



MARGARET.

(From King, in Harper's Bazar.)

New Orleans has the credit of erecting the first open air statue to a woman in America. It is a statue of Margaret, the mother of another land and time to come. Margaret, but simply goodness, practical charity, the deeper and achievements of a woman of the world, great in her divinity sympathy with the world.

There is a great kinship among statues — by grace of God, a monumental brotherhood of marble, bronze and brass. When we walk across them here and there, dotting the highways of the world, and examine them, we find that the counterpart of the enduring features that perpetuate their characters. We find the building material of humanity. We find the material itself may differ in value, in mere polish and finish, and yet the noble workmanship may be the same. The grand reason of the statue is not to be lost in the mere existing and useless comparison. These statues were not themselves, in their own right, but were made for others. The noblest and most perfect into their hearts, they have been placed through life with their own noble purpose, they have been placed in the physical and in the spiritual world, with their statues after the manner which transmuted them after life.

What the statues have done in the world, not that the artists have done in the statues, is a great consideration.

For Margaret represents a middle-aged woman, of short stature, plump, with a face as far removed from the ideal as her life was from the ideal of a dreamer. She is seated on a rude wooden chair, in the only position in which we seem to assume when seated, she is dressed in plain, simple, and only a few articles of white and blue, with a pair of old "scotch" bonnet on her head. Her features might be described as a cross between the classical and the archaic. In her eyes, she has the same living arm had done for forty-six years at New Orleans, a mixture of white marble, and of the center of a great city at the portals of her own asylum, she looks down on the passing and passing crowd as her spirit still looks on, sighting out the poor who need her charity and the rich who needed her solicitation.

She was always known simply "Margaret," the name of a hangover being given her by that name. Her father, the tacit refusal to credit to one family name to a community. Her parents came from Ireland in an emigrant ship, landed in Baltimore, and died in a prevalent epidemic of yellow fever. A good woman of the Baptist persuasion, who had suffered bereavement in the same epidemic, took the little orphan in and reared her. By rearing the orphan in the Catholic faith, the Sisters of Charity, naturally set a practical example of religious toleration and liberality of spirit to a future philanthropist, and prepared a benefactress for the poor of all churches in a distant city. Margaret grew, and served by her mother's example, and earned her reputation for being a good, reliable, and simple but competent, and recognized her own trade, she possessed. Out of her own built asylums, fed the poor, and the distressed, supported the aged and infirm, built up a trade, gained recognition and a valuable and official circles, and secured a monument. She was first known in New Orleans in 1830, a widow, who was noted in the city for her good work and honesty, and possessed of the confidence of her employees.

About the same time the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul commenced gathering in their hall the destitute orphans of the city. Margaret was one of the Sisters in charge and offered her assistance as a poor woman to whom a night's lodging and a few words of advice were in a short time with a wheelbarrow full, being filled to its utmost capacity, she proceeded to wheel away. A young clerk, surprised and touched, offered to wheel it for her. She refused saying she would gladly wheel a barrel-load of food every day to the orphans if she could only have the opportunity to do so. A dealer in crockery ordered her to go to the store, she went and returned with a small quantity of crockery. "If you will go to leave again, I will come in again at the other door, and even through the window, you know I am begging for the orphans."

Having out of her wages money to buy two cats, she gave up her situation as laundress, and opened a small dairy in a vacant lot in rear of the Sisters' asylum. Her hearty physical strength enabled her to perform all the duties of a man in it and personally deliver the milk. This was the beginning of her large acquaintance and great popularity among the lower classes, black and white. Morning and evening, in or out of the door, she was to be seen on her rounds, seated in a rough, old-fashioned cart, behind two tin cans, her coarse features and tanned skin, her slender bones, and eyes beaming with irresistible good humor, her ready tact and cordial salutations, establishing a profitable reputation for her. The market people would not take bits of meat and vegetables for her, the hotel-keeper would save the fresh victuals for her; collecting in her cart she would make an impartial distribution of it among the needy artisans. The Sisters determined to build a suitable establishment for their enormous charge. Margaret promised to stand by them until an asylum was built and the last cent of debt paid off. For seventeen years she worked, bonded by this promise to them, in a feat her duty that she might increase her

donations. In 1841 the St. Teresa Asylum was completed—the asylum before which stands her monument to-day—and in ten years, thanks to Margaret's powerful co-operation, the prodigious debts contracted in building it was paid off. Having relinquished her work she felt free to move away from the asylum and locate her dairy as an independent establishment in the fast-growing "uptown" part of New Orleans. It thrived and prospered beyond precedent, owing to her personal reputation. An infant asylum becoming a necessary adjunct to St. Teresa, she turned her dairy profits into what she always called her "Board of Honor" in the magnificent St. Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum. A third asylum, the St. Elizabeth, to which grown orphans are transferred for industrial education from the St. Teresa, was afterward added, completing the splendid system of practical charity known as Margaret's Asylums. During the terrible yellow fever epidemic of the latter part of the year 1852, she was in the city, and her prominent position was taken. Margaret, going from house to house among the poor, Protestant and Catholic alike, she visited the dying and ministering to the living, so that the day by her promise to "look after the orphans—a promise which could trust her to keep.

Despite her charities she began to grow rich, and had money to lend to her friends. About 1859 such a loan led to a change of business. The proprietor of a large wool-salo bakery had gained her friendship by his benevolence to the orphans. Margaret, with her characteristic assistance, continued to assist him, but his illness, to secure her debt he made over the establishment to her. The administrative talent and executive ability which had evinced a fortune from a dairy transformed the bankrupt bakery into one of the best paying investments in the South. "Margaret's Bakery" soon became the talk among the great merchants of New Orleans, and Margaret herself began to be as well known in commercial circles as she had been in the world of trade and charity. She supplied the asylums with bread at a nominal price, never failing a single morning to have an equivalent in some shape or other, in the way of delicacy, under the leaves in the bottom of the big baskets, and never failing at the end of the year to turn over honestly to charity God's share in her gains.

During the four years of the war, like most of the merchants, she had to struggle hard to maintain herself, but in the severest trials she never relaxed in her self-imposed taxation in favor of the unfortunate, adding to her regular charitable liberal contributions to the Confederate soldiers and to their destitute families, most of whom became reduced to cruel extremities, by the general prostration and medical care, naturally, which the many anxious ones are related of her title with the United States soldiers during their occupation of the city, and it is a common saying that she was the only woman in New Orleans of whom the first General Commandant there was afraid. She always stood, however, on good terms with the authorities. When General Augustus was ordered away from the city, she was ordered to take a sword in token of her appreciation of his good offices to herself and her fellow-citizens.

She took great pride in her city and was very sensitive about it, interfering personally whenever there was a complaint to be made or injustice to redress. The authorities had all but signed the papers to have an engine house built on the triangular piece of ground where her estate now stands. She was indignant that they did not give to the Sisters for the orphan's hall, but the orphans, she gave secretly and ceaselessly to private individuals. It is a curious truth that she never saw misery, suffering, or destitution without relieving it.

About twelve years ago the Sisters of Charity got in trouble in Mexico, and were expelled; some of them were even put in jail. The St. Teresa Sisters went to Margaret in despair that they could do nothing for their companions. "Can't they be brought?" No; we have no means. Margaret, her sister Margaret, and told him he could make a certain sum by bringing the Sisters to New Orleans. She gave him half the money in advance, and told him the moment he landed to call for Margaret and the rest should be his. The Sisters arrived at the specified time. She was terribly afraid of the notoriety. On one St. Margaret's Day the orphans were promised a visit to her. The orphans were asked Margaret not to go out at the hour named. "Now don't do that, Sister; don't bring the children here. Every one will talk about it, and all the papers will describe the orphans' visit to Margaret." "But the children have been promised a treat." "Well, now, you take the children to Canal street, march them up on side and down the other side (take them to the orphans' hall) (the fashionable dry goods store), Home," (the fashionable fur store), and down everywhere to their hearts' content, and returned to the asylum. When we entered the door it could scarcely believe my eyes. The tables were spread with fruit and flowers and cakes and creams and candies of every kind. That was a treat indeed."

The ladies of one of the Protestant orphan homes called upon her to get bread at a reduced price for some entertainment. She was indignant that they should expect her to set bread for an orphan's fair. "But we are Protestants," said the ladies. "You are working for the orphans; so are we. You are God's children, be they Catholic or Protestant," replied Margaret. Ever afterward she numbered that popular institution among her charities. Shortly after Christmas the ladies of another Protestant home called to thank her for her yearly donation. "Don't thank me," she simply said; "thank the Lord."

She could neither read nor write nor make a figure. She never employed an agent but once; he swindled her. Ever afterward she attended personally to her mammoth establishments. Her judgment was remarkable; no measure she ever advised turned out other than she predicted. She took no vows, assumed no badge of her mission. Though sincerely religious, she was not at all bigoted. Her bakery was situated in the very business centre of the city. She stood in good, cordial fellowship with her neighbors, and was always ready to try a bout of wit with her from which she usually came off victorious; or gossip about "old times" with her in her private office, or discuss city politics and city politicians. Though enjoying with them the perfect equality of one business

man with another, she never presumed on their intimacy with her, never forgot her humble origin, and never corrected her plebeian speech, giving away thousands she never counted more on herself personally than when the wages of laundress set bounds to her necessities. Her influence over the city was remarkable for breadth and strength. Her word was never questioned, her intentions never disputed. She was simply "Margaret."

She died on the 9th of February, 1882, leaving a reputation which lives to become an honor to the city. Her charities were so closely administered as to leave small margins for an estate. She made her mark under the will that distributed what money she had on hand among the asylums, and left her establishment and business to an orphan boy whom she had trained to the work herself. The newspapers appeared in heavy mourning for her, and the ordinary notices published the simple record of her life and work in the community exhausted all praise.

The monument was a spontaneous outburst. Hardly was it suggested before the money was quickly gathered and she was again seated in their midst, natural as it were, in her position a very great fact as indicated by the existence of the monument. Her services were rendered by managers and representatives from every religious denomination in the city, before a crowd composed of all that a city can bring together to honor one whose good-will had embraced all that a city can contain.

THE LATEST MARTYR.

The greatest indignation is expressed everywhere at the circumstances which led up to the death of poor young Larkin in Kilkenny jail. The facts as disclosed by the evidence at the inquest make up a very melancholy story. The deceased was the only son of a small farmer in Woodford, whose circumstances permitted of a comfortable living as a Connaught peasant usually enjoys. He was accustomed in the hour of sickness when at home to the tender attentions of a mother, who was anxiously looking forward to the day of his return from his long military sojourn, and who now, alas, was lost to a man in such a position the dreadful hours which he spent in solitude, without a soul to attend to his needs in his last sickness, are almost too terrible to think of. The only record of the time which preceded his death was that given by the night guard, who described the unfortunate as lying on his side, with his head on the bed in the miserable cell, trying to quench his thirst which his ailment brought upon him by raising his mouth with water. There was no one to ask whether he needed anything, or even to carry out the treatment which the prison doctor prescribed as absolutely necessary for a man in his condition. The thoughts of one consolation that he was about to die far away from home and from all who were near and dearest to him can be imagined better than described. So changed was the appearance of Larkin in death that his own father failed to recognize him. All his most intimate friends who saw the body said that if they were told it was the body of any boy they could not believe it, quite as soon as they thought themselves to believe it was that of Thomas Larkin. This fact shows the severity of the prison regime to which he had been subjected. He was a man of blameless character, and for the single offence of defending a neighbor's home he has been punished by the without a trial, after consultation to the local magistrate, and the funeral was fixed for eight o'clock on Thursday morning, when the remains were to be taken from the jail to the railway station, for conveyance to Woodford. At that hour an immense concourse of people assembled outside the prison walls to take part in the procession. The crowds formed up in pre-arranged order, and headed by one of the local brass bands, marched towards the town. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of five young men from the city. The chief mourners were: Peter Larkin, father of the deceased (Michael Larkin, John Roche, P.L.G.; Mr. McDermott, P.L.G.; Michael Hogan, John Kelly, Francis O'Farrell, Patrick Deane, and Raymond Kearry).

The local clergy who attended were: Rev. Michael Dalton, C.C.; Rev. Mr. McGrath, Adm.; St. Patrick's; Rev. Mr. Timothy, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Costigan, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Grant, Rev. Mr. Walsh, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Kaon, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Brennan.

Amongst the general public present were: The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Kilkenny, attended by the Sheriff and Aldermen; Mr. O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. Edmund Leamy, B.L.; Mr. M. Kennedy, T.C.; Mr. Mulhull, T.C.; Mr. Coyle, T.C.; Mr. Wade, T.C.; Mr. Kennedy, &c., &c.

As the procession passed through the town it increased in size, and before the station was reached a multitude of people, men, women and children, had joined the mourners. Nearly all the shops in the city put up shutters as the procession passed. In addition to those who took part in the funeral numbers of persons assembled at the street corners and uncovered their heads as the procession passed. When the station was reached the priests chanted the office for the dead. Father M. O'Brien, M.P., came forward to the window of the carriage and said "People of Kilkenny, this is an occasion of very great solemnity, and I think it would be highly improper on my part, in presence of the dead here this morning, to introduce anything like bitterness, or resentment, or strife. This morning it is the function of the priest, and not of the politician, to perform the last office for the dead; and, thank God, we have priests among us who are not afraid or ashamed to pray with all the more fervor for our poor friend, because he was a poor Catholic, but a brave Irishman. I shall only thank the Mayor of Kilkenny, the priests of Kilkenny, and the people of Kilkenny, for this most solemn and magnificent demonstration of respect for the dead. Poor Larkin is freed from his fetters, and I believe that at the bar of eternal justice he will meet more mercy than he met from the judge of this world. Let only pray that God may have mercy on his soul and free Ireland (cheers).

THE BURNING-AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

On Thursday night the remains of the martyred youth were, on arrival from Kilkenny, conveyed to Clonoco Chapel. Thousands of people met the remains at Portumna, and preceded by the Portumna Band, and followed by a large concourse and a number of clergymen, they were taken to Clonoco, a distance of ten miles. The coffin was placed in the

centre of the chapel, where the deceased usually attended Mass, and was covered over with wreaths of flowers. The chapel was draped in black. Hundreds of parishioners, including the defenders of 'Sauders' Fort,' who acted as a guard of honor, remained in the chapel during the night, and prayers were frequently offered for the repose of the soul of the deceased. At ten o'clock on Friday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted. The clergymen present, and those who subsequently joined the funeral procession, were: Rev. P. J. Coon, P.P., Woodford; Rev. W. Roche, Doonagh, E. Ryan, P.P., Ballinacilly; Rev. P. Hogan, P.P., Seaholm; Rev. G. Hogan, C.C., Do.; Rev. R. Meagher, C.C., Clonloughra; Rev. M. E. Holland, O.D.C., Provincial, The Abbey, Louisa; Rev. J. Kelly, O.A., Portumna; Rev. J. Connor, C.C., Do.; Rev. J. Hannan, C.C., Eodvick; Rev. J. Clancy, C.C., Finkle; Rev. J. Callaghan, P.P., Doonry; Rev. J. W. Fahy, C.C., Kiltulla; and Rev. Kenney, O.P., Rosary.

After the Requiem Mass the funeral procession was formed. There were present contingents from Woodford, Louisa, Kilkenny, Medick, Portumna, Kilkenny, Lynach, Whitegate, Mountshannon, Scariff, Ballybuck, Feakle, Doonry, Ballinacilly, Kiltulla, Abbey, Louisa, Clonloughra, Eodvick, Shanmoss, Sec. K. It was estimated by the police as being about the number present being about the length of the procession, which extended over two miles. The procession moved on towards Feakle, the family burial-ground of the Larkins. When the burial-ground was reached the pall-bearers formed a semi-circle around the grave. The priest present chanted the last prayers for the dead, and the grave having been blessed by the Rev. P. Coon, P.P., the remains of the deceased were lowered into the grave. The people present, all then knelt down, and prayers were frequently offered for the soul of the deceased.

When the grave was covered over, and the people placed on it, the Rev. P. Coon, P.P., solemnly addressed the people. As it was a religious ceremony he appealed to the people to restrain their feelings, and give vent to neither cheers nor groans. The first thought that struck him was that he wished Father and Chief Baron Pales were present to witness the sad but magnificent demonstration in honor of the martyr. In a few moments of silence, Mr. O'Brien, in a most impressive manner, said that the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church, and that it was the duty of Irishmen to have Irish land for Irish and English men. Thomas Larkin had passed away, but he was certain that he was at that moment wearing a martyr's crown with a halo of glory around him. As his consoling words were spoken, the people burst into spontaneous applause. His name has been added to the grand roll of Irish martyrs who paved the way for their successors for that bright and happy future which is before the people of Ireland.

Rev. P. J. Coon, P.P., Woodford, who was in the front of the funeral procession, stated that he had on the day of the martyr's death seen the people for attending and showing their sympathy for the bereaved father, mother and sisters for which he suffered and died.

The people then dispersed, and as they were leaving the churchyard the father of Thomas Larkin said, in reply to sympathy. I am told by the Rev. P. Coon, P.P., that the people to heaven for his country. A matter in connection with the sad event, which has been strongly commented on, is worthy of note. When Thomas Larkin's father returned with the remains from Kilkenny he found a process of ejectment, at the suit of Lord Clanricarde, awaiting him.

MR. KENNY, M.P., ON THE RELEASE OF LARKIN.

The following letter in reference to the above atrocity had appeared in the Freeman, on the 20th of September, 1887.

Ruadh-gall, September 20th.

DEAR SIR:—Mr. O'Brien's letter in your issue of this morning on the doing to death of poor Larkin in Kilkenny jail must have sent a thrill of disgust and horror through every breast not dead to all human sympathies. On the facts as stated so directly and dispassionately by Mr. O'Brien, compared with the inhumanity of his own conclusion that he would play or gross neglect this pitiless tragedy from beginning to end, for feel that justice is a mockery in this country, unless every official, be he doctor or layman, in any way responsible for Larkin's death, is put on his trial for manslaughter. All honest minds, English as well as Irish, must revolt against a prison system, no matter how conceived their criticism on the events revealed in this transaction, and I feel certain that public opinion on both sides of the Channel will loudly demand a thorough investigation of the circumstances attending Larkin's removal, and will rest satisfied with nothing less. I affirm without fear of contradiction that no young, strong, healthy man, such as Larkin was, could possibly die of the simple uncomplicated diarrhea in three days and so through neglect.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

J. E. KENNY.

A NEW CONVERT.

A METHODIST MINISTER BECOMES A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Before the usual daily Mass for the students at the Ottawa College on Saturday, a very interesting ceremony took place. A young man, of the name of... This was the profession of faith, abjuration from ecclesiastical errors, conditional baptism, and formal reception into the Catholic Church by Rev. Mr. Brune, lately a minister of the Methodist Church. Mr. Brune is a Frenchman of Heron's descent and a student at the Ottawa College, in Montreal. He taught in that institution for nearly two years, when he was expelled for contracting malaria fever, and was compelled to return to Montreal, having since his arrival in America been residing in Canada nearly three years ago, as a professor in the Wesleyan College, in Montreal. He taught in that institution for nearly two years, when he was expelled for contracting malaria fever, and was compelled to return to Montreal, having since his arrival in America been residing in Canada nearly three years ago, as a professor in the Wesleyan College, in Montreal. He taught in that institution for nearly two years, when he was expelled for contracting malaria fever, and was compelled to return to Montreal, having since his arrival in America been residing in Canada nearly three years ago, as a professor in the Wesleyan College, in Montreal.

A BRAVE KNIGHT.

SIR WILLFRID BLUNT, FORMERLY A CONSERVATIVE, IS ARRESTED FOR IRELAND'S SAKE.

English sympathizers with Home Rule attacked by the Police—Sensational Scenes—Thomas Condon Arrested—Resisting Ejection.

DUBLIN, Oct. 23.—Placeards were posted in Woodford, County Galway, this morning announcing an indignation meeting under the auspices of the British Home Rule Union. Sir Wilfrid Blunt, who is formerly a Conservative but is now a Home Ruler, was announced to preside, supported by Mr. Rawlands, and other English members of Parliament. The meeting was proclaimed by the Government and reinforcements of police and troops arrived in the morning and paraded the streets. Thousands of persons flocked into the town. A platform was erected in a field behind the main street. When the speakers mounted the platform Divisional Magistrate Byrne attempted to hold the meeting. Blunt defied the magistrate and the police were ordered to clear the platform. Several policemen seized Blunt, and although he violently resisted threw him from the platform. Blunt returned to the platform, and was again thrown off. Then, pale and breathless, he shouted: "Anyone who seizes me, I will fight you face to face, and if you do not refrain from attacking me, I will go on until I am a martyr." The police charged in, and the crowd that followed, and injured many persons. Mr. Rawlands asked for three cheers for Blunt, which were given heartily. The crowd was kept back by bayonets. Blunt was brought before two magistrates, and on refusing to promise to refrain from further meetings, he was retained in custody. Blunt and another prisoner were conveyed to Longford jail this evening. During the row Constable Connor refused to obey the order to charge the crowd and threw down his baton. He was arrested. Two meetings were afterwards held on the outskirts of the town, at which the arrest of Blunt was denounced. This morning before the Magistrate Blunt handed to Magistrate Byrne a written protest against the Government's action in proclaiming the meeting. Later, Inspector Murphy visited Blunt and informed him that no meeting would be allowed. After the struggle on the platform Lady Blunt fainted and lay on the ground some time. Mr. Rawlands and several reporters also suffered in the scuffle. Rev. Mr. Fagan was arrested, and was afterwards released. Mr. Roche, a poor law guardian, was arrested for assaulting the police. Lady Blunt clung to her husband's arm and refused to leave him. Blunt, when asked if he would give his name to the police, refused to do so. He stated that the whole action of the police was illegal, and he would rather be imprisoned than give a pledge to a representative of the Tory Government.

LORD RANDOLPH RAMSAY.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking at Newcastle-to-day, declared that Mr. Gladstone's proposals regarding Ireland, as they now stood, meant the breaking up of the union and the ruin of the Empire. He denied that the Government had lightly adopted coercion. They had tried to rule Ireland by ordinary law until the Plan of Campaign rendered that impossible. Lord Randolph ridiculed the idea that the Parnellites had changed their methods and aims.

AN EVICTION RESISTS.

DUBLIN, Oct. 22.—An attempt was made to evict a widow named Foley from her home at Ballinacorony county Wick, on Friday. Twenty eight men defended the house and the attempt was a failure. The emergency men were smothered with vitriol, bullet and red-hot iron. The military were summoned.

DUBLIN, Oct. 24.—The news of the arrest of Wilfrid Blunt caused the greatest excitement in this city. A feeling of intense gratification prevails among the Nationalists. Mr. Harrington last night said he did not believe Mr. Blunt would be detained or prosecuted, but he added it would do good, and I should not wonder if we heard more of it.

William O'Brien was paying a visit to Mr. Dillon when the news of Mr. Blunt's arrest was received. Both gentlemen expressed great concern for the personal convenience to which Mr. Blunt would be subjected, but could not conceal their gratification at the turn events had taken. The interest was intensified when it became known that the telegraph wires between Portumna and Woodford had been cut and the service suspended for several hours. The great activity prevailed at Dublin Castle, communications being constantly sent and received.

Sir Wilfrid Blunt's letter to Magistrate Byrne guaranteed moderate language on the part of speaker. He warned the magistrate that he would hold him responsible if he attacked an unarmed and orderly meeting. Over thirty persons were more or less seriously injured at Woodford. The feeling against the police runs very high. It is stated that in many instances they had recourse to unnecessary brutality.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—The Standard says Sir Wilfrid Blunt had unintentionally done good service for the Government by showing English reformers of disturbance in Ireland that they are to be treated exactly the same as native agitators. Says the Standard: "We are bound to admit that but for his most opportunistic challenge he would have escaped Scotch free. The police merely stopped the meeting."

Thomas Joseph Condon, Nationalist M.P., has been arrested at Mitchellstown charged with having intimidated a witness.

ROME, Oct. 21.—The Observatore Romano publishes an interview with Father Gualdi, who accompanied Mr. Persico on the special Papal mission to Ireland. Father Gualdi says all the addresses presented to Mr. Persico in Ireland express fidelity and boundless confidence in the Holy See. There exists in that country an ardent, based not only upon the memory of the ancient wrongs England inflicted upon her, but also upon serious present necessities which demand attention. The presence of Mr. Persico contributed to keeping the country tranquil. Father Gualdi states that there is every ground for the hope that means will be found to settle the differences between England and the Holy See, especially as the Irish are very far from desiring a separation from England. Catholics and Protestants alike, Father Gualdi says, have confidence in the Pope.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—Mr. Gladstone is suffering from a bad cold and is confined to his bed. He is also suffering from excessive fatigue, superinduced by his travels of the past few days and the many speeches made by him in that time.

BISHOP M'QUADE INDIGNANT.

FIERCE DENUNCIATION OF DR. M'GLYNN'S SERMON.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., Oct. 23.—The Right Rev. B. J. McQuade, Bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, replied to the strictures of Dr. McGlynn made at a united labor mass meeting, held Thursday evening, in a sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral this morning, which has created a decided sensation in this city. The following extracts from the discourse will give an idea of its tenor:

"On Thursday of last week an excommunicated Catholic priest, who is running about turning the stem for the grinding of politicians' axes, addressed a Rochester audience—such as it was. Of the man who supported this unframed priest I do not know, whose names are given in the daily papers, it is unnecessary to speak at present. The political heretics of communism in Ireland are as old as the hills."

SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THE LIFE.

"How those words should have blistered the lips of the man who once stood at the altar of God!" exclaimed the bishop. "I do not know the name of the man, but I know the name of the man who supported this unframed priest. The right reverend gentleman spoke to his people, whose children constituted some of those men, who had been indoctrinated to believe, who he was not justified in his position against the utterances of this 'fadd, brassy, brassy, brassy' man. As he continued, 'that people ask, 'Why is this unfortunate man, who has a tongue of scorn for the lowly as well as the high in station?' it is easy to answer this question. He is a man who for years accepted the food and clothing of the 'Protestants,' which he now calls 'the machine.' Perhaps he will say, 'the machine.' But, oh, the machine! How this unfortunate man, who has a tongue of scorn for the lowly as well as the high in station? it is easy to answer this question. 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