ORANGE AND CATHOLIC.

An Eye-witness' Graphic Description of the Belfast Riot.

The Factory Girls Taking up the Quarrel —They Boycott Their Catholic Sisters —How at a Funeral.

A last (Wednesday) night's Belfast cable says: Orangemen are again rioting here to-day. They wrecked one hundred houses in the city, two of which they burned. The rioters have broken into several whiskey stores and possessed themselves of the contents. Numbers of men are lying about the gutters drunk. Others, made desperate by drink, are prowling about the streets crying out, "To hell with the Pope." In the various assaults made by the police upon the rioters twenty-five of the latter were severely wounded by buckshot fired at them. The police have been ordered to fire ball to-night in the event of any general renewal of the rioting.

Last night a mob of Orangemen made an attack upon the tavern kept by a Catholic named Duffy. The police were promptly on the scene, and after a stubborn contest, during which they used their carbines and drove the mob away in disorder, the rioters reassembled with increased strength and again attacked Duffy's place, this time overpowering the police and driving them from the place. In the first assault Chief of Police Carr was wounded. He was carried away and now lies in a critical condition. When the Orangemen returned to the fight they were accompanied by a large number of factory girls, who goaded or shamed the men on to battle and formed a most dangerous element. When the officers abandoned Duffy the mob took complete possession of the tavern; it was thoroughly sacked; all the taps and spiggots were set running and everybody was invited to help himself according to his taste. All the barrels of liquor found in stock were carried into the street, lifted up high and let fall until they broke and liberated their contents. All the furniture was carried out, piled in the centre of the roadway and burned to furnish the rioters with light during their debauch. Men, youth and girls drank until they fell helpless in the gutters, the girls acting with greater fury during the earlier stages of the orgie than the men. The noise, profanity and disorder were terrible. The mob ended their work here by firing the tavern itself, and it burned to the ground. Then the stronger men, who had become infuriated, and not overpowered by their potations, ran through the streets wrecking and pillaging wherever they went, and increasing their following the further they proceeded. These rioters after a while congregated around the police station and stoned the place until they were tired. They then marched down to another tavern. The police hastened thither in advance of them and attempted to protect the property, but they were overpowered and driven away. The mob left in possession treated the tavern as they had treated Duffy's, turned on all the taps, broke the full barrels in the street, made a bonfire of the furniture, and finally set fire to the building. The police returned, and this time got the better for a time of the mob, whose ranks were depleted by the scores who had fallen away in drunkenness, and extinguished the flames before they could gain control of the structure. But the officers were unable to drive the rioters from the locality, and they remained and dominated until morning. During the rowdyism of the night, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell were both burned in effigy, and a dummy corpse, labelled "Home Rule," was cremated.

Thomas Gallagher, who was shot and killed during the riot at Lurgan last night, was a well known local simpleton. He waved an orange sash in the face of a Home Rule mob during an incessant fire between that mob and its Orange enemies. During the riot the situation at one time became so desperate that Mr. Mathers, a local Orange leader, publicly declared that unless the authorities did their duty he and a thousand armed Orangemen would take charge of the town. Mathers was on the point of carrying out his threat when the military appeared. To day there has been a little stone-throwing in Lurgan, but otherwise the town has been quiet. A number of policemen were so badly injured last night at Lurgan that they are yet in the hospital. Twenty rioters are now under arrest in that town. Two men named Hart and Mason were arrested today for the murder of Thomas Gallagher, who was shot last night during the rioting at Lurgan.

Rioting was renewed here this evening, and the Riot Act was again read. The mob increased in size and began to throw stones at the police. The latter fired, killing four persons, one of whom was a barmaid who was looking out of a tavern window at the fighting. The mob returned the fire, and a brisk fusilade was kept up for twenty minutes. Soldiers are now parading the streets to assist the police in case of necessity.

LATER.—The mob drove a force of 150 policemen into the barracks and then attacked the building, firing revolvers and throwing stones at the doors and windows. The police fired, killing five persons. Several Protestant clergymen tried to disperse the mob, but their efforts were unavailing. One of the persons killed was a widow with two children.

An Eye-Witness' Description.

An eye-witness of the riots on Wednesday gives the following description of the scenes attending the mob's attack on the Bowers' Hill Police Station: "Women with pokers pried up paving stones and broke them into suitable sizes for the use of the rioters when they ran short of missiles. Women and young girls desperately entreated the men to continue the fighting whenever they flagged. Filling their aprons full of fresh stones, and when entreaty failed the women and girls drove the men on by savage threats. The police station is a moderate sized dwelling house, and when the mob attacked the building the police responded with a volley fired from the doorway. But the rioters soon drove the officers in, and they retreated upstairs and renewed the fight by shooting from the window on the second floor. They held their position for half an hour, during which the battle was hot and savage on both sides, when they were reinforced by the arrival of seventy fresh officers. The increased energy of the police warfare served but to aggravate the mob and they became ferocious. They were maddened by the sight of their wounded comrades, writhing and howling with agony in the streets. I have since heard old officers say that they never knew a mob show greater viciousness, violence, pluck and determination. The rioters hurled their missiles with regularity and precision, as if they had been drilled in stone throwing. When the men in front had exhausted their ammunition they would retire to the rear to receive

FRESH ARMFULS FROM THE WOMEN,

and thus make way for their comrades with new supplies. Some of the stone throwing was quite extraordinary. I saw a man throw a stone with such vigor that it crashed through a window, struck a rear wall, and rebounded with such force that it struck and hurt a policeman. The better armed of the rioters carried what we call here 'Belfast kidneys.' These are stones about five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide, and weigh on an average about one and a half pounds. There were many boys among the rioters, and they were as desperate and plucky as the men. The battle at the station ceased only when two hundred and fifty soldiers came to the aid of the police. The soldiers were from the Highlanders and the Fusiliers, and they soon drove the mob away.'

POLICE GIVE WAY TO SOLDIERS.

5.50 p.m.—The out of town policemen have been withdrawn from the streets of the city in consequence of the hostility manifested towards them by the Belfast workmen, and soldiers have been told off to take the places of those retired officers and assist the city police in case they should need help to-night.

A witness belonging to a tavern adjacent to the Bowers' Hill Police Station was shot through the brain. A youth standing at the bar in a tavern opposite the station was shot. A girl named Minnie McAllister, who was out to buy a pair of shoes, was shot in the cheek. A boy named Kale was shot in the breast. A barmaid named Kelly was shot through the skull. A strange boy was found shot dead in a house into which he had evidently run to witness the riot. The corpse when found was surrounded by a lot of gossips who were bending over it and peering into its face with the aid of a lamp. The people living in the vicinity where the rioting began say that it was caused by the police under a mistaken impression molesting and cajoling some orderly workmen leaving a foundry. According to their story the populace got angry at the police, and attempted to make them desist, when a conflict became imminent. The story goes, the mob offered to behave if the police were withdrawn, but not otherwise.

THE POLICE AGAIN ATTACKED.

The people at the Shankhill road meeting to-day attacked the police. The military were summoned and the crowd dispersed. It is now stated that the meeting was summoned to denounce the police and also all other persons for attacking the houses and property of peaceable people, and to urge upon the citizens their duty to do the utmost in their power to bring the disturbers of the peace to justice, irrespective of creed or party. The meeting appointed a deputation to ask the Mayor of Belfast for the names of the officers in charge of the Shankhill police barracks yesterday evening.

GALLAGHER'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Thomas Gallagher, the Orangeman who was shot and killed during the riot at Lurgan on Tuesday, took place to-day. The funeral procession was protected by 100 soldiers and 200 policemen. A mob of Catholics jeered the mourners and threatened to stop the hearse, but the police held them in check. The political and religious excitement is leading to dangerous quarrels among women in the factories at Lurgan. At one factory the Protestant females have struck work, demanding the dismissal of the Catholics.

PATTI'S MARRIAGE.

A Great Day in Wales—The Siege at Craig-y-Nos Castle in the Swansea Valley—The Wedding Dress and Presents.

A London cablegram says: The religious rite of marriage between Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini was performed to-day in the Protestant parish church at Ystradgynlais, about seven miles from Craig-y-Nos—Mme Patti's residence. The diva wore a blue silk dress, covered with cream-colored lace. The seven miles of road along the Swansea Valley between Craig-y-Nos and the church was spanned with triumphal arches, and the entire population of the valley turned out in holiday attire to pay tribute to the couple and witness the wedding. M. Maynan, editor of the Paris *Figaro*, gave the bride away, and Herr Gunz, the operatic conductor, acted as best man for the groom. There were no bridesmaids.

Most of the rooms are panelled with polished walnut or oak richly carved. The chairs and sofas are stamped with the diva's monogram. In one of the two large billiard rooms, added to the original building by Mme. Patti, is a huge orchestrion which plays operatic selections. In the other is a music gallery.

More interesting than all this, however, was a monster wedding cake—a perfect monument to indigestion—which adorned the table in the centre of the room adjoining and wedding presents spread out temptingly on the billiard table. There were bronzes and vases, silver tea services and terra cotta statuettes—enough to fill a small curiosity shop—but these were only the humble offerings.

In a separate room were diamonds, rubies, gold and silver work, bronzes and porcelains that princes might covet. Baron Alfred de Rothschild had sent a diamond heart with a ruby cross in the centre. Lord and Lady Rothschild had sent diamond sprays for the diva's headdress. De Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, had contributed a characteristic Californian tribute in the shape of a massive gold tea and coffee service. The local gentry had given a rare service of old Swansea china—and still presents keep flowing in.

The Irish Alphabet.

Our alphabet came directly to us from the Irish missionaries and professors of religion and wisdom, who taught Christianity to the heathen Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Goths, Germans, Danes and Swedes several centuries after the death of our Lord. Instead of using the Latin names for the letters taken from the Christian Romans they gave them names of their own. Their wise and pious men had been members of, or were the pupils of, a class of learned heathens called the Druids. In ancient Ireland a druid was prophet, priest, doctor and magician, and the name seems to be connected with our word tree. It was against the rule of the Druids to write things down. They were in the habit of retiring to the deepest woods for meditation and study, sometimes attended by pupils. That is probably the reason why the Irish, among whom the Druids retained their power the longest—because Ireland was the hardest to reach of all the great islands thereabouts, and the last to feel the changes taking place elsewhere in Europe—chose this pretty system of naming the letters of the Latin alphabet when it became common. Instead of calling A *alpha*, as the Latins usually did, they said A, *alm*, the word which stood in their language for palm tree and came, in sound, nearest to *alpha*, and began with an "A." Instead of *beta* they said *beith*, the word for birch tree, almost the same in sound as the Phoenician, but quite different in meaning. And so with the other letters: *Coll*, hazel; *dair*, oak; *eadha*, aspen; *fearn*, alder; *gort*, ivy; *huith*, white thorn; *iogha*, yew; *luis*, mountain ash; *muin*, vine; *nuin*, ash; *onn*, broom; *peith*, dwarf-elder; *ruil*, willow; *teine*, furze; *ur*, heath. They called this alphabet *bethluisnion*, choosing out the letters B, L, S and N, instead of the letters A and B, to form a name.—*St Nicholas.*

How Much She Loved Him.

"Fannie," he said to her, "I love you with my whole heart, and I want you to be my wife. It is true I'm only a department clerk, with only $1 400 a year, but, Fannie, money doesn't buy happiness. Do you love me, darling?" "Oojoo," she cooed, nestling her head on his new coat front. "And you do love me?" he exclaimed, with confidence; "you love me with your whole soul and being?" "Maybe not quite that much," she gurgled, "but I love you $1 400 worth, George, and that's $400 more than I ever loved any other living man."—*Washington Critic.*

Market gardeners inform the St Catharines *News* that the onion crop will be a dead failure this season. The periodical onion fly has commenced to bore and spring onions are now dearer than have been known for years.

Three men took possession of the shoal tower, Kingston, on Sunday, and after locking the sergeant's wife in the room stole everything they could lay their hands on.

GLADSTONE'S MANIFESTO.

The Grand Old Man Appeals to His Scotch Constituents.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA FOR IRELAND.

Joseph Arch's and Other Liberal Appeals for Home Rule.

SALISBURY FOR THE UNION.

LONDON, June — Mr. Gladstone has issued the following manifesto to the electors of Midlothian:

GENTLEMEN,—In consequence of the defeat of the Bill for the better government of Ireland, the Ministry advised and Her Majesty was pleased to sanction the dissolution of Parliament for a decision by the nation of the gravest and likewise the simplest issue that has been submitted to it for half a century. It is only a sense of the gravity of this issue which induces me at a period of life when nature cries aloud for repose, to seek, after sitting in thirteen Parliaments, a seat in the fourteenth, and with this view to solicit for the fifth time the honor of your confidence. As the last election I endeavored in my addresses and speeches to impress upon you the fact that a great crisis had arrived in the affairs of Ireland. Weak as the late Governments was for ordinary purposes, it had great advantages for dealing with that crisis. A comprehensive measure proceeding from that Government would have received warm and extensive support from the then Liberal party, and would probably have closed the Irish controversy within the present session and have left the Parliament of 1885 free to prosecute the now stagnant work of ordinary legislation, with the multitude of questions it includes. My earnest hope was to support the late Cabinet in such a course of policy. On the 27th of last January the opposite policy of coercion was declared to have been the choice of the Government, the Earl of Carnarvon alone refusing to share in it. The Irish question was placed in the foreground to the exclusion of every other. The hour, as all felt, was come. The only point remaining to determine was the manner in which it was to be dealt with. In my judgment the proposal of coercion was not justified by facts and was doomed to certain and disgraceful failure. Some methods of governing Ireland other than coercion ought, as I thought, to be sought for and to be found. Therefore, I viewed with regret the fall of the late Cabinet, and when summoned by Her Majesty to form a new one I undertook it on the basis of an anti-coercion policy, with the fullest explanation to those whose aid I sought as colleagues, when I proposed to examine whether it might not be possible to grant Ireland a domestic Legislature and maintain the honor and consolidate the unity of the Empire. A Government was formed and the work was at once put in hand. You will now, gentlemen, understand how and why it is that the affairs of Ireland, and not for the first time, have thrust aside every other subject and adjourned our hopes of useful and progressive legislation. As a question of the first necessities of social order, it forces itself into the van. The late Cabinet, though right in giving that place, were, as we thought, wrong in their manner of treating it. It was our absolute duty in taking the Government, if we did not adopt their method, to propose another. Thus, gentlemen, it is that this great and simple issue has come upon you and demands your decision. Will you govern Ireland by coercion, or will you let Ireland manage her own affairs? To debate in this address this and that detail of the lately defeated Bill would only be to disguise this issue, and would be as futile as to discuss the bolting, stumbling, ever-shifting and ever-vanishing projects of an intermediate class which have proceeded from the seceding Liberals. There are two clear, positive and intelligible plans before the world. There is the plan of the Government and there is the plan of Lord Salisbury. Our plan is that Ireland should, under well considered conditions, transact her own affairs. His plan is to ask Parliament to renew repressive laws and enforce them resolutely for twenty years, at the end of which time he assures us Ireland will be fit to accept any government in the way of a local government on the repeal of the coercion laws you may wish to give her. I leave this Tory project to speak for itself in its unadorned simplicity, and I turn to the proposed policy of the Government. Our opponents, gentlemen, whether Tories or seceders, have assumed the name of Unionists. I deny them the title to it. In intention indeed we are all unionists alike, but the union they refuse to modify is in its present shape a paper union, obtained by force and fraud and never sanctioned or accepted by the Irish nation. They are not unionists, but paper unionists. True union is to be tested by the sentiments of the human beings united. Tried by this criterion we have less union between Great Britain and Ireland now than we have had under the settlement of 1782. Enfranchised Ireland, gentlemen, asks through her lawful representatives for the revival of her domestic legislature—not, on the face of it, an enervating, but a restorative proposal. She urges, with truth, that the centralization of Parliament has been the division of peoples, but she recognizes the fact that the Union, lawlessly as it was obtained, cannot and ought not to be repealed. She is content to receive her legislature in a form divested of prerogatives which might have impaired her Imperial interests, and better adapted than the settlement of 1782 to secure her regular control of her own affairs. She has not repelled but has welcomed this stipulation for the protection of the minority. To such provisions we have given and shall give careful heed, but I trust Scotland will condemn the attempts so singularly made to import into the controversy a venomous element of religious bigotry. Let her take warning by the deplorable riots in Belfast and other places in the North. Among the benefits, gentlemen, I anticipate from your acceptance of our policy are these: The consolidation of the United Empire and great addition to its strength, the stoppage of the constant and demoralizing waste of the public treasure, the abatement and gradual extinction of ignoble feuds in Ireland, and that development of her resources which experience shows to be a natural consequence of free and orderly government; the redemption of the honor of Great Britain from the stigma fastened upon her almost from time immemorial, in respect to Ireland, by the judgment of the whole civilized world; and lastly, the restoration of Parliament to its dignity and efficiency and the regular progress of the business of the country. Well, gentlemen, the first question I now put to you is, How shall Ireland be governed? There is another question behind it and involved in it—How are England and Scotland to be governed? You know how for the last six years especially the affairs of England and Scotland have been impeded, and your Imperial Parliament disregarded and disabled. All this happened while the Nationalists were but a small minority of the Irish members, without support from so much as a handful of members not Irish. Now they approach ministry, and are entitled to say "We are speaking the views of the Irish nation." It is impossible to deal with this subject by half-measures. They are strong in their numbers, strong in British support, which brought 313 members to vote for their country; strongest of all in the sense of being right. But, gentlemen, we have done our part: the rest remains for you. Electors of the county, may you be enabled to see through and cast away all delusions, refuse evil, and choose good.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your faithful and grateful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has announced to the National League of Liverpool that he is no longer a Conservative, and that he will support Home Rule to the utmost of his ability.

Joseph Arch and Joseph Leicester, Liberal members of Parliament, on behalf of the labor element in the House, have signed a manifesto addressed to "the sons of toil and artisans of England." The document denounces the unholy coalition between their Tory foes, the Whigs and the so called Radical seceders, and implores workingmen to support Mr. Gladstone and those Conservatives who are not in favor of coercion. The adherents of Chamberlain and Lord Hartington have each a different plan, says the document, and if they are returned to power they will jointly attempt to legislate for Ireland, the result of which would be pandemonium.

The Liberal caucuses show themselves merciless to the members who voted against the second reading. Mr. Rylands at Burnley and Mr. Caine at Barrow were condemned by great majorities. They, like many others, must depend for re-election on Tory votes, which Mr. Chamberlain can afford to reject. His seat in West Birmingham is not attacked, nor Mr. Bright's.

A largely attended meeting of the members of the Primrose League was held at Hatfield, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, to-day, to indorse his action in opposing the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. The Marquis, who was present, was enthusiastically and repeatedly cheered. In response to a vote of confidence unanimously passed by the meeting, Lord Salisbury, in quite a lengthy speech, said: We are now called upon to fight for the integrity of the Empire. The issue was not merely for the purpose of enacting a legislature at Dublin. It was something much greater. It was the handing of the executive power in Ireland over to those whose sentiments were those of Separationists. The present Government, he continued, sought to transfer the supreme power to those who would prevent the ordinary law from operating and substitute therefor lynch law. If the Executive of Ireland was handed over to the Dublin Parliament the military government of the country would soon be likewise handed over to the Irish Parliament, and if England became involved in difficulties with other foreign Powers the troops in Ireland might side with the enemy. Was it not madness, His Lordship asked, to expect that the Irish hatred of the English which had existed through so many years would change in a day if the Government placed in the hands of the Nationalists the fate of the Loyalists and the safety of the Empire? In conclusion, Lord Salisbury said that he is firmly of the belief that Great Britain, by a union of her patriots, would return a good answer to the question now before the country, and that a unity of the patriots would preserve the unity of the Empire.

Trevelyan, in his electoral manifesto, says the Home Rule Bill seeks to put the execution of the law and the preservation of order into hands in which they would be insecure. Such a surrender involves the adoption of the Land Purchase measure, which would place upon the British taxpayer an enormous liability. Such measures would, he said, result in separation, which could be avoided if simple local government was extended to Ireland, in accordance with the well-known Liberal principles. The opponents of the Bill he declared to be perfectly consistent with true Liberalism.

A London cable says: Finance is the order of the day in politics here. Both the "Unionists" and Conservatives have abundantly provided themselves with money, and the Gladstonians are industriously beating up funds with success surprising even to themselves. When Earl Rosebery, a most loyal Liberal and always liberally loyal, was called on to contribute to the election fund, he agreed to subscribe whatever sum Baron Wolverton would give. Lord Wolverton, who is a millionaire and childless, was then visited and informed of Earl Rosebery's promise. With a quiet smile and without a moment's hesitation, the Baron drew the subscription paper in front of him and put down his name for £50,000. The paper was returned to Lord Rosebery in due time, and as his eye fell upon the sum of Lord Wolverton's donation, a momentary expression of surprise crossed his face, but he promptly set his name opposite a like amount and handed the list back without a word.

The temporary calm which now pervades the political field will probably last until Mr. Gladstone starts for Scotland on Thursday morning, when there is every indication that popular interest in his tour will equal that of 1880. Arrangements have been made in various towns through which he will pass to present addresses to the Premier, and he will probably make several speeches before reaching Edinburgh on Thursday evening.

Mr. Gladstone will travel to Scotland on this occasion by the Midland line for the first time. It is believed by many that the Premier has chosen this route because the Northwestern Company, by whose line he has hitherto travelled to and from Scotland, refused to extend the facilities he desired, and which have hitherto been placed at his disposal.

The Dresses of Royalty.

I had the honor of being presented to Her Royal Highness at the last drawing-room, and will give you a description of her dress. It was of the most tender lilac or mauve shade, a waist and petticoat of lilac terry velvet, a train of cream crepe de chine, handsomely embroidered in various shades of flowers, lined and bordered with lilac and coral roses. The skirt was looped with tulle and embroidered with flowers, the train caught back with lilac feathers. Her headdress was a tiara of diamonds, feathers and veil, her ornaments diamonds. She wore the Orders of Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, the Royal Red Cross and Danish family order. Next her stood the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, in a dress and train of black, striped velvet and satin, the train lined with scarlet satin and trimmed with jet. It should be remarked here that people going out of mourning in England always wear scarlet. Her headdress was a tiara of diamonds, feathers, veil, and her ornaments emeralds and diamonds. She wore four Orders—the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem and the Royal Red Cross. The Princess Mary of Cambridge stood next to her—an immense but rather handsome woman. Then came a young girl—the Princess Louise of Wales. An exquisite shade of plush brocaded satin, lined with poult de soie, and trimmed with feathers and syringa blossoms, joined the corsage and train, over a tulle petticoat looped with bunches of the same flowers. Her headdress was of feathers and tulle veil. She wore pearls, diamonds and rubies. Next to her stood her popular papa, the Prince of Wales, in a full suit of scarlet, the uniform of a General.—*From a late London Letter.*

Alonzo Fee was fined $50 and costs at Millbrook yesterday for violating the Scott Act.

The supposed earthquake shocks on Friday night at Sandy Hook and Asbury Park, New Jersey, were caused by gun drill on the United States steamer Juniata.

THE VANCOUVER FIRE.

Graphic Description of the Great Conflagration.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch says: All day on Sunday there had been a steady wind from the northwest, and the bush-clearing fires on the Canadian Pacific Railway lots were fanned to such an extent as to fill the terminal town of Vancouver with smoke. Shortly after 1 p.m. the smoke was so dense people found it impossible to direct their steps to the exact location of its source. Soon a stable near the Colonial Hotel was seen to be on fire. The alarm was given, but so sceptical were the people that they paid no attention to it for some time. The wind by this time had increased to a gale and fanned the flames into a mass of raging fire. One of the first buildings to go was Cartney's drug store, followed by the office of the Vancouver *News*. The flames shot across Abbott street with astonishing rapidity, and almost before people could realize it the whole of the western portion of the city was in a blaze. The excitement was now intense. Water street was filled with dense smoke and flying cinders, the people were hurrying with what effects they could gather in their haste to a place of safety. The general direction of their flight was eastward, though many ran to the elevated ground owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Others again made for False Creek. Those who endeavored to save their goods were so engrossed in their object as to appear heedless of the danger they ran, and it was found especially necessary to compel many women to relinquish their efforts in order to save their lives. In some cases there was only just time to place them on improvised rafts which were pushed out from the shore beyond the reach of the flames, which literally seemed to fill the air. In less time than it takes to describe it the fire had reached Carroll street. Some merchants in this vicinity were engaged in conveying their goods to a place of safety, but so rapid was the conflagration that before their horses were ready the teamsters were obliged to fly for their lives. All hopes of saving any considerable amount of property was now abandoned, and each contented himself with hastily putting together what he could carry in his hands without seriously impeding his speed and hurried from the spot. But even after leaving the house the danger was not over, for every road had become an avenue of fire. Falling timbers and stumps on each side of the road glowed with fire, and proved as serious a menace to fugitives as the burning houses of the doomed city. During the confusion which prevailed, when the rowdies and roughs saw that every one was leaving, they went to the saloons, which had been left entirely unprotected, and commenced drinking. Many a one was seen staggering along the streets with a keg of beer on his shoulder or carrying as many bottles of liquor as he could appropriate. Men were sitting completely hemmed in by the fire, and apparently oblivious of their surroundings, drinking liquor. They were, of course, partially intoxicated.

A large number of fugitives collected at the Hastings Mill Company's wharf, but the large majority collected at False Creek bridge. Nothing was to be seen from either of these points but a lurid rolling bank of smoke hanging over the ashes of the city, from which stragglers could be seen occasionally fleeing. The steamer Dunsmuir came to the dock to rescue people, and with several other steamers conveyed a large number over to Moodyville.

The dropping of the flames was as sudden as their rise, and by 6 p.m. some adventurous spirits had already made their way along the roads of the destroyed city, and before dark the work of searching for the bodies of those overtaken by the fiery element had begun. In a short time the remains of several persons had been discovered, and up to 10 o'clock on Monday morning nine bodies, some of which were burned beyond recognition, had been found. There is some uncertainty about the exact number already found, as in some cases a handful of charred bones was the only indication of a human life being lost. One of the searchers said he thought the number could be truthfully estimated at twelve.

The general sentiment of the people appears to be one of hopefulness, and determination to begin at once the reconstruction of the city. Some have already got building material on the ground.

Inquiries made amongst the city insurance agents this afternoon showed that no risks were held on property in Vancouver, B. C., by Canadian companies. "There are thirteen insurance agents in Vancouver," said an insurance man, "all of them representing English companies. The Glasgow and London and the Phœnix, of England, are represented in Vancouver. The buildings in Vancouver were, with few exceptions, all frame, and Canadian companies who knew the character of the place would not take risks on it. Some English companies, doubtless, hold some big risks on the buildings destroyed, as it was an easy place for insurance agents to do business.

An Extraordinary Wedding.

At Portsmouth yesterday a remarkable scene occurred in connection with a wedding. A Mr. Mariner, a grocer at Landport, 54 years of age, whose wife had died as recently as March last, left his house with a child named Elizabeth Lock, about 17 years of age, and who had formerly been in his employ as a domestic servant, and the pair proceeded in a carriage with positions in blue to St. Thomas' Church for the purpose of being married. The neighbors had closed their shutters and drawn their blinds, while some of the tradesmen had hung out mourning boards and bows and boards of crape. A crowd assembled in the streets, and the pair were pelted with decayed apples and oranges and other offensive missles. Outside the church they were hooted and hissed by another crowd, and on the return journey after the service they were similarly greeted. Meanwhile the bridegroom's son had proceeded to place a mourning wreath on his mother's grave. A great deal of excitement prevailed in the streets, and traffic was temporarily suspended.—*London Globe.*

The Famous Hairy Family of Burmah.

Ex-King Theebaw's famous hairy family, which he long kept jealously at Mandalay, are coming to Europe for exhibition. The family have been renowned in Burmese history for many years, and the present members, a mother and son, form the fourth generation known. The mother, Maphon, is 63, quite blind, and usually sits motionless on a platform, occasionally fanning herself, and speaking in a low, sweet voice. She was seen and described by Col. Yule when on a mission to the court of Ava in 1855. Save her hands and feet, she is covered with long, soft hair like her son, Mo-po-sin, who is covered even to the drums of his ears, the hair in some places being five inches long. Mo-po-sin is of medium height, with pale brown skin, and is fairly friendly, having been partly educated and married to a maid of honor. Neither he nor his mother has either canine teeth or grinders.—*From the Court Journal.*

No Foreign Landowners Wanted.

The agitation in the United States against alien landholders has found fruit in a Bill which passed the Senate unanimously last week. It prevents the acquisition of real property by aliens, and prohibits corporations, except railroad, canal and turnpike companies, more than 20 per cent. of the stock of which is owned by aliens, from owning more than 5,000 acres of land, under penalty of forfeiture to the Government.

HOW ETNA LOOKS IN ERUPTION.

A Sublime and Awful Scene Presented to Tourists.

THE SEA OF MOLTEN FIRE.

A letter from Catania, dated May 24th, says: You have probably heard of the eruption of Etna which is going on. I left Palermo on Saturday, and came here to see it. We left here about 3 o'clock (six of us, English) on Saturday afternoon and drove to Nicolosi, which we reached about 5 o'clock, and got mules and went up to the scene. There were crowds of people going there, but we took a different road and went up much higher than the general crowd. We had a guide with us, and after about three hours' climbing we got to within a couple of miles of the crater itself.

It is at the side of Etna, you know, not near the top, that this eruption has broken out, and we got on to a bit of high ground overlooking the whole scene. It was still daylight when we got up there, so that we saw the whole thing by daylight. We then settled ourselves down to dinner, which we had brought with us from Catania, and of course it was soon dark, and here we were comfortably feeding before the most glorious and indescribable sight I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly impossible to describe it, as no one can have any conception of what it is like until he sees it, and also until he sees it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top is this enormous crater throwing out flames and throwing up stones some hundreds of yards, with a continual roar like any number of battles going on, and just below is another mouth, from which the lava comes, travelling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys.

Now imagine from where we were that night, with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright red, and all down past us from our right and extending down miles to the left streams of red hot lava moving downward in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red hot coke. The width across the lava where we were was, perhaps, three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red hot lava five or six miles long, and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty deep, but all of it bright red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing. I would not have missed it for worlds.

The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of, say, Quidenham Church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up, and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream, slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of. As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it, and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down, this house was in flames and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down; and from below it is awful (quite close to it) to see this mass, thirty or forty feet high, coming slowly toward you. I brought a piece of red-hot lava down with me, which the guide got hold of for me, as I could not get it myself; it was so fearfully hot I could not go close enough. We put wire round it, and I carried it down on the end of my stick. In fact, we each brought a bit down, and also some ashes or cinders which rained down on us whenever the wind was our way. We got back to Catania at about 4.15 a.m. We were up near the crater nearly four hours. We saw other people go up to see the lower end of the lava, stay there a few minutes and go down again; but the way to do it is to go right high up, arriving by daylight, and then stay there to see it by night and watch the changes going on. It was glorious.

Latest from the Northwest.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mr. Fairbanks, M. P. P., has been appointed Registrar for Marquette, vice Felix Chennier, resigned.

Mr. Justice Taylor will leave on Monday next for Calgary, to conduct the Travis investigation, which will begin on the 17th instant.

The Manitoba Liberals will nominate candidates for the Local Legislature for North and South Winnipeg to-night. Messrs. Conklin (formerly of Hamilton) and Luxton will probably be selected.

Out of the 245 members of the Conservative Association to arrange for a welcome to Sir John Macdonald at Regina, only 28 attended yesterday.

A terrible thunderstorm took place in the vicinity of Moosejaw and did great damage. Mr. K. Cline was killed while ploughing, also one of his team. He leaves a wife and six children.

Ald. Wood, of Winnipeg, has been appointed Agent-General for the Dominion in Australia.

Incendiarism is suspected of being the cause of the Rat Portage fire, and several arrests have been made.

General Superintendent Egan says the Canadian Pacific North Shore telegraph system will not be open for nearly three months yet.

Rev. John McLean, missionary among the Bloods, denies the general accuracy of the charges made against Indian agents, and says the agents on his section are doing their duty.

It is thought the Conservative candidates for the Winnipeg Local Assembly divisions will be Mr. Scarth for the south and Mr. Drewry for the north. The Conservatives of Beautiful Plains have nominated Mr. Davidson as their candidate for the Local House.

A Poor Chance for the Baby.

The poor little King of Spain is not like Richard III. in being born with a false set of teeth. His dentist, however, was named on the day of his birth as a member of His Majesty's household. I don't think Alphonso XIII. has much chance against the usual diseases of infancy and the usual foes of monarchy in his country. He ought to have been the son of his robust nurse instead of an Austrian Archduchess, who has the misfortune to be her uncle's daughter, and has not a good constitution. The late King was attacked with phthisis for eighteen months before he died, and was weakly in his boyhood. If out of pity the Republicans were ready to say quiet Don Carlos would not let them. He is beginning to move again, and under the late Compessae de Chambord's will he has the sinews of war.—*Paris Letter to London Truth.*

The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the Bill making the expulsion of the chief pretenders compulsory and the expulsion of other members of former reigning families optional with the Government.

A number of Montreal speculators were badly nipped in the Chicago wheat pit recently.

The Dead Worker.

Poor hands! fold them over her breast.
So hard, so brown, so cold!
They have done their work and have won their rest.
Tho' they won no gold.
Theirs was a battle for bread,
How they struggled and grappled and bled!

Poor hands! fold them gently, for they
Once lay in a mother's breast
All dimpled and pink and cosily
As birds in a nest.
And a mother's heart once leapt
As into her bosom they crept.

Poor hands! give them flowers to carry
Down into the grave, for they
Were too work-worn and too world weary
To pass this way
And pluck them: bring lilies and roses
And fill the stiff fingers with posies.

Poor feet! when the way was cold
And winding and nettle-strewn,
We passed them by with only a sigh
For the blood-prints under the moon;
Now that the life blood is froze
Bring the warm gaiters and hose.

Poor eyes! close them too—how they stare!
Nay! place no gold on that brow;
It was lack of that made the furrows there—
She needs none now.
She goes to the mansion whose floor
Is paved with the costliest ore.

Poor eyes! no leisure they had
To look upon the sky
And see if 'twas blue, as the poets said;
But now they see.
To-day they are not so dim
But that they will open on Him.

One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light
One seed at a time, and the forest grows
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and the palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, and our lives speed by
Into Eternity!

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored
Another and more on them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell,
"One thing at a time, and that done well."
Is wisdom's proven rule.

The Walls of Jerusalem.

Prof. Hayter Lewis, who has just returned to England from Jerusalem, brings the news that the find of the wall north of the "Citadel" in the Holy City, promises to be a discovery of the very highest importance. The wall is from eight to ten feet thick; it is built of masonry exactly similar to that in the lower courses of "David's Tower," that is, of large stones with the well-known and characteristic marginal drift; and there is a deep rock scarp at its foot. These circumstances, says the *Athenæum*, point very strongly to the presumption that there is here the long-lost Second Wall. It is most desirable that this discovery should be followed up as soon as possible, though difficulties may arise from the presence of houses. How important it is may be gathered from the single fact that if the wall runs outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and if it be accepted as the second wall, all the sites covered by that venerable church are thereby proved, and must be acknowledged, to be false. But, in any case, the tradition that here Constantine raised his basilica, and surrounded the supposed site of the Holy Tomb with columns, will remain undisturbed.

Massachusetts Fishermen Alarmed.

A Gloucester (Mass.) despatch says: The despatches from the Provinces bearing on the expulsion of American fishing vessels from waters within three miles of a line drawn from headland to headland causes consternation here. Fishermen say that this construction of the treaty will cut off our mackerel fishery, and they threaten to take the law into their own hands unless the Government does something to help them. Said a fisherman this morning "Where is the American squadron, when the whole British North American squadron is in and about Provincial waters? If the Americans are to be shut out from headland to headland, in many cases it will cut off the whole mackerel fishery."

Footing It Up.

When the trial of the notorious convict, Louis Viau, the ringleader of the revolt at the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, was completed, and he was sentenced to twenty-five years in the Penitentiary,