 36 feet wide and is three stories high, with two drying towers 32 feet high. Six parers are kept running, and the machinery is equal to drying one hundred and fifty bushels in twelve hours. The average price paid last year for apples was seventeen cents per bushel; cost of paring eight cents per bushel. The dried apples were packed in twenty-five to fifty pound boxes.

CENSURING THE MAYOR.—At the meeting of the South Hull council held on Monday, March 7th, the following resolution was passed: Moved by Councillor Simmons, seconded by Councillor Stewart, and resolved that the council do unanimously disapprove of the action taken by W. McKay Wright, Esq., at the last session of the county council of the county of Ottawa, in reference to subsidizing the several bridges in the aforesaid county of Ottawa, he having taken such action without consulting this council and against the known wishes of every member of this council.—*Aylmer Times.*

A TROUBLESOME CLASS.—The commotion raised among business men in town by the erratic conduct of G. W. Boggs, Inspector of Weights and Measures, has necessitated no less than two visits to this town by his superior, James Egan, of London. The matter has been patched up in all sorts of ways, but with the one object evident—that of preventing the spread of the scandal occasioned by Boggs's incompetence. The advantage to the community in the change that legislated the old Inspectors out of office has not been made particularly apparent in Strathroy, where two officials at a joint salary of $1,000 are required to do the work previously done by one official at $500 per annum.—*Strathroy Age.*

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

NEW SIDEWALKS.—The Portage la Prairie people are negotiating with Jarvis & Berridge, of Winnipeg, for 100 000 feet of planking to be used for sidewalks.

LARGE WOLF.—George Gagnon killed a timber wolf lately at his place near Fort Edmonton, which measured six feet seven inches in length and three feet four inches in height.

FENCE POSTS.—An immense quantity of railway ties, cedar fence posts and cedar telegraph poles have been got out this winter along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Cross Lake and Selkirk. One firm alone—Messrs. Smart & Shaw—got out 250,000 fence posts.

LARGE FLOUR YIELD.—Peter Erasmus took four bushels of club wheat to the new mill at Edmonton and got 198 lbs. of good flour out of it—49½ lbs. of flour to the bushel of wheat, without deducting toll. Out of his grist of twenty bushels he gave the toll and got eight sacks of flour.

SMALL-POX.—A gentleman from Qu'Appelle reports that the small-pox has broken out among the Indians in that locality. There are only five families affected, and these are quarantined, and such precautionary measures taken as it is believed will prevent the spreading of the dread disease.

EMERSON MARKET.—Large quantities of grain are being brought to Emerson for sale. The prices are: Wheat, 90c; oats, 45c; barley, 40c; flax, 92c; wood, $4 to $4.50; potatoes, 40c to 45c. 17,000 bushels of flax were purchased on the market this season by P. Erbach, representing Livingston Bros., Baden, Ont.

INDIAN FREIGHTERS.—A few of the Bear's Hill Indians have been keeping body and soul together by hauling freight required at that place. The Government officials held forth every inducement to them to do all they could at freighting. Whether the Government is sick of the thing, or thinks the Indians were doing too well—it is hard to say, but Chief Bob Tail's son who came in here some time ago with seven sleds, managed to get loads for about four, burned up the rest, and went home disgusted with the whole affair. The Government is now driving the beef out on foot.

INDIAN FARMING.—The Edmonton *Bulletin* says: Mr. Peter Erasmus arrived from White Fish Lake on Tuesday last, with four sleds of grain to be ground at the new mill. He was accompanied by some of the Indians of that place, who had sixteen sleds loaded with wheat and barley—all treaty grain. This is the finest grain, by long odds, of any we have seen this year. While ploughing on his farm at White Fish Lake, last fall, Mr. Erasmus turned up some relics of long ago. They consisted of a flint axe, a flint hide scraper used in dressing leather, and a portion of a clay pot which was handsomely ornamented on the side with Indian figures, &c.

POOR LO.—*(To the Editor of the Times.)*—SIR,—The Indians are getting plenty of fire-water. The Indian chief and his wife got beastly drunk at West Lynne a few days ago, and while lying in their tent helplessly intoxicated got severely burnt. The woman has since died. Last summer it was disgraceful to see the Indians drunk in West Lynne. At the last annual payment of the Indians, men collected from around, apparently for the vilest purposes. The scenes at night were astounding. I was intending to have written long ago to your valuable paper about these shameful scenes. Can nothing be done to protect the poor Indians? The cordwood they chop is frequently stolen from them by the whites.—JAMES FLEMING.

St. Pie, March 16.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SLAUGHTERERS' REGISTER.—The House has passed a bill, the provisions of which require all regular slaughterers of cattle to keep a register showing the number of animals killed, the marks or brands on them, the day on which they were killed, the name of the person from whom they were purchased and received, and the date of purchase. The register is to be open to the inspection of any person requiring to see it. The bill further provides that slaughterers shall not permit the skins of animals to be removed from the place of slaughtering until eight days from the date of killing. Any person convicted of a violation of the provisions of the measure will be held liable to a fine not exceeding $100 for each and every offence. The aim of the bill is to enable owners of cattle to trace, as far as possible, cattle believed to have been stolen or unlawfully killed.—*Victoria Standard.*

LOSS OF LIVE STOCK.—A letter received from the Dalles places the loss of stock east of the Cascades at not less than 30 percent. The writer says:—"Had the winter been cold as well as snowy, not an animal would have survived. But we have had no cold weather, the mercury ranging all the time within a few degrees of freezing point. Great losses reported do not prevail in the region south of here toward Prineville and the upper John Day country. From Antelope Valley, about sixty miles south to the Dalles, the winter has been mild, and stock is in fine condition; but east and north the stock business is at an end for the time at least, as nearly all stock have perished, and grass has so far disappeared that it cannot be relied upon in future. Hereafter, it is believed, agriculture will take the place of cattle grazing.—*Ib.*

GRANITE IN THE GRAVING DOCK.—The Committee of the House who visited and inspected the Graving Dock strongly recommend that the Dock should be constructed entirely of granite instead of partially of brick and sandstone, according to the present terms of the contract. At the time the original specifications were framed it was not known that a good workable bed of granite, from which stone could be readily obtained in suitable quantities, existed in the province. Taking it as established that no such stone was here obtainable, Messrs. Kinipple & Morris framed the specifications providing that the Dock should be mainly built of sandstone and brick, and that the coping and facings of the walls and other parts requiring extra strength and exposed to the greatest amount of wear and tear, should be of granite only. These gentlemen further advised that the granite required should be imported ready cut and dressed from Scotland. The latter recommendation has always appeared to us superfluous, and now turns out to be absolutely absurd. Intelligent and well-directed research on the part of the dock contractors has revealed the existence of extensive deposits of granite of a very superior quality, easily accessible from the water, and within a short distance of Victoria. Practical stonecutters who have examined and worked this stone say that it possesses all the good qualities that can pertain to the best kind of granite, and is free from the imperfections that belong to some varieties. It is easily quarried and worked, and can be got out in blocks of any required size or form without a flaw. It can be made to take a faultless polish, and presents the appearance of great durability.—*Ib.*

MARITIME PROVINCES.

BUSINESS NOTES.—New Glasgow, N. S., is the site of a new fire brick manufactory.——A lobster factory is to be started at Merigomish, N.S.——A new lime kiln near Chatham, N.B., turns out about forty barrels per day.——A canning establishment on the Miramichi River, N. B., will put up large quantities of wild fowl this season.

DESOLATION WROUGHT BY THE TRAFFIC.—The following sad and startling episode from life is given by the Halifax *Chronicle*: A couple of years ago a well known and highly popular Dominion official in this city died, leaving a young widow and seven children. He had accumulated some little property, and at the time of his death owned a nice little cottage in one of the best quarters of the city, and had been, with his pretty young wife and family, living a life of comparative ease and comfort. His children, so neatly dressed, clean and gentle looking, were the admiration of the neighborhood. His widow had the amount of a life insurance policy, and the little property left by her husband. The property was sold and the family moved to another part of the city. Times began to get hard with them. The money soon slipped away and, worse than all, the mother had become a drunkard. The children were growing up in ignorance and want. Bailiffs and sheriffs' officers soon decimated the little furniture they had. They removed to a few rooms in a tenement house in Grafton street. Here one by one the few remaining articles in furniture were disposed of, and the amounts realized used by the drunken mother to satisfy the craving of her appetite. Drunkenness seldom comes alone, and it came out that the mother, about 30 years of age, had a paramour of 17. Her children, one of whom was a cripple, were so neglected and dirty, ignorant and half starved, that the S. P. C. A. interfered and had her arrested for cruelty to children. The above facts came out in evidence this morning when the woman was examined. The St. Vincent de Paul Society have undertaken to have the children looked after, and will provide the mother a home. Not one would have believed, two years ago, that the respectable family would, in so short a time, have fallen so low in the social scale.

PROHIBITION AND ANTI-PROHIBITION CORRESPONDENTS IN MAINE.

The *Globe* has sent two accomplished journalists as special commissioners to Maine for the purpose of reporting their convictions as to the results of prohibitory enactments in that State. One is described as a prohibitionist, and the other as an anti-prohibitionist correspondent, and neither of them is an abstainer, although one evidently has a preference for lighter drinks than the other. The first report of both correspondents on their search for something to drink appears in Saturday's issue. Their first drink in a prohibition State was obtained at Island Pond. This is how the Prohibition Commissioner describes it :

"We were now in an anti-whiskey State, and my industrious coadjutor was not to be restrained any longer. He was bound to begin the work at once, and before we should go to breakfast. We accordingly started for a little stroll about the town, which appears to be well provided with large summer hotels. We stepped into a very respectable looking place and asked for a drink. Two hotel officials were behind the counter, and one looked enquiringly at the other, who, turning to us, looked us carefully over for about ten seconds as if to make sure that we were just off the train, and then he nodded to his companion, who led the way and unlocked the door of a dark and dingy little closet, into which we were all three quickly locked. This meant business, of course, and I began to think what I should take, as the bar-tender asked in a low tone 'What will you have?' I thought of 'John Collins,' 'Mint Julep,' 'Tom and Jerry,' 'Sherry Cobbler,' 'Claret Punch,' and a dozen other of those pleasing and insidious drinks that a novice can swallow so easily and hardly know that he has taken anything intoxicating, those drinks with which inexperienced boys are taught to become drunkards; but there were none to be had. In the dingy, unpainted cupboard there were only eight or ten dusty-looking black bottles. There were no liquors, there was no sugar, no soda, in fact nothing to make whiskey-drinking endurable, much less enticing. On being informed that if I had not a taste for very doubtful gin or New England rum it only remained for me to accept 'plain, bald-headed whiskey.' I resigned myself to my fate and said 'whiskey.' If my future experiences in investigating the crooked whiskey of the Prohibition States is destined to efface from my mind the memory of that first taste of New England liquor, I fear the wear and tear incident to this trip will leave me very badly broken up, to say the least of it. I poured about three tablespoonfuls into a tumbler and then clandestinely added about twice that quantity of water, while my coadjutor was, as I thought, supplying his own glass very moderately. He then remarked 'Ho!' and we raised our glasses simultaneously. * * * Talk about Jersey lightning, Cayenne pepper, spirits of turpentine, boneset and strychnine! and then I remembered that mine was two-thirds water, so as soon as I had emptied the remainder of my glass in the spittoon, and had cleared the *debris* of the explosion from my throat and nostrils, I wiped my eyes and looked around to see what had become of my "hardened" companion, who had boasted to me of having so seasoned his throat and stomach that he could swallow a torchlight procession without wincing. He had certainly done better than I had, but he was still speechless, his face was very red, and he was clawing wildly at the water-cooler, and vainly endeavoring to find the tap. As we started off in search of breakfast he admitted to me that this particular sample of New England whiskey was very bad. At the hotel where we took breakfast the clerk informed us that the law in Vermont, as it had stood since January 1st, 1881, was a very severe one, and that, so far as his experience extended, it was very rigidly enforced. He was of opinion that strangers passing through the town could get liquor if they cared to look for it, but that none was obtainable by the townspeople. The hotels did not look for a bar business at all, and where they kept whiskey it was only for the accommodation of transient guests. The business of selling to the inhabitants of the place or people who happened to come into town from the surrounding country was altogether too risky to be profitable. In a neighboring town, only a few days before, the law had been rigorously enforced against a large summer hotel (a part of which was being kept open for the winter), and the whole establishment had been closed up as a nuisance.

"So far as Island Pond is concerned, there appears to be no kind of doubt that prohibition is being very effectively carried out—nearly or quite as much so as is any law in the criminal code in Toronto. That it is violated in some cases I am quite willing to admit, but the violators know that they are running great risk in doing so, while so far as the morals of the towns itself are concerned, the law is just about as effective as if no infractions were practised under any circumstances."

The anti-prohibitionist commissioner agrees with his companion as to the Island Pond bar, but devotes but little attention to a description of his experiences. In Portland, however, he is more at home, and thus relates his experiences there:

"In Portland we put up at a first-class hotel in a central situation. The first indication which presented itself that the law was not strictly observed was the sight of a couple of empty lager beer bottles on a table in the landing. Shortly after registering I turned toward the clerk, and observed, in a careless sort of way, 'I suppose it is impossible to get anything to drink in this house.' 'Well, no—not exactly impossible,' was the reply. 'You see we have to keep a little something for our guests. John (to an attendant), show this gentleman down stairs.' We descended into the basement, and I was ushered into a small room lighted with gas, no daylight being obtainable. There was a larger assortment of decanters and bottles than in the Island Pond hostelry, but nothing equal to the outfit of a third-class Canadian bar-room, and the element of attractiveness in the surroundings was altogether lacking. In answer to the bar-tender's enquiry I replied 'Bourbon,' and was furnished with a fair article—price, 15 cents. At the dinner table no liquors were visible, and neither of us supposed that it would be served to us openly. The waiter approached and filled our glasses with water. 'This is a rather thin drink,' I observed, 'can you get us some lager?' The waiter hesitated a second or two, and spoke to the head waiter; he nodded, and then the former handed me a wine-card, and on its being filled up, produced a bottle of lager, which was served and drank without any attempt at concealment. The lager was of first-class quality. To all appearance it was an every-day transaction, nobody seeming surprised or annoyed about it. The momentary consultation of the waiters was probably to make sure that we were guests of the house, and not informers. During the evening we had liquor sent up to our room, just as in Canada, by summoning the bell-boy and giving our orders. In short, the conclusion was very obvious that, so far as hotel guests are concerned at all events, there is not the slightest difficulty in anyone getting all the liquor he wants and has money to pay for, of as good quality as in the non-prohibitory States, and without the least necessity of resorting to false pretences, secrecy, or discreditable stratagems in order to accomplish his object."

The *Globe* editorially sums up the correspondence as follows:

1. There is little or no drinking, such as is too common on Canadian railways, on board the cars of passenger trains.

2. Nowhere are liquors of any kind publicly exhibited or offered for sale.

3. In a respectable hotel in the little town of Island Pond bad rum, gin and whiskey could be procured by travellers, in a dark, dingy closet, carefully kept under lock and key.

4. In one, and probably others, of the best hotels in Portland a fair article of "Bourbon" and of other liquors could be had in an underground, gas-lighted apartment, where the outfit and surroundings were not equal to those of a third-class Canadian bar-room. In this hotel, also, lager beer was supplied at table when asked for, without any attempt at secrecy, but neither this nor any other liquor was seen at any other table than that of the travellers who asked for it. Liquor was also sent freely to their room when called for.

In view of the fact that the law is made for the benefit of the people of the State rather than for travellers, the report of both Commissioners is thus far encouraging. Of course, no law is made that is not broken, and laws take a long time to frame around them that breast-work of public opinion which surrounds old-established regulations. In some places, at least, no one can get any drink without the most contemptible humiliation, such as would not be gone through by a man who had not already lost his self-respect, so that danger of the young people growing up drunkards is very greatly reduced. This is, we think, result enough to warrant the law.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

LONDON, March 31.—At the shareholders meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to-day, all the necessary financial arrangements for a vigorous prosecution of the work were completed, and the construction of the main line is to be pushed on both eastern and western sections as rapidly as possible. The 350 miles of railway west of Winnipeg is expected to be in operation by the close of the present year. The Company also resolved to build a branch line from a point near the eastern terminus to Sault Ste. Marie, and another branch from the Western Trunk Line beyond Red River south-east in the direction of the coal fields and international boundary. Provisional agreement for acquisition of Canada Central Railway Company is also concluded.

MONTREAL NEWS

A COMPANY WITH a capital of $80,000 has been organized here to manufacture candles.

THE CHIEF JOSEPH FUND amounts to something over $220. Subscriptions are still being received, and being acknowledged in the DAILY WITNESS.

THE TAKING OF THE CENSUS began throughout the country on Monday. Some sixty-five census enumerators were appointed for the city of Montreal.

TWO CONVICTS, named Williams and Harwood, escaped from the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary last week. It is supposed they are in Eastern Ontario.

WHILE ENDEAVORING to cross the track about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, a L'Assomption farmer, Leon Rivat by name, was killed, as was also his horse.

THE CRUSADE MOVEMENT begun at Montreal is extending to the country districts. The municipality of Riviere des Prairies has decided to issue no hotel license, and has also refused to allow the sale of imported wines within its boundaries.

THE DESTRUCTION of the Hochelaga depot and freight sheds by fire took place on Tuesday night last. The damage done was about $5,000. The buildings will be rebuilt in a few days. About the same time a laborer named Phileas Prevost, while crossing the track, was knocked down and killed.

THE COMING TO CANADA OF THE TRAPPISTS, an order of monks expelled from France, was announced from the pulpit of Notre Dame Church on Sunday. They are to occupy a portion of the Seminary's property at the Lake of the Two Mountains, and it is on account of this, it is presumed, the great effort is now being made to get the Okas to leave.

MR. JOSEPH PERRAULT went to France as a delegate of the Franco-Canadien Commercial Union. He has returned and announces that he has organized a syndicate in Paris of great financial standing to create immediately a Franco-Canadien trans-Atlantic steamship company to run a line of vessels between France and Canada. It will be running two months after the acceptance by the Government of certain conditions which he is entrusted to bring before their notice.

AT THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY election on Monday night there was a noisy scene. The proceedings were prolonged until Tuesday morning at 3 a.m., lasting about seven hours. The President, Mr. I. B. McNamee, was a candidate for re-election, and was opposed by Mr. Richard McShane a grocer. When the hour for the election came the President nominated the scrutineers which was objected to on the ground that the President being a candidate himself should not occupy the chair. The constitution of the society was appealed to, as was also the President's delicacy of feeling but he replied that the constitution was suspended, and that he would look after the other matter himself. He was then charged with acting more arbitrarily than the Irish landlords and after some discussion, and the increase of the excitement until a pugilistic encounter was at one time feared, Mr. McShane and his following left the hall, and Mr. McNamee was elected president. Mr. McShane has protested against the proceedings as illegal.

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, attended the Liberal Convention in this city on Tuesday of last week, at which were present delegates—prominent Liberals from the City and District of Montreal. Organization was decided on, and a series of resolutions was submitted. On Tuesday night there was a largely attended banquet at the Windsor Hotel, at which Mr. Blake made a lengthy speech, in which he attacked the tariff policy of the Government and the Pacific Railway Syndicate bargain. He spoke in favor of the abolition of the Legislative Council in Quebec, and deprecated personal animosities in politics. Whatever difference of opinion there might be on political matters, courtesy, he said, should be exercised toward each other. On Thursday afternoon he spoke at the McGill University Convocation. On Friday afternoon he held a reception of his friends at the Windsor, and having visited the Club National in the evening, left by the night train for the West.

THERE are in Great Britain and Ireland 22,935 doctors. Of these there are in England 15,918; in Scotland, 3,454; in Ireland, 3,564. These numbers have remained pretty invariable since the Medical Register was first begun in 1858. A slight increase appears in the number of practitioners during the last five years, the total number of medical practitioners for 1877 having been 22,713.

— *Notices of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender; otherwise no notice can be taken of them.*

BIRTHS.

BAIN.—At 124 Mountain street, on the 1st of April, the wife of Sackville S. Bain, of a son.

GRATRIX.—On the 30th ult., at 613 Wellington street, Point St. Charles, the wife of Mr. James Gratrix, engineer, G. T. R., of a daughter.

HALLY.—At 398 St. Dominique street, on the 28th March, the wife of R. Orr Hally, of a daughter.

LEITH.—At 28 Lawrence street, Lowell, Mass., on the 18th March, the wife of J. G. Leith, of a daughter.

MASSON.—At Ottawa, Ont., on the 29th inst., the wife of D. T. Masson, flour merchant, of a daughter.

McGREGOR.—At Dorchester Avenue, Cote St. Antoine, on the 26th March, the wife of James McGregor, of a son.

NOWELL.—On Saturday, 2nd inst., at 134 Napoleon Road, Point St. Charles, the wife of W. Nowell, G. T. R., of a daughter.

ROSS.—At 450 St. Dominique street, on the 28th inst., Mrs. James Ross, of twin daughters.

MARRIED.

BIRNIE—WILSON.—At the residence of the bride's father, 101 Mance street, on Thursday, 31st March, 1881, by the Rev. W. N. Clarke, D.D., A. W. Birnie, to Sara Willis, daughter of Mr. Geo. Wilson, both of this city.

COCKBURN—McKERRACHER.—At the residence of the bride's brother, on Wednesday, 16th March, 1881, by Rev. Alexander McKay, D. D., Mr. John A. Cockburn, and Elizabeth McKerracher, both of the township of Puslinch, Ont.

COWAN—NEEDHAM.—On the 30th instant, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, by the Rev. Canon Ellegood, William Cowan, of Montreal, to Florence Maude, youngest daughter of the late W. H. Needham, Esq., Q.C., of Fredericton, N. B.

GORDON—BRAND.—At 290 Ontario street, Toronto, on 25th March, by the Rev. Geo. M. Milligan, B. A., George B. Gordon, Manitoba, to Jane Wilkie, eldest daughter of the late Geo. B. Brand, Esq., Solicitor, Kirriemuir, Scotland.

GRAY—RYAN.—On the 29th inst., at the Church of the Messiah, by the Rev. W. S. Barnes, Robert M. Gray, of Hudson P. Q., to Henrietta, youngest daughter of C. Ryan, Esq., of this city.

MAGEE—McNALLY.—On the 29th of March, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. W. Norton, Mr. James Magee, Township of Wright, to Miss Abigail McNally, of the same place.

McAURTHUR—KENDALL.—At Basin du Leivre, on Thursday, 22nd March, by the Rev. P. H. McEwen, Robt. J. McAurthur, of Cumberland, to Charlotte A. Kendall, of the above place.

McKERRACHER—DOUGLAS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, 30th March, 1881, by the Rev. A. McKay, D. D., Mr. Donald McKerracher, and Miss Betsy Douglas, both of the township of Puslinch, Ont.

McPHERSON—WILKINSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, 30th March, 1881, by the Rev. Alexander McKay, D. D., Mr. Alexander McPherson and Miss Margaret Wilkinson, both of the township of Puslinch, Ont.

McNEIL—McGREGOR.—At Martintown, Ont., on Wednesday, the 23rd March, 1881, by the Rev. J. Matheson, B.A., Mr. Robert McNeil, of the Township of Lochiel, to Catherine Campbell, second daughter of Mr. Alexander McGregor, of Martintown.

RANKIN—RANKIN.—At Glenco House, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. T. Brouillette, the 30th day of March, Duncan S. Rankin, manufacturer of charcoal and merchant of Erie, Michigan, to Annie J., daughter of Captain John Rankin, parish of St. Anicet.

ROBINSON—GOODMAN.—On the 31st inst. at St. Stephen's Church, by the Rev. Canon Evans, Henry Robinson to Sarah Goodman, both of this city.

SMILEY—McDONALD.—On the 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. D. W. Morison, B. A., Mr. James Alexander Smiley, of Jamestown, to Isabella L., daughter of Mr. Charles McDonald, of Tullochgorum, County of Chateauguay.

TRUELL—SUTTON.—At the residence of the bride's father, Mansonville Station, P.Q., on the 9th inst., by license, by the Rev. D. M. Young, pastor of the Baptist Church, Beebe Plain, P. Q., Valorous Truell, Esquire, J.P., of Barnston, P.Q., brother of Ex-Senator Truell, of Lawrence, Mass., U.S., to Miss Ada Sutton, second daughter of Dr. J. P. Sutton, late of Brantford, Ontario, and grand-daughter of the late Deacon John Sutton, of Barnston.

URQUHART—CLELLAND.—At the residence of the bride's father, St. Henri, on the 29th inst., by the Rev. Gavin Lang, James R. Urquhart, to Jessie H., eldest daughter of William Clelland, Esq., of St. Henri.

WALKER—ROBILLARD.—At Stanley street Church, on the 29th inst., by the Rev. James McCaul, pastor, Richard Walker, Black River, District of Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, to Catherine Robillard, of this city.

DIED.

BEARDSLEY.—At "The Grove," Woodstock, N.B., on Monday, the 28th inst., John D. Beardsley, Esq., father of Mrs. Charles Bourne, of this city.

BOLT.—In this city, on April 1st, Mary Rachel Taggart, wife of Alfred Bolt. —Brooklyn, N. Y., papers please copy.

BRUNDAGE.—On Friday, the 25th inst., in his 80th year, James H. Brundage, of New York, father of Frank Brundage, of Montreal.

CLARKE.—In this city, on the 28th March, Lillian Maude, aged 3 years and 4 months, youngest daughter of George Clarke.

ELMENHORST.—At 45 Belmont Place, Walter Richard Elmenhorst, eldest son of W. R. Elmenhorst, aged 4 years and 3 months.

GREENSHIELDS.—In this city, on the 29th inst., suddenly, of heart disease, Agnes, second daughter of late Henry Greenshields.

HENRY.—At the residence of John A. McRae, Esq., 6th con. Lancaster, Captain William Henry, aged 64 years, late of Savannah, U.S.

Oh! tell my companions and kindred most dear,
To weep not for Henry, though gone;
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly assisted me home.

N.Y. *Witness* and Savannah papers please copy.

HILL.—On Saturday, March 26th, Eleanor Adelaide Hill, youngest daughter of David Hill, aged 6 years and 6 months.

HOSKINGS.—On the 30th instant, Sarah Hoskings, native of Chatham, England, aged 55 years.
London and Chatham, England, papers please copy.

JACKSON.—Suddenly, in this city, on the 27th inst., Thomas Frederick, aged 41 years, son of Thomas Jackson, Esq., of London, England.
London papers please copy.

JACKSON.—On the 28th inst., John Jackson, a native of Perthshire, Scotland, aged 78 years.
Dundee papers please copy.

McCULLOCH.—At Isle-aux-Chats, St. Andrew's, P. Q., on March 27th, instant, of scarlet fever, James Taylor, third son of William McCulloch, aged 17 years and 12 days; and on the 29th instant, Margaret, aged 21 years and 6 months, second daughter of William McCulloch.

ROBERTSON.—At Thorold, on 27th March, Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Robertson, of Kingston.

ROBINSON.—On the 26th March, 1881, at Tremont, New York, U. S., John, eldest son of William Robinson (blacksmith), of St. Eustache, Que.

SIMPSON.—On the 2nd April, David Burke infant son of Alex. Simpson, of the Ontario Bank, aged 1 year and 17 days.

STANLEY.—At Quebec, on Sunday, 27th March, William Stanley, aged 75 years.

WALLACE.—In this city, on Saturday, 26th inst., James Wallace, aged 24 years and 3 months.

WHITE.—At Bath, England, 13th March, 1881, John Ludford White, Surgeon (late of Oxford), Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, brother of Edward Swinfen White, and uncle of Mrs. Richmond Spencer, of this city.

WILKINS.—On Sunday morning, 3rd inst., Eva Maud Medusa, infant daughter of Frank and Hannah Wilkins.

WOODWARD.—On 25th March, 1881, at Three Rivers, Que., Arthur Francis Roy, aged 4 months, 3 weeks and 2 days, beloved son of George and Esther Woodward.

Sleep, little Arthur, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
But in thy Saviour's arms
Henceforth shall be thy rest.

And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that set me free,
Thy spirit may await,
The first at heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

VEGETINE.—The great success of the Vegetine as a cleanser and purifier of the blood is shown beyond a doubt by the great numbers who have taken it, and received immediate relief, with such remarkable cures.

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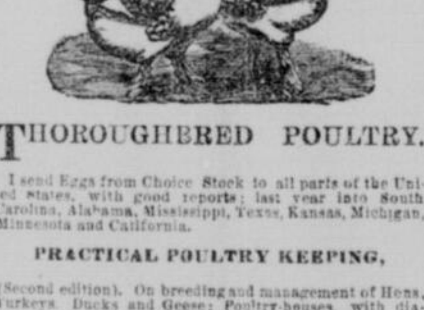
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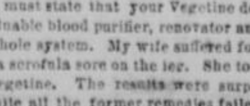
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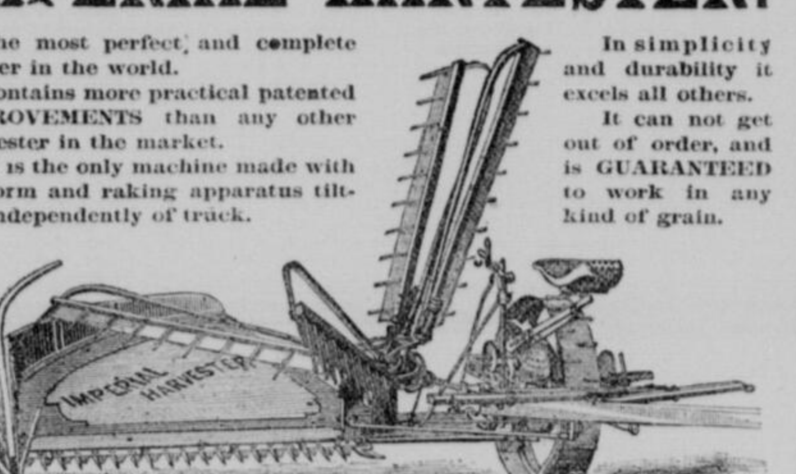


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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DIS-trict of Montreal—Superior Court—Dame Adelina Surprenant, of the Town of Longueuil, District of Montreal, wife of Joseph Buteau, of the same place, blacksmith, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff, *vs.* the said Joseph Buteau, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted before the Superior Court of this district this day.
PREFONTAINE & MAJOR, Plaintiff's Attorneys.
Montreal, 15th Feb., 1881.

50 GOLD, CHROMO, MARBLE, Snowflake, Wreath, Scroll, Motto, &c Cards, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 60 samples, 10c. Heavy Gold-plated ring for club of 10 names. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

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Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums
RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Remain in position without aid, **and are not observable.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. Address CARMORE & CO., S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

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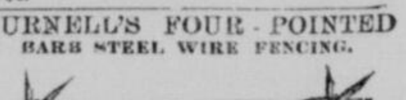
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DIS-TRICT OF MONTREAL — No. 813 —Superior Court—Dame Annie Elizabeth Greenshields, of the said City of Montreal, wife of William Neil, of the same place, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, *vs.* William Neil, of the city and district of Montreal, Esquire, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has this day been instituted in this cause before the Superior Court of this district.
ARCHIBALD & McCORMICK, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Montreal, 17th March, 1881.

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PARODEE'S EPILEPTIC CURE.

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