VOL. XXXI.—NO. 9.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1880.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

FATHER BURKE

HIS LATEST SERMON.

At Liverpool, on the 8th of September, Father Burke delivered the following sermon, taking his text from the eighth chapter of St. Matthew:

"And a certain Scribe came and said to Him: Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou shalt go. And Jesus said to Him: The foxes have holes, and the birds of the dir nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

He had, he said, chosen these words for his text, because he intended to remind them that he had come there to plead, and that they had assembled to listen to his pleading, in order that they might one and all assist the clergy attached to St. Joseph's Church, so as to give them the means to lessen somewhat the enormous pressure of debt which was on them, to free them from the constant anxiety which this debt naturally and necessarily brought with it, and to enable our Divine Lord to dwell upon an altar and in a house which He might call His own. And when the Son of God spoke the words quoted, it was the only time He ever condescended to complain of the treatment which He received from men. Many were the outrages and in-juries that were put upon Him. All of them He bore with silence, like God as He was; but this one thing did He complain of—that men refused Him a dwelling-place among them-refused to build Him a house.

CHRIST HAD NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD.

The Scribe came and said, "Master, whitherseever Thou goest I will follow Thee," and he acted wisely, but the son of God wanted to let him know at once what awaited him. "See how they treated me," He said; "the very foxes have their holes, and the birds have their nests, I alone have no place whereon to lay My head."

How true this was? His Virgin Mother

went from house to house on a dreary Christmas Eve as the midnight hour was approaching; and she the Mother of God, bearing God in her bosom, sought in vain for one who would show her hospitality and give her a place whereon to lay her head. And when the Saviour came into the world, He was cold in the wretched stable in which His Mother brought Him forth. During His public life no man labored as He did. He preached the livelong day; He recalled the dead to life; He opened the eyes of the blind; . He made the paralyzed and the lame and the crippled to walk. And when the day's toil was over, no house in Jerusalem would receive Him. He had to go out of the city evening after evening, to seek a place whereon to lay His head. When He died on the Cross, naked, bleeding and heart-broken, and gave forth His great soul to God, and in that giving forth redeemed the world, it was still true of Him that He had no place whereon to lay His head. And when the Virgin Mother held His dead body in her hands, she had to disturb her own sorrow and turn round to see if there was any one who would let her Divine Son rest in his grave, for He had no grave of His own. For all this the Son of God was indignant and of all this | precise proportion to the strength of its faith He complained. And why did He complain of this only of all His sufferings? Because God loved dearly His own dwelling place.

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Next to the love that He had for Himself and for His own adorable Name, was God's love for the beauty and decorum of the house which the hands of men built for Him, and the loveliness of the altar on which He vouchsafed to dwell.

Secondly, Christ complained because He well knew there was but one man necessary unto this world, and this man was Himself-Jesus Christ; that there was but one house necessary in this world, and that this was the house in which He would dwell. There was no other name under heaven by which man could be saved but His saving name. Whither could they go to receive strength to bear their sorrows, if He were not awaiting them in His house and on His altar. Whither could they go to sanctify their joy, if He had not His arm outstretched to bless that joy, which in its excess might become sin? Whither should they go to weep over the recollection of their country and of those who were near and dear to them, but who had been suddenly taken away, leaving a blank in their aching hearts, if they had not Jesus the Consoler near them to bear their sorrows and to lighten the burden of their grief? If He had not come all generations of men would have been lost, and

erected that stately and glorious temple, the very threshold of which was more precious -the immaculate heart of the surpassingly be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that wisest and holiest in the land. At length of the Prince of Wales, one of the foremost than all the palaces and tabernacles of Juda holy Virgin mother who conceived Him. By

Control of the Control of the Control

her side the archangels of God in heaven were obliged to veil their faces, for they were not without stain. But Mary was the one human being who was without stain—"Thou art all tair, my beloved, and there is no spot or stain in thee." And why was she thus stainless? because God created her in order that she might be the living temple in which His glory would vouchsafe to dwell.

THE CHURCE'S ZEAL FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD. And as God loved the beauty of His own house, and as, on the other hand, He grieved and complained that man refused to build a house for Him or to give Him a place whereon to lay His head, so the holy Church of God, that Church for which He shed His blood on the cross, that Church which he endowed with unfailing faith, infallible truth and stainless morality, that Church, catching up the spirit of Jesus Christ, because she was His Spouse, had ever been zealous and burning with zeal for the honor and the glory, and the majesty of the house of God. The Catholic Church in all its ages and amongst all nations had always set herself to work, first of all, to take thereproach outof her Divine Spouse, to remove that opprobrium, to take away that shock, that scandal that he received, so that He might no longer be able to say, "I, the Son of Man, have no place whereon to lay My head." The Catholic Church in all its ages and at all times, burning with zeal, set to work, in every land, to multiply the temples and houses of her God, and to multiply her alters, in order that the Lord might dwell in the midst of her people. And in proportion as any people were gathered into the very heart of the Church of God, in proportion as the Church's Divine faith entered into their blood and the very marrow of their bones, in proportion as they were animated and penetrated with the Church's divine spirit, in the same proportion would that people, that race, that nation, that individual, be zealous for the honor and the glory of the house of God. David was a man after God's own heart—a man of whom the Eternal Father said, "I have chosen him, David, my servant, a man according to My own heart." How did David prove that he was a man after God's own heart? It was shown by his own words. Lord," he said, "I have loved the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." Elsewhere he said, "How lovely are Thy tabernacies, O Lord God of hosts! My soul hath longed and fainted away for the courts of my God." Again elsewhere he said, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; let my tongue cleave to my mouth if I make thee not the beginning of my joy"—and why—"because of the house of the Lord my God that is in thee." Therefore was he a man after God's own heart, and hence, when dying in Jerusalem, he wapt because the Lord God said to him, "Thou art a man of blood, and I will not allow thee to

THE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TRACED IN HER CHURCHES.

Passing from the evidences supplied by David to those of that time of grace when all the shadows of the first dispensation were changed into the substantial glories of the second, when the temple was to be no longer merely a house of prayer but a house of the Divine Presence, a fountain of eternal welling forth unto the cleansing of the temple, we found that as soon as the days of that fulfilment came, nation after nation bowed down unto the words and preaching of the Church, and took to themselves for their glory the shame of the cross; and that each nation, in and the arder of its love, made itself famous for the zeal and the energy with which the temples of the living God were erected throughout the land. Hence the history of the Catholic Church, wherever she had existed once and existed no longer, was to be traced in her churches. Far away on the slopes of the southern Andes, where those mighty mountains of South America incline to the shores of the Pacific, where the Indian had become a savage once again, where the cross was no longer seen, and the voice of the preacher no longer heard, where once Spanish missionaries made the air resonant with the glories of Jesus and Mary, though the knowledge and influence of Christianity had departed, the churches in their ruins testified that the Catholic Church of Christ had once been there. The churches in every valley and on every hill top testified that there was once a nation, civilized in the highest form of civilization, and full of faith and hope, and love, that dwelt on the rugged slopes of that land.

Concluded on sixth page.

SCOTCH LANDLORD TYRANNY.

Some of the Scotch farmers are experiencing what the Irish farmers have suffered tor centuries. The Catholic Union of Buffalo has the

den of their grief? If He had not come all generations of men would have been lost, and lost forever. If He had not come, what would saint or sinner do without Him? What would saint or sinner do without Him? What would Magdalen have done on that evening when the grace of God first smote her and broke her heart, if she knew that the Lord was not in the house of Simon the Leper, and could not go to that house and find him? What would the widow of Naim have done when her very heart was shed forth in tears on the death of her only child if He were not present, had not raised her son from the dead and given him to his mother?

He knew, therefore, how necessary His presence was, and He marvelled at the blindness and incredulity of men who would net afford Him a place to lay His house they gathered first of all from the first temple the Lord God created for Himself in the world when He came to dwell amongst men. How noble, how grand He made it! He was Himself the architect that conceived and the builder that erected that stately and glorious temple, the following on late evictions in that county.

it might be the dead letters.

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY FATHER GRAHAM AT ALEXANDRIA, GLENGARRY.

[Continued from TRUE WITNESS of Oct. 6.]

Montalembert justly remarks that Irish legends are always distinguished by a high and pure morality. O'Donnell, in his life of Columba (Vita Quinta Sti Columba), relates another charming legend of the saint. He often, when a child, saw and conversed with his guardian angel. His heavenly protector one day asked the youthful Columba to choose from amongst all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. "I choose," said the youth, "chastity and wisdom, and im-mediately three young girls of wonderful beauty appeared to him and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned and repulsed them with indignation. "What," they exclaimed, "then, thou dost not know us?" "No, not the least in the world," he replied. "We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides." "Who, then, is your father?" demanded Columba. "Our father is God; Le is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world." "Ah! you have indee! an illustrious father, but what are your names?" "Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy, and we come to leave thee no more; to love thee with an incorruptible love."

While Columba was studying in the monastery of Clonard an old Christian bard named Germain arrived. The saint had a passionate love of poetry, and hence became a treasured companion of Germain. One day while the two friends were seated under the trees at a distance from the monastery interpreting some ancient ballad of their country, a young girl appeared in the distance pursued by a robber. The old bard rushed toward the advancing fugitive to save her, but the wretch who pursued her struck her dead at Germain's teet, and then, with a laugh of triumph, turned and fled towards the torest. Germain, shocked and horrified, cried to Columba: "How long will God leave unpunished this crime, which dishonors us?" "For this moment only," replied Co-lumba, "no longer; at this very hour, when the soul of this innocent creature ascends to heaven, the soul of the murderer shail go down to hell!" At the instant, like Avanias at the words of Peter, the assassin fell dead.

exile from his beloved Ireland, which, saint | bestowed upon him. though he was, he never ceased to bewail in verse whose mournful inspiration touches us even at this day, are altogether extraordinary, and out of harmony with his whole lite. Hitherto he had been rather a wandering bard and book-worm, attracted from monastery to monastery by rare books, national annals and poetry, than an active monk. But all was A Glance at the Personnel of the to be changed now, and this is how it came about:-

While visiting his old master, the Abbot' Finian, Columba secret!y copied the abbot's psalter, sitting up all night in the church where the psalter was kept. A certain curious person, observing a light in the chapel, looked through the keyhole and saw the visitor at his work, a light from his left hand falling upon his claudestine pages. Now, as this curious spy told the abbot what he had discovered, I may here relate how he was paid for acting the informer. It appears, then, that Abbot Finian tolerated the presence of cranes in his abbatial church. The informer clapped his eye to the keyhole to take a further survey of the situation, when behold ! a convenient crane darted his long beak through the keyhole and plucked out the

curtous man's eye, which, I think, was a very proper bit of retribution.

The Abbot Finian, holding that a transcription is a son of the original, demanded the copy, which Columba refused to deliver monarch of Ireland, at Tara. The king, though a consin of Columba, decided against him with the pithy remark : "The calf to the cow," which, in this case, I am free to observe, was without parity or sophistical. " It is an unjust sentence!" exclaimed Columba, " and I have will revenge!" Shortly afterwards, a young prince, who had somehow incurred the wrath of the king, fled for protection to Columba, but the monarch's satellites dragged him from Columba's arms and put him to death. "I will appeal to my kindred!" cried Columba, "the immunities of the church have been violated in my person!" He passed safely north, although the roads were covered with armed pursuers, and presently excited the northern Nialls, with their allies, against. the mounrch. A great battle was fought at Jul-Driehmne or Coal-Druney, on the borders of Ulster and Connaught. The Ard-Right Dermott was completely defeated and fled with a few followers to Tara. The disputed pealter, consisted of firty-eight sheets of parchment, and, enclosed in a precious casket, became afterwards the banner or inparum of the Niells, and was called the

psalter of battle. At first, Columba not only rejoiced at the victory of his friends, but even took upon himself the whole responsibility of the affair. with the profession of a monk. They compared the trifling cause and the terrible result; churches devastated, abboys burnt, widows and orphans weeping, death, desolapages of scripture, easily obtainable at any other monastery. Columba was untouched. and logical speaker on the loft, who is now He went about restle sly seeking advice and Post Office, and asked Brown what it could direction from those whom he esteemed Richmond Gorton, and a great personal friend most profitable loans, believing that Quebec a holy monk, Molaise by name, told him that men in the realm in a social point of view, Montreal Correspondent of the Globe,

he should leave Ireland forever and strive to save as many souls of barbarians as there had fallen victims in the war he had provoked, "What you have commanded shall be done," replied Columba, humbly and sadly.
But, I must not dwell too long on these de-

tails, however fascinating. It is sufficient to say that Columba left his native land, and headed his lonely carrach for the storm-beaten, iron-bound coast of Caledonia. Under the shadow of Mull's Mountains there stretched almost level with the waters, an island, three miles long by two broad. It was called Iona he gets honors in that quarter that his chief and afterwards Colmkille, or the island of the Dore of the churches. Wonderful the power of sanctity! That little isle, hidden upon a barbarous coast, and hardly noticed from the main shore half a mile distant, became so renowned that seventy kings and princes were buried there, and its fame filled up all adorns Trafalgar Square, and whose effigies christendom. Since John enwrapped Patmos are legion throughout the Kingdom. Indeed, with the glory of Heaven, no island has seen the glory of Iona.

Columbia found near the coast a King of the Scots, (that is the Irish colony) named Conal, who was a kinsman of his own. This ruler received the saint kindly, and readily allowed him to occupy Iona. There Columbia built his monastry, trained his monks in holiness and the missionary spirit, and was soon enabled to send the glad tidings of the gospel far away through sterile isles and dark northern seas, whose foam ran fiercely upon hidden shoals and dreadful reefs, even to the ice-tound coasts of Iceland. The intrepid heralds of God in their curried, or osier-twisted hide covered boats, raised the cross at their prows, and dared not only the tempestuous eddies of the northern isles, but fearlessly passed the limit of storms and sailed far upon those seas where the life seems dead in the grasp of frigid death.

What a day of benediction it was my friends when Columbia full of confidence in God, with legitimate mission from the successor of Peter at Rome, his crucifix in one hand and staff in the other, the materials for the holy sacrifice of the mass carried by his disciples. the scrolls of the holy gospels among them, led the way over the Grampians by paths never trodden before by Christian foot! The saint's personal appearance as St. Adanman, his biographer and successor in the monastry of Iona, informs us was very noble. He was at this time absent forty-four years old, tall, spare, of an exceedingly handsome counten-ance, dignified and kingly, as became his royal race, with the beauty of holiness beaming from his large grey eyes, and a certain firmness united with sweetness upon his lips. His voice was so loud, sonorous, yet meledious, so exquisitely modulated and sympathetic, that Adamnan does not hesitate to place it The circumstance which led to Columba's among the greatest gifts Almighty God had

Continued on third page.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Upper Chamber.

An American correspondent writes:-The most important bill before the House this day was one on second reading originally introduced by Lord Nelson in reference to the better educational facilities which should, in the opinion of the worthy lord, be offered by Government to females of the middle classes A worthy subject surely, but the present Earl Nelson is by no means as eloquent a speaker as his grandfather was valiant a fighter, and so I fell to musing over the lives and peculiarities of some of the well-known men in the body below me. .. On the foremost seat of the Government side sat the Dake of Argyle, or, as he is known in the House, Baron Sundridge. Small in stature and attired in a plain suit of grey, he looked more a shopkeeper than a Scottish peer. Immediately back of the duke yonder sits the Earl of Lonsdale, the young peer who "moved the Queen's speech" at the opening of Parliament last spring-an honor usually accorded up to him. Then, the abbot determined to appeal to King Dhiarmid or Dermott, is Baron Winmarleigh, an old and palsyby courtesy to a new member. By his side stricken man whom Beaconsfield created peer but six years since. Next him is Earl Granville, a Government member, and, physically, as fine looking as any man I ever saw Observe with what delicateness his hands and features are formed, and yet to what grand proportions his form approaches now that he s rising in his place to speak. And his voice and language. Mark with what exactness the one is inflected, and in what wealth of ideas and correctness the other abounds. Surely it were not difficult to believe that this man is of noble blood. Sitting over there in the corner, reading, is the Duke of Devonshire. He is a great scholar, is Chancellor of Oxford, but seldom takes any part in a House debate. One would suppose he would prefer the gayety of Hyde Park or the quiet of his own beloved "Chatsworth," to these dull legislative halls. But he takes great interest in his gifted ron, the Marquis of Hartington, and loves therefore to linger here. You wander who that nervous old man is who is walking about and talking with so mary different members, both Government and Opposition. He is a queer one. His investments. Mr. Drolet is a director of the name is Robert Lowe, and gossip says he was sent to this House to get rid of him as he was troublesome in the body Provincial loan of \$4,000,000 at 98 has placed at the other end of the palace. Verily some it upon the market at that figure as a four But, the royal monk had honest friends, who are born to greatness, while others have it and a half per cent stock, thus pocketing for were not afraid to speak the truth like men thrust upon them. That foppish-looking themselves 10 per cent of the interest for and christians. They had laid clearly before little fellow with whom he is now talking is him the utter incompatibility of his conduct | Montague Corre, that was; he no longer bears so humble a name, however. He had the good fortune to be Disraeli's private secretary, and "copied all the letters in a hand so tree," that that astute old gentleman made him a peer. tion and wounds. And for what? A few It seems to make a difference in the world whose private secretary one is. This eloquent

replying to Earl Spencer, is the Duke of

and whose peerage dates from the time of Charles II. He is one of the most honorable Knights of the Garter, and was Lord President in Beaconsfield's late Ministry. Earl Spencer, the man to whom the duke is replying, is that small man with full sandy beard on the Government side near the Woolsack. He looks like a veritable Irishman, but he is not. He is a great favorite with the Queen, and was out at Windsor the other day to dine with her. He is only a subordinate in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, but cannot. However, Americans think no less great-grandson of the man whose monument I heard a "Young America" declare one day on a Rhine steamer to a Church of England clergyman, with whom he was in conversation, that " Nelson, Wellington, and twentyshilling sovereigns, formed the English Trinity." The members sons are allowed to come upon the floor of the Rouse and occupy the space in front of the throne, but never to sit upon any of the benches, during a session. That middle-aged man now in carnest conversation with the Duke of Buccleuch is Lord Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, who has managed to eke out an existence during the last few years on a pittance of \$100,000 a year, as Lord-Lieutenant of famine-stricken Freland. He seldom comes to a sitting of the House, but is evidently here to-day by way of diversion. His peerage dates from 1702, and he owes his fortune and ancient lineage to the whim of Queen Anne, whose first work at making a Duke was the bestowing of that honor upon John Churchill, the present Marlborough's ancestor in the sixth generation

Lord Leigh, the generous-hearted owner of Stoneleigh Abbey, Kenilworth, has just finish-ed speaking, and then there is a slight rustle caused by the entrance of a member from the Prince's chamber. The new comer a vances to a front bench on the left with a dramatic bearing and sits down with an impatient restraint. He is of slender build, of medium height, attired in faultless broadcloth, and his shoulders are slightly bent forward as though bearing up with difficulty the small but rest-less head. The swarthy skin, the full dark eyes, and those jet-black locks of hair which fall in would-be curls over his forehead and collar, plainly indicate his Jewish origia. It is Lord Beaconsfield. Seldom, since the Earl retired from the Fremiership, does he come into Parliament; but when he does it is with the same dramatic air that he bears to-day. Never quite at his ease, he nervously casts his keen eyes about the room, recognizing no one in -for Beaconsfield is popular here in the city difference between them. The one plain Ralph hundred pounds a year; the other a Knight of the Garter, a Peer of the Realm, an ex-Premier. and one of the foremost men of his time!

The pianist Von Bulow, who performed in this country in the season of 1875-6, has had a stroke of paralysis, and the newspapers of Hanover report that the use of his right hand

Beethoven's piano is in the market, and two noted dealers in artistic relics have gone from London as rivals in the bidding, which takes place at Klausenberg, where the owner of the piano lives.

Suicides are on the increase in France. The number in 1870 was 4,157; in 1872, 5,275; in 1874, 5,617; in 1876, 5,804; in 1877, 5,922; and in 1878—to which only statistics have been made up—6,424. A great number of cases too are hushed up and never appear.

Among the languages of civilized nations

English is the most widespread. It is the

mother tongue of about 80,000,000 people;

French, of between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000;

German of between 50,000,000 and 60,000, 000; Italian, of 28,000,000; and Russian, ot between 55,000,000 and 60,000,000. It has been estimated that of the horses in

the world Austria has 1,367,000; Hungary, 2,176,000 ; France, about 3,000,000 ; Russia 21,570,000 ; Germany, 3,352,000 ; Great Britain and Ireland, 2,255,000 ; Turkey, about 1,000,000; the United States, 9,504,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Canada, 2,-634,000; Urugay, I,600,000.

MR. DROLET, of Montreal, a capitalist who has had much interest in the recent financial negotiations at Paris, returned to the city on Saturday. It appears that the new Franco-Canadien Credit Foncier, which has a subscribed capital of 25,000,000 francs, is now quoted at 3 per cent premium upon the Paris market, so great is the popularity of Canadian new company. Another piece of news is that the Syndicate that took up Mr. Chapleau's and a half per cent stock, thus pocketing for thirry years, besides their other gains. It is believed the Syndicate will clear two million dollars upon this loan. It seems that Paris capitalists were very eager to have a large share of the Pacific Railway Syndicate, but took the advice of those who would rather see them invest their francs in Province of Quebec loans. The reason given by their advisers for such a course was that they wanted their friends to invest only in the best and Province was the place for French capital .-

rate and provide the control of the

The Present State of Ireland

RUMORED ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE LAND LEAGUE AND NATIONAL PARTY.

THE YOUNG MEN OF LURGAN FORE RELIED UPON.

MEETING OF LANDLORDS.

Duslin October 6 .- As indicated in previous despatches, Mr. Parnell has formed an alliance with the bysical force party. The Land League and Nationalists, or Fenians, must hereafter be considered friendly organ. izations, working side by side for a common object. The agitation is no longer merely a land movement, it is becoming more far-reaching and it would be difficult to coujed. ture the result. The Fenians hope to obtain Home Rule and it would be idle to deny that if a general strike is made against rent, which becomes more and more possible every day, the movement will be well nigh irresistible, for the entire army of England could not evict the people, and if they could, the landlords would be still deprived of rents and we d be obliged to pay the cost of enforcing he law. What with land leaguers on one

to keep the people inflamed, and secret someties on the other to intimidate, and occasionally an assassination, such a state of affairs would be created which no Irish rebet ever be-fore contemplated. No Englishman at present realizes the direction which affairs are taking. It is beginning to be realized in the North, where the idea gains ground that the Southern agitation threatens to become a Separatist movement. Colonel Waring made a speech at Lurgan this week, saying:
'I do not wish to be a prophet of evil, but it is useless to conceal from ourselves that we are on the eve of a crisis such as has not occurred for three quarters of a century. The state of a large part of this Island at present is neither creditable to the Government nor satisfactory to its peaceful inhabitants. It behooves all organizations of Protestants, in the face of the difficulties and dangers that threaten us, to close their ranks, and sinking all minor differences, to stand shoulder to shoulder in front of the common line. In all civilized communities the duty of protecting particular but every one in a general way, and life and property is delegated to the State, and to the State while that duty is duly and effecdence to the gold-coloured rose in the carpet tually performed all loyal men are bound to leave it; but should the state fail to afford of London, and he is well aware of it. That that protection which it is its duty to do, and man at the desk on the extreme left is his should anarchy and rehellion he nermitted to should anarchy and rebellion be permitted to brother. His full brother, and yet mark the stalk unchecked throughout the land, then indeed more primitive methods of self-pro-Disraeli, a clerk, wearing the "Index" wig and receiving therefor a salary of eighteen great cause of civil and religious liberty, for which our fathers fought and fell in many t loody fields at home and abroad, may again call for the support of the strong arms and stout hearts of their children. God forbid that such a position should be forced upon us, but if it is I am sure that the young men of Lurgan whom I see before me will not be wanting either in will or power to do their duty to their God, their Queen and their country." The speech has excited much attention. The Northern papers are talking in the most serious tone in regard to the outrages, which are now so numerous that they fail to attract more than passing notice. I'wo or three murders have been committed within the past few days. A report published to day, says: "It is the intention of the Government to shortly increase the military establishment in Ireland, but the horse guard authorities report that there is at present a difficulty in providing reinforcements in consequence of the despatch of troops to India. Several battalions will, however, be available for Irish ser-

vice at the end of the year.

Dublin, October 7.—A private conference of leading Irish landowners was held in this city to-day, Earl Dunmore presiding. The consensus of opinion was that Ireland is under a reign of terror. A deputation proceeded to the Castle and had an interview with the Lord-Lieutenant and Mr. Forster, and demanded that the Government deal with the crisis. Earl Cowper, Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr. Forster each expressed sympathy, and declared that they would maintain the law, if possible, within the land, but would adopt other measures it it was necessary. Mr. Forster stated that Government was still collecting all necessary information. The conference was earnest and unanimous in its action. Her Majesty has expressed sympathy to Lady Mountmorris for the murder of her her husband.

Dublin, October 7.-A number of armed and disguised men maltreated and cut off the ears of a farmer named Brown, at Scarlegetown, near Kanturk, county of Cork.

London, October 12.—A Dublin correspondent says the military authorities in the West of Ireland are making extensive preparations n view of apprehended disturbances. Houses are being hired at Tuam and Headford in Galway and at Balla in Mayo for immediate occupation by the military. A detachment of troops will also leavesthe Curragh of Kildare for Custlebar and Westport in Mayo.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals ate their food if any lady would, lend him a baby. The lecture was not il ustrated.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother that she had found out where they made horses. She had seen a man, in a shop, just finishing one of them, for he was nailing his last foot.

្តាស់ ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្ ប្រជាជាក្នុង ប្រជាជាក្នុង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង ប្រជាជាក្នុង និង