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PLATONIC.

WM. B. TERRETT.

I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to I had sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid.

For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid.

Besides, we had our highest love,—for science ruled my heart.

And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live.

'Twixt men and woman, unless each has something more to give:

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man,
I'd he a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash,—vows, kisses, tears and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours might well such childish hearts despise;
We liked each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared;
We dreamed toke her of the days, the dreambight—days to come.
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the rulned mills
And rustic bridg s, and the like, that picture makers prize, To run in with their waterfalls, dark groves and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent we floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees
And talked, in long gradation, from the poets to the weather, While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no telltalegiance or sigh Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy, We talked of love as coolly as we walked of

nebula.
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.

"Well, good-by, chum !"I took her hand, for the time had come to go. My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know; I had lingered long, and said fare well with a very heavy heart; For although we were but friends; 'tis honest friends to part. friends to part.

'Good-bye, old fellow!" don't forget your friends beyond the sea.
And some day when you've lots of time drop a line or two to me.
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

REV. FATHER NUGENT IN LINDSAY.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESSES IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH-HOME AND ABROAD- A NOBLE WORK IN LIVER-

The announcement that Rev. Father Nugent of Liverpool was expected on a short visit to Father Stafford, and that he would in all probability eddress the congregation in the morning and evening, drew to St. Mary's church unusually large audiences, among whom, particularly in the evening, were many Protestants. All were deeply impressed with the Toronto Globe yesterday I read of two the simple eloquence of Father Nugent, especially as he gave a brief but effective and touching description of the noble work he is carrying on in Liverpool. We give below a report of the morning discourse :-

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people! -Jeremiah, ix. 1.

Father Nugent said; As the Prophet uttered these words he sat weeping over the desolation of Jerusalem. It was clearly portrayed before his mind; not only the ruin of that city which was called Beautiful, but the desolation of its people; the terrible state into which they had fallen and come under the purging hand of the Lord. If, my brethern, the prophet Jeremiah lived in these our days what would be his grief, what the poignant sorrow of his heart if he came to consider the desolation of the children of the Church. I have been asked by your pastor to address a few words to you, and the deep obligations under which I feel bound to him for the generous and powerful co-operation which he lent to me when he sojourned for a short time on the other side of the ocean, make me willing to render him any service in my power. Therefore have I taken the very first opportunity of showing how sensible I am of the services which he rendered to me. There are many subjects which a stranger might select to address you on; but there is one subject to which both he and I are bound for the rest of our lives, and you will forgive me if I give some attention on this occasion to that subject. Oh, my brethern, if we come to

THE CONDITION OF OUR RACE,

how applicable are the words which I have chosen. Who will give water to my head and a fountain of tears to my heart that day and night I may weep for the slain of the daugh- Walk into that immense fabric-a large place, ters of my people? If we come to consider covering several acres of ground. What a the fortunes and condition of the Irish race death-like stillness reigns around. Is it poswherever they have been scattered by the sible that there are twelve hundred people merciful designs: of an All-wise God, we see here. All seems to be hushed as in the stillthat one enemy—a demon—has tracked their ness of death. Let me open to you this door, steps. The children of our race have fallen and their stands a boy not fifteen years of age. not by the sword, not by relentless persecu- Ask him his sad history. He gains a living tion, but by the demon Drink. Yes, my on the streets, picking up a few coppers as brethern, run back in your mind in the various | best he can by any form of knavery. Ques-

and the species of the Almanda and the Section of t

tenaciously they clung to that faith which was their bright inheritance. Neither persecution nor the sword, nor death itself in all its varied and revolting forms, could shake them in their adhesion to it. Famine and grim death stared them in the face, and laid his cold hand upon them and struck them and their children down in thousands, yea tens of thou ands, nothing could shake them or make them waver in their allegiance to their faith. Oh, some of you have tasted trial in its bitterest forms; some of you possibly have seen tather or mother sinking into the arms of death, and can appreciate their trials. Every inducement, every temptation was held out to them to change, but no. I could give you example after example showing a heroism equal to that heroic virtues which the martyrs exercised in the early ages. I remember one in particular which took place on the Island of Achin. A tamily of three daughters form of pottage. The tempter came with tempter came with every inducement; and the father turning to his faithful wife, said, die before my eyes with hunger, I will take the food." "Michael, you may take the boys with you; but here in the name of God I will lie down with my three darling daughters; I have faith in God." And there the mother lay down with her three daughter to die. But she had faith in God, and next day a ship sailed into the harbour and she had food. Is there in the history of the church of God anything written that shows such

STRONG ADRESION TO THE FAITH.

such heroic constancy as the Irish people have shown at home. Come with me into the land of the stranger, into the thickly populated cities of England where our people are in their tens of thousands, into the city in which it has been my duty to labour for three-and-thirty-years. We have a population in Liverpool of 170,000; and the chief portion of them are children of the Irish race. It has been my duty for the last sixteen years to madness laughed at him; and so he died. He labour in the prison of that city,—or as you lived like a beast, and he died like a beast labour in the prison of that city, or as you call it here, the penitentiary. During that time upwards of 120,000 Catholic prisoners have passed under my hands. Every year there are at least 13,000 prisoners within those walls, and what do you think is the Catholic population of that 13,000? Generally speaking, between eight and nine thousand each year, and in the number there are generally over 5,000 women. And if you ask me what fills the prison with our people, I answer ry your minds back to the vears Perhaps the tears meant friendship, but I'm of your childhood. If any woman are listensure the kiss meant more.

of your childhood. If any woman are listening to me-old women who were born in the many hear Mass? how many take the sacraling to me-old women who were born in the | many hear Mass? how many take the sacraold country-they could tell you they never | ments? In Liverpool, with a population of knew the taste of strong drink when in the 170.000 Catholics, I will venture to say that old country, and that they never saw the mother that bore them under the influence of to their Easter duties and go to Mass. If, strong drink. In the days of your childhood do you ever remember seeing a woman in the | be the condition of the children? You love town in which you were born under the in- your country; you love your creed. We have THE CURSE OF DRINE-THE IRISH PEOPLE AT | fluence of drink? But come with me into | patriots amongst us; we have men on both crowded cities of England and you will find sides of the ocean that love the green flag and girls of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years of age the slaves of drink. But, my dear pleuty of men who profess that they would brethern, is it necessary to carry you across | die for their country,-but give me the man the perils of the ocean? I took up a Montreal paper only two days ago in the cars on my way to Kingston, and I tound recorded there that a boy named Higgins, eleven years of age, was found in the broad daylight absolutely insensible from strong drink. In boys with names that unmistakably spoke of to occupy much of your time further; but their creed and their race-one eleven and the other thirteen-who broke into some room and there they found a bottle, and believing it to be whiskey at once indulged in it. It was some poisonous oil; and the two children now lie at the peril of their life.

THIS DEMON DRINK is the spiritual, social and moral enemy of our people; and what neither fire nor sword nor famine nor plague could effect, this does amongst our people. Nothing could strip us nor rob us of our faith; but this drink, this curse, this scourge, this pestilence has left our people a spiritual and social wreck. Do you doubt it! Run over in your mind and see day by day the havoc it is creating. Go through the cities of this continent and see how it enslaves the propects and hopes of a great people. In this country there is room for every man; the path to success is open to every man that has ability, energy and perseverance; the man who inscribes on his banner "I intend to succeed" can succeed if he is only faithful to his God, and if he tramples under foot the power of his enemy. Why should I ask you to go into the cities of New York or Boston or Philadelphia or New Orleans, or away down south ; rather let me ask to turn to your own memory and judgment and see how many opportunities have been lost even round-about yourselves. How many men could have succeeded but destroyed the labor as well as the wept not only over the shipreck of their childeath. Come with me and let me open to you the portals of that prison-house in which I daily labor. You may be terrified at those large gates covered with iron. Listen to them as they swing upon their heavy hinges.

stronger and a mightier power, but see how letter of the alphabet; nor does he know the existence of a God. He cannot repeat "Our Father." In fact

HIS MIND IS A PERFECT BLANK.

Ask him is this the first time he has been withpestilence swept over the land, and though in these walls; the child will shake his head and tell you "No." Why is he there? For stealing some article only worth a few pence. And what forced him to do it? His drunken, maudlin father forced him to steal in order that he might get a few coppers for drink. Why? Come into the next cell and there you will find a man somewhere between forty and fifty years of age. What is he there for? In his mad delirium of drink he struck down his wife and left her a weltering corpse; and there he is awaiting his trial. Oh, I could take you around and you would hear the one sad harrowing tale of drink, drink, drink! Ask the felon what brought him there and he will answer you, drink! Ask the murderer and he will answer, drink! Come into the other and two sons and father and mother had been | side and let us see if it is any better. Here is five days without food—nothing except sea. a girl under seventeen years of age. She is wood which was boiled down and made some most outrageous in her language, uttering in her lawlessness the most horrid blasphemies. meal; the tempter came with money; the Ask her what brought her at such an age to such a condition She will answer you, drink. Here is the mother of a family of "Mary, I cannot, I cannot see my children seven children; and wha thas she not suffered in such a sad, eventful, criminal life! She, though the mother of seven children often robbi g and stealing in every form, and giving herself up to every form of wickedness, has actually allowed the year. hair of her head to be cut off in order that she might get a pint of ale with it! Her, in in the next cell, is a woman who raves and tears her hair, and says the cell is on fire; that she is already feeling the flames of the damned. What is her history? for seven years she has lived with a man to whom she was not married, and in one of her drunken bouts they had a quarrel. She struck him a dangerous, a fatal blow. He begged other for God's sake

NOT TO LET HIM DIE AS HE HAD LIVED, bring a minister of religion to him that he might at least confess his sins, and be reconciled to God. But she in her devlishness and with all his sins upon him. Oh, these are terrible and harrowing pictures; but the hand of man is incapable of portraying the beauties of nature; he cannot throw in that beautiful light which is shining upon those green, changing leaves, neither can the tongue of man describe to you the realities of everyday life. It is not merely that this drink is destroying our people physically and socially, and leading them into every form of crime; there are not more than 50,000 who attend then, the parents are so indifferent, what must feel proud of it as they look upon it; we have who is prepared to live for his country. Give me the man who is prepared to show by his virtuous life, by his integrity, by his truthfulness, by his honest, hearty spirit that he has the true ring of an Irishmen. I prefer that man to a hundred men whose prefessions simply come from the lips. I will not attempt

allow me to give you A FEW WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT, and to ask you to go on and prove that you are true Catholics and a true Inshmen by your lives. Here, in this country, there is a glorious future for the Church. The mind of man cannot measure the designs of God; but, looking from a human point of view, the opportunities of the church are greater on this side of the ocean than in any other part of the world. You are not hemmed in by ignorant prejudices; the minds of the people of this continent are in some measure as free as the air they breathe, and the people have beaten down those barriers and prejudices that have been carried across the ocean against us. The American people, the people of this continent, the people of Canada, are of a noble, open disposition; they judge of a person not according to old stories about him, but according as they find him; and, if they find a Catholic truthful, it he is true to his friends, and if he is not false to his enemies, they respect him; and if they find his word is his bond, they will have confidence in him and will trust him. It is for you then to live up to your religion; be faithful to its precepts, and let the light of your good works shine, that others may give giory to God the Father that is in heaven. I have been informed that a great portion of this congregation are total abstainers. I give thanks to God for it. A compact body like hopes of years by indulging in intoxicating | this abstaining from drink must be faithful to drinks. How many fathers and mothers have the Church, and they will prove themselves wept not only over the shipreck of their chil- good citizens of this rising town. Avoid drink dren, but have wept over their premature and you must succeed in life just in proportion as you are faithful to God. There are no no harriers, no impediments to success in this country if a man is determined to labor; and labor is the birthright, the inheritance, and the condition of every man. But labour re-membering that you have to give an account to God; that you are Hisstewards. The man laboring from morning until night in the fields, the man standing behind his counter in his store, the lawyer in his office the public man guiding and directing affairs of state—each one, if he is honest, if he has the love of God in his heart, if he is not a materialist, but living by faith and remembering that every action is a consecration of his life PERFECTION IN OUR LIVES.

Labor, then, my dear brethren, each in your condition, and when you rise in the morning consecrate to God every thought and word and action of the day. Never forget to go down on your knees and pray to God: Oh my God, I offer to thee all my thoughts and words and action, of this day; and every action every thought that passes through your mind, every little grief that comes upon you is a consecration of yourself to God and a preparation for eternal life. It is not necessary that your lips should be constantly repeating prayer; but the poor girl who is working by the hearth-stone, the mother who watches over her little children, the laborer in the field, the lumberman cutting dow the forest trees, or guiding the timber down your impetuous streams.-no matter what you are doing, you are doing your duty to God in your condition in life. And every action that is thus cousecrated to the pefection of your lives is much more pleasing to God than if you had the prayer-book in your hand and your lips were constantly moving in prayer, because to have your prayer-book in your hand and to be constantly praying would be neglecting that daily toil which is your duty. I therefore congratulate you upon being members of the total abstinence association. It is the greatest blessing in these times that could come to the congregation. Yesterday your pastor took me on a visit to your prison, and what was my consolation to find that during the past

ONLY THREE CATHOLICS had entered within its walls, and these three were very bad old cases that were formed year ago. Before you adopted total abstituence principles you had three times as many inmates in that prison as the rest of the population; now the rest of the population find the vast majority. I am a stranger to you in one sense, but through the kindness of your pastor I am not. He is laboring on one side of the ocean; I am laboring on the other. He sees the fruits of his work here; and I have thousands and tens of thousands to save; and we say to people ready to join in this movement : let us, as we cannot succeed in crossing the ocean, at least be nuited before the altar of God .-- the same God who rests in this humble tabernacle is in the hearts of his people wherever they are gathered together, and His eye will look down upon the desolation which this drink has brought upon his people. Go to the graveyards on the heights of Quebec, and ask what has filled these heights with the bones of the Irish people, and the answer from the angel of death will be plague and famine. Go and ask the angel that has charge of the And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue, Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;

One loo go long glance, and then I did what I be saddened by the answer; but

ASK THE ANGEL OF DEATH to give you the numbers of the Irish race that

have been slain or have perished by drink, and where one hath died of plague and famine thousands have fallen by the hands of the demon drink. You will remember how Nehemish went to Artaxerxes, the King, and asked him if he might leave the court and go to the land of his birth, and, having obtained the King's permission, went into Judea to the chosen city, serusalem. He walked about it by night and stood upon its crambling ruins and went. He asked God to give the people spirit and strength to rebuild the sacred city. And so, my brethren, do I, a stranger to you, but a minister of the Lord, come to you this day and ask you to join in the work, not only the crucifixion of your appetites and the total denial altogether of strong drink, but I ask you, just as Nehemiah called upon the people to help him to rebuild Jerusalem, to build up in your own land the position of the Church and of the Irish race, not with material stone, but by your strong, unswerving faith. Father Nugent concluded by stating that the saintly Father Kelly, of Dublin, obtained the sanction of the Holy See for a plan by which all who wished his work to prosper should three times a day pray; first for grace and perseverance; and secondly for the conversion of all drunkards. There were hundreds associated in the confraternity, and he asked them to pray for him and his work in this way. He did not ask for money though he knew if he did he would receive a generous response. He did not want money, what he did want was to have our people praying in the north, in the south, in England, in Ireland, in America, against this ter-rible evil of drunkenness. We cannot master it by human means; but by the grace of God, as it is a spiritual evil, the united prayers of our people scattered around the face of the world must prevail, though it is such a terrible evil. Let me ask you again from this day forward, if you have not already begun, young and old, the drunkard, if there is such a one, and those who have never tasted a drop,-let us all pray for perseverance, for grace, and for the conversion of all drunkards.

Agrariaulem-Tenaut Right Mosting. Dunlin, October 4.—The son of an evicted shepherd was arrested on suspicion of being

concerned in an outrage near Castlebar. CORK, October 5, -Fifteen thousand people were present at the land meeting to-day. Mr. Shaw, M. P. for the county, and one of the Home Rule leaders, extolled Gladstone's Land Act. He declared that those who worked the soil should own it, and landlords should be fairly bought out. Mr. Parnell, Home Rule member for Meath, declared tenants required no Acts of Parliament; they should rely on passive physical resistance to unjust demands. So long as Englishmen governed Ireland they would resort to robbery, and oppression. Colonel Colthurst, Sir Joseph McKenna and Patrick, Smythe

Corydon, the Fenian Informer.

There is a bit of news which will interest

many in Ireland. Corydon, the Fenian in-

former, is in London. I happened to visit with a friend the block museum at Scotland Yard. When we had seen the ghastly arsenal of weapons with which the murders of the last half century have been done, the dreadful vestiges of each tragedy, and the rope with which its finale was rounded off, and were passing the gate with the inspector, a stranger came up, saluted the officer with a tipsy nod, and entered the criminal investigation department, Something peculiar in the stranger's appearance—it might be the fact that he was decidedly under the influence, it might be a vague remembrance of his appearance in Green street in 1867—anyhow I questioned the inspector, and learned that it was Corydon himself. He had grown quite stont and dark, and greatly altered from the slim and sandy youth of twelve years ago. Further inquiries gleaned curious particulars regarding this worthy. Immediately after he had played his part he claimed his reward and got it in the shape of two hundred a year, at home or abroad. Corydon desired to seek obscurity either in America or Australia, but suffered himself to be convinced that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase in either and that the safest spot for a gentleman of his peculiar notoriety was London. He took a small house at Acton, but quarrelled with his next door neighbour about a patch of garden, was thrashed, and fetching a revolver fired two shots at his assailant. He missed his aim, and had to pay a round sum to hush up the matter Then removed to the Bow, and was there recognized. A notice to quit, of the death's head and coffin pattern, appeared one morning on the door of the house, and he moved to lodgings in Grey's Inn, and Red Lion street. Here he lived very secretly. But he was traced, and a poor soldier who resembled, and who, while on furlough, happened to be in the street one evening in plain clothes, was shot dead. A man was tried for this murder. Another man was attacked at Storey's Gate soon after, but escaped through the approach of some persons. He swore in his depositions that his assailants addressed him as Corydon. In consequence of this state of things two detectives were detailed to keep special watch on the informer. In company of these officials he ventured to appear abroad. Soon after an amazing change developed in his conduct. Instead of lurking until night, and then stealing abroad in disguise, he now appeared at all hours, and seemed to the officers to be utterly reckless of his lite. He took to drink also; and often in his intoxication would halt in the street, cool, dry weather is urgently needed proclaim himself aloud, and dare any Fenina to check the spread of the potatoe proclaim himself aloud, and dare any Fenian to face bim. I am assured that it was only a few days since he performed a remarkable rather favorable reports have been received escapade. A number of Irish workmen, associated by the Church and by God. In London Go where you will and ask the recording ated in a society which I take to be of a trade suffered less than any other cereal both in there are over 200,000 Catholics, and how langel of death the number of people who, in or social character, but which my informant the United Kingdom and on the Continent. 46, 47, and 48, died of famine, and you will suspected to be more political than anything Supplies of home-grown wheat at the counelse, mave been for years in the habit of meet- try markets have again been exceedingly ing in a room in a public-house in Red Sun | light, last week's deliveries at the 150 prin-Street. They were assembled there as usual some nights ago, when the room was dashed violently open, and Corydon appeared, holding ponding week last year. The average price a revolver in each hand, and furiously drunk. He announced himself, and with foul epithets and abuse threatened to blow the brains out of the nest of traitors. It is probable something tragic would have happened had not one of the detectives in attendance followed and got him away. The landlord wanted to prosecute, but was dissuaded, and so I am told did the men whose lives were so menaced; but pressure of some sort or other was likewise brought to bear to bear on them. One reason of Corydon's confidence is that he never stirs abroad without a pair of revolvers. Notwith. standing he is so often abroad, especially at night, the officers cannot keep an eye on him, their attendance being of a prescribed and routine sort, and it is their belief their charge will end either by putting a bullet in somebody, or by coming to harm from the venge-

Commercial Relations with Brazil.

ance he dreads .- London Correspondent Irish

A private letter from Rio de Janeiro, written by a gentleman whose position enables him to acquire an intimate knowledge of the trade of Brazil, thus refers to the opening up of commercial relations between Canada and that Empire: - "The agent of the proposed line of steamers is now in this city, and it seems probable that it really will be established. I have, however, some doubts about the permanency of a Canadian steamer If intended to be worked as a mail line it would require a heavy subsidy from both Governments and the experience of the Roach Line has shown how difficult this is to obtain. Without a subsidy a regular line is really worse off than a company which can put on its ships just to suit the market as Lamport and Holt do now. The regular lines must sail on a certain day, full or not, while the outsider will wait a week if necessary to get a full cargo; or may be put on against the barley and oats sixpence, and beans and liner to run down freights which may be raised again as soon as the liner is out of port if a glut of cargo comes down. Again, I doubt if the trade of Canada is sufficient to support a line running direct to Halifax, and if the steamers called at a United States port they would soon become carriers to that the week at the highest point yet touched, country, taking on some cargo to Hali-As regards freight from Canada to Brazil, I presume the bulk of the improvement, prices rising sixpence per it will be flour, which generally pays very quarter. There has been a very large business poorly. The sewing machine business is so thoroughly worked here by old-established houses that it would be up-hill work to push anything new. One line of manufactures might do something—agricultural machinery -but that to a small extent, for the preparation of coffee. This is our staple, and hardly anything else of consequence is raised in this province. Wheat is not grown. Ploughs are not quite unknown, because I think there is brethern, run back in your mind in the various best he can by any form of knavery. Quest that every action is that every action is so life to God. Then the life to God. The life dition strippe and of a tell. Instructions all a considering delign them appeared them been deep and the strip of a most of a construction of a

A Hebrew Legend.

From an ancient, learned Rabbi comes this legend full of grace,
Floating down through countless ages, from a lost and scattered race;

Far away, where the horizon forms a line twixt earth and sky, There arose a gli-tering city, with its peaks and turrets high,

Flooded with a wondrous glory, which in spien-der downward rolled. Seeming like the way to heaven, through a country paved with gold.

sweet as odors from the tropics was the free, life-giving air, Fraught with the divine ellxir—making all im-

mortal there.

And the tame of that fair city, seen above the sunset bigh—
Pointing with its sparkling fingers, ever upward to the sky—

Went abroad to all earth's people, and they clasped their dear ones tight. And they journeyed from the valleys up towards the golden light.

And for long, long years they dwelt there, with Hie's goblet brining o'er; Deep and deeper though they quaffed it, full it sparkled evermore.

But a strange and restless yearning woke at last as cars went by, And they stole away in silence, one by onethey stole away in continuating might die.

—Boston Transcript.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly re-

riew of the British corn trade, says :- "The

carting and stocking of wheat and barley dur-

ing the past week were somewhat delayed by

intermittent showers. The condition of the

new grain has not improved to any appreciable extent. Threshing has made but little

progress, as most of the grain already secured is in an unfit state, and some weeks must clapse before the offerings of new wheat will show any material increase. It is pretty generally admitted that the wheat crop of the present year will be about 30 per cent below the average. Home requirements between now and the next harvest may be expected to absorb sixteen or seventeen million quarters of foreign produce. Neither mangles nor Swedes can be average crops, and the turnip crop generally presents a wretched appearance. Potatoes in many localities are not worth the expense of lifting. The out fields in Scotland are still green, and night frosts have prevented barley from filling out, while disease. From the south of Ireland as to the out crop, which appears to have cipal towns, showing a decrease of over 47, 000 bushels as compared with the correswas 4d a quarter less than the preceding week, which is of much significance as regards the defective quality of the offerings when the strong upward turn in prices is taken into consideration. The samples shown at Mark Lane were likewise few and inferior, but with the reserves of last year's crop at the lowest ebb sales have been made readily at an advance of 2s a quarter on the week, white wheat realizing from 50s to 52s and red from 45s to 49s per quarter. The imports of foreign wheat into Loudon have been very moderate, last Friday's return showing only 36,720 quarters, and the week's trade has been marked by a degree of animation and even excitement which was not altrgether expected. The most sanguine operator could scarcely have foreseen the extent and suddenness of the unward movement. The improvement has been a daily one, on some days indeed even to an extent which has allowed the same parcel of wheat to hange hands twice at a respectable profit in each case. Such activity has not been seen at Mark Lane since the spring of 1877. All descriptions of foreign wheat improved fully 2s per quarter, making the total advance about 7s from the recent lowest point. The cause of the rise has been present for some weeks past, but the effect has been delayed until recently, as millers held back as long as there was any possibility of the home crop turning out more favorably than had been predicted. Such a probability no longer exists, and the fact suddenly forced itself upon the minds of the buyers with the result recorded above. The amount of business done in wheat and maize in all positions has been exceptionally heavy, and the slight reaction which took place during the middle of the week has been more than recovered. Nearly all descriptions of cereal produce shared in the upward movement; maize to the extent of four shillings per quarter, peas one shilling. During the early part of the week, the trade for wheat off coast ruled very strong, and the advance was considerable. On Tuesday a reaction ensued, which was brief, as the trade speedily recovered, and it closed firm at the end of say from two to three shillings per quarter advance on the week. Maize participated in done in forward wheat, principally California and red winter American, for both of which the quotations indicate an advance of fully 3s per qr. Maize and barley were also in good request at 6d advance. The sales of English wheat last week were 14,186 grs at 46s 5d, against 70,791 at 41s:5d at the same time last year. The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending September 20th were 1,692,731 cwt. of ! wheat, and .. 208,712 cwts.