

For the Pilot. In the Depths.

BY MISSIE GILMORE.

There are dim, dumb hours of longing— Of a longing that grows to pain, As the budding shoots over the sunny glade, Grows to a bloom of rain.

And whether for earth or heaven, For the shore or the soundless sea— Or the love of old, or the new love told, Or the love that yet may be.

Whether for song or for silence— For a laugh or an echoed glee, A thought alone, on the chapel stone— All unknown to me.

It comes in the break of morning, When the sun cools his golden feet, The little stream, that folds like a dream, The bed of the drowsy, where the water meets.

My soul sinks sobbing, sobbing, While my heart and my eyes grow hot, The bitter pain of a yearning vain, Or something that is not.

It comes in the quiet gloaming, When the moon's light is still; As the soft, gray eye of the evening sky, Looks wistfully on the hill.

I grow so weary, weary, With aching, mystic pain, I long to rest again, I long to rest again.

In the young moon mounts up palely To the side of the smooth sky-sea, As the red glow of the morning rose, Its crimson fugacity.

The comes such a yearning, yearning, At the strings of my heart are stirred; At a wall up there, like a harp's notes, Is the voice of the last word.

Oh, when, whence art thou, and wherefore? Is the voice of the tender god—? Or thy answer waits, at the graveyard gate, As the "death the silent god."

THE MURDERED MORGAN.

Cleveland Leader, December 15.

N. Thomas Benjamin Forbes, of this city, an interesting and hitherto unpublished chapter to the history of the abduction and possible murder of Captain William Morgan, of Masonic notoriety. Mr. Forbes is an old gentleman, nearly eighty years, of feeble health, living alone with a son on Detroit street, near city limits, with a daughter at Norfolk, and on his small farm about eight miles south-west of the city. He was born and grew up in the vicinity of Batavia, Genesee county, New York.

His home at Morgan, at the time of Morgan's abduction was serving as a hired man for Colonel Moseley Stoddard, master of Masonic lodge at Batavia. Morgan disappeared in the fall of 1826.

MR. FORBES' STORY. The following is Mr. Forbes' story of his knowledge of the abduction, as related to me by a representative of this journal.

When Morgan was abducted I was working for Colonel Moseley Stoddard, who lives on a large farm about four miles from Batavia. Morgan I had known for several years. He was a short man with red hair. One night he was taken out of his bed by four masked men and carried off. On the afternoon before that day I was at an apple raking, and didn't get home to Stoddard's until after dark. Just as I was going into the house a carriage drove up to the gate. I reckoned it was some one to see the Colonel, who was a lawyer, and master of a Masonic lodge there. I went down to the gate and asked Mr. Forbes if he was the carriage driver. He said he was, and asked me if I knew him. I said I had just got home myself. He said, 'Tell him I want to see him out here quick.' I went into the house and told the Colonel, and he got up and went down to the front gate. I thought I wouldn't go to bed, for the Colonel might want me for something. In about five minutes he came in and said, 'Thomas, harness up the blacks.'

TO THE CLOSE CARRIAGE. As quick as I could, the Colonel had a team of black horses supposed to be about the fastest in the county. I harnessed them to the close carriage just as quick as I could, and drove them around to the front of the house in no time. The Colonel got into the carriage with one of the stangers and two other men got into the other carriage. Then they drove off towards Batavia at a rapid rate.

When I went into the house Mrs. Stoddard, who was in bed, asked me if the Colonel had gone off. I told her he had. Then she wanted to know where he had gone, and I told her I didn't know. Well, he didn't come back that night, and the next morning he didn't come back. Mrs. Stoddard got very anxious about him, so I went into town to see if I could find out anything about him. I could not. I heard then that Morgan had been carried off, and there was a good bit of excitement. We heard nothing of the Colonel for about ten days, when somebody brought word that our carriage was at Lewiston. Lewiston is on the Niagara river, a few miles above Fort Niagara, where it is said that Morgan was for some time confined. Lewiston is some fifty miles from Batavia.

Mrs. Stoddard told me to take out one of the other horses and go to Lewiston. I did so. I found the Colonel's carriage at a livery stable there, and knew it at once. The man who kept the stable said he did not know who left it there. Some men

DROVE UP ONE NIGHT and called him up. He went out with a lantern, and said they wanted a change of horses as quick as they could get them, and as good a team as he had. He fixed them out with a new rig, and the Colonel's horses and carriage were left there. Afterwards somebody had come and taken away the horses. I could not get much out of the liveryman. He said he did not know anything about the affair, and he was very careful in what he said. I think he was a Mason. I thought I had better leave the carriage just as it was, so I drove back home and told Mrs. Stoddard all I was able to find out.

"Four or five weeks after that one of the little girls was standing at the window one day, when she cried out: 'Oh! here comes our carriage; now I shall see papa.' But she didn't see him. The carriage and the black team were driven up to the front gate, and a man jumped out and ran down the road towards Clarksville. Mrs. Stoddard said: 'Run after that man and see if you can catch him.' I ran after him, but he had a long start and got away from me around a bend in the road. There was a thick woods at one side of the road and I think he got into that. I went on to

Clarksville and hunted over the town for a man of his description, but could not find him.

When I got home for two or three months, he one day he walked in, and went about his business. I never asked him where he had been, and Mrs. Stoddard never asked him, as far as I know. I think she had an idea where the Colonel had been, and didn't care to say anything about his trip, and would never

TALK ABOUT MORGAN'S DISAPPEARANCE. "Next year, you know, they found a decayed body in Lake Ontario, and brought it to Batavia. I saw it. That is, I saw some bones, some clothing, and a little red hair sticking to the skull. Mrs. Morgan thought it was the body of her husband. I never told this story to any one, not even to Mrs. Morgan. She cried bitterly whenever the subject was mentioned to her, and I didn't like to add to her troubles. I have sometimes thought I would tell it if I was satisfied that everybody who had anything to do with the matter was dead, and I think they all are."

The reporter called Mr. Forbes' attention to an assertion that Morgan had been sent to Australia; that he conducted a newspaper at Melbourne until his death, and that his son is publishing it there now. The old gentleman said: "That is unreasonable. When he was taken away he had three children, all very small, two boys and a girl. They remained at Batavia, and never knew anything more about their father and his death than their mother did."

Though Mr. Forbes is feeble bodily, he seems to have a very vivid recollection of the facts which he relates as above. He has cherished them in his memory for over fifty years, thinking over them frequently, and tells a very connected story.

Dr. Johnson on Catholicism.

The opinion of the great English moralist, Johnson, a sound Tory, and ultra High Churchman, concerning the Catholic Church was a favorable one. The following passage occurs in his life, by Boswell, Vol. I, page 154: "That he (Dr. Johnson) in conformity with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and pious Christians in all ages supported that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eternal felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions. In his prayers and meditations is the following passage: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in me, I commend to Thy fatherly goodness the soul of my departed wife; be seeing Thee to grant her whatever is best in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.'"

Again, in another part of the same life, the following dialogue occurs. Verily the good Doctor would astonish the High-Church party of the present day: Boswell inquired: "I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland."

Johnson—Why, no; sir; if he has no objection, you can have none.

Boswell—So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?

Johnson—No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

Boswell—You are joking.

Johnson—No, sir; I really think so; nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish. I proceeded: "What do you think, sir, of purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?"

Johnson—Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the morality of mankind are neither so obviously wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and that, therefore, God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering; you see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

Boswell—But, then, sir, their Masses for the dead?

Johnson—Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life.

Boswell—The idolatry of the Mass?

Johnson—Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass; they believe God to be there, and they adore Him.

Boswell—The worship of saints?

Johnson—Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers.

Boswell—Confession?

Johnson—Why, I don't know but that is a good thing; the Scripture says: "Confess your faults one to another," and the priests confess as well as the laity.

Engaging Manners.—There are a thousand pretty engaging little ways which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foolish. The sweet smile, the quiet cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards, and even a chair. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner that should be cultivated, and which in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (wonder-registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

A Fact. If you suffer from Chronic Disease, and have little faith in advertised remedies and have sought vainly for a cure, consult your Druggist, or address T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, for proof positive regarding the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great Regulating Blood-purifying Tonic, that acts on the liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels and skin.

CARDINAL BEATON.

Baton, or Beaton, so called from Batavia, a town of French Flanders, is a surname which originally belonged to an illustrious house in France, from which sprang the Duke de Sully, the renowned minister and bosom friend of the Great Henry the Fourth. From France the Beaton family passed over into England with William the Conqueror, and one of them was the trusted companion of King Richard and Cour de Lion on his way homeward from the Holy Land, when both were made prisoners by the Duke of Austria. As early as 1165 we find the Beaton family settled in Scotland, the owners of considerable possessions in the county of Angus under the chieftaincy of the laird of Balfour; and during a long and important part of Scottish history, no family of their rank was more honored than theirs by matrimonial connections with the noble and more powerful families of the kingdom. Conspicuous among those who continued faithful to the heroic Bruce was Alexander Beaton, who was knighted for his extraordinary valor, and afterwards slain at the battle of Dupplin Moor in 1322. In the fifth year of the reign of Robert the Second, Robert Beaton, "familiaris regis," a younger son of Sir Alexander, married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Balfour; and on his son succeeding to the estate, Beaton of Balfour became the family name. Of this celebrated house James Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, his nephew, Cardinal Beaton; and the Cardinal's nephew, James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, were most distinguished descendants.

David Beaton, Cardinal, Primate, and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, was the third son of John Beaton of Balfour by Isabel, daughter of David Montgomery of Pitbluff. He was born at the manor house of Balfour in 1494, and in October, 1511, became a student at the University of St. Andrews. Subsequently he was sent to Paris, where he studied theology, and the canon and civil laws for some years. In due time he was ordained priest, preferred to the rectory of Campsie in Stirlingshire, and to the chancellorship of the church of Glasgow. His great abilities soon attracted the attention of the regent, the Duke of Albany, and the first step in his rapid promotion to high dignities in Church and State was his appointment to the office of resident for Scotland at the French court in 1519. In 1523, his uncle, being banished from Glasgow to St. Andrews, and appointed primate of Scotland, resigned in his favor the rich abbey of Arbroath, thus giving him a right to sit in parliament on his return to Scotland in 1525. In February, 1523, Beaton, who had become prothonotary public, was sent ambassador to France to make a general appeal to the league between the two countries, and to negotiate a marriage between King James the Fifth and Princess Magdalen. His deep penetration, skillful address, and patriotic zeal enabled him, while there, to gain an insight into the machinations of Henry VIII., and to transmit to his royal master, by means of the Cardinal, a most important intelligence as regards the English monarch. After having, January 1st, 1537, married James V. and his young queen, he returned with them to Scotland, and after Magdalen's death on the 7th of July following, he was again sent to France to negotiate a second marriage with the Cardinal's daughter, the best and wisest woman of the age, and turning with that admirable princess, he solemnized the marriage in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrews. On the occasion of his latter visit to France he procured the papal bull dated February 12th, 1537, for the erection of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. At the French court he was held in the highest esteem by Francis I., who in November of the same year conferred upon him all the privileges of a native-born subject of France, and gave him the bishopric of Mirpoix, in Languedoc, to which he was consecrated on the 5th of the following December. On his return to me, he was made coadjutor in his now vacant see of St. Andrews, and on the 28th of December, 1538, in consideration of his rare zeal, talents, and influence, he was raised by Pope Paul III. to the dignity of cardinal under the title of St. Stephen on the Colian Hill, the King of France, in order to prove still more clearly his exceptional goodwill and respect, renewed the cardinal's letters of naturalization on June 20th, 1539, allowing his heirs, though born in Scotland, to inherit his estate in that country. In the autumn of the same year, on the death of Archbishop James Beaton, the Cardinal succeeded to the primate's see, and was soon after appointed legate a latere in Scotland by the Sovereign Pontiff.

He showed his deep sense of the responsibility he had now undertaken, by praying the Pope to relieve him to some extent, by the appointment of a coadjutor in the person of William Gibson, dean of Roslind, who accordingly received consecration as titular bishop of Iabaria. The frequent councils of the Scottish clergy convened and presided over by the Cardinal till the eve of his death, and his wise admonitions recommending them to be zealous in instructing the people, and by their purity and holiness of life to set a bright example to all men, conclusively prove that his burning patriotism was never allowed to make him neglect the paramount interests of religion.

The Cardinal Primate was deservedly King James' most trusted adviser. His genius, incorrupt patriotism, and thorough devotion to the glorious Church of his forefathers were all needed to thwart the nefarious intrigues of Henry VIII., whose tortuous policy aimed at nothing short of the utter destruction of Scotland's altars and Scotland's throne. To accomplish his designs this lecherous, wife-killer spared neither money nor pain; while among the nobles of the coveted country, many were to be found whose venality made them the ready hirelings of the worst enemy of their native land. The Scottish clergy is soon instigated by England's spies, turbulent barons willing to sell their king, his country, and his God, finds a lucrative market in London. The earls of Angus, Bothwell, Crawford and Argyle, Sir George Douglas, and others strenuously labor to destroy their country's independence for English gold. Hydra-headed treason at home, and repeated invasions from abroad are the order of the day. The brave and ac-

complished King James, overwhelmed at length with disgust, shame, and disappointment at the perfidy of his nobles who persistently refuse to follow him across the border to punish the English forces under the duke of Norfolk already in full retreat, disbands his recent army, returns to his capital, and having in his last will appointed his ever faithful and wise uncle, Cardinal Beaton, regent and governor of the realm, as well as guardian of the infant queen, assisted by a council composed of the earls of Huntly, Argyle, and Murray, dies of a broken heart, Dec. 13, 1542.

The Cardinal, whom the English autocrat had long since hated and eagerly sought to disgrace, because he knew him to be a tower of strength to Scotland's friends, no sooner produced the will of his late master, than the weak and vacillating Earl of Arran, as unprincipled as he was ambitious, who had already repeatedly betrayed his disloyalty to his country and his subservience to Henry, sought to disclaim the regency and to declare that the document was ever brought forth to substantiate so foul a libel, and although all admitted that, for fidelity, talents, patriotism and worth, the accused stood in the estimation of James as the very first man in his kingdom, and was consequently the most likely to be appointed by him to be the guardian and protector of his infant daughter, he refused to increase divisions, and occasion civil war, the Primate, with characteristic good sense, waived his right, and allowed the Earl to become Governor of the kingdom. The wise vigilance and disinterested steadfastness of the wronged Cardinal soon won for him Arran's confidence, and continued to be more than ever a match for the duplicity, bribes, and sophistry of Henry. In vain did the earls of Glencairn, Cassilis, Angus, and Marshall, the Lords Maxwell, Somerville and Oliphant, Sir George Douglas, the Master of Maxwell, and other Protestant barons, all pensioners of England, subscribe a bond binding them to exert all their strength and influence to deliver over to the tyrant the government of Scotland, its fortresses, its orphan queen, and Cardinal Beaton as England's greatest enemy.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BANQUET TO A. M. SULLIVAN.

To celebrate the happy return from America of the above distinguished Irishman, a dinner was given at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Saturday evening.

Mr. Sullivan met with a very hearty reception from his friends, and we are pleased to note that the health of that gentleman since he left these shores for the States. The chair was occupied by Mr. Parnell, M. P.

Mr. Parnell, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, said: "I think it will not often fall to the lot of any man to propose the health of a gentleman with such a career as that of A. M. Sullivan, and upon such a remarkable occasion as this, and he has returned from a visit to that great sister country (I may say of ours) beyond the Atlantic, where he received such a remarkable welcome—he a constitutional Nationalist—from men of all political creeds and belief in that great Republic (cheers). The career of A. M. Sullivan takes us almost back to our own times, and reminds us of old days—when Davis, Duffey, and Dillon started and wrote for the Nation (cheers); and A. M. Sullivan, who received from their hands the glorious traditions of that paper, has maintained them until he has handed them over to his respected brother-in-law, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who has found opportunities and occasions—I will not say to be not less useful, because his splendid forensic ability gave him opportunity of usefulness and service in his place in the House of Commons which few men can have, but he has, since his retirement from Parliament, found opportunities for doing stalwart services for his country (cheers). He has crossed the stormy Atlantic, and has carried the tale of our struggles and demands from State to State of the American Union. We welcome him back again among us, and to that end we propose the health of A. M. Sullivan to take his place in the Irish House of Commons upon Irish soil, and may devote those splendid abilities which he possesses, and which he uses for the benefit of his country, in the cause of his native land, not in exile; but at home in Ireland once again (loud and prolonged cheers)."

Mr. Sullivan, on rising to respond, was received with enthusiastic cheering. He said: "Never until to-night, since the grievous hour struck for me when, with a sudden heart, I had to turn from the field of conflict, to quit it and to say farewell to comrades dear, whom I deeply trusted and fondly loved; never until to-night had I the chance of telling them all I felt in that hour—how much of personal attachment, how much comradeship, there was between them and me, and now much of the gratitude, that my life could not repay, to that man under whom it was my pride to serve, and as to whom it was my fondest ambition that to my grave he might call me (loud applause). I will not waste a precious moment in speaking upon what is strictly the subject of the toast, for it is the one which, of all others, is to me the least welcome—viz., myself; but I shall try to be more useful, and, perhaps, more interesting to you, if, passing from A. M. Sullivan, with a profession of my grateful feelings for your reception of my name, I say a few words of

THAT IRELAND BEYOND THE SEA.

from which I have just returned (applause). The Irish in that greater Ireland, numbering ten or twelve millions, if you take the second or third generations into account, are now a power in the world that must be taken into account by anyone who has to deal with the Irish question (applause). Within the past few years the statesmen of this country, rising to a little more of wisdom and sagacity than used to prevail, have begun to

perceive that it is not with the Irish left at home they now have to reckon (applause). They have but removed, as it were, to the further end of the fulcrum the weight that they thought they had destroyed by displacing it, and the Irish who were thus driven forth have a much more powerful leverage on the public opinion of the world to-day than even the Irish here at home (applause). One all-dominant, all-consuming anxiety, pervaded those Irish millions in America who met me, I will not say on the shore—they did not wait for my feet to touch the soil; they sailed down the bay of New York on board a special steamer.

TO BID ME A KINDLY WELCOME to the American shore (applause). Irishmen, representing different organizations, parties and sections, from the most extreme to the most moderate, were represented there, and their first question, the one that for months has been deepest in the Irish heart here, was, "Is there disunion among the men at home?" One passion has seized upon the Irish race in America—one thought pervades them. They have now, a right at length the chequered history of their native land, and they have profited by the lessons which it teaches. They have now arrived at this conclusion—this deep-seated determination—they will not have division (loud applause). We have, they say, the most adverse views as to how to accomplish the regeneration of Ireland, but no longer are we pulling at cross purposes, and it is our earnest desire to see the Irish people at home acting unitedly under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, which leadership we mean not in the sense of hero worship, not in the sense of the old Celtic clanship of loving the man more than the principle—not so, but in the sense of recognizing that he has shown himself fit to be one that he is the captain of the Irish nation; in the sense they have made a test question at all their meetings that there shall be an unbroken rally of the Irish race from pole to pole.

FROM THE RISING TO THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

under the guidance of Charles Stewart Parnell (loud cheers). The Americans, who are a law-abiding people, because law represents for them the consent of the governed—a people who carry reverence for constituted authority to an extreme, because authority there is a sacred thing that symbolizes acting for the people—(applause)—when law and authority did not appear before them in that guise they boycotted tea chests in Boston harbor (laughter and cheers). These people, I say, now at the end of 100 years, so full of reverence for law, were greatly distraught at the news of the internal disorder which the cable telegraphs them, on the authority of that impartial London press which never tells anything but truth about Ireland (laughter), and they were grieved to think that the rational movement should not be pushed forward, as Michael Davitt well said, unobscured by crime. Now, I endeavor to explain a fact that I may state here almost in a sentence—viz. that it is one of the great difficulties of an Irish leader, or an Irish national public man, that this case is not at all comparable with the case of the leader of a section of a nation that is in unity such as the English people. You cannot apply to the combats of a national party who fight for national existence the rules of public conduct and the amenities of action that are rightly applicable as between citizen and citizen under the same union. Things that could not be tolerated, and should not be tolerated from a party in a nation with its own legislature, may become the duty of the national representatives dragged to a foreign assembly against their will and made to work in a machine of their own fabrication upon the ruins of their

COUNTRY'S LIBERTY.

(applause). Since I began public life I have witnessed the saddening spectacle of Irishmen who, in the ardour of youth, were brave and true, exhibiting in old age senility and falsehood; and the one terror that has made me work in a machine of my own fabrication upon the ruins of their own life, of considering that the young men who rise up after us are always overweighing wrong, and never can be wise. I have differed with either act or word, often I thought too passionate, often I thought too provocative of my young countrymen. I have hastened on the instant to-night that the statements of England fall into the habitual view of the evening of life, of considering that the young men who rise up after us are always overweighing wrong, and never can be wise. I have differed with either act or word, often I thought too passionate, often I thought too provocative of my young countrymen. 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