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Constancy. Even as the sun converts the gloomy nights to days, Makes everything look warm and fresh, and fair, By thy smiles and gentle winning ways, Less keenly feel my gloomy nights of care.

ERIN'S SOCIAL WAR.

Sirth of the Agitation on American Soil.—'The West's Awake'—Landlords Taking Their Turn in the Workhouse and Emigrant Ship—Liberators of the Land.

Speaking to a stipendiary magistrate of the county of Meath to-day, who also happens to have the word honorable attached to his name and is the brother of an Irish nobleman, I was informed that something must be done for the landlords as well as for the tenants in Ireland, and during my peregrinations through the country I have found that the Irish landlord is gradually arriving at the opinion that a further settlement of the land question is the great Irish question for the next Parliament. How it is to be done is as difficult a problem just now as the famous question raised by the monks of the Middle Ages as to the precise process necessary to pass the Scriptural camel through the eye of the Scriptural needle, but there is no doubt about the fact that the current agitation among the Irish farming classes is directed, and will continue to be directed, toward an agrarian revolution, greater in its scope and its results than any which has taken place since Stein—the Regenerator of Prussia, as the Emperor William has styled him—formulated the idea of a peasant proprietary, or since the revolution of 1789 abolished landlordism in the fair land of France. Of course those who own the land are just now as vehement as they were three months ago in denouncing the agitators as lawless conspirators against the rights of property. But it so happens the anti-rent movement originated, not with Mr. Parnell or his Parliamentary colleagues, but was in the beginning an Irish-American idea. The agitation was unthought of when Mr. John Devoy, one of the ex-Fenian prisoners, now resident in the States, issued a declaration suggesting the union of the Irish revolutionary element in this country with the advanced section of the Irish Parliamentary party in promoting Parliamentary agitation from the nationalist point of view. The basis upon which that union was offered was that of the land question—plainly and clearly the rooting of the tenant occupiers in the possession of the soil.

It was foreseen last year—as, indeed, it was foreseen at least two years before the great Irish famine—that bad times were coming in 1879. Mr. Michael Davitt, another ex-Fenian prisoner, had been through the country and had grasped the condition of the farming classes. Mr. Davitt visited the United States and was welcomed by his countrymen there. Mr. Davitt came back to Ireland, and came back with a definite plan of agitation in his cranium. It was in July last that the anti-rent agitation burst out in the West, and the cry went out amongst the Irish farmers that the West's awake. It used to be asleep in the stirring times of the Young Irelanders a generation ago. Mr. Davitt travelled through the West and organized local meetings, in which the undoubted distress of the small farmers was proclaimed in a decidedly aggressive form. The fact that the extreme nationalists were busy in Connemara organizing an agrarian body alarmed such a decided anti-English politician as John of Tuam, who wrote a public letter denouncing the proposed agitation. He feared that it would, unguided by some strong moral power, develop into war, in which blood might be spilled and a landlord or two offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice. And then would come proclamation from Dublin Castle, a coercive bill from Parliament and a magnificent harvest for the Royal Irish Constabulary and the jailors. But still the fact remained that there was a starvation scare throughout the land. The small farmers particularly had drawn on the savings of years to get over the hard times of '77 and '78, and in nine cases out of ten they were penniless. What little yield their farms could give would barely suffice to give bread *sems* to their families during the year, let alone pay the rent, and already they were in debt to the tradesmen of the small towns. There was no doubt about it they could not pay the rent nor could they pay the tradesmen in 1879. What were they to do? There is a spirit among the Irish people now which did not exist in '45; they are desperate in their despair, and had the agitation been left in the hands of the official promoters there would have been dangerous work ere this.

One thing the people have fixed their hearts upon this time—to stay in Ireland at any risk, and to hold fast by the land, whether they pay rent for it or not. In Mayo and Galway and Roscommon, at every market and every fair, the farmers had made that resolve, to one another, and the very first attempt at eviction after Michaelmas would have been the signal for an uprising in the west. To spare the land this further misery the priests took up the land agitation. In the west they first met in their deaneries, and passed resolutions calling the attention of the landlords and the Government to the condition of the farmers, and calling for direct assistance from the one, and a remission or reduction from the others. Every deanery in the west held meetings, and published resolutions bearing the signatures of

the parish priests; every county in Munster followed suit, as did many in Leitner, and, altogether, during the last three months, at least a thousand priests have affixed their names to solemn statements averring the deplorable condition of the country. While this was going on local meetings were being held in the West of Ireland, and resolutions were being presented to the landlords or their agents by the tenantry. Up to the end of August not a single landlord had responded or offered the slightest abatement of rents, and all hope fled that a good or even a moderate harvest could come to relieve the black prospect. In South and West the potatoes were rotting in the ground, the wheat was lost, or all but lost; the hay fields were covered with melancholy lakes, and the prospect was as bad for the grazing farmer as it was for the tiller. The loss of the hay crops made it impossible for the grazier to hope for a profitable pursuit of his business during the winter, even if the importation of live cattle from your side had not reduced the prices of Irish beef and mutton and dairy produce in the English market. The graziers hurried to get in their stock at any price at the fair, and the result was seen last week at the great fair of Ballinasloe, where, while the supply of live stock was far below the average, the prices greedily taken were little more than half those which realized the previous years. The small graziers had to sell out at any cost to pay even reduced rents. The wealthy graziers had been reduced because they could not afford to sell their stock at a loss. They are waiting for better markets elsewhere. Another element of distress operated against the small occupiers of the West. More than at any other period during the past ten years they emigrated to England as harvestmen, there to earn, if possible, the money to pay the rents for their miserable Irish homesteads. Not more than one in ten, I am told, have earned anything beyond mere subsistence.

HEARTICK AND ENTHY-HANDED. The agricultural depression in England made work scarce, and lowered the price of their labor, and hundreds of them "are coming back beatric and empty-handed to the wife and the child" at home. I witnessed a pitiable scene at Chester the other day. There were three miserable looking, prematurely broken down men, in tattered frieze clothes, who had tramped from Staffordshire to Chester, and were without a penny to pay their way back again to the West of Ireland. These were small farmers turned harvestmen. I was one of the contributors to a subscription originated by an Irish gentleman on the platform to pay the fares of the poor fellows back to their expectant wives and little ones at home. The fear of these wretched tenants of the consequences of their inability to pay the rent was Dantesque in its intensity, but the hardest heart could not but be moved at the despair they uttered at having nothing "to put into the mouths of the wife and the child." Another touching story will do more than statistical volumes to picture the misery of the people. It was told to me by a carman who was driving me the other day through the country. "Do you see that house, sir," said he, pointing to an apparently snug homestead, about a quarter of a mile from the roadside. "Well, sir, the man of the house was a warm man three years ago. I was driving by there yesterday and I got down to get a drink for the mare. The family was at dinner. Dye know what they wor atin', sir, the wife and the siven childer? Cowd prates, sir, that were left from the breakfast. I wouldn't go in, sir, and I turned away from the door feeling sick myself. The man to whom he referred was farming sixty acres. It was the knowledge of such facts as these which induced the priests to throw their influence on the side of the people. But, as I have said, up to the close of Parliament no answer had come to the pitiable pleading of the tenants from the landlords. It was then that the Parnell crusade began, and the member for Meath determined to hold the series of monster meetings which culminated in the Navan demonstration of yesterday. Mr. Parnell and his colleagues—O'Connor Power, Biggar and W. H. O'Sullivan—are the originators of the crusade which is now preparing for the British government in Ireland the most perplexing problem with which they have had to deal since the union—more perplexing than the title agitation, more dangerous than the Fenian movement, more difficult than either the Irish land or the Irish Church agitations of nine and ten years ago. It was Parnell's opportunity to settle by the public voice the question of who was to be the leader of the Irish people, and he has settled it effectually. I have made a calculation on the lowest estimates of the number of the people who have attended the anti-rent agitations held since the end of August—in the past six weeks. They have been, taken great and small, some twenty-four in number, and the aggregate attendance has been computed at at least two hundred thousand people, who have hailed Charles Stuart Parnell as the liberator of the land with an enthusiasm since O'Connell stirred the soul of Ireland by the magic of his eloquence and was the uncrowned monarch of the Irish race.

WHAT THE LANDLORDS OFFER. The appearance of the "active" members of the Home Rule party as the leaders of the rent agitation was the immediate precursor of the offers made by the landlords to reduce the rents for the past half year by twenty-five per cent, and, in a few instances, to remit the half-year's rent altogether. In almost every case where the temporary reduction or remission has been made there was not the slightest chance of the tenant being able to pay it—even in the reduced form—and the practical result will be that the tenants, and the bad season is over—if they live through it—will start afresh in debt to the landlord as well as to the local tradesmen, who have in self-defence been compelled to heighten the prospective misery

by stopping credit. They will not now part with their goods without ready money. There are few farmers who are not in debt to the tradesmen. I can venture to state that not a single shopkeeper in this place has received money payments for fifty per cent of the transactions with the small and moderate farmers within the last twelve months. Another aspect of the question is presented by the fact hitherto little noticed by the writers on the condition of affairs, that in most of the counties the rents paid for the past thirty years have been so high that the tenants, especially the small tenants, have been precluded from saving. They have, in moderately prosperous years, been hardly able to live. In exceptionally good years they have been honest enough to pay off accumulated debts and were thus left without capital to face the depression. It is idle to tell them that as farming does not pay they should take to some other business. There is no other business to take to in Ireland. Emigrate then. They answer they have not money to emigrate, and that the "great shelter land," as Parnell calls the States, is chock full and does not want them. Besides, they are determined to stick to the land. They will not leave the land this time. This is simply the policy which Mr. Parnell recommends—to hold the land under any circumstances, rent or no rent; to hold, in fact, Ireland for the Irish against all odds. In face of this settled passionate purpose of the people the landlords themselves have a grievance. They are not of the thrifty tribe, and depend on their rents for subsistence, and calamity stares them in the face in almost as great a degree as the tenants.

TURNING THE TABLES. "What will landlords do?" asked one of them in my presence yesterday, only to receive the reply from one of his own tenants, "Let them take a turn at the workhouse or the emigrant ship. We did it often enough before." But the one thing remains certain that in the present temper of the people British law and landlord combinations are powerless. There cannot be, and I venture to say there will not be, any attempt at wholesale eviction. Mr. Parnell has, by his action, prevented that possibility, and at all the meetings he has attended he has preached the welcome doctrine of resistance to any such expedient. No one landlord or proprietor is prepared to face a social war by inaugurating the policy of eviction. When Mr. Parnell told the people to pay no more rent than they could afford, a majority of his colleagues in the House of Commons were ready enough to declare that the man was gone mad and most of them held aloof from the agitation on various pretences. Some were ill, some had business abroad, some could not agree with the principles of the member for Meath in the agrarian question. But by degrees they came in. Their constituents called them, and even Mr. Shaw, the "leader," has been dragged at the chariot wheels of his rival Parnell. Those who have refused to give the whole hog are doomed by the constituencies, and acting on the uncompromising advice of the leader of obstruction, at least ten of the Irish Home Rule members are to be ousted from their seats at the next election. The rest will follow Parnell, or else they must go too. The member for Meath is thus in the position of a Parliamentary dictator, and the position is strengthened by the attitude of support which the priests have adopted toward him.

THEN AND NOW. Nine years ago, when John Martin came to Meath as the popular candidate, he was denounced by a large section of the priests of Meath. I saw every one of his denunciations cheering for Parnell on Sunday last. Even the prime mover of the opposition to John Martin, the Vicar-General Archdeacon Nicholas, was foremost on Sunday in proclaiming the loyalty of the priesthood, not only of Meath, but of all Ireland, to the Parnell policy of "no surrender." As it was at Meath it has been elsewhere. In the West and the South and in Leitner the prominent members of the priesthood have ascended the Parnell platforms. Any one who knows Ireland knows what an all-powerful influence they have on any public question. It would be idle to disguise another development in the political life. The land agitation has an undoubted tendency to shelve the Home Rule question. Home Rule would have been relegated to a back seat in the theatre of Irish politics but for the fact that Parnell is now the Home Rule leader *ipso facto*, and that in some form or other such men as Sullivan, O'Connor Power, Biggar and even Shaw have given in their adhesion to his leadership. The battle of the future will not be fought as a home rule conflict; but it will be fought by the home rulers on the cry of the "Land for the People and the People for the Land." The proposition, which you have already received from Parnell in New York, is, at all events, simple. He proposes that, for the benefit of landlord and occupier, the State shall step in, purchase the land from the landlord at a fair valuation, resell it to the tenant, and spread the payment over a long series of years, when the land becomes the absolute property of the occupier. The land to be paid by the State in consols, the interest on which is paid by the revenue from the new purchasers; the state borrowing the capital—not providing it by taxation, as has been stated. There are many landlords who object to compulsory sales, but when next year comes they will not be paying properties; so that there is every prospect of a large percentage of the landlords ready and willing to support the Parnell settlement, and, indeed, to accept the member for Meath as a benefactor of their class—that is, if the pressure of agitation is only kept up long enough, and the tenants hold on to the land. With said to do these two things there is every probability that Mr. Parnell will live long enough to become the Hibernian Stein.—N. Y. Herald.

Marshal McMahon's Extraordinary Ghost Story.

A correspondent of the New York World tells the following sensational story:—One day when talking with a well known man in London, the subject of Spiritualism came up. Referring to the late Emperor Napoleon's belief in the great delusion of the day, my friend told me that he was once at a grand dinner in Paris at which many notables were present, and the following incident occurred:—A member of the Imperial court was telling about Mr. D. D. Home's exploits at the Tuileries; how that in his presence a table was caused to float from the floor to the ceiling with the Emperor seated upon it, and by no visible power, and other similar tales. When the gentleman had finished, Marshal McMahon, who was present said—"That reminds me of an experience of mine, which was as follows:—It was when I was a sub-officer in Algiers that the affair I am about to speak of took place. The men of my command were mostly natives, and we had been much troubled by the large number of deaths and mysterious disappearances which had taken place among them, and we had taken great pains to find out the cause, but were unable to do so. I had understood that the men were given to the practice of necromancy and the worship of strange gods. Indeed, I had myself seen many remarkable feats performed by them, and it was, therefore, no great surprise to me when an old sergeant who had heard me express my intention to ferret out the mysteries came to me, and in a timid manner suggested that it was generally believed by the soldiers that a certain corporal could tell more about them than anyone else, if he chose. This corporal I had noticed as a man who did his duty perfectly, but had little or nothing to say to anyone, and always went about alone. He was from the interior of Africa, tall, gaunt, with long, clear-cut features of remarkably stern expression, and the most remarkable eyes I ever beheld. Indeed, it was not extraordinary that he should be said to have 'the evil eye,' for if any one ever possessed that power it was he.

"I bent on finding out if the mysteries, I sent for the corporal, and told him I had understood that he could tell me about them, and that he must do it. At first he appeared confused and began to mutter to himself, finally saying he knew nothing about the matter; but when I, putting on my sternest look, told him that I knew he could make an explanation, and that unless he could do so I would have him punished, he drew himself up, and giving me a long and penetrating look, said that being punished would make no difference to him, but that if I was so anxious to know the mysteries I must go with him alone to a certain place at midnight, when the moon was in the third quarter, if I had courage enough to do so, without telling anyone of my object or trip, and that then he would show me the causes of the deaths and disappearances; otherwise, he would tell me nothing, punish him as I might.

"Without acceding to or refusing his strange request I dismissed him, and pondering on his proposal, I walked towards the mess. The place the corporal had mentioned was a clump of half a dozen trees situated about three-quarters of a mile outside of our line on the edge of the desert. At first I was inclined to think that it was a plot to rob or murder me; and my impulse was to think no more of it; accordingly, I told the officers at the mess, and various was the advice I received—some to go, and some not. However, thinking the matter over, I resolved not to appear afraid to go, at any rate, so after having examined the spot to see if there were any pitfalls or chances for ambush, and finding the ground smooth and solid, and no chance for approach in any direction without discovery, I resolved to go, and sending for the corporal, told him my intention of accepting his proposal. As he turned away I noticed his eyes gleam with almost fiendish delight, which was not calculated to reassure me. On the appointed night I started out with him, and nothing was said by either until we reached the spot; here his manner suddenly changed, and from the subdued and almost servile bearing of the soldier became stern and authoritative. Then he ordered me to remove everything metallic from my person; as this I felt sure he had a plan to rob me, but as I had gone too far to withdraw, and partly thinking it might be only a part of his performance to require this, I accordingly took off my sword and my purse and watch from my pockets, and hung them on a convenient branch, thinking this would be enough; but he insisted that I must remove everything metallic, or all would be in vain. I then took off everything except my underclothing, and said everything was gone. At this he appeared pleased, and stripped himself entirely; then drawing a circle around himself on the ground he commanded me that whatever should happen I should not venture within it.

"He then said he was prepared, and would make everything clear to me provided I said nothing and did nothing. Then, naked as he was, standing on the grass, he began a series of incantations, and, standing up straight in front of me and looking me in the eye, he suddenly became rigid and as suddenly disappeared like a flash. Until then the moon was shining brightly around, and his form stood out clear-cut against the sky, but as I rubbed my eyes it suddenly became dark, and a clap of thunder sounded, after which it became clear again, and as it did so, a column of smoke arose from where the man had stood. This gradually resolved itself, strange to say, into the man himself, but he appeared transfixed; his face, which before was stern, had now become fiendish and terrible, and his eyes flashed fire.

I involuntarily put my hand up and felt a little leaden maul of the Virgin under my shirt, which I had quite forgotten when removing my clothes. Almost thunder-struck with the whole scene, seeing no man visible, and fearing then an attack, I rushed to the tree where my things were. I seized my sword, and was astonished to find it so hot that I could hardly hold it. Calling aloud the man's name I ran quickly around the clump of trees and looked in vain in every direction for him. The moon was then shining brightly, and any dark figure running or lying down could easily be seen on the light sand. Seizing my clothes I lastly pulled them on, and ran as fast as I could to the barracks. At once I called out to the guard, and mounting myself, gave orders to scour the country in every direction, and bring every one found to me. But it was all in vain, for after hours' searching, no traces could be found of any one, and all I had for my pains was the moon, surprised at my sudden appearance and strange orders, simply supposed that I had become temporarily insane. I said nothing, however, and the next day after roll-call the corporal was reported absent. I had searched quietly made for him for some time, but he has never turned up from that day to this." Silence reigned for some time at that table, various dignified heads were scratched and quizzical expressions assumed. Finally the silence was broken by the question, "How do you account for it, marshal?" The marshal quietly smiled, and said, "I don't account for it." "And you watch?" said another gentleman. "Ah," replied the Marshal, "that is what I consider the most remarkable thing. The next day when I went back to the place I not only found my watch and the remainder of my things, but the corporal's things were also there and the place seemed undisturbed."

[We have seen the above story in the Dublin Catholic Telegraph exactly twenty years ago, only the narrator was Marshal L'Etissier, who related one of his own experiences while fighting in Algiers.—Ed. EVENING POST.]

Miscellaneous.

The trial of a copyright lawsuit in Washington brings out the fact that one printer has, within a year, furnished thousands of counterfeiters of foreign champagne labels to put on American wine.

It might be supposed that a deaf and dumb man and wife would not quarrel; but Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin of Greensburg, Ind., deaf mutes, lived four years in noiseless disagreement, and finally had a desperate parting fight, in which he was scalded and her skull was fractured.

—Reynolds used to court Miss Lamaster at Jeffersonville, Ind., but finally transferred his attentions to Miss Brown. That enraged Miss Lamaster, and she has twice shot Reynolds as he passed her house on his way to visit Miss Brown, who has thus far been able to nurse him through his injuries.

—A new and singular means of incendiary is reported by the *Globe*. In a village of Poland a cat was saturated with kerosene by an unknown party and set on fire; the unhappy animal rushed furiously to and fro, spreading fire all around, till it perished in flames, together with a number of buildings.

—Of the total of 8,431 sets of woollen machinery in the United States, 1,418 are in Massachusetts, 3,311 in Maine, 505 in New Hampshire, 175 in Vermont, 469 in Rhode Island, and 669 in Connecticut—a total for the New England States of more than 43 per cent. of the woollen machinery in the entire country.

—The trousseau of the young Queen of Spain, designate, is described by Paris papers as exquisite. It includes a number of dresses devised from the fashions of the time of Louis XIII. At the wedding mass she will wear a dress of cloth of silver, with garlands brilliant with myrtle, orange flowers, and lilies.

—A manufacturer in Sheffield, England, lately showed a number of his workmen an assortment of American goods, and, holding up a pair of tailors' shears, offered to give the trades union the men belonged to \$250 if any of them within a month would produce a pair equal to them. The challenge was not taken.

"Well, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken today?" "That I could, sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

Giuseppina Raimondi, from whom Garibaldi is seeking a divorce, has written to a Milan paper denying that she was pregnant or a mother at the time of her marriage in 1855. This oft-repeated allegation was invented, she says, as the only means of obtaining a decree of nullity of marriage; but, though she desires the dissolution of the abnormal tie, she cannot allow it to be effected except on condition of respecting honor, truth, and legality.

—The attempted confiscation of one of Goethe's poems in Vienna as immoral has had its parallel in Berlin, where copies of some of Titian's paintings were seized as indecent in a shop where they were exposed for sale, while the shopkeeper was summoned before the criminal court on a complaint issued from the prosecuting attorney's office. In court, however, the prosecuting attorney appeared in person to apologize for the idleness of his subordinates, and the charge against the shopkeeper was, on his motion, dismissed, and the pictures were returned. After occurrences like this in free and easy Germany, Anthony Comstock's occasional extravagances will appear rather tame.

The ancient Hebrews were famous for their beautiful black hair. To this day the Jews delight in cultivating that most ornamental of all ornaments. It may have been that Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer was then in vogue, but it is almost certain something of that nature existed. It can now be had at all chemists for 50 cts. the bottle.

Written for the Post and True Witness.

Our Bells. Music, deep, rich and gladsome, is abroad on the morning air, Filling the soul that hearkens With visions of all things fair. Floating upon St. Lawrence tide, Whose waves as they roll along, Leap with a strange wild gladness, To the bells' sonorous song. Breaking amidst the stately pines That clothe Mount Royal's side, Each they reel, sweet murmurs give, Like shells, left by the tide. "God's acre" rests beneath the shade, The dew-drops glisten through the leaves, And like a "Libera" o'er our dead, The wind borne music goes. And we speak with a tender reverence, Of those who gave to our land, The beautiful chime that graces the towers Of our own dear Notre Dame. AGNES BURY. Montreal, November 2d. Feast of All Saints.

SCOTCH NEWS.

DEATH OF MR. PETER BANKS, S. S. C.—Mr. Peter Banks, S. S. C., keeper of the rolls of the First Division of the Court of Session, died at his residence in Edinburgh recently, at the age of 67.

HEALTH OF LEITH.—The public health returns for last week show a death-rate of 19 per 1000, or a total of 21 deaths. Scarletina has been the most prevalent among zymotic diseases. There have been 37 births during the week.

CONTRAVENTION OF THE GUN LICENSE ACT.—John Hume, labourer, was charged before the Justice of Peace Court at Alloa with carrying a gun without a license. Accused pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to pay the mitigated penalty of £5.

LEITH.—John Oliver, a pilotman in the employment of the North British Railway Company, died in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary recently from injuries received at north Leith Station. He was engaged coupling waggon to a train, when the engine was put in motion, and before he had time to get out of the way, was struck in the abdomen by one of the waggon. He only survived six hours after. Deceased resided in Hermilage Place, Leith.

DECEASE.—Recently, in the Sheriff Court, Robert Nicoll Maclean, ship chandler, Dock Street, was called in order to be examined in bankruptcy. Mr. William Stiven, accountant, the trustee, and his agent, Mr. Simpson, were present. The bankrupt failed to appear, and on the request of Mr. Simpson the Sheriff granted warrant for his apprehension. The assets of the bankrupt amount to £1095 8s 4d, and his liabilities to £3116 6s 6d. The estate shows an apparent dividend of 5s 7d per £1. It is supposed that the bankrupt has left the country.

FATAL OCCURRENCE AT PORT-GLASGOW.—A very painful accident occurred at the Railway Goods Station at Port-Glasgow recently. A telegraph boy named John Wilson, 14 years of age, son of Henry Wilson, a rafter, employed in the Wemyss Hay Junction, was sent to the Goods Station on returning on an engine he jumped off the top line, and it is supposed that owing to the fog he did not observe the approach of the 7.30 a.m. train from Greenock, which struck him, and killed him on the spot. His head was smashed, and his brains scattered on the line. He had been nine months in his present situation.

ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.—The High Church, formerly part of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, was reopened recently after having been closed for a couple of months. In the course of that time what are known as the Preston and Chapman Aisles at the southern side of the Cathedral have been thrown into the church, and progress so far made with the entire restoration of the edifice, which has been undertaken by Dr. William Chambers. On the occasion of the reopening special services were held in the church, the aisle being occupied in the forenoon by the Rev. Dr. Lees, minister of the parish; in the afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, North Leith; and in the evening by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Trinity College Church.

The Deceased Senator.

DETROIT, November 2.—A special train from Chicago, with the remains of Senator Chandler, arrived this evening. The remains and escort were met at the depot by military and a vast concourse of citizens. Governor Crosswell issued a proclamation directing the State offices to be closed, flags displayed at half-mast and other usual demonstrations of public grief on the day of the funeral. The Governor also sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Chandler. The Mayor issued an order that the citizens' meeting take action appropriate to the occasion. The funeral obsequies are to take place on Wednesday afternoon.

General Grant received the news of Chandler's death at Columbus, Nebraska. He said the death was a loss to the whole country, and was the saddest piece of news he had heard yet. He spoke in terms of high esteem of the deceased, and said that he had received a personal letter at San Francisco from Chandler, which he intended answering on Sunday at Omaha.

"Why do guns burst?" asks a contemporary, and then devotes nearly a column to answering the question. Guns burst because powder is put into them. You might use a gun seven hundred years, and it wouldn't burst if you kept powder out of it.—Scientific American.

Two women at Union, Tenn., had a duel in regular man style. They both fired at the word, and one hit a boy who was climbing over the fence with a water-melon, and the other hit a calf in the field. Both having drawn blood, they acknowledged that they had received satisfaction.