

WORLD-FAMED

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CROP OF 1885.

on of the mercantile turned to the pro- per of the wheat har- s the London Econ- date has the fol- issues hang upon of the next week or ould be favorable to probability is that all round produce of the United King- or to that of any of course, it is he season at the ming time for the unfavorable, and atively early peri- it is impossible to any approach to character of the evous to the re- general outlook tionally hopeful expect a restora- prospects in the ther turning over Europe generally been similar to prevailed here, crops were favor- until recently, at in France and try weather has icultural pres- South of Spain idedly gloomy. ia, too, the win- is in very poor sult of drought. eather in Aus- s caused appre- effect upon the st unfortunate from an agri- view, however, the winter was mild with us. o 'prospects' in India, because hose countries. yield is a good Australia is, on average. In endid crop has l by a wet har- Island, where ain is grown. hat the wheat will be consid- an it was last country, how- hope that the this time for- e, and that a will reward of our long- in all these es it will be ve valuations gerated, yet it that the wheat as compared ll be two hun- dred million that prices

burden. The tonnage for 83 was 22,961. Forty-nine vessels from this Republic entered Bordeaux during the year, 84 laden with produce. The amount of cow-hides imported in '84 was exactly the same as in '83. Argentine hides occupy only a second place in value in the Bordeaux market. The hides coming from Uruguay are preferred for their weight and size. The brand on the hides also tends to depreciate their value. This depreciation cannot be less than 10 per cent, and it is a pity that estancieros do not adopt some more adequate and simple means of distinguishing their cattle, so as to avoid so great a loss. The prices obtained in Bordeaux have varied from 110 to 122 1/2 frs. per 50 kilos. The entire sales during the year were about 50,000 hides. The number of hides received from Rosario and San Nicolas was insignificant compared with the number received from Buenos Aires. The sale of salted hides has been difficult, and the prices obtained gave an average of 66 frs. per 50 kilos. The very low price of Argentine maize in this market is owing to its bad condition with the exception of some lots which were sold from 14 to 16 frs per 100 kilos. The other lots that came to Bordeaux emitted an unwholesome odour and were in a moist state. They were sold at 10 1/2 frs. per 100 kilos. One cargo that came from Diamante (Entre-Rios), consisting of 6,950 sacks, weighing 528,600 kilos, was damaged, and was sold by public auction for 106,000 frs. The quality of the grain was not bad, but the moist condition had produced fermentation. It is necessary, therefore, that exporters should be more particular as to the condition of the grain they send us. The quantity of Argentine maize imported here during the year was 48,326 quintals. Russia sent 81,000 quintals, and the United States 13,975. The comparatively high price obtained for Argentine wheat at home has been the reason why little business has been done in that article here, for even though the quality was good, native wheat was always quoted at a lower price, being equal to, and sometimes lower than, the price of North American wheat. Of Argentine wheat only 3440 quintals were imported during the year. The United States sent us 1,082,056 quintals, and Russia 3,253. Argentine oats coming here is considered of good quality, but it is so mixed up with clay and other grain that it is undervalued, and very little business is done. It has been sold from 16 to 17 frs. 6 kilos. At the invitation of the Argentine Rural Society France proposes to send many articles of produce and machines to the exhibition to be held in Buenos Aires next year.

IRELAND'S MINERAL WEALTH

Professor E. Hull, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, giving evidence recently before the Committee of Inquiry into Irish Industries, described as follows some of the mineral resources of Ireland:

There are seven collieries in Ireland, one in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught. In the north of Ireland the coal is bituminous, and in the south and west anthracite. Castlecomer is the principal town in the Leinster coalfield. The upper seams in that coalfield are nearly worked out. There are about 118,000,000 of tons in round numbers in the whole of the Leinster coalfield. There are five or six small collieries at work in this district. The average of output for the whole field for the years 1881 to 1883 was about 80,000 tons a year. There is urgent means of transporting the coal, either by rail or canal. Two tramway schemes for opening up the district have been thrown out by the Privy Council. No collieries are at present working on the Munster coalfield. In the north of Ireland the Coalisland field is the most important in Ireland with a view to the future. The output of the Tyrone coalfield in 1881 was 16,653, in 1882 13,520, and in 1883 11,709. There is an import-

ant colliery near the town of Dungannon. The Ulster coal-fields generally are largely capable of development. They have hitherto been worked in a very unsystematic manner. About 28,000,000 tons are available from the Tyrone district, which should supply the manufacturing district of the north of Ireland. About 16,000,000 tons are available from the Ballycastle, county Antrim, coalfield. In the Connaught coal district coal is to be found in Roscommon, Sligo, and Leitrim—about 10,000,000 tons are available. Coal can be worked with profit in Ireland. The iron in Ireland is not nearly exhausted. Iron ore is exported from the north of Ireland. There is no smelting in Ireland as far as I know. If the coal were properly developed the iron could be smelted in Ireland. The most important ironfield is in county Antrim. From 1870 to 1883 the average output of the Antrim ironfield was 174,000 tons of ore per annum. There is an abundance of iron in Ireland, quite sufficient to supply the manufacturers of the north. Excellent slate is to be found at Valentia and Killaloe. Black marble is to be found in Kilkenny, green marble in Galway, variegated marble in Armagh, white marble in Donegal, and red marble in Cork. With such resources fostered and encouraged by national self-government it is obvious that Ireland would be able to furnish abundant lucrative employment to her surplus population.

THE CHURCH AND NATIONALITY. FROM AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

If Mr. Errington's obscure embassy in Rome was intended to secure for England the aid of the Pope against the Parnellites, it may be considered to have failed; and not from this incident only, but from other indications. The reasoning of the Foreign Office was, no doubt, that Leo XIII, who had denounced the Parnell tribute, and who has shown considerable statesmanship in many directions, might be induced to throw the weight of his influence against the party of disorder and separation in Ireland. Time was when a Pontiff could induce men to forget ties of nationality, even of kindred in vindication of the Holy See. In the last, and perhaps for the first twenty years of the present century, it would have been easy enough for English statesmen to conciliate Ireland by a concordat with the Pope. The priests and the people were one; the Irish Catholics thought more of their creed than of their country, and were eager for union with England if accompanied by Emancipation. Nor is there any hope that anything can be done now to remedy the situation. Were Leo XIII. induced by our Ministers to enter into a Concordat granting the Queen a veto on Bishops in exchange for State honours and State aid, the tardy statecraft would signally fail. The Bishops would be accounted 'foreign' officials, and the Pontiff would jeopardize the interests of religion without giving the least help to the cause of order and of law.—Daily Telegraph.

URGENT APPEAL FROM THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

The following circular, addressed to the Presidents of I.N.L. branches, has been issued by the Board of Government of the Irish National League: [Urgent.] Irish National League of America. Executive Office. Lincoln, Neb., June 19. Dear Sir, In view of the momentous events of the last few days, we deem it a duty to address you for the purpose of pointing out the urgency that exists for at once calling your branch together and taking steps to push the collections for the Parliamentary Fund. Mr. Parnell with his band of 39 followers (and not even all of

those reliable) has succeeded in defeating and driving from power the strongest government that ever ruled in England, banishing from Ireland the disgraceful Earl Spencer and his brutal and loathsome minions, and causing such an awakening in public opinion at home and abroad on the subject of English misrule in Ireland that the attainment of self government is almost within our grasp. The new ministry in England, representing a minority in the House of Commons, can only govern on sufferance during the balance of the sessions, and a general election in September or October is now assured. With a moderate amount of the «sineews of war» at his command Mr. Parnell can secure at the general election the return of 80 reliable followers, and with that number and the balance of power in the hands of an honest Irish National Party the next two or three years will, we believe, bring forth results which few of us hoped to see accomplished in our time. We are at present in communication with Mr. Parnell on the subject of finding a time for our annual convention, and hope to be able to lay his views before you at an early date. Meanwhile we urgently appeal to you to do all in your power to push on the organisation, and particularly to aid in raising for the Parliamentary Fund such a sum as will enable Mr. Parnell to take advantage of the all-important opportunity now so near at hand. Relying on your prompt and vigorous response to this appeal, we remain,

Yours very truly, (Signed) Patrick Egan, President. Charles O'Reilly, D.D. Treasurer. Roger Walsh, Secretary.

MY FIRST TRIP UP THE MAGDALENA. AND LIFE IN THE HEART OF THE ANDES.

By J. A. BENNETT, ESQ., BUENOS AIRES. LATE U.S. CONSUL, AT BOGOTA.

[CONTINUED.]

NATIONAL BEVERAGE.

In two and a half hours we reached the summit—7,500 feet! After riding along the narrow ridge a short distance, suddenly, through an opening in the timber and brush, a view burst upon us which is far beyond any power of mine to describe. I gazed in silent wonder and devotion. Spread out 7,000 feet below—extending a hundred miles in length and thirty in breadth—was the upper valley of the Magdalena—the river winding through it like a silver ribbon—the villages upon its banks—the hills forming the boundary of this magnificent valley—buttressed by mountain upon mountain piled, until the highest, covered with eternal snow, 10,000 feet above our lookout, formed a frame for the grand picture. Every vestige of the storm had passed, and the shadows of fleecy clouds chased each other across the landscape as if in wild sport; while beautiful Ambalema with its wealth of agriculture lay cradled there in silent beauty. The grandeur and magnificence of this view no brush can paint or word-picture delineate.

Continuing our journey along this ridge two or three miles we commenced descending, when soon before us we beheld the valley and village of Guaduas. This scene is a gem—perfect in setting and detail; and I cannot but think that Mr. Church, our eminent artist, drew the sketch of his renowned picture of the «Heart of the Andes» from this lovely valley. Guaduas is a well-built town with a population of 4,000, and stands on the foot hills of Alto del Trigo—Mountain of Wheat. Its temperature is from 75° to 85°, and is a place of resort during the dry seasons for persons of wealth who come here for health's sake from the colder table-lands.

The coffee cultivated near Guaduas is of superior quality, and as its process of cultivation is but little understood allow me a few words upon the subject. The fruit grows on a shrub much resembling our currant bush, and but little larger. These stand in hills intersected by clean paths. The foliage is of an intense green, and when the fruit is ripe it resembles perfectly our red cherries and is most agreeable to the taste. It is then gathered and thrown into large vats filled with water; and is there allowed to remain a few days until the meat decays and rises to the surface, when a sluice is opened and it passes away with the water. The pits are taken from the bottom of the vat, spread upon hides and dried, and placed in sacks. The pits are the coffee we drink—and grumble over, so the ladies say.

We left the valley of Guaduas in the early morning, and at mid-day reached the highest point of Alto del Trigo. New and beautiful features of scenery met us at every turn of the road, until at length we entered a cañon, and as we emerged the broad valley of Villeta, flooded with sunshine, burst upon our sight. So unexpected was this view that for the moment we thought it superior to that of El Sargento. But it is not so vast, though still more wild and incomprehensible. After gazing at the wonderful panorama in speechless admiration we commenced the descent—down, down, down! as if there were no end. But at 6 p.m. we arrived at Villeta. Here we waited two days for our cargoes, and had an opportunity to look at the place. It is not nearly so well built, nor is the location so pleasant as Guaduas. The streets are paved with cobble stones, but no sidewalks. A good church and poor dwellings. A river runs through the town whose waters are inky black. The impression made upon the mind by this valley and town is one of disappointment.

Our cargoes having arrived, we left Villeta on Tuesday at 8 a.m., our caravan numbering eighteen mules—fifteen loaded and three with saddles. Up the mountains we traveled without detention until 4 p.m., and still we could see the place we had left in the morning. Onward and upward we go. The roads—there are no roads—only a narrow path, and so wretchedly bad that much of the way our animals sunk knee-deep in the mud—then scrambled over slippery clay where it was almost impossible for them to retain their footing—again, over great rocks in which 300 years of travel have worn deep holes.

Night overtook us, and the pall of darkness was so dense we could see nothing—not even the heads of the mules we were riding. We did not try to guide them, as our efforts might have thrown them and ourselves down some deep precipice; so we allowed them to pick their own way, and at 8 p.m. they brought us in safety to El Acerradero. We were up in the clouds, and the transition from 95° to 45° in this rarified atmosphere produced a stinging sensation. After an early breakfast next day, we mounted our tired mules and finished our upward journey by a ride over the most infamous road we had yet seen to Alto del Roble, from which point we commenced our descent to the plains of Bogotá. Strange and incredible as it may appear, the entire road from Honda to this Alto del Roble is only a mule path, which was probably travelled a thousand years before the advent of the Spaniard. There are no words in the English language which can convey an idea of its dreadful confusion in the rainy season.

Cases of merchandise are often too large or too fragile a nature to be transported on mules. These are carried upon the backs of men and women over the road we have just described. An extra price is paid for this labor; and we met large numbers of people engaged in this work—some carrying cases weighing 300 lbs. And I have heard of one woman carrying 300 lbs. from Honda to Bogotá. Her figure would not be admired in fastidious society; but she was certain-

ly more useful in her day and generation than many of the more elegant of her sex.

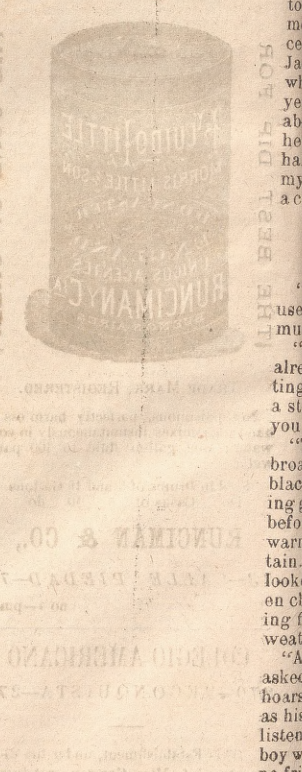
We are now supposed to be 11,000 feet above the sea, and 2,000 feet above the plains of Bogotá. From Los Robles down the road does not improve; but when we reach the plain we find a good carriage-way, and something over an hour brought us to Facativa—a village of some 10,000 inhabitants. It was market day, and the grand plaza presented a scene of great activity. Strange sights and sounds all around us. Hundreds of horses and mules with their cargoes and human freight through the road leading to and from the town; hundreds more on foot, clad in unthought of costume, who seemed to regard us with an interest akin to our own. We waited two hours for the arrival of our luggage, and then started out on a good, broad road for the city, lying 20 miles before us upon the opposite side of the plain.

We are now again upon historic ground, and as we have a long ride before us, let me try and beguile the time by telling you something about this «Heart of the Andes» and the ancient people who dwell here. The table lands of Bogotá, over which we are now riding, are 150 miles long and 30 miles wide. They are completely surrounded by mountains which rise to an elevation of from 1,000 to 2,500 feet above the plain. It has been in cultivation many centuries; before the conquest it supported more than a million people. The Spaniards have been scratching the soil and taking off large crops over 300 years. No fertilisers are used, and deep ploughing is unknown. I doubt if so inexhaustible a soil can elsewhere be found upon the face of the earth. The Chibcha nation, who occupied the plains and adjacent slopes, numbered 1,200,000. They were a pacific race, far in advance of the coast nations at the time of the conquest, and were considerably governed and greatly attached to their rulers. They were an agricultural nation, absolutely living upon a vegetable diet. They had neither sheep, cattle, or horses. Lying, robbery, and murder were almost unknown among them. I lived with their descendants nearly ten years, and have no recollection of a murder having occurred during all that time. When we look at the civilisation and crime of our country, and compare our moral condition with that of this Indian nation, is it not pertinent to enquire what has caused our deterioration? We consume great quantities of animal food. The Chibchas used only vegetable diet. Can the difference of food make the difference of character

To be continued.

THE IRISH AND THE GERMANS.

Miss Charlotte O'Brien writes: «It may be said that the Germans in N. America counter-balance the Irish. They do in wealth, in industry, in character, in ability, but not in political influence. The Germans spread themselves over the whole land. They are far richer and often more successful than the Irish. They are steadier, more shrewd, more plodding; but their aim is wealth, comfort, and happy homes. They live more apart from the national life; they have their German newspapers and they speak their German tongue, interlarded with Americanisms. Now, the Irishman is a brain particle; he gravitates to the life centres. He is cursed with the vice of thinking. He is too often the gifted maniac, but withal he is the man who in every country but his own takes the lead. In the States the Irishman is on the press, the law, in the army, in all professions—above all in politics; he is a very powerful leaven for good or evil in American life. German scholars are great lovers of the Irish language, and in Germany, as in America, Germans are ranked among the best speakers and writers of that ancient language. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in New York City, having lost 600 dollars in presenting an



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THE SOUTHERN CROSS
FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH, 1885.

Some of the writers in the press of Buenos Aires are cursed with poverty—we should rather say—perversity of spirit. There are men who walk the streets with a decent appearance and gentlemanly outside, who cannot make an assertion or ask a question without the addition of the obscene Spanish expletives. There are men who pretend to be educated, who write for the newspapers, who are supposed to enlighten the rest of mankind, and yet cannot write a paragraph on any subject without interlarding a blasphemy. Such a writer is the author of an article which appeared in *La Libertad* on Tuesday, in which a parallel is drawn between the life of Dr. Irigoyen and that of the Saviour of mankind. We may remark that the tone of the article in question is inimical to Dr. Irigoyen and is intended to prejudice his cause. But, surely, politicians have a wide field for the exercise of their faculties, and the dictionary of falsehood and slang and scurrility is large enough without touching on the sacred domain of religion and impiously outraging the very name of the Godhead, to whom the great Christian world offers the homage of its worship. Men write blasphemous language here which, if uttered in the streets of London, would render the blasphemer liable to fine and imprisonment. Such writers are the plague and pest of society, and they are a disgrace to literature, whose constant aim should be to contribute to the refinement of mankind. Blasphemy in a newspaper is just as wicked, and just as mischievous, as blasphemy in the pulpit, for in either case the public conscience is shocked and public decency outraged.

In our report of the London scandals last week we unwittingly fell into a grave error which we feel bound to correct. We stated that a society was formed by the wife of a Protestant clergyman, who is sister-in-law to the Dean of Winchester, for the seduction of young persons. We are now glad to state that the contrary is the case. The society had for its object not the corruption, but the protection of persons under age. We took the report from a native newspaper the wording of which was somewhat ambiguous, and on discovering our mistake, to which our attention was called by a friend, we felt bound to make this act of reparation without being requested to do so.

An extraordinary fact is recorded from Dublin, over which the extra loyal nincompoops are exulting as if they had been transferred to a Fool's Paradise. «Lady Carnarvon has driven through the streets of Dublin» and nobody as made strange faces at her when passing. This is taken as a most significant sign of attachment to the throne and the Constitution. Everything in Irish life is a portentous sign of good or evil now-a-days. *Nil admirari* the motto of the Stoics is reversed, and even the whistling of a tune or the shrug of a shoulder is pregnant with mighty consequences and calculated to influence the fate of gods and men. When the Prince of Wales was in Ireland, a short time ago, what amusing reflections were made by the army of reporters who accompanied him! If the people kept quiet they were loyal sub-

jects, or, in other words, slaves. If they showed a stern countenance they were dogged rebels and nothing else. Now, it is noted as a remarkable fact, that a lady who happens to be the wife of an English official has passed unmolested through Dublin, just as if ladies had not been treated with all due respect in Dublin, and, indeed, through all Ireland from time immemorial.

The Irish were remarkable for their courtesy to ladies, long before the Norman crossed the channel, and they will still show that courtesy that is due to the sex, when English rule in Dublin Castle will be quite forgotten.

Most of the daily papers announced that enthusiastic speeches were made over the grave of General Grant. We cannot see the propriety of being enthusiastic over a dead man. Indeed, many of the telegrams that arrived referring to the remains of General Grant were not calculated to honour his memory, or that of the Republic of which he was a distinguished soldier. We are told gravely that two generals who had never met before grasped each other's hands in pantomimic emotion. Then the movements of Mrs. Grant are minutely described: «Mrs. Grant stays here; there is a probability that Mrs. Grant will go there; Mrs. Grant is off to New York. Mrs. Grant won't leave Mount McGregor, &c.» *La Nacion's* telegram of Wednesday announced that «General Grant's son had accepted the office of engineer on a railway line.» The genius who sends these messages across the Continent must have been special telegraphic agent to her Majesty of England, whose slightest movements are reported as if they indicated a convulsion in the moon or other Heavenly body. «The Queen walked out with Princess Beatrice; the Queen sat down; the Queen entered a carriage, &c., &c.» The American people are sensible folks, and by no means given to hero-worship, and they must feel rather disgusted than flattered by the columns of sentimental trash sent here in reference to General Grant and his family.

«Veramus» writes to the *Herald* from Chubut, contradicting a statement of Mr. Jones that the greater part of that land was grazing plains and rich irrigated valleys. He says that the rich plains and valleys only exist in the imagination of Mr. Jones. The same writer adds:

«In dismissing this subject I should like Mr. Jones to explain how it is that after being for 20 years here, and the place being such a 'garden of Eden' as he represents it, the colony generally is in such a backward state. He says very truly that a vast amount of labor has been spent upon irrigating canals, and also mentions the outlay of capital in other ways; but what has it all resulted in? Nothing like what might have been expected, or would have come out of it if the place had been even half as good as Mr. Jones represents it to be.

Thrashing operations are going on briskly, but a good deal yet remains in the stacks. The low price of wheat, however, disheartens us; 70 pesos per fanega of 9 arr. being now the price, bag included, for the best of grain, which leaves the farmer very little after paying hauling and other expenses.

Several families are going away at once, and others are preparing to follow, tired (as one of them said to me) of battling any longer against such odds. Those of us left behind see them going with regret, and we wish them God-speed and a home in some more genial spot than this.»

If we add to this piece of gloomy intelligence the news that the German immigrants in the Fuerte Roca colony are in absolute distress, living only on the rations sent them by Government, we have rather a sad picture of Southern colonisation. By-the-by, what is become of the honorable M.P. for Louth, and the sky-farming colony that he was about to establish on the Rio Negro?

THE IRISH CHAPLAINS.

On the Sunday before the Very Rev. Superior of the Passionists took his temporary leave of Buenos Aires, he, at the request of Rev. Father Gray, C.M., of Lujan, recommended to the prayers of his congregation, at Holy Cross Church, that it might please God to increase the number of Irish Chaplains in the camp. It was not without good reason that this pious request was made, for it is a notable fact, and one worthy of serious attention, that the number of our Irish missionary priests in this country is gradually diminishing, and if some provision is not speedily made to replace them it is to be feared that our people will be left once more without the spiritual aid of the clergymen of their own country. The little band of valiant soldiers of the cross that Father Fahy brought here for the spiritual direction of our people are fast disappearing. Some of them have died in the ranks while they were yet young, and others are broken in health from exposure to hardships and the inclemency of the weather in the fulfillment of their sacred duty. A few recruits have joined their ranks in these latter years, among whom we may mention the names of Father Grennan, Father Purcell, Father Foran, Father McNeerney, and Father Gray, of Lujan; and the Passionist Fathers have been doing good work in supplementing the action of the Irish Chaplains, but, in spite of this, the want of more clergy is urgently felt, and many districts are left for weeks, yea, even months without the succour and consolation of an Irish clergyman who would speak to the people in their own language and feel for them that deep and undying sympathy which only he can feel who has a thorough knowledge of their character, customs and ways, who has grown up amongst them and shared in their griefs and their rejoicings. It does not detract from the merits of other clergymen to say that none knows how to touch the chords of an Irishman's heart, and to appeal to his better reason, for all purposes of good like his own *Soggarth Arvon*. It is only the Irish priest that can understand thoroughly the Irishman's character, and so temper and restrain his natural qualities often fiery and impulsive as to make what might be in less intelligent hands an instrument of evil the source of great benefit to himself and his fellow-man. What have the Irish Chaplains done for the Irish people of Buenos Aires during the past 15 or 20 years? Rather let us ask what have they not done that was in their power to do? Travel anywhere from Buenos Aires to Nueve de Julio, and from Santa-Fé to Bahia Blanca; enter the richest or poorest abode wherever the Irish or the English language is spoken. You will find everywhere traces of the Irish missionary priest. You will be pointed out the dangerous passes where he was thrown from his horse or carriage in the darkness of the night while in the act of bearing the Blessed Sacrament to the dying Christian, and where he was forced to remain perhaps up to his knees in mud until morning dawned on him. You will be told how he left his home amid storm and rain, and travelled ten, twenty or thirty leagues on one day that he might comfort and cheer the wayfarer whom his Creator had summoned to a better world. There is scarcely a family in the camp that has not some such touching reminiscences of the Irish Chaplain, and it is not alone for their own people that they have thus sacrificed themselves. They are ready at the call of the children of God of whatever nationality, and many a time have they been roused out of bed of a winter's night in order to succour the native, the Spaniard, the Italian, or the Frenchman, and well and faithfully did they answer to the call without the hope of any earthly reward, or even a simple acknowledgment of their services. We need not refer to the good done by the Irish clergy in building churches and schools and

promoting education and a friendly understanding and brotherly love among their people. The influence of their actions is felt, but the true value of their services will not be known, nor will their valour and abnegation be fully recognised, until the Great Accounting Day. It is to them and to their heroic exertions, it is owing that the twofold gift with which God has blessed us—the love of Religion and the love of Country—has not been entirely erased from our hearts. They have kept alive the sacred fire of faith, but they have also kept alive the smouldering embers of Irish nationality amongst us. Why? Because, in the first place, they are Irishmen, and they could not be true to their God if they were false to their country. In the next place, they know that the religion of the Irish and their nationality are inseparable. We are Irish because we are Catholics and we Catholics because we are Irish, and the moment we cease to be one or the other we cease to be both. We want the men who will preserve the link of our ancient and venerable traditions. We want the sacred minister to keep the fire burning in our hearts as the priest tended the lamp and replenished it in the Jewish Temple of God. It is our duty therefore to see that such ministers shall not be wanting, and to make due provision for their comfort and maintenance. A few weeks ago, Father Foran wrote to us, stating that he had been invited by his former Bishop in England to return to that country and that he was strongly inclined to accept the offer because aged priests in England were fairly provided for, whereas, in this country, no such provision is made, and the servant of God sees himself exposed to want and distress when his physical strength is exhausted. Whatever may occur among men of other nationalities, such neglect is entirely foreign to the nature of our people, and we have no doubt that it will be quite enough to suggest the matter for them to take it up practically. A fund should be permanently at hand to enable young Irish missionaries to come to this country and to supply those who come amongst us with a respectable means of living. Without some such fund we may expect that in course of time we will be left without Irish Chaplains, and then we shall learn, when too late, the real value of those who were always our friends and guides in spiritual and temporal affairs.

MUNICIPAL LOAN.

At a meeting at the Intendant's house on Saturday, of the Committee of Public Works and of various gentlemen interested in the projected improvements, the committee resolved to report in favor of giving a width of 30 varas to Avenida Alvear from Calle Callao to the Recoleta, and of the rectification and widening of Calle Vicente Lopez along the Recoleta cemetery, and of the paving 150 squares with wood on the system adopted in Paris. The Intendant has sent a message to the Council with a proposal for an ordinance in reference to the required loan of ten millions for carrying out various public works. It is proposed that bonds payable to bearer shall be issued bearing interest at 6 o/o per annum and a sinking fund of 1 o/o. There are to be 3000 bonds of \$2000 each, 2000 of \$1000, 5000 of \$200, and 10,000 of \$200. The minimum price is to be 80 o/o of the nominal value, and they will be received by the municipal treasury in payment for the land which the Municipality will have for sale after the objects of the expropriation have been effected, and they can then be used again for the objects of the ordinance. The Intendant will also be authorised to borrow money on security of the bonds. The money obtained from the bonds is to be employed in paying for the lands expropriated by virtue of the laws of August 23 and October 31, 1884; in the construction of workmen's

LITTLE ACT.

with tottering steps. gravelled walk on... of many years... and he strove to... the little gate, he looked up and... voice said, "Please... wide the gate. he passed quite... to his face... of wine some blue... you, little one..."

THE WORKING BOY.

The poor man... George Pea... in a grocery... John Adams... farmer, Benjamin... printer, was... chandler, Giff... of the Quar... as a common... was a brick... of Shakespeare... couldn't write... can you:—... son couldn't... like Robert Burns... the family of... John Milton... a scrivener, An... the son of a... Arew Johnson... had a boy... Grant even to... me, Grant was... a keel boat... farm hand, ... of Vales is the... his misfort... he couldn't... help it now... boy, that's... he's only... can help it. Be... you weren't... said that you... the first time... your knee... as no chance... a poor doc... poor work... he deserves... the poor man... the chan... Laban and... together any... fourteen... not only own... the cattle, but... about one... family. Go to... rich man... paper.

THE EAST.

pea," chor... "We... my yarns... Captain Mar... you want... will tell... a tall... a thick... turn... come in... had been... the Cap... allow he... oak... bearded... story?"... a deep... well then... a poor... mother, ... length divided him from the... trading

schooner. He had to go about barefooted in the cold rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sailcloth trousers; and instead of landing on a beautiful island and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round like the folks in the story books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's end into the bargain. All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him, but the worst of all was the captain himself. He had been badly treated when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain.

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob indignantly. "I hope he got drowned or eaten up by savages." "Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick. "Oh, no, Bob," said little Helen who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet, "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The stranger guest stopped and lifted the little girl into his lap and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him and looked wonderingly up in his face, for, as he bent his head toward her something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldive Isles, where it's always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings and 'tolls' all round, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the day time it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them."

It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over, had swept away every man on board. "But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come, and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth. The rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, and he managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognised his enemy, the cruel Captain.

eddy against which the Captain was battling in vain, that he had no more chance of reaching the mast than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes, was too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, and in another minute he was safe on the mast rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"O—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath. "I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown." "About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldive Islanders are much better fellows than the Malays farther east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"The little cabin boy," answered the story teller, "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now" (laying his hand upon their father's shoulder) "here he sits."

ANECDOTES ABOUT POLITENESS. As a certain officer happened to bow his head in battle, a cannon-ball passed over it and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said the officer, coolly, "that a man never loses by politeness."

William Pitt, while canvassing for a seat in Parliament, encountered a rough black-smith, who prided himself on always speaking his mind. "Sir," asked Pitt, "will you favour me with your vote?" "Mr. Pitt," answered the smith, "I admire your head, but not your heart."

Charles Matthew was seated on a coach-box one cold morning, waiting for the driver. When at length the Jehu appeared, Matthew said to him,—"If you stand here much longer, Mr. Coachman, your horses will be like Capt. Perry's ships."

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING. That a bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia. That warm borax water will remove dandruff. That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bed time will break a cold. That it rests you, in sewing, to change your position frequently. That rusty irons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard. That a little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

"Dear me! I beg his pardon, I am sure!" Then putting on the black cap, he courteously apologized to the prisoner for his mistake, and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

A public officer ordered a village carpenter to make a gallows. He refused on the ground that he had not been paid for the last one erected by him. The matter was reported to the judge, who commanded that the mechanic should be brought before him.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

The angels of slumber and of death wandered in brotherly communion over the earth. It was evening. They reclined together upon an eminence not far from the habitations of men. A pensive stillness reigned around as the sound of the vesper bell died away in the distant village.

That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea. That you can take out spots from waste goods by rubbing them with the yolk of egg before washing.

That pulverised camphor and lard, stirred to a salve, is excellent for croup or colds, applied to the throat, chest, and nose. After which cover with soft flannels.

That milk pans should be immersed some minutes in boiling water, as it has been demonstrated that when not so treated they breed a host of fungus germs which poison the milk.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted man to his friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you had gone short of your soap."

"What are you thinking of, my man?" said Lord Hill to a soldier leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock after the battle of Salamanca. "I was thinking, my lord," said the man, "how many widows and orphans I have made this day for one shilling." He had fired 600 rounds of ball that day.

will prevent morning headaches and lassitude. That a cup of hot water drunk before meals will relieve nausea and dyspepsia.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back, then loosen his clothes, and let him alone. That cold tea should be saved for your vinegar barrel. It sours easily, and gives color and flavor.

That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

That bran-water is good for a rough complexion. Put a handful in a rag, dip it in tepid water, and then wash with it.

That teething children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in warm baths, with cold cloths on their heads.

That nervous headache, when the pain is frontal and the blood-vessels are full and throbbing, may be relieved by putting cold cloths on the head and hot water on the feet.

That milk pans should be immersed some minutes in boiling water, as it has been demonstrated that when not so treated they breed a host of fungus germs which poison the milk.

That warm mustard water should be given one who has accidentally swallowed poison. This will cause vomiting, after which a cup of strong coffee should be given to counteract the remaining effects.

A Chelsea man has invented a ventilated shoe. It seems strange that a patent would be secured for any such device, since the stock of ventilated shoes has always been in excess of any other kind.

"Just listen to this Martha," exclaimed Mr. Jarphy, who was reading his evening paper. "One of the dogs at the London prize show is valued at £1000. Good gracious, that's more money than I ever expect to be worth in my life."

During a very tedious ride on the Southern railroad, the passengers, tired, dirty, and thirsty, all berated the company with the exception of one single passeng-

er. His fellow passengers commented on this, and asked him why he did not denounce the road too. "It would be hardly fair," he replied, "as I am travelling on a free pass; but if they don't do better pretty soon, blame me if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."

"Will you sing something, Miss Clara?" asked young Featherly. "Certainly, Mr. Featherly," hiding a yawn with her fan. "What shall I sing?" "Oh, a love song, please," he said with a sigh. She sat down at the piano and sang with great feeling, "I am lonely to-night, love, without you," and a little later Featherly put on his hat and overcoat and went home.

A parson purchased a whistle, and when his hearers went to sleep he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awakened and stood up to hear him. "Well, you are smart specimens of humanity," he said, as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; "when I preach the Gospel you go to sleep, when I play the fool you are all awake."

An editor in a large French town recently published this notice: "The wine merchant who sold me last week a bottle of lemonade, flavoured with vitriol, for a bottle of champagne, is requested to send me, within 24 hours, a bottle of genuine champagne, failing which his name and address will be made public." The result was that he received almost unlimited contributions of first-class wine forthwith.

Counsel for the defence: "That my client was driven to commit the offence from sheer necessity is plainly seen in the fact that he only took the trifling amount of cash which was in the drawer, whilst leaving untouched the pocket-book with notes to the value of 2,000 marks which was lying close by." Judge: "Prisoner at the bar... But what are you crying for?" Prisoner (sobbing): "Because I didn't see the pocket-book!"

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFECTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

THE disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until relief is given by death. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted: Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucus gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver was enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured with a deposit after standing? Does food soon ferment after eating, accompanied by flatulency or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectation. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered with a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the prophylactic medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will affect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the system is returned to a healthy condition. The surest and most effective remedy of this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Sirs, By chance I obtained from a friend (Mr. Fred. Stearne) some of the Jarabe de Seigel, and since the commencement of the New Year I have taken the medicine twice a day, and now, thank God, I am quite well. For three years I have suffered with a pain in the stomach, so much that I could not sit straight on myself or ride on horseback, and during that time I was under four doctors and got no relief. You are quite welcome to use my name, as it may benefit others. My son is also taking the medicine as he is suffering from the same complaint. I may say that on no account would I remain without this remedy and I will be glad to receive a box of the same.

JOHN BROWN, Estancia P. Cruz, Estacion Altamirano F.C.S., July 19, 1884.

