

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5.

CALENDAR.

THURSDAY 6—Of the Octave. See of Baltimore founded, 1701. FRIDAY 7—Of the Octave. SATURDAY 8—Octave of All Saints. The Four Coronals, Martyrs. SUNDAY 9—Twenty-third after Pentecost. Feast of St. W. M. Less, Eccles. xiv. 14-16; 1st Ep. Luke xl. 27-28; Last Gosp. Matt. ix. 18-26. MONDAY 10—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor. Sts. Tryphon, Hecstus, and Nymphis, Martyrs. TUESDAY 11—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor. St. Menas, Martyr. WEDNESDAY 12—St. Martin, Pope and Martyr.

NOTICE.

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Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS—a paper which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion—are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

Publishers' Notice.

Mr. W. E. MULLIN, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest. We recommend him to the kind consideration of our friends and subscribers, and trust they will aid him in every possible way to push the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the business heretofore carried on under the name of M. C. MULLIN & Co., as printing and publishing the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, has been transferred to "THE POST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," which will print and publish the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS and carry on the business of General Printers and Publishers.

Our attention has been called to a scurrilous article which appeared in L'Opinion Publique of the 15th of August, over the signature of an individual of the name of "A. Gelinus." It was written during the time of the ship laborers' troubles in Quebec, when the mind of such people as "A. Gelinus" was effervescent, so that there is an excuse, so to speak, for both his ignorance of the people he traduces and the vile language he indulged in. As an illustration of the kind of genius Mr. Gelinus is, and of his knowledge of affairs outside of Quebec, we may mention that he tells the readers of L'Opinion Publique that there are several cities in England where Irishmen are not permitted to reside.

The well-known and talented young Ottawa barrister, Mr. J. J. Kehoe, has removed to Stratford, Ontario, where he is practising his profession. We take this opportunity of recommending Mr. Kehoe to the people of Stratford, as a clever, painstaking lawyer, and of stating that the interest of his client will assuredly not suffer in his hands. The Ottawa papers speak of his departure with regret, as well as do the citizens of the capitol universally; but, as Mr. Kehoe is seeking for a fairer field for his laudable ambition, and, as he is as well known in the West as in Ottawa, there is no doubt that the step he has taken will further improve the fortunes of a rising young man full of work, of talent, and of hope in the future. We wish Mr. Kehoe all the success he deserves in his new home.

The New Quebec Cabinet.

The following gentlemen were sworn in as members of the new Cabinet on Friday:—Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Premier and Minister of Agriculture and Public Works; Hon. Mr. Robertson, Treasurer; Hon. Mr. Loranger, Attorney-General; Hon. Mr. Lynch, Solicitor-General; Hon. Mr. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Hon. Mr. Paquet, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Dr. Ross, President of the Council.

Prosperity and Stocks.

There can be no longer any doubt that the United States have entered on an era of bright prosperity. The chief cause of this prosperity is their magnificent harvest, and for them the Providential coincidence of a scarcity of cereals in Europe, especially in Russia. Millions of dollars have flowed into the American coffers from France and England during the first six months, and are still flowing. It never rains but it pours, says the old proverb, and to confirm it, people who had for the past few years hoarded their money away in old tin boxes, or locked it up

in banks, are now throwing it on the market to swell the volume of trade and create new enterprise, and consequently labor for the working classes. The appearance of \$40,000,000 gave them confidence. When a country having America's broad acres and boundless resources suffers poverty, it can only be from fictitious causes; such, for instance, is a want of money to represent, in a measure, the real wealth of the nation. If a national currency system prevailed, money could be had to carry on legitimate business, but when it does not, and when bankers and brokers are allowed to have a monopoly of money, it is only by such a lucky combination of circumstances as we observe at present that business revives in spite of the money rings and gold rings. A fresh impetus is given to mining, railroading, manufacturing and agriculture; work is plentiful, wages reasonable, and will next year be perhaps unprecedentedly high. This is prosperity. Although the splendid harvest is one of the chief causes of this revival of trade and confidence, there are others also, and among them is the economy practised during the past three years, during which some people were compelled to live within their income, while others did so in fear of future poverty. Taking example by the wrecks everywhere around them, orators, newspapers, scientists and statisticians having proclaimed that business was reviving, confidence was restored, and the timid grew bold. We see the result of all this in the unprecedented rush for stocks on Friday and Tuesday last, over a million shares of one description or other having changed hands in two days. At first blush it may be thought the thing is being overdone, and no doubt it is, but not to such an extent as might be supposed, for although a good deal that was rotten was disposed of, still railroad and mining stocks are a pretty safe investment, always presuming prosperity has only commenced. It is almost safe to assert that during the next five years stocks will rise and fall alternately, but the tendency will, on the whole, be invariably upward. The misfortune, however, is that now, as in times past, unscrupulous swindlers and speculators will place their bubbles on the market, and now, as in times past, dupes will be found to throw their money into profitless schemes, in the hope of attaining to sudden wealth. Of course they will be disappointed. We are told by the New York papers that on Monday Spruce Hill stock, which had been a mere drag on the market, went suddenly up from fifty cents to seven dollars a share. A certain class of "outside fools" will buy anything when the fever is upon them. As we follow our Republican neighbors in a great many things, it is very probable the speculation mania will soon get hold of us—if, indeed, it has not done so already, as witness the late dealings in tea, which fluctuated rapidly enough to bring great gains to some parties and caused corresponding loss to others. We shall soon, no doubt, hear of rings and corners in other commodities here in Canada which will require extreme caution to be guarded against in order to prevent manipulators from fleecing the unwary to their own profit. We also have tided over our lustrum of depression, and if we are not in as bright a glow of prosperity as our neighbors, we are squarely on the road to it. This, then, is the proper time to be careful and cautious, lest, forgetting the warnings of the past, we rush into illegitimate ways of making large fortunes at once, and thus deprive ourselves of that security which a steady advance along the highways of legitimate business alone can bestow. Let us not forget that Montreal has suffered more than its share of depression and business stagnation, that hundreds of struggling men in our midst were once good for a hundred thousand dollars, and that it was a mad rush into the Maelstrom of speculation such as we see in New York during the present week that brought them to grief and dimmed the bright name of Montreal in the world of commerce.

Another Famine.

A telegram of terrible import came across the Atlantic Ocean yesterday; it was no less than that a famine has actually commenced in Ireland with all its concomitant horrors. Its origin is suspiciously near that of thirty years ago, and its surroundings are the same typhoid fever and measles, exactly what starving men suffer all over the world. What a sensation must thrill the hearts of the millions of Irishmen at this side of the Atlantic when they hear the dreadful news, and how strong must be their resentment against the atrocious system that permits men—hundreds of thousands of them—to die of starvation and its accompanying plagues on one of the fairest and most fertile lands in the world. One year's Irish harvest is sufficient to feed a population of seven millions for three years, so that if the Irish had a government of their own, and no absentee landlords, they could afford to lose two harvests in succession, and still not suffer. The humidity that sometimes destroys the crops, when there is not too much of it, helps to fertilize the soil. Perhaps we may be deemed premature in placing so much stress on a single telegram, but in fact we do not, or rather we could not if it was not simply a confirmation of the news by mail only eleven days old. The Dublin Freeman sent a commission last month to travel through the country, see what could be seen, and furnish a faithful report of the state of affairs. He has complied with his instructions, and sent in his report, and an appalling one it is. In certain districts in the West the people have to take the half-grown crops spared by the blight into the market towns on their backs, in hampers, their horses having long ago been sold for debt. The crops are almost worthless, and hence, finding no chaser, they have to take the same pur-

hampers back again, a distance sometimes of eighteen or twenty miles. If any one doubts such a state of things is not the precursor of a famine he deserves credit as an optimist of the first magnitude. Of course it is impossible that all the horrors of 1848 will be acted over again. Such scenes as those are only permitted once in the history of a nation not devoid of courage. In 1847-8 thousands upon thousands of people died on the roadside and were eaten by the lean hungry dogs which prowled fiercely along the deserted highways and byways of the south and west, or they died in their cabins and were devoured by rats, for which the gloomy years of 1847-8 were years of plenty. Travellers describe the appearance of the peasantry they met on the roads, as that of emaciated wretches with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, from whose mouths green juice and foam issued, a sign they had been eating grasses and weeds, staggering from side to side of the road, doubtful if they could survive till they arrived at their cabin. It is a woeful picture, but certainly not overdrawn. All this time noble vessels left the harbors of Ireland for England, laden with hams, grain, cattle, eggs, with in fact, the choicest food. Vessels sent from America with eleemosynary cargoes of Indian corn for the starving people encountered vessels we have described going out, and marvelled at the patience or apathy of a people who could submit to such a state of things. The English economists, however, explained everything to the satisfaction of everybody by saying that it was owing to the laws of trade such an anomalous state of things existed. The Irish peasant must have died happy at the thought that he was called upon to see the beauties and subtleties of free trade illustrated in his own person. He could not, perhaps, understand it, but he died in order not to disturb them. The times, however, have changed, a new generation has sprung up which hearkens to Parnell—who, by the way, was born in 1848—and the world will be greatly mistaken if, in the present temper of Irishmen, they permit the theories of free trade or the theories of law to kill off a million men and women. Self preservation is the first law of nature.

The Toronto "Telegram" Again.

In our defence of the character of the Irish people from the attacks of the Toronto Telegram we said if journalistic etiquette permitted we would feel justified in branding it as a liar, but as it did not we merely said it was ignorant. That we would have been amply justified in using the harsher expression the following extract from an editorial in Saturday's Telegram will show:—

"For hard words and soft arguments cannot mend us to the Montreal Post. In this respect it will bear away the palm from all competitors. Its vocabulary of Billingsgate is so copious, and its imagination so fervid and fertile that it need fear no rival. Its most recent pronouncement is, that the 'Young Men's Christian Association furnish this journal with its Irish intelligence, and inspire it with anti-Catholic opinions.'"

Now, the Post did not make any such pronouncement. What it did actually pronounce was that it was possible the Telegram had been perusing the nice little Sunday School books so plentifully scattered about the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and drawn its inspiration from them. The Telegram persists in the well worn and oft refuted slander, that the priests keep the Irish people in ignorance and poverty. If our esteemed contemporary knows anything of Irish history at all it must be aware that it was the British Government who kept the Irish people in ignorance and poverty. It must know that they were first robbed of their lands, then of their churches, next of their educational establishments, and that, to cap the climax, the brutal penal laws were enacted and put in force. Those laws forbade priests or laymen, under penalty of death, to teach the peasantry of Ireland even the rudiments of education. Nevertheless the priests did teach them, under what we might term the shadow of the scaffold, and suffered death in consequence. If the Telegram is unacquainted with these facts let it consult Mr. Goldwin Smith, who knows history, and for ever after hold its peace, or write about things within its province. But, burying the penal laws in oblivion, as ought to be very convenient to some people, let us examine the charges as they are repeated in the Telegram's reply to our stricture. We are informed by this educator of the people that Celtic Scotland, with a barren soil, is prosperous and happy, that Presbyterian Ulster is also prosperous, while Catholic Munster and Connaught are poor and discontented. The inference is, of course, as plain as the nose on the face of the Telegram, and is that the Catholic religion is to blame. Now, the real truth is, from Scotland at the present moment a cry of distress arises which is painful to hear, and a Scottish gentleman, Mr. Murdock, of the Highlander, is travelling in the States and Canada with the object of raising funds to alleviate the distress. He is, in fact, the Scottish Parnell. As for Ulster, it is no better to-day than Munster; the people of that Province make the same complaints as their Southern brethren, and let us inform our contemporary that these were rebellions in Scotland in 1715 and 1745, and that the Ulster Presbyterians took the field against oppression in 1798. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Scotch and Ulster men are prosperous and happy, it should be remembered that a price was never set on the head of a Presbyterian minister for attempting to educate his flock, and that both Ulster and Scotland derived some miserable advantage from the penal laws against the Catholic Irish. Speaking of the Catholic clergy, the Telegram says:—

Ulysses the First.

"They are sleek, well fed, well housed, and well clothed, and minister in magnificent buildings, however poor and wretched the peasantry may be. We state facts well known to all who have travelled and observed much in Ireland. We have nothing to do with theology, and we do not make these statements with any theological bias." Well, now, that is very original and very singular, and confirms us in the opinion that it is not only possible, but highly probable, the Telegram has been coquetting with the little Sunday School books aforesaid. Why we, who have also travelled in Ireland, labored up to this under the impression that the parsons it was who were fat, sleek, salaried and castled, and Mr. Gladstone and Professor Goldwin Smith lay, it seems, under the same delusion. But we were all wrong, and the Toronto Telegram was right. If our contemporary, will just step across the Atlantic itself, (we must not be personal) and spend a few months in the Green Isle it may come back a sadder and a wiser journal, relieved of some of its Sunday School eccentricities, and more willing to tell the truth, confess its errors and shame the devil, than it is at the present time.

The New York Sun advises its readers, if they wish to retain the Republic and Democratic institutions, to vote against Cornell for Governor of New York. Its argument is that the election of Cornell will strengthen the chances of the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, that in all probability General Grant will be that candidate, and that Grant has imperial notions concealed under his Sphinx-like exterior. It may be that the Sun exaggerates for party purposes, but that as it may, this is not the first time an American Empire has been spoken of. A newspaper called the Imperialist was published in the United States some five or six years ago with the object of spreading imperial ideas, but it did not live long enough to create for itself a literary reputation. It is at the same time very certain that there is a large class in the United States not unfavorably disposed to monarchical institutions. Since the war a class which grew prosperous on the misfortunes of its country has sprung into existence, and established itself as an aristocracy, or at least something as closely resembling it as enormous wealth and obscure genealogy will permit. Most Americans of any pretensions make the European tour now-a-days, and come back with a profound respect for titles. The number of American ladies who marry into noble families of Europe is larger than most people imagine. It is the dream of three-fourths of American belles to marry men of title, and a French Count or English baronet has infinitely a better chance of carrying off a rich New York heiress, no matter how poor he may be, than even the most distinguished of her own countrymen. The love for titles and distinctions is very strong in the breasts of Americans generally, and few of them there are of any note who do not attach some prefix or other to their names, be it Judge, Honorable, General or Squire. The word Mister is, in fact, falling into disuse among our neighbours, and those of them who cannot sport the prefixes already mentioned, are fond of being enrolled as Knights of orders more or less distinguished. It is a weakness inherent in American human nature, and Charles Dickens was not far astray when he described so many whom he encountered as "the most remarkable men in the country." It is then no exaggeration to assume that those seekers after honors—or at least the majority of them—would not be averse to the assumption by General Grant of the imperial purple. As for the General himself, he keeps his mind so closely to himself that the public is not in a position to judge how far he is inclined to mount the ladder of ambition. It is known that Mark Anthony presented Cæsar with a kingly crown which he modestly refused three times, but somehow or other managed to accept it ultimately. Napoleon, the ultra Jacobin Republican, also accepted the imperial crown when it was forced upon him, as did the nephew of my uncle half a century later. General Grant commanded armies as large as either Cæsar or Napoleon, and has just as much right to a crown. Let us suppose he is elected for a third term, and that the Socialists of Chicago or the wavers of the bloody shirt in the South took it into their heads to create a disturbance during his presidency, is it not possible that the men of wealth, the merchant princes, the bankers, the great contractors and railroad kings, hungry for titles, might say, "we do not want a repetition of this kind of thing, Communism must be put down at all hazards and a strong Government established, this perpetual electing of Presidents unsettles the minds of men; let us elect Grant, the only man who can save this country, President for life." Once President for life what more natural than that General Sheridan, like Cæsar's Anthony or Napoleon's Murat, would gracefully step forward and, presenting Grant a crown manufactured in the mine from which he was recently presented with a brick of gold, say, "Long live the Emperor Ulysses the First!" The army, two-thirds of which is composed of European mercenaries, would, for a year's pay in advance, clear out the Congress at the point of the bayonet with the same ease and good will as Cromwell's Ironsides disposed of the Bump Parliament, or Murat's dragoons chased the French deputies from the Orangeie. The only organized body capable of offering resistance to such a coup d'état is the Grand Army of the Republic, and that, by all accounts, is strongly tainted with Imperialism. We have gone thus far without reckoning on the great heart of the nation, whose pulsations are, after all, strongly Republican. It is not improbable that Grant's ambitious aims might be successfully disputed by ye fierce Democracy, but

Missions and Evangelical Alliances.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in Edinburgh, on the 31st of October, the Evangelizers put their heads together and told of the deeds they had done in the way of converting the Heathen—and others. Among the delegates was a Rev. Mr. T. Lafleur, who gave encouraging accounts of the French Canadian Mission. We do not know if the Rev. Mr. Lafleur's words left the impression on the minds of the good citizens of Edinburgh that the French Canadians were pagans, and, therefore, required a missionary among them. We remember that in 1851 Scotland, in a fit of enthusiasm, sent a whole army of missionaries to convert Ireland, and that on account of the obstinacy of the Irish the effort was not a successful one, although the aforesaid army took a treasury chest with it and was extensively protected by the Royal Irish Constabulary, or, perhaps, reinforced would be the more correct expression speaking of an army. We also remember that two, at least, of the Evangelizers were afterwards converted themselves, and that one of them, Rev. Mr. McLeod, became a Catholic priest, and went out to China, where real bona fide pagans and Mohammedans exist. Now, the wonder is why these good and reverend gentlemen who meet in Edinburgh, Exeter Hall and elsewhere do not realize that the Irish and French Canadians are, at all events, Christians—degenerate ones, it may be, from the modern Evangelical standpoint—but still Christians—and that there are millions upon millions of pagans in divers parts of the world who require their services a good deal more. It might be suggested to them that the Catholic religion will keep, and that it would be as well they should first empty their eloquence on the natives of the interior of Africa, or Australia, or on the Afghans, who are at present evincing such an unchristian spirit around the passes of the Shutar Garden. There is little or no glory to be gained converting the French Canadian—for, as no one knows better than the Rev. Mr. Lafleur, they do not eat missionaries or put their precious lives in danger. Besides, has not the saintly Chiniquy already converted that part of them which was really worth the attempt. At all events he has told the Australians so, and as that truly great man never exaggerates, much less lies, we must concede, notwithstanding that we see Notre Dame Cathedral and other noble Catholic Churches full of them every Sunday, that they are actually evangelized. We do not know if the Rev. T. Lafleur belonged to that religious "ring" about which Mr. Court wrote a naughty pamphlet two years ago, but if he did he ought to know it is money is required for the mission and not prayers or true inwardness. There are two lines of operation open to the Evangelical Alliance, either of which, if adopted, may be crowned with success. One is to stay in Scotland or England, and endeavour to reclaim the large numbers of the nobility, gentry and clergy which have gone over to Rome during the past decade. The Marquis of Bute, for instance, and the Marquis of Ripon, or Cardinals Manning and Newman. Or, if they think that impossible, let them leave their wives and children and worldly goods and chattels behind them, and go forth into the interior of China or Africa far away from the protection of the British flag and British consuls—like the Catholic missionaries—with their lives in their hands and religion in their hearts; in a word, let them go to work in real earnest, and not stand playing at missionaries. There the same difference between sham missionaries and real missionaries as there is between the Manchester volunteers and Her Majesty's army in Cabul. But, speaking seriously, we beg to inform the Rev. Mr. Lafleur and the Alliance that there are more heathens—more poor souls who never heard the name of the Saviour except in blasphemy—in the manufacturing districts of England than could be found in ten generations of French Canadians. If they do not like our two lines of operations we throw this in as a third. When they have converted the pagans of Lancashire it will be time enough to look after the French Canadians.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

The Scene in the Gallery—Political Agitation—Mr. Flynn and Others—A good Excuse—Lumber by the Q. M. O. & O. R. R. [From our own Correspondent.]

QUEBEC, October 30, 1879. Never perhaps in our Provincial history did a more eager or excited multitude crowd the galleries of the Legislative Assembly than that which yesterday filled their every available space. Every movement on the floor of the house attracted the eyes and ears of the anxious occupants of the gallery. As the audience of an ancient Roman amphitheatre looked with eager, anticipating eyes on the closing struggles of contending gladiators, so did the people with half-fascinated

THE SCENE IN THE GALLERY.

gaze, like statues of expectancy, look down upon their representatives, and follow with their eyes the moving lips of the speakers. The silence in the galleries was profound, and though many of the now confident Opposition were inclined to levity, the near approach of the closing act of this legislative drama tinged the imagination with a seriousness ungenial to mirthful fancies. When it was announced that a vote was to be taken a slight vibration went through the audience, and a long breath was taken preparatory to another period of unbroken stillness. The votes of the members were given with great coolness, and it was only when Messrs. Flynn, Paquet, Chauveau, Racicot and Fortin voted against the Government that any breach of silence occurred in the galleries. In each case a trifling murmur made itself audible. The result of the voting was greeted with loud applause by the Opposition members, and was received with some slight appearance of regret by the Ministerial party. The Ministers, however, were very cool and were apparently less excited than during the morning debate. In the galleries the announcement did not create much commotion: the occupants seemingly awaited further developments. However, in this they were disappointed, as Mr. Joly, without any visible emotion in face or tone moved the adjournment of the House till 11 a. m. Thursday. The names of the "rats," as the seceding Liberals are called, are banded about in conjunction with terms the reverse of polite and complimentary, and it is amusing to hear Irishmen of both sides congratulating themselves that the two typical Irish members stood to their chief like men. Except by hard and fast party-men, the action of Mr. Flynn has not been deemed dishonorable as he had shaped his course, and stated his views from his seat in Parliament previous to the adjournment, and although he said at the time that under the then existing circumstances, coalition was not feasible, he sufficiently explained his sentiments to make it clear to all parties that he was prepared to cut all party ties in favor of coalition if the interests of the country demanded it. Whether the present state of the Province demands coalition or not, is a question for debate, but thoughtful men must admit that if Mr. Flynn be impressed with the affirmative idea, it is wild nonsense to accuse him of treachery, because to-day, acting on this belief, he leaves his party and advocates coalition. There has been consistency in Mr. Flynn's conduct, and whether he may have based his action on right or wrong premises it is not justifiable to impugn his honor. Mr. Paquet, it is well known, was influenced by the Premier's refusal to give a subsidy to the Levis and Kennebec Railway Company, whose treatment of the English bondholders has long since been recorded as a piece of Canadian sharp practice, worthy of Nantucket's wooden nutmeg celebrity. It is also currently reported that Mr. Paquet has been captivated by a most beautiful and estimable young lady, whose father occupies a high position in Conservative circles, and it is said the profession of Liberal politics was found to be an obstacle which Mr. Paquet was forced to remove. A rugged old Rouge bachelor may grow about treachery, but let any ordinary man put himself in Mr. Paquet's place, and try to condemn him if he can. Mr. Paquet, therefore, has an excuse, and one that will enlist the sympathy of the fair sex in his behalf.

THE SCENE IN THE GALLERY.

Well, the Joly administration is among the things that were. A dissolution has been refused and doubtless to-morrow will announce the selection of Mr. Chapleau as principal Crown advisor. Your telegraphic despatches have given you the names of the supposed new Cabinet, but these nominations are mere creations of rumor. Nothing reliable has yet transpired. The air is full of rumors. One is that the illness of the Hon. Hector Langevin has been a feint, and that the wily statesman remained in Quebec to engineer the successful plot of the Conservatives. Another more startling states that a Railway Ring is in existence, having for its object the leasing of the North Shore Road. As it is almost certain that the Dominion Government will ultimately take over the road, the Ring will then bleed the Province in the shape of a bill of damages for the estimated profits lost by reason of the road being taken from them. Many people are anxious to know what profound interest has Mr. L. A. Senecal in the success of the Conservatives? Why is it that if you cannot find a Conservative member in the House, you are almost sure to find him at Mr. Senecal's chambers? Keep your weather eye open and if you don't ferret out a coming scandal I am very much mistaken. Leaving politics for commerce I must tell you your portland of a harbour has got to look to its laurels. A cargo of sawn lumber for the European market, has arrived from Ottawa by the Q. M. O. & O. R. Railway to be transferred from the cars to the ship at the Commissioners' wharf, and at a figure the river craft cannot compete with. This is the first of a revolution in freighting that will eventually deprive Montreal of its English and South American lumber trade. This pioneer cargo is shipped by Carbray & Routh.

then, again, they might not. Let us now suppose the Emperor firmly established on his throne as the founder of a dynasty. The next step would, of course, be the formation of a titled aristocracy. We should then read of such persons in the newspapers as the following:—The Earl of Milwaukee and Sir Henry Ward Beecher, Jr., are stopping at the Astor House; The Duke of Chicago arrived in town from Montreal to-day. The Marquis of Cincinnati committed suicide at the residence of the Duchess of Saratoga at four o'clock this morning. The cause is ascribed to the rejection of his suit by the Princess Sartoria, nee Nellie Grant. The Countess of Hoboken gives a grand ball on Tuesday in honor of Field Marshal Sheridan (Duke of Shenandoah.) It is thought His Majesty the Emperor Ulysses and the Prince Imperial will grace the occasion with their presence. As a matter of course the Empire must be aggressive, and Canada and Mexico annexed, in order to add lustre to the diadem of the new Emperor, and hence we also would be enabled to furnish our quota of Dukes, Marquises, Earls and Baronets, and not depending, as we are at present, on such beggarly titles as Knight of St. Michael and St. George. This forecast of the future may seem a trifle overdrawn; but let us wait; strange things have happened, and may happen again. In the meantime, Vive l'Empereur.

THE SCENE IN THE GALLERY.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in Edinburgh, on the 31st of October, the Evangelizers put their heads together and told of the deeds they had done in the way of converting the Heathen—and others. Among the delegates was a Rev. Mr. T. Lafleur, who gave encouraging accounts of the French Canadian Mission. We do not know if the Rev. Mr. Lafleur's words left the impression on the minds of the good citizens of Edinburgh that the French Canadians were pagans, and, therefore, required a missionary among them. We remember that in 1851 Scotland, in a fit of enthusiasm, sent a whole army of missionaries to convert Ireland, and that on account of the obstinacy of the Irish the effort was not a successful one, although the aforesaid army took a treasury chest with it and was extensively protected by the Royal Irish Constabulary, or, perhaps, reinforced would be the more correct expression speaking of an army. We also remember that two, at least, of the Evangelizers were afterwards converted themselves, and that one of them, Rev. Mr. McLeod, became a Catholic priest, and went out to China, where real bona fide pagans and Mohammedans exist. Now, the wonder is why these good and reverend gentlemen who meet in Edinburgh, Exeter Hall and elsewhere do not realize that the Irish and French Canadians are, at all events, Christians—degenerate ones, it may be, from the modern Evangelical standpoint—but still Christians—and that there are millions upon millions of pagans in divers parts of the world who require their services a good deal more. It might be suggested to them that the Catholic religion will keep, and that it would be as well they should first empty their eloquence on the natives of the interior of Africa, or Australia, or on the Afghans, who are at present evincing such an unchristian spirit around the passes of the Shutar Garden. There is little or no glory to be gained converting the French Canadian—for, as no one knows better than the Rev. Mr. Lafleur, they do not eat missionaries or put their precious lives in danger. Besides, has not the saintly Chiniquy already converted that part of them which was really worth the attempt. At all events he has told the Australians so, and as that truly great man never exaggerates, much less lies, we must concede, notwithstanding that we see Notre Dame Cathedral and other noble Catholic Churches full of them every Sunday, that they are actually evangelized. We do not know if the Rev. T. Lafleur belonged to that religious "ring" about which Mr. Court wrote a naughty pamphlet two years ago, but if he did he ought to know it is money is required for the mission and not prayers or true inwardness. There are two lines of operation open to the Evangelical Alliance, either of which, if adopted, may be crowned with success. One is to stay in Scotland or England, and endeavour to reclaim the large numbers of the nobility, gentry and clergy which have gone over to Rome during the past decade. The Marquis of Bute, for instance, and the Marquis of Ripon, or Cardinals Manning and Newman. Or, if they think that impossible, let them leave their wives and children and worldly goods and chattels behind them, and go forth into the interior of China or Africa far away from the protection of the British flag and British consuls—like the Catholic missionaries—with their lives in their hands and religion in their hearts; in a word, let them go to work in real earnest, and not stand playing at missionaries. There the same difference between sham missionaries and real missionaries as there is between the Manchester volunteers and Her Majesty's army in Cabul. But, speaking seriously, we beg to inform the Rev. Mr. Lafleur and the Alliance that there are more heathens—more poor souls who never heard the name of the Saviour except in blasphemy—in the manufacturing districts of England than could be found in ten generations of French Canadians. If they do not like our two lines of operations we throw this in as a third. When they have converted the pagans of Lancashire it will be time enough to look after the French Canadians.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

THE SCENE IN THE GALLERY.—Political Agitation—Mr. Flynn and Others—A good Excuse—Lumber by the Q. M. O. & O. R. R. [From our own Correspondent.]

QUEBEC, October 30, 1879. Never perhaps in our Provincial history did a more eager or excited multitude crowd the galleries of the Legislative Assembly than that which yesterday filled their every available space. Every movement on the floor of the house attracted the eyes and ears of the anxious occupants of the gallery. As the audience of an ancient Roman amphitheatre looked with eager, anticipating eyes on the closing struggles of contending gladiators, so did the people with half-fascinated

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

gaze, like statues of expectancy, look down upon their representatives, and follow with their eyes the moving lips of the speakers. The silence in the galleries was profound, and though many of the now confident Opposition were inclined to levity, the near approach of the closing act of this legislative drama tinged the imagination with a seriousness ungenial to mirthful fancies. When it was announced that a vote was to be taken a slight vibration went through the audience, and a long breath was taken preparatory to another period of unbroken stillness. The votes of the members were given with great coolness, and it was only when Messrs. Flynn, Paquet, Chauveau, Racicot and Fortin voted against the Government that any breach of silence occurred in the galleries. In each case a trifling murmur made itself audible. The result of the voting was greeted with loud applause by the Opposition members, and was received with some slight appearance of regret by the Ministerial party. The Ministers, however, were very cool and were apparently less excited than during the morning debate. In the galleries the announcement did not create much commotion: the occupants seemingly awaited further developments. However, in this they were disappointed, as Mr. Joly, without any visible emotion in face or tone moved the adjournment of the House till 11 a. m. Thursday. The names of the "rats," as the seceding Liberals are called, are banded about in conjunction with terms the reverse of polite and complimentary, and it is amusing to hear Irishmen of both sides congratulating themselves that the two typical Irish members stood to their chief like men. Except by hard and fast party-men, the action of Mr. Flynn has not been deemed dishonorable as he had shaped his course, and stated his views from his seat in Parliament previous to the adjournment, and although he said at the time that under the then existing circumstances, coalition was not feasible, he sufficiently explained his sentiments to make it clear to all parties that he was prepared to cut all party ties in favor of coalition if the interests of the country demanded it. Whether the present state of the Province demands coalition or not, is a question for debate, but thoughtful men must admit that if Mr. Flynn be impressed with the affirmative idea, it is wild nonsense to accuse him of treachery, because to-day, acting on this belief, he leaves his party and advocates coalition. There has been consistency in Mr. Flynn's conduct, and whether he may have based his action on right or wrong premises it is not justifiable to impugn his honor. Mr. Paquet, it is well known, was influenced by the Premier's refusal to give a subsidy to the Levis and Kennebec Railway Company, whose treatment of the English bondholders has long since been recorded as a piece of Canadian sharp practice, worthy of Nantucket's wooden nutmeg celebrity. It is also currently reported that Mr. Paquet has been captivated by a most beautiful and estimable young lady, whose father occupies a high position in Conservative circles, and it is said the profession of Liberal politics was found to be an obstacle which Mr. Paquet was forced to remove. A rugged old Rouge bachelor may grow about treachery, but let any ordinary man put himself in Mr. Paquet's place, and try to condemn him if he can. Mr. Paquet, therefore, has an excuse, and one that will enlist the sympathy of the fair sex in his behalf.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

Well, the Joly administration is among the things that were. A dissolution has been refused and doubtless to-morrow will announce the selection of Mr. Chapleau as principal Crown advisor. Your telegraphic despatches have given you the names of the supposed new Cabinet, but these nominations are mere creations of rumor. Nothing reliable has yet transpired. The air is full of rumors. One is that the illness of the Hon. Hector Langevin has been a feint, and that the wily statesman remained in Quebec to engineer the successful plot of the Conservatives. Another more startling states that a Railway Ring is in existence, having for its object the leasing of the North Shore Road. As it is almost certain that the Dominion Government will ultimately take over the road, the Ring will then bleed the Province in the shape of a bill of damages for the estimated profits lost by reason of the road being taken from them. Many people are anxious to know what profound interest has Mr. L. A. Senecal in the success of the Conservatives? Why is it that if you cannot find a Conservative member in the House, you are almost sure to find him at Mr. Senecal's chambers? Keep your weather eye open and if you don't ferret out a coming scandal I am very much mistaken. Leaving politics for commerce I must tell you your portland of a harbour has got to look to its laurels. A cargo of sawn lumber for the European market, has arrived from Ottawa by the Q. M. O. & O. R. Railway to be transferred from the cars to the ship at the Commissioners' wharf, and at a figure the river craft cannot compete with. This is the first of a revolution in freighting that will eventually deprive Montreal of its English and South American lumber trade. This pioneer cargo is shipped by Carbray & Routh.

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