The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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JNO. P. WHELAN,
Managing Director.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For May, 1881.

THURSDAY, 19.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

FRIDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Sienna, Confessor.

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Hermenegild, Martyr.

SUNDAY, 22.—Fifth Sunday after Easter. St. John Nepomucen, Martyr. Less. Wisdom v. 1-5; Gosp. Matt. x. 26-32; Last Gosp. John xvi. 22-30.

MONDAY, 23.—SS. Soter and Caius, Popes and Martyrs (April 22). Rogation Day. Cons. Bp. Kain, Wheeling, 1875.

TUESDAY, 24.—Our Lady, Help of Christians. Rogation Day. Cons. Bp. McCloskey, Louisville, 1868.

WEDNESDAY, 25.—St. Gregory VII., Pope and Confessor. Vigil of the Ascension. Rogation Day. First Ordination in the United States, 1793. Abp. Odin, New Orleans, died, 1870.

THE Quebec Branch of the Land League is in weekly receipt of considerable sums of money. Montreal should look to its prestige.

ANOTHER cause for anxiety has arisen for New York. The extension of the Canadian canal system was bad enough as being the means of allowing Montreal to compete with Gotham for the grain trade of the West, but now New Orleans is discovered to be drawing the volume of trade down the Mississippi.

THE cable despatch announcing a split among the Irish National Party has no foundation, as we learn by mail. The *Nation* says that Mr. A. M. Sullivan is still to the fore, a true follower of Parnell—and it seems to us the *Nation* should know. The only ground for the *canard* was that Mr. Sullivan refused to attend a Land League meeting in England of which Bradlaugh was chairman.

THE report that Vice-Chancellor Blake has resigned his position as such is confirmed, and we understand that the cause of his resignation is that Mr. Boyd was promoted over his head. We have no objection to the retirement of the Vice-Chancellor; he will have now more time at his disposal in which to abuse his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and the minds of the people generally will rest easier, feeling that a man will take his place who will not entertain religious scruples which might prevent him administering justice.

THE American Senate—if the grand assault of Saturday's Montreal *Witness* does not prevent them—will soon, in all likelihood, instruct the Secretary of State to demand Boyton's trial or release, as he is an American citizen. Edward O'Meagher Condon, one of the five men sentenced to death at Manchester in November, 1867, and who first used the famous words "God Save Ireland" in the dock, had his sentence commuted, and was ultimately released on the soft representation of the American Minister, and Boyton will, doubt, be also released.

MR. KEVANE, one of the Kilmainham victims of the philanthrophic Mr. Foster, can speak no language but his own, which is—IRISH. Not one of the other sixty prisoners can speak that language, and hence we can realize the position of poor Kevane. The unfortunate man is growing crazy, which is not wonderful, and yet Mr. Gladstone gushes over Beaconsfield. What hypocrites are men; what knaves are statesmen. Beaconsfield, for mere purposes of Imperialism degraded England as a country has never been degraded before—Gladstone said so himself. Kevane did nothing but ask that he and his wife be permitted to live in their native land by the sweat of their brows and yet behold Kevane is mured in a prison, while this Gladstone man that we speak of wants the nation to build a statue to Beaconsfield! Again, we say, what hypocrites are men, what knaves are statesmen.

THE rumor is afloat that the Marquis of Lorne is about to resign the Governor-Generalship of Canada, and that Sir John A. Macdonald will be offered the position. It is to be hoped that the rumor is true. It is time that a Canadian should obtain the first position in his own country; not that we do not believe the Marquis is a good Governor-General. It is true he does not possess the blarney of Lord Dufferin, and does not ask the newspapers to puff his oratory or his knowledge of Greek, but the Marquis is just as good a Governor-General, all the same, as ever reigned in Ottawa. He is not meddlesome, which is a point in his favor.

No matter what may be thought of the French invasion of Tunis, whether as regards its morality or justice, it must be admitted that in both a military and diplomatic sense the invaders have achieved a most brilliant success. They have occupied all the important places with trifling loss. They have added to French prestige, they have at length made Tunis a French dependency, and all this without giving the powers reasons for interfering. It is very true that, unlike the British in their wars with the Boers and Zulus, the French were comparatively near at hand with overwhelming naval and military forces, but yet do they deserve credit for the masterly strategy they displayed in every direction, whether as against their enemies proper, or against their covert enemies, the English, Turks and Italians.

WHATEVER Mr. James Anthony Froude does to please the public does not result in pleasing it. He always gets worsted. In his crusade of the period against the Irish he was severely mauled by Father Tom Burke, John Mitchell, Mr. Prendergast and Professor Lecky, who showed the world what an untruthful man was the historian. He was Carlyle's son-in-law, and to him was assigned the task of editing and publishing the correspondence of the Chelsea sage. Carlyle received a good deal of adulation in his last years, some of it from people who scarcely understood his language, and when he died a nation mourned. But the nation suddenly wiped its eyes and howled when it saw some of the correspondence published by James Anthony. It was very sarcastic and very abusive, and was not even patriotic. And now Mr. Froude is almost as unpopular as his dead father-in-law, and all because of lack of discretion.

THE Marquis of Salisbury has succeeded Lord Beaconsfield as leader of the English Tory party. The selection is the best that could be made, for he is undoubtedly the ablest man in the party. He is famous for his powers of sarcasm, which he uses almost indiscriminately on friend and foe alike. He is not popular, but he is powerful and he is feared. He attacked Disraeli in his fiercest style when that statesman brought forward his Franchise bill in 1867, and if reports are correct the two Conservative leaders never cottoned to each other. During the debate on the Irish Church bill Salisbury,—then Lord Robert Cecil—compared Mr. Gladstone to a pettifogging attorney, which so incensed moderate Conservatives that they suggested some kind of an apology. This is the apology he made: "In my speech of yesterday I compared the leader of the Government to a pettifogging attorney. It has been suggested to me that this was wrong, and I now hasten to apologise—" At this stage Mr. Gladstone rose as if to deprecate the apology or to accept it gracefully, his pallid countenance beaming with good nature, but he was a little too soon, for Salisbury concluded—"I hasten to apologize to the pettifogging attorney, as the comparison did him a gross wrong." Gladstone sank back, in his face a quiet scorn. The Marquis is related to most of the territorial aristocracy of England which is another excellent reason why the Tories should elect him their chief.

MR. LABERGE, in the Quebec House, yesterday, moved for a return of Coroner's inquests held last year, which motion originated somewhat of a discussion. Mr. Laberge understood from Dame Rumor that a great many bogus inquests had been held by Coroners for the sake of obtaining fees, which was denied by the Hon. Mr. Lynch, who, however, admitted that a few such had come under his notice, the holders of which would not be paid; and he also intimated that the amount paid in connection with inquests would this year be surprisingly small. So far, so good, but this is one of the matters in which there can be too much economy practised. We never liked the Coroners Bill passed by the late Government, thinking, as we did, that by careful supervision over, and immediate dismissal of, Coroners trying to defraud, the Government would check the evil complained of, which is bogus inquests. According to the provisions of the new Coroners' Bill an affidavit that an inquest is necessary in the interests of Justice must be made before a Coroner can legally summon a jury. This allows murderers a chance to escape which they did not possess before, especially if the victim is poor or of bad or doubtful character. It is easy enough to kill such a person—about whom no one cares over much—and then place the body on a railroad track for the train to pass over. It is found afterwards, taken to its home or the morgue, and justice is hushed to sleep. There are a hundred other ways of baffling the law when Coroners' inquests are not held. We are aware that, as a general rule, Coroners are not selected from the most brilliant class of mankind, but then a man that makes a good electioneering agent cannot be devoid of all intelligence or astuteness, and, at any rate, life should be protected in every possible way. It is better to spend a thousand dollars than to let a murderer escape. If the Government take a little trouble they will find departments in which a few thousand dollars can be more usefully saved than in that of Mr. Lynch, who has charge of Coroners.

THE contrast between Russia and England in their respective dealings with the people is remarkable, and shows strongly in favor of the former. It takes a series of famines and insurrections to move England to do justice in a miserably small way, whereas, Russia does it wholesale and spontaneously. The late Czar emancipated the serfs by a stroke of his pen and gave them the lands they cultivated upon payments by instalment. The present Czar finds those payments oppressive and issues an ukase forbidding them, at the same time advancing money from the public treasury, at the rate of 9,000,000 rubles annually, to enable the peasantry to meet their engagements, or as the despatch says:—"Annual payments will be reduced forthwith to a rate which peasants are able to pay, and assistance will be offered them to redeem their holdings." After the first of January, 1883, the people will become real *bona fide* proprietors of the land, the tillers of the soil will become the owners of the soil let the present landlords prate as they may. What a vast difference between the Russian and the British land policy; and yet England is at the head of civilization and Russia is at the bottom, according to English writers. We do not like autocrats, but considering all the circumstances we would not object to see such an one as Alexander III. ruling Ireland for a few years. There are enough despots round Dublin now, but they are small and pitiful creatures, powerful only for oppression.

IT may not be known to some of our readers that Lord Beaconsfield fought as a volunteer in the Turkish army against the gallant Albanians fifty years ago, and that he was thanked by the Sultan for his spirited conduct as a "Frank gentleman" at the battle of Monastir or Bitoglia. This conduct on the part of young Disraeli was entirely consistent, as he was always and ever for the strong, or Imperial side of international politics, just as Lord Byron, a real aristocrat was for the then Democratic or weaker side, and fought against the miserable Turks on behalf of Greece. If Beaconsfield had lived in his own proper country of Palestine, the chances are that he would have been a rebel and essayed to found an Israelitish Kingdom. It is a great pity he did not; he was altogether out of place as the adviser of a constitutional sovereign. In the obituary notice of his death, which appeared in THE POST, it was said that it was not known whether he was born in 1804 or 1805, but the doubt is now cleared up by an entry in the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish Synagogue, as well as his religious opinions, which were, in so far as he had any, monotheistic and Jewish, natheless his frightful enthusiasm for the preservation of a Church which he must have detested. The entry we refer to says:—

"Child's name, Benjamin; father, Isaac; mother, Marie; surname, D'Israeli; day in the week of child's birth. Friday; Jewish date, 19th Tebat, 5565; Christian era, 21st December, 1804; circumcised by D. A. Lindo, 26th Tebat, 5565; attested by D. T. De Castro."

TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS.

A cable despatch contradicts the statement conveyed in the article of Miss Charlotte O'Brien, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, but, we dare say, if a cable existed in 1849-50 it would also have contradicted the horrible and truthful newspaper reports which so shocked humanity in those years in treating of the ship fever and the condition of the ships, which, as a church dignitary remarked, "vomited Irish immigrants on these shores." The cable has capitalist sympathies—the immigrants are laborers flying from oppression. But whether Miss O'Brien's statement is true or false—and the world will believe it true—there are hundreds of thousands, aye millions, of people on this continent, of divers nationalties, whose experiences on board immigrant ships are of the bitterest. It has been well said by Caledonia's immortal bard that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and none are in a better position to realize the truth and the force of this than those who have come to this continent from Europe as deck passengers. If money is to be made the steamship companies are not particular as to how it is made, and although we believe it would be now impossible to enact the scenes of the years we refer to, still it is well known that the between decks of even the best regulated steamships does not exhibit a sight that is pleasant, either to the moral or physical eyes of the philanthropist. One would suppose that a Government and a country which look with such intense anxiety to the moral welfare of the natives of Africa, which profess so much humanitarianism, which print so many Bibles, would bestow a thought upon the emigrants who leave their shores, and would make arrangements for their health and safety. But no, they wanted to get rid of them. So long as they were relieved of their presence they were content, and their great leading journal said gleefully, as it saw them depart, "the Celts are gone, gone with a vengeance. The bones of Irishmen, women and children are strewn bare and white on the track of ships at the bottom of the Atlantic, which, if the Government had done its duty, or if *soi disant* philanthropists were not real humbugs, would find a resting place in a consecrated graveyard. Death, however, is not the worst lot that could befal an emigrant—far from it. Who can tell how many innocent Irish girls were driven to destruction during the voyage from Liverpool to New York? When two thousand people are crowded into a space intended for one thousand, sexual decency is lost, and with it the jewel, which amidst all the misfortunes of Ireland, illuminates her dark history, the chastity of her women, and with it another jewel, their faith. It is not meet that we should go into particulars on such a delicate subject, but we may mention that in 1851 the Catholic chaplain of the Limerick Union Workhouse drew the attention of the Board of Guardians to the treatment to which females had been subjected in the voyage across the Atlantic which actually drew tears from some of the members.

We have dwelt upon the moral side of the question because it is the most important, but the treatment steerage passengers experienced and still experience in a degree, as regards physical comforts, is almost as shameful, especially in times of an exodus. Bad provisions and a scanty share at that are served out, and if they complain there is no redress, they are simply laughed at. A few of the more intelligent of them may report to the American authorities, who make a note of it, and there the matter ends. Miss Charlotte O'Brien has rendered a service to humanity in drawing attention to this cruel wrong inflicted upon emigrants. Her article will shame the Government into action and be at the same time a caution to the people themselves.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

If a general war does not break out in Europe this summer then all the gloomy indications that present themselves at present are thoroughly unreliable. A black, heavy cloud hangs threateningly over the great Christian continent which may possibly drift away towards the horizon, but will probably break with a thunderclap of war which will deluge the nations with blood instead of rain. This cloud, so menacing and so ominous for peace is bigger than a man's hand, it obscures the whole canopy, and there is neither a break or a streak of light discoverable in it. At the best of times Europe is a military camp in which parade the generals and the soldiers panting for glory and promotion; like hounds they are held in leash by such masters as Bismarck and Alexander, who have nothing to do but "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," and lo! the terrific struggle begins which will end God only knows where. But it is not alone the great armed camp which is ready. The bayonet bristling camp is rendered as necessary by the silent but formidable forces of social democracy as by the jealousies and ambition of the powers, and in social democracy we include Communists of France Internationalists of Italy, Russian Nihilists and Spanish Intransigentes, the whole wave of democracy in fact which is preparing to move with irresistible force, and cause the great revolution of 1789 to look insignificant in history. It is all very well to celebrate royal marriages in Germany and Austria with such extraordinary pomp and show of military power and immense wealth, but, while the royalties were congratulating one another, and the aristocracies and their retainers rent the air with their welkins, the leaders of the democratic movement looked on with gloomy faces and sombre fires in their eyes, which boded no good either to royalty or aristocracy. We can easily suppose that the Berliners and the Viennese said during the last year's and the late festivities, "rejoice, ye great ones of the earth, marry and give in marriage while you may, and insult us with your manifestations, but assuredly your time is coming, destruction awaits you all, the revolution will swallow you up."

It is said "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." If the Kings of Europe were wise they would, instead of lusting after increase of power and extension of frontier, unite against the common enemy, and, above all, preserve peace in their respective kingdoms, knowing that it is to a general war the social Democracy look forward for the realization of their hopes. But that would be giving the Kings credit for wisdom they do not possess. If the Kings had been wise in 1789 the revolution would not have taken place; if they were wise at any time they would govern their subjects well, and earn their love instead of their hate. But they are only poor, mortal men after all, and must submit to inevitable destiny.

Wherever we turn our glance these troubles are brewing for the near future. This morning's cablegrams show a plentiful crop of them. In England a bad harvest is threatened, which, following a succession of others, means discontent and disaffection. The manufacturing North is idle. One constituency, at least, has twice returned a pronounced atheist and enemy of the throne; Ireland is disaffected to the core, and if a chance offered itself, would plunge into rebellion. Of that there can be no doubt. Extreme bitterness has arisen between France and England over the seizure of a Turkish province which England is bound to preserve in its integrity, as well as over the protection policy of the former. Italy is also enraged against France, so is Turkey and it may be, those two Powers, especially if England evinces sympathy, will rush into war, nay, for that matter, England may anticipate them. Turkey is once more massing forces on the Greek frontier. Republican cries are heard in Spain and Portugal, while as for Russia she is on the edge of a volcano. Austria and Germany are, it would seem, in least danger of war or revolution, but still well informed men of affairs predict it is in those countries domestic broils will begin. The magazine is there, it is the spark which is to ignite it which is wanting, and that spark may come from Greece, from Tunis, or from the most unlooked for direction.

FREE CANALS.

In his speech, delivered at the Langevin Banquet in Quebec, Sir Leonard Tilley, speaking of the future of Canada, said the Government had reduced the tolls on the canals of the St. Lawrence and Welland, and would reduce them still further as the opportunity presented itself, in order to give Canada a chance to compete with the United States for the trade of the North-West. We hope the day may come when the canals will be entirely free. The construction of the canals has cost this country enormous sums of money, but it is not money thrown away, it is, on the contrary, money well invested, and will in the future, in the opinion of many, be more conducive to Canada's prosperity than the great Pacific Railroad, the advantages of which are problematical, but the burden of which is pretty tangible. The American papers—and chiefly those of the State of New York, led by the New York *Herald*—are alarmed at the advantage our canal system gives us in securing the trade of the North-West, and making Montreal, instead of New York, the entrepot between San Francisco and Liverpool. The route from Chicago to Liverpool by the St. Lawrence is several hundred miles shorter than any other, and this our enterprising American friends are so well aware of that they are making extraordinary exertions to create facilities of transport, much superior to what we have, in order to make up for their other deficiencies, or in other words, they are striving to make a long road so pleasant as to appear short to travellers. If they succeed in this it will be our own fault, we have the great advantage, and, except we throw obstacles in the way of trade, it must come this way. Trade finds its level as well as water, and in this age of speed and breathless pushing ahead business men will seek the shortest line, no matter who suffers or who gains. The New York *Herald* says:—

"The recent action of the Canadian authorities in reducing the tolls on the Welland and St. Lawrence canals shows a vigorous determination upon the part of the Dominion Government to compete with us for a share of the Western carrying trade. Under the present rates the revenue of these waterways is barely sufficient to pay the expenses of collection and repairs, so that the proposed reduction, it is estimated, will involve an annual deficit of over one hundred thousand dollars. To a country so poor as Canada and so deeply in debt this is no insignificant sum, and the sacrifice on her part is greater than if we on our side should consent to lose ten times that amount. There are, however, in her opinion corresponding benefits and advantages to be be gained in the way of building up her trade, and she has resolved to make the experiment. The adoption of this new policy is of course the answer to the recent action of the State Legislature in the matter of western bound freights. Canada evidently means to keep pace with us in canal questions, and if possible to outstrip us in the line of removing the barriers that prevent unrestricted communication between the West and the East. It rests with ourselves to say whether she shall win or not. Our position will never be secure until the Erie Canal is made entirely free, and it is the part of wise legislation to hasten that end as much as possible."

The New York *Commercial Bulletin*, a paper which is an authority on railways and canals, seems to take a more gloomy view of matters than the *Herald*, and says no matter how free they make their canals, and no matter how they improve them, the Canadian route will still be superior, and Americans will have to pay toll for the transport of their produce through them. We hope so; it is nothing but right; the Americans are fortunate, but they cannot have everything.

THE JEWS.

IT is singular, to say the least of it, that in the most democratic country in the world, and in the most despotic (though the terms are by no means antithetical) the Jews should be subjected to persecution of different degrees of severity. Our readers will remember the ostracism put in force against the Jews by the proprietors of the Manhattan Beach Hotel the year before last, and the warm newspaper discussion that followed. It is true that no violence was offered them, but it was persecution all the same. In Germany also we hear of anti-Jewish crusades, but it is from Russia that the most alarming accounts have been received. In several districts of that country the peasantry have risen against the Hebrews, pillaged their houses in some instances, burned them in others, and in a number of places murdered the inmates. Considering the ferocity displayed, we may judge what would happen if the Nihilists gained the upper hand and inaugurated a revolution. The massacres attending the French revolution would be child's play in comparison. The cause of the hatred manifested towards the Jews lies on the surface. They are usurers and money-lenders, and they make fortunes rapidly. They are advancing to a position when they will own the wealth of the world, and not only that, but the control which such wealth confers over its destinies. This is a valid cause for jealousy and hatred among an ignorant peasantry, who dislike the religion of the Jews as much as they do their character as money-lenders. But the Jews can hardly be blamed for their peculiar avocation. They were persecuted for centuries in all the countries of Europe, debarred from public office and social advancement, and, consequently, forced into money-making ways. They are now having their revenge, for, though the peasantry may use violence towards them, the great rulers dare not, for fear that they would not lend them the millions necessary to carry on their wars. The fact that Jews occupy such prominent positions in the world of politics proves conclusively that they are fit for something better than making money. The Spanish Costelar is said to be a Jew at heart, like the late Lord Beaconsfield; Gambetta is also of Jewish blood and thought, while a great many of the leading politicians of Europe are descended from the tribes. They are essentially an intellectual people, and although noisey in their language at hotels, and too fond of displaying their diamond rings and heavy watch guards it must be admitted that a good many Christians would do the same if they had the chance.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

His Grace who is now travelling in this country and the States, *especially the States*, owns in the English County of Salop, 17,495 acres, in Staffordshire, 12,744; in the North Riding of York, 1,853; and in Sutherland (Scotland), 1,176,454 acres, which, for fear our readers may think we have made a mistake in figures we shall write one million, one hundred and seventy-six thousand four hundred and fifty-four acres! Let us imagine for a moment any single man owning such a tremendous amount of land in the broad Dominion of Canada with its almost limitless space, and then concentrate our thoughts upon poor little Scotland, then take a journey across the Atlantic and follow this man who owns more than the twentieth part of the whole country. We would like to know how many brave Highlanders and Lowlanders have been driven from Scotland in order to make this Duke so great a land owner. We would like to know how many a gallant Fraser and Ross, how many a brave McKenzie and McDonald, whose fathers and—God wot—themselves as well, lost their blood in order that this bloated aristocrat should own over a million acres of land, mostly deer-parks and pheasant preserves. Just imagine what an immense fraction of this globe that means—more than fifteen hundred square miles, while a Scotch or an Irish cottier has to slave almost from the cradle to the grave to pay him his rack rents. And recollect it is not the surface only which he owns, where the deer run, and the streams flow, he owns deep into the bowels of the earth four thousand miles down until he meets the claims of the New Zealander, passing hell and other warm places. Is it not monstrous? Should there be absolute property in land?

The Montreal correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* interviewed the Duke while he was in Montreal. This correspondent has an eye to business, keen, clever fellow that he is, and if intended to show with what contempt his Grace views this poor Canadian dependency he could not have drawn him out to better purpose. Here are a few of the questions and answers amongst others:—

"You are not going to the Canadian North-West, then?"

"No. We will go down the Mississippi and then through to San Francisco."

"Have you done any rapid travelling since you arrived?"

"Yes; we came through from New York very lively. Mr. Vanderbilt was good enough to carry us as far as Albany in his saloon. We left New York at nine and arrived here at half-past six."

"What do you think of the country over which you have travelled?"

"We have gone too fast to see it thoroughly, but have been delighted thus far. We have been at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Harper's Ferry, and Harrisburg. We saw a lot of excellent farming—splendid, high-class farming—in that country."

"Your party has been invited to attend Sir Hugh Allan's banquet. Will you be there?"

"No; we leave for Quebec to-morrow where we will be the guests of Lord Lorne. We will visit Niagara Falls, Ottawa, and other points of interest."

"Will you pardon me if I ask whether the rumor is true that you are interested in our North-West lands, or in the Canada Pacific?"

"There is nothing in any such story. We are interested in neither land nor railways."

"Have you heard much talk in Britain of Canadian immigration; I mean with a view of peopling our North-West?"

"I noticed from the press that there is a great deal more emigration this year than usual to the United States, but I have not heard of specially Canadian immigration."

It might be supposed that His Grace would have regard for Canada as one of the dependencies of his Order, but no, he ignores it altogether, and mentions American cities and places and Vanderbilts. Vanderbilt is a Duke in his own way, you know, just as rich as this Sutherland, and a fellow feeling makes us kind. Immigration to Canada! What does he know about it? Dine with Sir Hugh Allan! No, thank you! Sir Hugh may be an aristocrat in the eyes of Hon. Thomas Ryan, or L. S. Huntington or Fred Perry or James Stewart, but he is only a small fry in the estimation of the Duke.

"Will you visit Toronto?" asked the reporter. "Yes," answered His Grace, "I shall sleep there one night, but I shall visit the Marquis of Lorne." Of course, the Marquis will most likely be a Duke, but see how the man despises Canada all through.

The Toronto *Mail*, so badly beaten of late by the *Globe*, is very angry because the correspondent interviewed the Duke, and, worse still, "pumped him." The idea of a common journalist fellow pumping a Duke is simply disgusting to the *Mail*, whose London correspondent at one time could not write a letter without telling the *Mail's* readers that somebody or other took off his hat to him and said "Your honor." Great Jupiter! how democracy is marching on, and looking millions of acres in the face!

A leading Lincolnshire (England) paper contained the other day advertisements of fifty-seven farms to let. In many counties there are farms which would be let on lease, with no rent for the first year or two, and at a greatly reduced rate afterward, provided the tenant would undertake to cultivate them properly.