

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY AND HIS PUBLISHERS.

A GOOD story of Mr. Justin M'Carthy is told in the Boston *Herald* by Joseph Hatton, the special London correspondent of that newspaper. The correspondent was interviewing Mr. Andrew Chatto of the publishing firm of Chatto and Windus, when the following conversation ensued:—

"I have heard there is a good story behind the publication of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's 'History of Our Own Times.' Will you tell me what it is?"

"Yes," he replied; "Mr. M'Carthy conceived the idea of writing a book entitled 'The Victorian Era,' which was to be an historical narrative. Introduced to a well-known firm of publishers, he entered into an arrangement with them to sell them the work for £600 (4,000 dols). After a little, the publishers, learning that Mr. M'Carthy was a Home Ruler, if not a Farnellite—they did not even know, it appears, that he was an Irishman—asked to be allowed to withdraw from the contract. Mr. M'Carthy, who was greatly annoyed at the suggestion that he might mutilate history to suit his own private or political views, demanded compensation, and the publishers referred the settlement to the friend who had introduced the author to them. Then Mr. M'Carthy came to me, and I at once agreed to publish the work for him on a basis of mutual profits. I suggested, however, that instead of 'The Victorian Era,' he should call the book 'The History of Our Own Times.' In the interval, the other publishers reconsidered the situation, and asked to be allowed to revive the lapsed contracts. It was too late. The work was in my hands, which, as it turned out, was a good thing for the author, as well as for me. I have paid Mr. M'Carthy, up to the present time, over £5,000 (25,000 dols.) on account of his profits on 'The History of Our Own Times.'"

A BRAVE FELLOW.

NEW YORK, July 8.—A wrong signal or an engineer's mistake led to a fatal collision between a drill engine and a passenger train at the east end of the tunnel of the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railroad, at Weehawken, N.J., yesterday. The passenger train, drawn by engine No. 75, was leaving the tunnel for the depot as drill engine No. 92 was backing down to run to the round house at New Durham. The engineer of the drill locomotive claims that the signal was shown indicating that the tracks through the tunnel were clear. He was running his engine over the freight tracks which join the two tracks running through the cut at the mouth of the tunnel. He was running at a rapid rate when the engine of the passenger train shot from the tunnel. The drill engine was only a few feet away, and although the engineer reversed the machinery it was too late to stop.

On the front platform of the first passenger car of the train was Patrick Mahan, a car inspector. He saw a collision could not be averted, and while he might have saved his own life by jumping he hoped to lessen the force of the collision and seized the brake. He was turning it when the tender of the drill engine telescoped the passenger car. The unfortunate car inspector was buried in the debris. When the wrecking train arrived the horribly mutilated remains of Mahan were discovered pressed between the rear of the tender and the stout timbers of the car. The drill engine was badly damaged and the tender was broken. The railroad officials claim that none of the passengers were injured, although it was rumoured that several had been hurt by the flying fragments of the wreck. Mahan was aged twenty-two years, and lived at No. 201 Willow street, Hoboken.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

WE are told by Dr. Baines that having asked an old priest in the north of England to what he was to attribute the great influx of Protestants into the Church, he was answered thus:—

"Under God, to the cholera and to the calumnies spread abroad by the British Reformation Society and other associations of a like infamous character. The lies promulgated by the societies set men reading, and then (with the honest) the result is inevitable; but the cholera sets men thinking, which is as good, or perhaps better."

Many a fine young Italian, with good Catholic parents, has lost the practice of his faith, and is called a Freethinker; but the faith is in his heart still, and it is such guests as the plague and the cholera that rouse up such a man to weigh well the question, What shall I take in exchange for my soul? We cannot help thinking that a good severe dose of cholera will tend to make the priest quite popular again in Italy, and will shut up altogether the schools where budding Mazzinians and aspirants to the red-shirt are inoculated with the elements of assassination, and are trained to the high duty of supporting the popular *emete*.—*London Universe*.

Oh, how refreshing, palatable and reviving is a draught of cool water with Hop Bitters in it, to a fever patient. See.

The St. John, N.B., *Globe* says that Miss Hazen, now a resident in England, formerly of St. John, has joined the Roman Catholic Church.

In St. Patrick's Irish Catholic colony in Scott County, Minnesota, there is no saloon, and all the young men under 16 years of age are members of a total abstinence society.

Read this.—In consequence of the Dissolution of Partnership, on September 2, we are compelled to raise a large sum almost immediately, and we shall offer the whole of our Stock at Cost Price for a few weeks, including all the New Goods which we have just opened up. It will pay you to call during our Great Dissolution Sale. Carter and Co., Ready-Money Drapers and Direct Importers, 60 and 62 George Street. Note.—Dressmaking by Mrs. Carter. Best in the city. Lowest charges.—[ADVT.]

ARRIVAL OF ARCHBISHOP MORAN.

(Sydney *Herald*, September 9.)

VERY early yesterday morning the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral were ringing out a series of merry peals in honour of the expected arrival of the new Archbishop, Dr. Moran. It had been arranged by the agents of the Orient line that their fine steamer *Liguria*, which had brought the Archbishop from Europe, should arrive here early in the forenoon, and, very fortunately, the weather was so favourable that all the arrangements were carried out to the letter. Long before the hour at which it was expected the steamer would arrive there were immense throngs of people wending their way from all directions towards the Circular Quay, and before the landing took place it is estimated that there must have been over 20,000 people present. At every window and on every balcony in the vicinity, and even on many of the roofs, people were packed as closely as they could possibly be, and even the masts and rigging of the vessels around were crowded by people anxious to obtain a better view. There was a strong force of police, under Mr. Inspector Anderson, in attendance, who had all their work to do in restraining the enthusiasm of the crowd, and keeping a passage clear. All the jetties were thronged by eager onlookers, who watched with curious interest the flag-decked steamboats and their bright-sashed occupants. The members of various societies were present in large numbers, and their brilliant regalia had a very attractive appearance as they took their places in lines on the decks of the steamers. About 10 o'clock the *Mary* left the quay, bearing the Very Rev. the Administrator, Dr. Sheridan, and a large number of the clergy.

Dr. Sheridan proceeded on board the *Liguria* by a steam launch placed at his disposal by the authorities, and met Archbishop Moran, bidding him a hearty welcome to his new sphere of labour. Shortly afterwards the *Mary* arrived, when the clergy, and a deputation of laity who proceeded by her went on board the mail steamer, and were introduced by Dr. Sheridan to the Archbishop. The proceedings were purely of an informal character. After exchanging greetings the passengers returned on board the *Mary*, and Archbishop Moran, together with his chaplain, Dr. O'Haran, accompanied by Dr. Sheridan, disembarked on board the *Mary*, which then shaped her course for the city. The Prince of Wales followed soon after the *Mary*, with more clergymen and other friends, and in quick succession one boat after another left her moorings and steamed down the harbour, each crowded with members of organised societies, or of the general public. A little flotilla soon formed round the stern of the *Liguria*, which was standing head to the north, and as the dark hulls loomed through the buff-coloured smoke, and a bright red flag showed itself here and there, and green and purple between the group of vessels, with the great ocean steamer at the head, it made a really interesting spectacle, set off by the clear, bright landscape and the glittering water. Presently more steamers joined the fleet, their people cheering as they came, and when the Archbishop's steamer, the *Mary*, left the *Liguria*, over a dozen boats were in waiting. As the *Mary* moved out towards Watson's Bay, and turned past the bow of the *Liguria*, up the harbour, the steamers took their places in the wake and began to form a procession. The people on board the steamers cheered lustily and waved their hats and handkerchiefs, while bands of music played lively Irish melodies. A few more boats then met the procession, and as each came up and passed on to take its place in the rank a hearty cheer greeted the clergy and their new leader, who cordially bowed his acknowledgments. On the way up the harbour fresh additions were made to the flotilla until at least 20 steamers were in the procession, all filled with animated crowds, which included a large proportion of ladies. The *Nea*, with the committee, and the Prince of Wales, with the clergy, ran close by the *Mary*, and the other steamers were arranged in two main divisions. The whole scene was very lively, and afforded a spectacle rarely, if ever before, seen in Sydney Harbour. The musicians on the various boats played Irish songs and patriotic melodies in an agreeable style, and the run up to the Quay was very pleasant. On approaching Fort Macquarie the masses of people lining the water's edge and covering the green gave some idea of the public interest in the event. Round the east side of the Quay thousands of people were gathered all along the wharfs and crowding on the decks of the vessels, while the shrouds and yards of shipping were also taken possession of. The crowd became larger and more dense along the south of the quay, and in the vicinity of the Prince's Steps, where the landing was to take place. The ships closest to the landing jetty were completely covered by persons eager to take advantage of every point, and in every warehouse, door, and window, in every balcony and upper storey within sight of the jetty, people were waiting on the tips of expectancy, to catch a glimpse of the new Archbishop. On the street there was a strong force of police, and all their energy was required to keep clear the space required for the movements of the clerical party. As the flotilla entered the basin round Fort Macquarie, the excitement increased, and repeated cheers were given as the *Mary* approached the jetty. Some little time was then occupied in preparing for the reception of the Archbishop. The steps were laid with carpet, and a passage was formed to the carriage outside. Then the steamer drew up to the steps at 12 precisely, and amid cheers and reverences, Archbishop Moran set his foot on the soil of his new field.

The Archbishop was met on landing at Prince's Steps by Sir Patrick Jennings and other leading laymen, and Captain Loftus, A.D.C., who was present representing his Excellency the Governor, and who presented the Archbishop with a letter from his Excellency, congratulating him upon his safe arrival, and placing his carriage at the Archbishop's service. Archbishop Moran, having expressed his grateful thanks, proceeded to the vehicle, which was in waiting, and took his seat therein, his appearance being greeted with enthusiastic cheering from the assembled thousands; the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, the Very Rev. Dr. Sheridan, and Doctor O'Haran occupying seats in the vehicle. At this time there must have been about 20,000 people on the Quay, and in the approaches opening to it. The procession then commenced its progress towards St. Mary's Cathedral in the fol-