June 8, 1881

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

1007, hears him softly talking to the dead, 1007, hears him softly talking to the dead, nd once-oh, pitiful Heaven i-she hears a An instant the girl stands motionless looking after him, then she turns and walks rapidly back into the house.

at all:

fever.

Ξ.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM THE "CHESHOLM COUBLER."

The Monday morning edition of the Ches

horm Courier, September 19th, 18-, contain-

ed the following, eagerly devoured by every

man and woman in the county able to read

"THE TRAGEDY AT CATHEBON ROYALS."

"In all the annals of mysterious crime

began the editor, with intense evident re-

lish), nothing more mysterious or more awful

has ever been known than the recent tragedy

at Catheron Royals. In the annals of our

town, of our county, of our country we may

almost say, it stands unparalleled in its

atrocity. A young and lovely lady, wedded a

little better than a year, holding the very

highest position in society, in the facred pri-

vacy of her own household, surrounded by

faithful servants, is struck down by the dag-

ger of the assassin, Her youth, her beauty.

the sanctity of slumber, all were powerlees to

holm to aid, if they can, that discovery."

From Tuesday's Edition.

ELLEN BUTTERS SWORN .- "I was Lady Ca-

• •

that's what I'm trying to tell you.

10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.

To be Continued. 1)

Bowels, acts upon the Liver, aids digestion,

and tones up the entire system. Trial bottles

LET IRELAND BE FREE.—Here is an opinion

in aid of Ireland from an unwonted and un-

42 - 2

ad once-on, plant neaven i-she hears a set blood-chilling langh. She opens the set and goes in? He is kneeling beside the solution the start former in ht beside the holding the stark figure in his arms, urgis her to get up and dress.

is her to got an and allow. "It is a lovely night, Ethel," he says ; " the "It is a toyoty might, numer, ne says; " the soon is shining, and you know, you like to walk out in moonlight nights. Do you rewalk out is those nights at Margate when memoer, logether first on the sands? Ah we waiked together first on the sands? Ab you never lay like this, cold and still, then. Do get up, Ethel !" (petulantly, thus;) " I am tired of sitting here and waiting for you to tired of sitting have slept long another 

get up !" He tries to lift her. Horror struck Lady He mes to har he have a struck fi Releas catches him in time to prevent it. lelena calculos initi la state to provent it. of heaven put hur down. Come away. Don't

ron know she is dead ! " He lifts his dim eyes to her face, blind with

the mizery of a dumb animal. "Dead!" he whispers.

Then with a low moaning gasp, he falls back in her arms, fainting wholly away. Her cries bring aid—they lift him and car-

then up to his room, undress and place him The family physician is summoned in bed. to say, and looks very grave. The shock has to say, and the for a not ever strong body or been too much for a not ever strong body or neen too mind. Sir Victor is in imminent danger of

brain fever. The night shuts down. A messonger comes to Lady Helena saying the squire is come better, and she makes up her mind to much or all night. Inez comes, pale and calm, and also takes her place by the stricken man's bedside, a great sadness and pity for the first time on her face. The White Room is lockal-Lady Helena keeps the key - one pale light burns dimly in its glittering vastness. And as the night closes in blackness over the docmed house, one of the policemen comes baste to Superintendent Ferrick, triumph in his face. He bas found the dagger.

Mr. Ferrick opens his eyes rather-it is more than he expected. "A bungler," he matters, " whoever did it.

Jones, where did you find this ?"

Jones explains.

Near the entrance gate there is a wilderness of fern, or bracken, as high as your waist. Hidden in the midst of this unlikely place Jones has found the dagger. It looks as if the party, going down the avenue had flung it

"Bungler," Superintednent Ferrick says ness called was Ellen Butters. again. "It's bad enough to be a murderer vithout being a fool."

He takes the dagger. No doubt about the work it has done. It is incrusted with blood -dry, dark, and clotted up to the hilt. A strong sure hand had certainly done the deed. For the first time the thought strikes himcould a woman's hand strike that one strong, sure deadly blow? Miss Catheron is a fragilelooking young lady, with a waist he could ished dressing her she threw her shawl about span, slim little fingers, and a delicate wrist. Could she strike this blow ! It is quite evi-

dent only one has been struck. "And besides," says Superintendent Ferrick, argumentatively tu himself, "it's fifteen minutes' fast walking from the house to the gate, fifteen minutes only elapse between the time Nurse Pool sees her come out of the nursery and Maid Ellen finds her mistress murdered. And I'll be sworn, she hasn't been out of the house to-day. All last night they say she keptherself shut up in her room. Suppose she wasn't-suppose she went out last night and tried to hide it, is it likelycome I say! is it likely, she would take and throw it right in the very spot, where it was sure to be found ! A tartar that young woman is, I have no doubt but she's a long way off being a fool. She may know who has done this murder but I'll stake you my profesional reputation, in spite of Mrs. Pool, that she never did it herself.

A thin, drizzling rain comes on with the night, the trees drip, drip, in a feeble melan-

## ST. BRIDGET. REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

- Sweet Heaven's smile Gl. amed o'er the Isle
- Charled O'er the 18ie That gems the dreamy sea-One far gone day, And ilash'd its ray-More than a thousand years away, Pure Bridget, over thee.
- White as the snow That falls below, That falls below, To earth on Christmas night, Thy pure face shone On over over

- Thou art in light:
- They are in hight; Thou bast a crown—they a chain; The very sod, Made theirs by God, Is still by tyrants' footsteps trod; They pray—but all in vain.

- And pray for them this Eve.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS Looking over the "Religious Notices" of the Brocklyn Eagle the other day, I was much You, no doubt, recollect Scott's description in was carried on in the days of that "wisest fool of Christendom," as Sully called him, James 1st. From hundreds of booths, projecting upon the streets, issued forth the ever safe after this? Who was the assassin? what varying cries of "What do ye lack? What was the motive? Does that assassin yet lurk in our midst? Let it be the work of the cordo ye lack? Clocks, watches, barnacles! oner and his jury to discover the terrible Fe-Barnacles, watches, clocks !" from noisy apprentices. Imagine the clatter and uproar cret, to bring the wretch to justice. And it there must have been, when the eager repre-sentatives of fifty different callings asserted is the duty of every man and woman in Chesthe claims of their goods upon the public with obstreperous urgency. The cheap John shops of Chatham street carry on the tradition The inquest began at one o'clock, yesterto this day, with more noise and less honesty day in the parlor of the Mitre Inn, Lady Helena Yowyss of Powyss place, and Miss -as becomes our times-than their predecessors. Inez Catheron being present. The first wit-

Now, I suppose you feel inclined to ask, what in the world has the cultivation of ancient or modern hucksterdom to do with the "religious notices" of the Eagle? It is all due to the association of ideas, a marvellous philosophy which puzzled Plato and nonplussed, as I have heard, even ex-V. C. Blake, whose recent occultation by that obtrusive planet, Boyd, has eclipsed the Bands of Hops and arrested the vegetation of anti-Poperv prose upon the judicial bench forever. But I digross. The association of ideas is to be blamed for it all, for, as I read the aforesaid "notices," my mind became full of cheap John, junk-shop, visions that almost ruined those other and more tender reflections about the victorious advance of the Evangelical army, which had touched my soul even unto tears. Ruffians may say what they please, and quote Coriolanus, too, but they cannot hide the light or hinder impartial professors from rejoleing over the Goepel out-pouring vouchsafed to Brooklynites, as each Sabbath, in its revolution, opens the jaws of Protestant orthodoxy and fills the welkin' with oracles. But, on we to our theme, as Babbington Macaulay was wont to

kin's Church, under the auspices of "Mary C. Johnson," a petticoated apostle, I presume, who took to expounding instead of resting mouldy and forlorn, ticketed and labelled, on the shelf. What kind of religion the illustrious Tompkins evolved from his inner consciousness, the advertisement sayeth not; very likely a species of "go-as-you-please" system, guiltless of the slightest exacerbation of the world, the flesh and the devil. Pretty Polly wants,-not a cracker,-but a husband, for how otherwise explain the situation? A husband would exhaust all her reserved fund of talk, and the curtain lecture would leave no space for basemental outpourings. After Polly we have Rev. Scudder, of Con-

ed the question in a radically practical manner, as anyone may see who has a taste for devil, I am amazed that Brother Scudder got rid of them by entering into a triple mundane sphere.

Brother Kennion disdains the abridgement streets; his vocation lies towards the conner. Brother Kennion-we have his own declaration for it-is neither a street-walker nor a seems to have caught the spirit of Habakkuk Mucklewrath or Gifted Gilfillan, which is said

to be sound in doctrine, true and consistent | ratio of a wise Government." in our life, unblamable, unreproachable and correct in character; what our enemies can't claim to be. They may lie about us as they please; we assure them we prosper under

their wrath !" Brother Kennion's allusion to Daniel is bardly just to himself. The prophet was

thrown into the midst of lions; brother Kennion has fallen among liars, much the more dangerous beasts of the two. No doubt arguments, moral sussion, or a strictly con-Brother Kennion's street crowds keep his enemies' conventicles empty, and thus dam the thow of nickles; so his foes d-n Brother Kennion, what might be called a bit of Evangelical reciprocity. Courage, brother, and seep the hat moving.

Rev. Wray cries out ; (and his proposition, unique in Evangelical annals, deserves encouragement.) "Salvation is free, therefore, sents are free at the open air preaching tomorrow!" He, too, includes in the conucdrum form of rhetoric :--" Did the World make itself?" Such a question, coming from a Protestant champion, perplexes and confounds. Surely, surely the world made itself, for why seek for a world creator when a greater thing than the world made itself? Did from the King and the Tories and the Pronot Protestantism make itself? If it didn't, who did? And if Protestantism be divine us it is, have not men made divine truth? the best argument to prove that the world these measures has frankly disclosed to us this made itself? Why, see here; just let us sup- part of their story. It may be distasteful to

## AN ENGLISHMAN ON IRELAND. [From the Fortnightly Review ]

Depend upon it, some one crics out, that. the first thing to do in Ireland-the condition-precedent of any real good in that country-is the inculcation of a respect for law and order, and the teaching of the lesson that nothing will be conceded to insurrection. As if this plausible but shallow principle had not been acted upon a hundred times before, with the result that the Irishman has not a whit more respect for law (in this sense) than he ever had. If you want him to respect the laws, you will have first to persuade him that they are made for gregational views. He is a descendant of his benefit and not for yours. You will Plymouth Rock. He puts forth a puzzling have to give him grounds for believing conundrum :-- "What shall we do with the that when the laws were being made, his burdens of life ?" I am quite surprised at | wishes and interests have been consulted, and such a question coming from a New England the voices of his representatives listened to. Puritan. Have not the fair "sistern" answer- just as English wishes and interests are consulted, and English representatives are listened to when our laws are being made. You exploring vital statistics. DAs to the other may by suspending Habeas Corpus, and garburdens of life which arise from a perpetual risoning his country with thirty thousand struggle against the world, the flesh and the | troops, frighten him into mechanical quiet for a year or two, but this is not teaching him should be ignorant of the fact that the respect for law, nor instilling habits of order "glorious Reformation" very compendiously into him, in the sense of breeding in his mind a spontaneous loyalty to what is ordained, or alliance with those formidable factors in this | of attracting any real moral strength to our government. The thing has been tried often

enough for us to know what comes of of four bare walls; he has taken to the it. The moment the prison door is unlocked, and the gag is removed, we find that our previous device for making Irishmen respect law has only embittered corner loafer, although the good man's ill-wishers insinuate as much, with malignancy fold. In the case of an individual offender, fold. In the case of an individual offender, altogether serpentine. But he is equal to it may be a matter of indifference whether them is Brother Kennion; he is one of Hudi- penal restraint reforms his character or not; bras' ' pulpit drum ecclesiastic' champions; he it is enough to prevent him from doing mischief or to punish him for having done it. But in the case of a whole population this is to yet haunt the peat bogs and hill sides sa- so far from being enough, that it is nothing " Our enemies may gnash their teeth and to take care that they do nothing to irritate vent their malice, the God of Daniel leads us an enidemical distempor. It is a foolish to battle ! How it vexed our foes to see such thing to have the better of the patient in a an immense audience and such an array of dispute. The complaint or its cause ought truly godly men associated with us, as, to wit, to be removed, and wise and lenient acte Brother See, Brother Tad, Brother Wylie, ought to precede the measures of vigor. Theology Professor, and others, who know us They ought to be the ultima, not the prima,

As for the propriety of teaching the Irish that they will never gain anything by violence, such a lesson may be as proper as we please, but it is unfortunately not true. The Irish know much better. They know that they have never gained anything without violence. The Tithe was one of the most odious imposts ever laid upon a subject people by foreign masters. Did that disappear before stitutional agitation? When the Tories of that day, like the Tories of this, instead of the sacred rights of property, and on the paramount duty of the Executive to secure to every man his own, was their appeal overcome by the weight of calm political reason? Not at all, but by the persistent opposition of physical force against the dragonnades, for they were literally and truly dragonnades, which were ordered by the British Government. Was Catholic Emancipation the reward of vic ory in argument, the spontaneous outcome of disinterested conviction, a recognition of the patience and self-control of the Irish Catholics? On the contrary, as everybody knows, it was wrung testant bigotry of the country by sheer alarm. Of the reforming measures of our truth, as so many Parliamentary statutes tell own generation it is not necessary to remind ourselves of the share that violence had in To do that was infinitely more difficult than pressing the necessity for them upon English for the world to make itself. But, what is attention. The statesman most concerned in pose, as a preliminary, that the world was a the sentimentalists of politics to find that good Protestant-but, let me pause right here. great reforms are achieved in this way, not Such a discussion would lead us into incon- to satisfy the claims of abstract justice, but prehensibly gigantic speculation. I only to save trouble. It is in fact inevitable. If hope Brother Wray's out-pouring (and the anybody will enumerate to himself the list of contribution) was satisfactory to the open | matters that at any given moment urgently solicit the attention of an English Minister in a thronging and unending series, he will deserve careful recognition, but I am warned | find it easy enough to understand why either not to encroach too much upon your space. an Irish question or any other is allowed to One touches upon that absorbing subject with until a sufficient number of people insist "Ebenezers;" the next gives us his "views" with sufficient loudness that it shall wait no on that most practical moral matter, " The longer. Great are the wirtues of importunity. To justify coercion on the ground that the to have died with poor Tribulation Cum- Irish must be taught that they have nothing "What are the causes of Atheism ?" If the unadulterated caut. We need only be arxious brother will take our advice, he honest with ourselves to see what agitawill draw up a complete list of the thirteen tion, lawless agitation, if you please thousand Protestant sects now filling the to call it so, has done for them within the world with their clamor, and write at the bot last twelve months under our very eyes. For twenty-eight years the recommendations of the Devon Commission were neglected by the The reaction, however, after childbirth, was Legislature in spite of persevering efforts to more than her strength could sustain, and touched upon, and this is the reason why. If bring them forward. At last Fenianism came, and then people bethought themselves that it might be worth while to pay some attention to and ninety-nine other Sects will fly at his the proved and admitted mischiefs of the Irish system. Since 1871 there have been more than a score of formal and serious demands in concludes, with Evangelical discretion, that Parliament for a further reform. The Irish peasants might have made a thousand such appeals,"session after session, and yet if the Land League had not got to work, let us not conceal from ourselves how great are the chances that they would have made them in

#### AN EPISCOPAL RECTOR GIVES HIS REASONS FOR A CHANGE OF FAITH.

Rev. Edward Winslew Gilliam late Pro testant Episcopai clergymun and rector of (Minton (N.C.) Church, who, in January last, revigned his charge on account of certain theological doubts, and announced bis intention of L'ecoming a Roman Catbolic, is at St. Mary's' Seminary, Baltimore, and 1s the guest of the Roman Catholic fathers of that institution. Mr. Gilliam went to St. Mary's on the 11th ult., to obtain, as he says, rest from doubts of a most conflicting and totturing nature which assailed him as to the truth of the teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These doubts were brought about by reading Episcopal books, and covered a period of seven or eight years. Until 1874 or 1875 he was a sound theologian and a strict believer in the the tenets of the church in which he was ordained. "About that time, however," to continue in his own words, "I began to doubt the soundness of my faith. was a close student of Cranmer's life, and studied Brown's "Thirty-nine Articles," from Cranmer and I conceived that the Roman Catholic Church alono possessed the rightful power to interpret the meaning of the Scripture Remember, now, that it was not from Roman books that I drew this conception, which has now grown into a

#### FIRM AND IRREVOCABLE BELIEF.

It was from strictly Episcopal works and the iden was drawn from the rules of faith and the canon of Holy Scripture. The rule of faith is the teaching of Scripture with regard to those points essential to salvation, and the doubt aroso in my mind whether it was not that the Roman Catholic teaching was the right and the Protestant Episcopal the wrong one. With regard to the canon of Scripture, the doubt was whether the Roman Catholic Church was not alone empowered with authority to speak as to its interpretation and its Divine derivation. These doubts began to assail mo eight years ago. I bore up under them as best I could, but they were torturing. For five or six years I continued to discharge the duties of my sacred calling and to believe implicitly what I taught, but I could not. The demon of doubt was upon me, and night after night I sat up and wrote out my thoughts, and year by year enlarged them as new ideas occurred to me. All this was done secretly, and I tried as much as possible to divert the attention of my congregation from myself so that they would not discover what was passing in my mind. I think I was successful in this, and that they never knew, until I made it known, that 1 did not believe all I said. I never mentioned it to any one; not even my wife knew of it.

#### I BORK IT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE,

and at last I could stand it no longer. I resigned my charge at Clinton the first of last January, and after I had got the papers upon which I had inscribed and elaborated my doubts and thoughts in good shape, I went to Bishop Lyman and stated the trouble. The Bishop argued with me, and presented his convictions, the teachings of the Church, etc., but none of them would remove the difficulties and I could think of nothing else to do but to come to Baltimore and confer with Archbishop Gibbons. The Archbishop coincided with me in the main, but corrected me on several points and advised me to do as 1 have done. His advice was in accordance with my desires, and I came here last Monday week to obtain rest and quiet and to read." It was Mr. Gilliam's intention to receive couditional baptism in the Roman Catholic Church. and to sever entirely his connection with the Protestant Episcopal. He stated that he would enter the Catholic priesthood, but that a bar to this existed in the fact that he is a married man with four children-all boys. One of them is with him at St. Mary's. He expects to obtain the position of a teacher and will shortly return to Oxford, N. C. His wife and three of his children are in Raleigh. Mr. Gilliam is a man of small stature, about 40 years old, of good address, and

## theron's maid; I was engaged in London and came down with her here; on the afternoon of Friday, 16th, I last saw my lady alive, about half-past six in the afternoon ; she had

dressed for dinner; the family dinner hour is seven ; saw nothing unusual about her ; well yes, she seemed a little out of spirits, but was gentle and patient as usual; when I had finher, and took a book, and said she would go out a few minutes and take the air; she did go out, and I went down to the servants' hall: sometime after seven June Pool, the nurse, came down in a great flurry and said-" THE CORONER .- " Young woman, we don't want to hear what Jane Pool said and did. We want to know what you saw yourself." ELLEN BUTTERS (sulkily) .- " Very well,

The most miserable man in the world is the dyspeptic, and dyspepsia is one of the most troublesome difficulties to remove, but Burdock Blood Bitters always conquer it. say. It stimulates the secretions, regulates the

I commence with Mr. Talmage. You all know or have heard of Mr. Talmage; he is the irrepressible Jump Jack of the Basement ; an evangelical trapezist; a strident acrobat, who never performs before anything under a thousand dollar house. Mr. Talmage advertises that he will hold forth, Sabbath, May 15th,-the "notices" are all for the same date-on "The Political and loral Destiny of this Nation.' Be sure, Mr. Talmage will settle the whole question in a single innings. Nevertheless, were I at the gentleman's elbow, I should advise him to consult Conkling on the political question, and leave the moral discussion alone until the Investigating Committee shall have decided whether Mr. Talmage resemble George Washington, " Truthful Jeems" or the Heathen Chines most in the matter of veracity. Uncle Sam must feel something of the terror which fell upon Balaam when rebuked by a Bray. If the moral destiny of the United States depend upon Protestant teaching and example, then God help the mation's future. But the Catholic Church has taken the future of America out of the hands of heresy. So Mr. Talmage's opinions are volunteered after the judge has decided the case set like a litigi-ous Tombs Shyster whom usuars, not justice, impel to aggravated argument. After Talmage comes Rev. Fulton, D.D. (they are all D.D's) of the "Temple." This edifice is not the bee-hive of lawyers, sacred to Cocaigne, but a" church" dedicated to Rev. Fulton. He is the most narrow-minded creature in the United States. The formal motive of his belief in anything is, Rev. Ful-.on, D.D. His morning "preaching" is " Ingersoll and Dishonesty," a comparison, I conclude, between Atheism and its mother, Protestantism. The evening harangue is 'Thirst-what cures it ?" Nothing cures your evangelical thirst for-contributions. The auri sacra fames is nicely vencered with missionary varnish, but ministerial brown-stone fronts are the ordinary result. the officials in Lord Kenmare's rent office, The flock get restive once or twice and also one or two representatives of the a year, but a semi-annual whack at Popery as well as a gushing bit of Bible statistics, showing how Italian, French, Brazilian or Mexican "inquirers" are scuilling esgerly for a grip and a glimpse of that horribly desecrated volume, soothes them into gentle willingly to the hands of the shearer. As to health and spirits. He is not compelled to and hence may be considered one the thirst illustrated in Holy Writ by an associate with other prisoners, and, by order of the leading men of that imaristocratic gentleman, with a downright from the Home Department, he is treated mense congregation. John R. G. Hassard hatred of beggars and love of a good dinner, (which betray the Saxon) I only trust Brother Fulton's experience may not receive its perfection when he cannot inform the basement thereof-till death carries it off. We are told further that Rev. Peck will discourse" about "Pelting other people with news of Mr. Brennan's arrest had evidently stones." Mr. Peck is determined not to hide his light under a bushel, though it takes a Sullivan to convey to Mr. Brennan some incircus poster to fetch the crowd and-the dimes. Rev. Peck is oracular. An ordinary man might have said " rotten eggs," or " an-cient cats," or "cabbage stalks;" Mr. Peck sticks to the stones-not to the rock, mind you-only the stones. He doubtless means ceived evidently conveyed to Mr. Davit telling lies of one's neighbor. Mr. Peck a correct idea of the situation, for he laughed tells his believers, three or four times a year, and asked if Secretary Forster had arrested some frightful lie about the Catholic Church-an evangelical necessity for holding the "brethren" together, and for the more effectual mobilization of the nickles-but such lies are not the stones he has reference to. It is the goring his ox that troubles Rev. Peck. This is what makes Peck sniff and the man. He was found lying on the side of snivel, and earnestly strive to dodge the moral the track incensible. The only injury he had missiles. This is what causes him (Rev. titubation of legs. Dear Mr. Peck.

On every one; For Christ's sweet grace thy heart had won To make thy birth-land bright. A cloud hangs o'er Thy Erin's shore— Ah! God. 'twas always so— Ah! Virgin fair Thy Heaven pray'r Will help tby people in their care And save them from their woe,

Where angels' hymns thy prayer shall greet

Thou! near Christ's throue, Dost hear the moan Of all their hearts that grieve; Ah! Virgin sweet, shield her. Full of life, and hope, and happipers, she is foully and hideously murdered -her babe left motherless, her young husband bereaved and desolate. If anything Kneel at His feet were needed to make the dreadful tragedy yet more dreadful, it is, that Sir Victor Catheron lies, as we write, hovering between life and death. The blow which struck her down has stricken him too-has laid him upon what may be his death-bed. At present he lies mercifully unconscious of his terrible

THE GABBLE OF THE SECTS. loss, tossing in the delirium of violent brain impressed, not to say edified, by what I read. "The Fortunes of Nigel," of how business "Who, we ask, is safe after this? A lady of the very highest rank, in her own home, surrounded by her servants, in open day is stabbed to the heart. What, we ask again, is

choly sort of way, the wind has a lugubrious sobinits voice, and it is intensely dark. It is about nine o'clock, when Miss Catheron rises from her place by the sick bed and goes out of the room. In the corridor she stands a in a most unequivocal form. A second edi-moment, with the air of one who looks and tion of "Fronde's Irish History" has just aplistens. She sees no one. The dark figure of awoman, who hovers afar off and watches her, is there, but lost in a shadowy corner ; a woman who, since the murder, has never entirely lost sight of her. Miss Catheron does not see her, she takes up a shawl, wraps it can only be dealt with hy making her erover her head, walks rapidly along the tirely independent. He says : "Despotism passage, down a back stairway, out of a side door, little used, and so out into the dark, dripping, sighing night.

There are the Chesholm constabulary on guard on the wet grass and gravel elsewhere -there are none here. But the quiet figure of Jane Pool has followed her. like her shadow, and Jane Pool's face peers cautiously out from the half-open door.

In that one instant while she waits, she misses her prey-she emerges, but in the darkness nothing is to be seen or heard.

As she stands irresolute, she suddenly hears a low, distinct whistle to the left. It may be the call of a night-bird-it may be a sig-

She glides to the left, straining her eyes through the gloom. It is many minutes bebefore she can see anything, except the vaguely waving trees\_then a fiery spark, a red eye glows through the night. She has ron her prey to earth-it is the lighted tip of a clgar

She draws near-her heart throbs. Dimly she sees the tall figure of a man ; close to him the slender, slighter figure of a woman. They are talking in whispers, and she is mor-tally afraid of coming too close. What is to keep them from murdering her too?

" I tell you, you must go, and at once," are the first words she hears Inez Catheron speaking, in a passionate, intense whisper. " I tell you I am suspected already ; do you think you can escape much longer? If you have any feeling for yourself, for me, go, go I beseech you at once ! They are searching for you now, I warn you, and if they find you\_'

"If they find me," the man retorts, doggedly, "it can't be much worse than it is. Things have been so black with me for years that they can't be much blacker. But I'll go I'm not over-anxious to stay, Lord knows. give me the money and I'll be off"

She takes from her bosom a package, and the hands it to him ; by the glow of the red cigar-tip Jane sees her.

"It's all I have-all I can get, jewels and all," she says ; " enough to keep you for years with care. Now go, and never come backyour coming has done evil enough, surely."

Jane Pool catches the words-the man mutters some sullen, inaudible reply. Inez Catheron speaks again in some passionate Volca.

"How dare you say so ?" she cries, stamping her foot. "You wretch ! whom it is my bitterest shame to call brother. But for you she would be alive and well. Do you think I do not know it? Go-living or dead, I never want to look upon your face again !" Jane Pool hears those terrible words and Stands paralyzed. Can it be that Miss Inez plunges into the woodland and disappears. motive was within a foot or so of him.

xpected quarter. People remember when the late John Mitchel fell foul of Mr. James Anthony Froude for some of his Irish utterances; but now the English litterateur recants peared, closing with a new and additional chapter, in which all of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures, from the Church Disestablishment in 1869 to the Coercion Bill of 1881, are bitterly assailed. Ireland, Mr. Froude affirms, is out of date. We can govern India; we cannot govern Ireland. Let Ireland be free. She is miserable because she is unruled. We might rule her, but we will not, lest our arrangements at home might be interfered with."

#### THE EARL OF KENMARE AND HIS TENANTS.

The Cork Herald May 7th says : It has been rumoured here in the past week, that Mr. W. Hartnett, sub-sheriff of Kerry, has been instructed by the Earl of Kenmarc's agent, Mr. S. M. Hussey, to come to K Harney for the purpose of getting possession of the seven farms which were sold on . write of execution in the Killarney courthouse about a mon th since. These rumors, and the uncer. as to the time of Mr. Hartnett's arrival, bave induced the Killarney Land Lesgue to take some active steps towards a settlement in behalf of some of the tenants who are Land Leaguers, and whose farms were sold conscquent on their refusal to pay more than Griffith's valuation. This morning some of Killarney Land League awaited the arrival of the Tralee trains to see if the Sub-sheriff would have come to Killarney but that gentleman did not come by either train To-day some of the tenants proceeded to Lord Kenmare's office with a view to effect a settlement Three of the tenants-the Meaghers and Consenané, Droumduhig, were offered the follow-ing settlement by Mr. Hussey's head clerk : —A reduction of 20 per cent, on one gales rent, and half the legal costs attending the writs. The rent was of course understood as (cld rent," as it is termed. The tenants declined the offer without getting 20 per cent. off the year's rent, which it has been under stood are the terms in the printed posters distributed through the town. Matters thus remain status quo, but I believe, the daily expected visit of the sheriff will be further postponed.

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

The other evening as Engineer Wells was coming into St. Bazil, a small station on the Q., M., O. & O. Road, between Montreal and Quebec, he saw a man crossing the track just about fifteen yards ahead of his engine, which was going at full speed. He slipped and fell between the rails and could not recover himself before the train was upon him. The brakes were immediately put on, and the train hands ran back to see what had become of received was the cutting off of the top of his Peck) to exude eloquent prayer and doxolois not the murderess, after all? The man rey right thumb. He had managed to roll him- gy, tremplous as to the voice and with much torts again-she does not bear how-then self simost clear of the rails just as the loco-

Then we have "a day of prayer" at Tomp-

air intellect which he sought to enlighten. There are several other tit-bits which would

Battle of Rephedim." Armageddon seems tom of the scroll-"Behold the cause of Atheism !"

You may notice that no doctrinal subject is Brother Snooks affirm that there is, for instance, a hell, twelve thousand nine hundred throat and rend him, metaphorically, with as many opposite "views." So, Brother Snooks the casy way is the best way," and gnaws his file over "the Battle of Rephedim," "the latest theory anent Cats," " Peddling peanuts," "Watering Stock," and other delightfully sensational themes. And so they go, heedless of the despairing screams of the vain. herd as they rush, devil-possessed, over the precipice into the dark abyss of perdition. FR. GRAHAM.

MICHAEL DAVITT. VISITED IN PRISON BY MBS. A. M. SULLIVAN. LONDON, June 3 --- Mr. Davitt was visited in sists in taking care of the governor's garden, an occupation which evidently agrees with him as he looks hale and sunburned. He is kept, however, in complete ignorance of all

not reached him, because he requested Mrs. structions about his private affairs. Under the was impossible for the visitor to inform him of the arrest of his friend, but the way in which the request was reany of the ladies yet, expressing his opinion that the Chief Secretary was equal to that or any other discreditable work. Mr. Daviti has made up his mind to remain in prison for the four years necessary to complete his original sentence. He says he will come out all right. The interview concluded by his furnishing Mrs. Sullivan with a long list of books which he desires to be sent to him, as

he says, for winter reading. The French frigate Magicienne is expected

to arrive in Quebec in August.

## RELIGION OF EDITORS.

A New York correspondent throws a little light on the religious proclivities of the me-Reid was bred a Presbyterian, and I have never heard that he has changed his convicprison to-day by Mrs. A. M. Sullivan. She tions. He is an attendant at John Hall's had a long interview with the imprisoned church, which also includes Robert Bonner, leader of the Land League in presence of the the millionaire of the Ledger. Bonner governor of the jail. Mr. Davitt is in good is now president of the board of trustees, with exceptional consideration. His work con- of the Tribune, is a Roman Catholic, and has a pew in St. Stephen's Church, which is the most fashionable in that denomination next to the Cathedral. Tom Connery, managing editor of the Herald, was brought up in the that is passing in the outer world. Even the same faith. Watson R. Sperry, managing editor of the Evening Post, is the son of a Methodist preacher. Manton Marble, former owner and editor of the World was brought up a Baptist, and was at one time expected to conditions on which the visit was allowed it enter the ministry of that church. Edward was impossible for the visitor to inform him Eggleston, formerly of the Independent, is a Methodist, and a capital writer. James Gordon Bennett, is nominally a Roman Catholic, but his life thus far shows but little regard for religion in any shape. Hugh Hastings, of the Commercial, is also a Romanist. Montgomery Schuyler, of the World, is an Episcopalian. William C. Prime, of the Journal of Commerce, being the son of a Presbyterian clergyman and brother of the Ironæus' of the Observer, may very reason ably follow the same faith. Dana, of the Sun, was a member of the Brook Farm Association (Bipley was another), and has been of the liberal method of thinking. He has never made any protension to piety. To assist the popularity of the paper, however, with he Romish element, he favors the latter in his paper."

hair blue eves and black side-whiskers. He announces his intention of writing an article and defining his position and detailing his reasons for leaving the Protestant Episcopal Church.

### FUNERAL IN QUEBEC.

Sunday week took place the funeral of one of the most esteemed ladies of Quebec, Mrs. Wm. McDonald whose unexpected death on Friday morning last caused a sad shock to a large circle of our community to which she had endeared herself by her amiable and winning disposition, and her active exertions in the cause of charity and religion. Mrs. Mc-Donald was in the prime of life, and though approaching her confinement was in the best of spirits and apparently of health as well. in the course of an hour later, despite all that modical skill could do, she breathed her last. The funeral service, which were celebrated in St. Pstrick's Church, was of the most imposing character, the musical portion of it, under the direction of Mr. Advipto E. Hel, being especially fine, and the sacred edifice was filled with sympathising worshippers, among whom were the good Sisters and the orphans of St. Bridget's Asylum. Uhoice wreaths almost completely hid the coffin from viaw.

The funeral cortege was very large, composed of many of the leading citizens of Quebec, and the procession on its route to the new Catholic cemetery near Spencer Wood passed by the Ursuline Convent to gratify the wish of one of the Ursuline nuns, a sister of Mr. McDonald, who was anxious to see a portion of the last honors paid to her departed sister-in-law. Mr. McDonald has been the recipient of telegrams and letters ot condolence from all quarters, and his numerous friends in the city, both Protestant and Oatholic, have equally bastened to manifest their sympathy with him in his heavy affliction. In the death of Mfs. McDonald, not only has society lost an ornament, but the congregation of St. Patrick's has lost a valuable member-one who was indefatigable in the promotion of all charitable objects, and occupied for a long time the position of grand preject of the Holy Family. Yet, though active in the promotion of religious and charitable objects her seal was not of an obtrusive character, but tempered by an amiability and modesty that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, while in the social circle her winning charm of manner gained her hosts of friends. Mrs. Mc-Donald's maiden name was Helena Josephine. Murphy, and she was the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. J. W. Murphy, and sister of D. R. Murphy, Esq., of Trenton, Ont.

#### LONDON'S POPULATION.

LONDON, June 2 .- According to the recent census the population of London is 6,814,571.

#### THE HEALTH OF THE DOMINION PREMIER,

LONDON, June 2 .- Dr. Andrew Clark has seen Sir John A. Macdonald, and, after careful examination, says that no organic disease troubles Sir John. but there is prostration requiring careful treatment, under which it is expected he will recover. The second and

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