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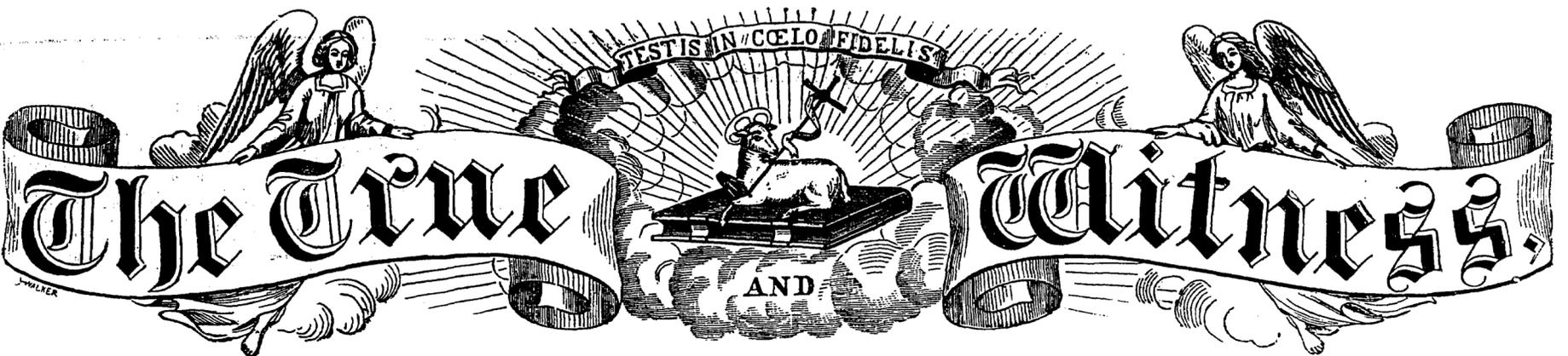
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 15.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum In advance.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. Born 1843, in Fishamble Street, Dublin. Died 1849, in Mount Hospital. Written for the Post and True Witness. In Glasnevin is a grave, but no tomb-stone tells the name of the one who so ashes rest beneath the sod. Friend, is it a hero brave, Now immortal in his fame, Beneath that turf of grass where you sleepst thou?

to-day, and the people were to listen to an address from Mr. Parnell. Despatches indicative of an open-outbreak are coming in fast, and the people are crowding around the newspaper offices eager for news. The people residing in the neighborhood of Balla have been gradually getting more excited, and to-day they are almost prepared as they understand that a farmer was to be evicted by force for non-payment of rent. His case excited much sympathy as he was known to be personally unable to pay the rent, and the people consider that the landlord was excessively and unnecessarily cruel. It being known that Mr. Parnell was to address the meeting at Balla, large crowds of people were drawn together. They came full of the wrongs they believed they had endured, and the story of the eviction inspired them with sympathy for the sufferer, and means were immediately taken to defend the house from the officers of the law. The Sheriff called for assistance, and the Constabulary were ordered to aid the officers in the discharge of their duty. Troops have also been ordered to fire on the people if any resistance is made. Affairs here have assumed such a threatening aspect that the Government officials are taking all necessary precautions to have sufficient troops on the ground to at once check any outbreak. The officers in command of the military in Ireland have received explicit instructions in relation to the measures they are to take in the protection of life and property.

when their interests did not agree. He had watched the land movement attentively. His own circumstances told him that the poorer tenants had not a chance against the landlords. He was emphatically in favor of a PRASANT PROPRIETARY, where the man who tilled the soil owned it. Mr. Parnell then came forward. The scene was indescribable. The whole assemblage rose, cheering for several minutes. He spoke at times under evidently deep feeling. He spoke of the arrests in words of touching sympathy, especially alluding to the courage displayed by Davitt. As he spoke a man leaped forward in the gallery, striving to catch the speaker's words. He was immediately recognized. It was O'Brien, the prison companion of Davitt after the Fenian movement arrests. He was eagerly cheered. Parnell resumed. He sketched the progress of the present agitation, alluding to the many orderly meetings that had been held in every part of the country without the slightest disturbance of the public peace, proclaiming emphatically the will of THE IRISH PEOPLE WOULD EVENTUALLY CONQUER. The arrests were proofs of this. The Government could not allow constitutional agitation, to which they had no answer. They were driven to repression, coercion, to the old ways of tyranny! What folly! They cannot put down people by seizing or making away with the leaders. For every man arrested there will be thousands who must be allowed to go free. No one man nor several men are necessary. What if they arrest them? Others abler, purer, braver, will rise up to take their places. And, what is more, they will succeed. To-morrow, continued the orator, there will be a great demonstration at Balla on the rights of the tenant farmers to remain on their own holdings. I expect this will be the crowning declaration in favor of the people to own the soil. Let the Irish people be only self-restrained. Let them not allow themselves to be FORCED INTO ILLEGAL PATHS. This is the aim of the Government—that their courage should falter, and then would come the secret society spy and informer, and they would fall easy victims. That had been the story which had been so often written in blood. Let them pledge themselves that there shall be nothing of all this—that no provocation shall drive them to illegal courses. Only a little more time and patience, and we will set the crown upon this great movement by achieving the only end and aim which we have proposed to ourselves throughout, namely this:—That the people of Ireland shall own the soil of Ireland. Throughout the speech the interruptions of applause were incessant, the audience manifestly sympathizing with the speaker, feeling pride in his leadership. Parnell's last words were uttered with deep emotion and telling effect. Listening to it, and, looking at the speaker, it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. One felt as if he were in the presence really of the CHIEF LEADER OF THE IRISH NATION. Other speakers followed, all tending to insist that no arrest or opposition will dishearten the people or arrest the movement, which aims at planting permanently the Irish people on the Irish soil. The meeting separated without any disturbance, cheering most enthusiastically for Parnell, who was escorted by an immense crowd to his hotel. To-morrow he will address the mass meeting at Balla, County Mayo, against the eviction of tenants who are unable to pay their rents. Mr. Parnell personally, it may be added, does not think his own arrest probable. Reports have been circulated that the Irish and English legal advisers of the Government differ as to the advisability of such a step. Two companies of soldiers have arrived at Ballyvaughan, Balla to be in readiness in the event of a disturbance. The agitators declare that the Government wishes to provoke a collision. The following account is from the telegraph despatches to the Mail:— WHY HIS EAR WAS CUT OFF. Our Dublin correspondent says:—I have just had an interview with Mr. MacDermott, Q.C., respecting the agrarian outrage perpetrated on Wednesday night at Monasterham the particulars of which were forwarded to you yesterday. Mr. MacDermott is a representative of one of the oldest families of Connaught and a cousin of the O'Connor Don. He is a thorough representative Irishman, and a landlord at Anlice, where the Sligo outrage took place. The townland of Monasterham adjoins the walls of his demesne. His tenants are all industrious and thrifty and fairly prosperous, and he is on friendly terms with all of them. His practice is to collect in October the rents due in the previous November, and many tenants, therefore, have eleven months in which to pay one-half of their rents, and five months for the other half. Mr. MacDermott's tenants are Flaherty, the man who was outrageously attacked, and King his brother-in-law, both residing in the same house. On the first of October the two men called on Mr. MacDermott in order to transact some business relating to their farms. Flaherty produced the money and offered to pay the rent Mr. MacDermott said that he preferred to wait till the usual time, but Flaherty pressed it on the score of convenience. Mr. MacDermott heretofore yielded and received his full year's rent. Although there has been some talk of distress among the Sligo farmers, there was no suggestion of demanding any reduction of rent, still less of paying none at all. But Mr. MacDermott concluded to grant an abatement. He called his Monasterham tenants together to-day, told them that he would grant a reduction of twenty per cent, but was surprised on seeing a reluctance on the part of the farmers to accept his offer. He observed a certain hesitation and reticence that had never before occurred. They said that they preferred to pay the full half two years' rent due in November and begged

that the other half should stand over for the present. Mr. MacDermott seeing they were so determined consented. Flaherty, who was present, hearing the landlord announce the reduction, asked whether the surplus he had already paid would be refunded, thereby disclosing the fact that he had paid the full amount. Mr. MacDermott now remembers the look of surprise and scowls in the faces of the other tenants. He refused to Flaherty the surplus. Mr. MacDermott said, thence the outrage on Flaherty on Wednesday last. A party of men with blackened faces dragged him out of the house, which is close to MacDermott's gate, stripped him naked, cut a portion of his ear off, literally hawthorned his back by flinging with hawthorn bushes, and then gave him back to his wife, who was nearly dead with terror. DUBLIN, November 24.—The Sligo prisoners were charged before the magistrates to-day with sedition. The enquiry will be very protracted. Mr. Parnell and a number of priests were present. No demonstration. The prisoners were brought to court under a heavy escort. Mr. Muir, in opening the case for the prosecution, pointed out that sedition meant not only open violence, but anything calculated to incite disaffection or to set one class against another. He then proceeded to call evidence. Mr. Hea, a solicitor of Belfast, himself once a political prisoner, defended Killea. THE PRISONERS ALL LOOKED WELL, and shamed unconcernedly. The court room was crowded, although admission tickets had been necessary. Mr. Lowden, counsel for Daly, applied for a copy of the notes which the Government shorthand writer had taken at the meeting. The application was granted. A number of policemen were examined to prove the general character of the Gurteen meeting, and THE INCIDENTAL WORDS on which the statements against the prisoners were founded. In consequence of the magistrates leaving the Bench, a short pause, caused by the indisposition of a witness. Mr. Lowden applied for the release of the prisoners, as the magistrates left the Bench without adjourning the Court or remanding the prisoners. The application was overruled. Mr. Muir, in describing the character of the meeting at Gurteen, alluded to the alleged use of inflammatory language, and to the presence of men ARMED WITH IMITATION PISTOLS, and carrying banners inscribed with disloyal mottoes. After the policemen present at the meeting had been examined, Mr. Muir applied for the committal of Daly, who was accordingly committed for trial, bail being accepted. Killea and Davitt were remanded for further examination. On the news of Daly's liberation reaching Castlebar there were great REJOICINGS AND ILLUMINATIONS prepared for his arrival. Mayo will insist upon his being its future representative in Parliament. Daly was required to give £500 security and find two sureties in £250 each to answer the charge against him at the next Assizes. LONDON, November 24.—A great demonstration took place at Dundee, Scotland, to-night. 3,000 were present. A resolution condemned the arrest of the Sligo prisoners. The prominent Home Ruler, whose presence Lord Beaconsfield requested at his official residence on Saturday, is Phillip Callan, member for Dundalk. Callan laid before Lord Beaconsfield the results of a minute personal examination in the north-west and western districts of Ireland, which showed that the farmers and laborers in the remote mountain districts needed help in the way of both food and fuel. A VOICE FROM CHICAGO. Chicago, November 24.—At a meeting of Chicago Irishmen yesterday, one of the speakers with whom most of the audience seemed to agree, said he hoped no Irishman in America, whatever his private sentiments might be, would embarrass the agitators in Ireland by rash, useless and foolish utterances. A committee of nine was appointed to secure a hall and decide on the time for holding a future meeting, and prepare an address asking contributions to the cause of the oppressed tenants. THE CHILI-PERUVIAN WAR. A Pitched Battle before Iquique—Disastrous Defeat of the Peruvian Allies. LONDON, November 24.—Despatches received to-day from Valparaiso confirm the anticipations which have been entertained for some time concerning the result of the land battle between the united forces of Peru and Bolivia and the Chilean army. A pitched battle has been fought before Iquique, which has resulted in a crushing and overwhelming defeat of the allied armies. The defeat of the allies was most disastrous, and if the despatches are to be fully credited, nearly one-half of the Peruvian and Bolivian troops are destroyed. The generalship of the Chilean commanders proved to be far superior to that of their antagonists, and the bravery of the allies was not a sufficient match for the skill of their opponents. The superiority of the Government, in consequence of this splendid victory, is greatly enhanced, and journals which sought to dissuade the Government from aggressive military measures, are now suffering under the weight of a reversal of public feeling. The effect of this serious loss upon the war spirit of the Peruvian people is very depressing, and it is not improbable that preparations for the purchase of a substitute of the Huascar, for which sufficient funds had already been raised, will give place to a general desire for peace on the best obtainable terms. This disposition is all the more strengthened by the victories obtained by the Chileans on sea, as they have captured the Peruvian warship Pilcomayo, and thus reduced the Peruvian fleet to very insignificant proportions.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER. The Elections.—The News from Ireland.—Monsieur Cassez.—The Catholic School Commissioners. QUEBEC, Nov. 22, 1879. The elections in Lewis County resulted, as I already foretold, in a victory for Paquet. The prestige attached to holding a portfolio, with all the supposed power possessed by a Minister of the Crown, was too much in acceding views of so ambitious a constituency as Pointe Lévis. The Conservatives are now firmly seated in power, some of the more reckless of the party have been put aside; nevertheless there is considerable alarm among many people on account of the great influence over the party by a certain railway contractor of very unsavory reputation. If the Government will drive all vampires of that description from their doors, and give evidence of a desire for honest administration and fair play to all nationalities, I for one am prepared to bury the hatchet, and give the Chapeau-Robertson Cabinet a fair trial. The news from Ireland is of a very startling description, and has moved our people in sterling old Quebec to the core. It is time now for our people to be up and doing. An Association should be formed in every locality to raise a fund for our kith and kin beyond the sea. At the small contribution of twenty-five cents per month I think we could raise a million subscribers on this continent, whose subscriptions would thus aggregate to an annual sum of three million dollars, and in no case be a perceptible loss to the individual donor. I submit this idea to my compatriots in Montreal and Quebec for their consideration. Something must be done and that quickly. In a very short time Monsieur Cassez, V.G., will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. You are aware of the noble efforts of the venerable priest to save the orphans of the dying Irish exiles in the terrible year of '47. Over 700 orphans were cared for by this Christian philanthropist with kept parental supervision; his loving eyes never left them in their youth or mature age, and of the whole number there were but two that disappointed his expectations. A movement is now on foot among the Irish people of Quebec to give the noble-hearted priest a suitable expression of their appreciation of his charitable deeds to their poor countrymen. I have no doubt your editorial columns will remind our people in Montreal of what we owe to Monsieur Cassez, and stir them to join in with us in paying a tribute of Irish love on the occasion of his golden jubilee. I see you are pitching into the School Commissioners. Go in strong. That magnificent pile on St. Catherine street, coupled with the other actions of the Commissioners in general, has always struck me as worthy of the very many intellectual individuals who value their libraries by the acre on the books, and who are reading to excess. I see you are all very fine fellows, but my primary education was received from a mass schoolmaster, one who called him a such, and who did not penetrate in good judgment expressions from vulgar fractions to the rich rules of Lindly Murray, but like a plain, honest man, talked in a plain, intelligible manner, suitable to our youthful intellects. If our brains were sluggish he wakened them up from below. That humble schoolmaster is now a wealthy merchant, his son has just been called to the Irish bar. Fifteen years ago I stood in his office to bid him farewell before leaving my native land. He swung my two hands and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he recalled the days when I was one of his hapless curly-headed scholars. That man was worth a dozen of your professors, and though his scholars were well fitted for the sturdy war of life, give the boys good schoolmasters and don't be trying to make philosophers of youngsters before their time. BRON.

EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE. A Touching Scene in Paris—Death of the Empress' Mother Before Arriving at Her Bedside. PARIS, November 22.—As soon as the news arrived here that the Countess Montijo, the mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie, was dying at Madrid, it was expected that her daughter would pass hastily through this city on her way to her mother's bedside. It was even announced that she would leave Paris yesterday morning. Nevertheless, the Empress spent the whole day at the residence of the Duc de Mouchy, Prince Murat's son-in-law, tended most affectionately by the Duchess and Mlle. Lherminier. The Princess Mathilde called on her at one o'clock, but was not received. Then came Prince Napoleon, who was more successful in obtaining an audience. The Empress talked with him for half an hour. She told him she had not had all thought of politics aside, and had no care for anything but the memory of her dead son. When the Prince returned to his carriage he was painfully affected. At five o'clock the ex-Queen of Spain asked urgently that she be admitted to the Empress' presence. She was at once admitted. The meeting of these two royal mothers—one childless, the other with her son seated upon a throne, and hourly waiting for his bride, was very touching to the few who were privileged to see it. Queen Isabella stayed nearly half an hour, and at six the Empress dined with the Duchesse de Mouchy, Mlle. Lherminier, Comte de Bressac and Vicomte de Turcotte. Her Majesty started for Orleans Station at seven. Her suite followed in three carriages. They drove rapidly through the streets, and it was noticed that the Empress, seeming to be wholly absorbed in her thoughts, never glanced at the familiar spots where the happy days of her life were spent. When they reached the station at a quarter before eight, their arrival was expected by nobody, and no one on the station master knew anything but the fact that a sleeping car had been ordered for unknown persons. But as soon as they alighted, the news that it was the Empress ran round the station, and all the railway employees crowded to the door of the car. They stood there silently, with hats upraised. Most of them had seen that face as it looked out from a carriage in their midst on days of the Empress' life. Most of them compared its beauty, so well remembered, with the wan and haggard look that it wore now. Indeed, the Empress is changed beyond expression of words. Her form is bent, and she is prematurely old. No demonstration was made by the spectators. At 8 o'clock the train started, and four police agents accompanied the Imperial party as far as the Spanish frontier. MADRID, November 23.—Dowager Countess of Montijo died yesterday, and before the arrival of ex-Empress Eugenie. An Ominous Announcement. I am assumed (says a London Correspondent) that confirmation has been received at Downing street from the British Embassy in St. Petersburg of the ominous announcement made in a Paris paper, that the State arms factories throughout the Russian Empire have been ordered to suspend all private contracts, and that both these establishments and the arsenals are employed night and day in the production of Russian rifles and cannon of all calibres for the Government. The British Government have received distinct warning, both from the Muscovite capital and from Berlin, that Russia has no good some great enterprise which buds in front of this country. I venture to state positively that this is the tenor of the monitions received. As you have noticed, there is a great change in the tone in which the Austro-German alliance is now discussed. The premature jubilee raised over an understanding of which nothing was or is known to outsiders, even to our Cabinet Ministers, having given place to cutting, and almost sinister. We do not like these exchanges of friendly greetings between the Kaiser and the Czar, falling all of a sudden just when we expected to find Alexander the Second sulking in Livadia, and the monarchs of the Russian press growing more violent towards the treacherous Tsar. Some of us believe that the military preparations Russia is making with such feverish haste are in view of a struggle with either Germany or Austria, but others think we are likely to learn more about them ourselves than any others. There is much uneasiness about the real progress of events in Central Asia. This feeling is caused chiefly by the conflicting statements which are current respecting the Russian movements. Drop in at one centre of political gossip and you find stark incredulity concerning Kauffmann and his mission of Indian invasion. Elsewhere you find a serious impression that Russia had turned her strength towards India, that the two armies of Lomakin and Tergoukoff are grim realities, and that the weight of the Russian armies and arsenals will be directed upon our Eastern possessions. The pessimists go the length of declaring that the stories of Russian defeats by the Turcomans and of Russian repulse are inventions of the enemy, designed to throw us off our guard, and enable him to coil himself for the spring. This sort of reasoning shows the extravagant lengths to which some of us carry the superstition of Muscovite cunning. To others of us the despatches of Mr. O'Donovan from the Russian camp at Tchikisklar, and the rage of the Russian Press against Germany and Austria tell a different story. But all the same; and whatever view people take there is a general opinion that we are not far from a great outbreak of trouble somewhere. Rumor has it that Charlebois & Co. are lowest for the British Columbia Section, Canada Pacific Railway, and A. P. Macdonald & Co. second lowest. The figures are in the neighborhood of nine millions.

THE IRISH PRISONERS THE BALLA BALLA MEETING.

Protecting against the Government's Action—An open outbreak anticipated—Wrecks and sufferings of an Injured People—The Patriots Rejoice—Charged with Sedition—The Home Rule Demonstration in Scotland. LONDON, November 23.—A great meeting was held to-day at Lonsborough, near Balla. Louden, President of the National Land League, of Mayo, Parnell, Gray, and other prominent gentlemen were present. Resolutions were passed protesting against the recent attempt of the Government to stifle the voice of constitutional agitation and drive the people to violence, also calling upon the people of Ireland to maintain the attitude of self-control which has hitherto characterized the movement, and carefully abstain from giving the Government excuses for inaugurating the policy of coercion, which they contemplate. Extraordinary precautions had been taken by the Government. More than a hundred policemen were stationed near the place of meeting, and some cavalry were in the vicinity ready for immediate action. Parnell spoke. Beside the above-mentioned resolutions, one was passed expressing great satisfaction that the intended evictions had been abandoned, and another encouraging the people to continue the agitation. GREAT EXCITEMENT PREVAILS in the Balla district and adjoining counties. Eminent counsel have been engaged to defend the Sligo prisoners. It is expected by the Nationalists that the evidence of the Government shorthand writer, on which the whole case depends, will break down. After the Balla meeting had terminated, at six this evening, hundreds then marched to the farm of Dempsey, the tenant who was to be evicted. Much excitement was manifested. A demonstration will be made on Sunday in Dublin, to commemorate the Manchester execution. Placards signed by Parnell and Davitt were extensively posted in Balla district, addressed to the men of Mayo, earnestly counselling them to be dignified and orderly. The services of the Liberal member of Parliament, Callahan, have been retained in the defence of the Sligo prisoners. A large meeting of Irishmen and Irish sympathizers was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday. There were meetings also at Leeds and Manchester. There were only 300 present at Birmingham. The hall was crowded. Resolutions were passed AGAINST THE ARREST OF DAVITT, Daly and Killea. One of the greatest demonstrations ever held in Mayo was held at Swinford on Saturday. Twenty thousand farmers were present. Parnell spoke supporting the resolution condemning the action of the Government. Cork, November 22.—A detachment of hussars left last night for Buttevant, in this county, supposed to be on account of urgent private information. New York, November 23.—The Herald's special from Dublin, dated 22nd says there is great excitement over the news from Balla. A great demonstration was to be held here

at all the local barracks to be moved at once in case of an outbreak. The Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland has been given full power to act on the moment without waiting for instructions from England. The great precautions are being taken throughout Connaught and the centre of Ireland, but especially in the Counties of Sligo, Mayo and Leitrim, and troops have been stationed at the principal market towns, ready to act at a moment's notice. The people are still quiet, but evident trouble is brooding, and some action will have to be taken by the English Government to relieve their grievances before the country can resume its peaceful aspect. Preparations are being made at the various cavalry and infantry depots, and a number of companies have received orders to be kept in readiness for transportation to Ireland at short notice. The landlords throughout Mayo and Sligo are beginning to feel very uncomfortable, and numerous applications have been made to the police authorities for protection. THREATENING LETTERS, the familiar warning of the Irish peasantry, are being received by agents and landlords, adorned, as usual, with coffins, death's head and cross-bones, and other signs emblematic of sudden death. The following is a more extended report of the great meeting held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on Friday night:— DUBLIN, November 22.—The meeting held here to protest against the arrest of Davitt by his friends was the greatest popular demonstration of the kind held for many years in the Irish capital. To say that the great room of the Rotunda, the scene of the famous aggregate meetings in O'Connell's days, was crowded to excess would give a very feeble picture of the scene. There were at least a thousand persons present in the immense hall, and all approaches to the place were densely thronged. Even Sackville's restaurant and the neighboring thoroughfares were crowded with those who were desirous to enter the Rotunda, but had not the slightest chance of obtaining admission. Looking down from the platform the body of the hall seemed like a dense pavement of human heads. Now and then the enormous mass surged to and fro under the pressure of other contingents, vainly struggling to gain admittance. THE ENTHUSIASM WAS INTENSE, perhaps a little too boisterous, and the noise made it almost impossible at first for the speakers to be heard. Those close to the platform could, with close attention, hear the words of the speakers. Among the speakers present were Edmund Dwyer Gray, the Liberal Home Rule member for Tipperary, presiding; Messrs Parnell, Kirk, Fay, Bizcar, P. J. Smyth, all members of Parliament; J. D. Sullivan, Sexton, Kenny, the Dillon, Egan, and other leading Home Rulers. The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Mr. Edmund Gray. He narrated in calm language the circumstances under which the arrested men had made the speeches that were facinated. He denied that their words, when taken in conjunction with the circumstances under which they were spoken, were CAPABLE OF A CRIMINAL INTERPRETATION. He charged the Government with reckless and oppressive conduct in arresting the men while they themselves were doing nothing to relieve the misery that was spreading over the country. Mr. P. J. Smyth, who was received with tremendous cheers, declared that he was proud to see such a meeting. It reminded him of former days, when the men of Dublin protested against deeds of oppression. Their countrymen had been struck down and flung into prison. He said that the language of the agitators had been misrepresented by the Government press. He declared that there was anything immoral or unconstitutional in what they had said. Perhaps, indeed, their words could be tortured into something against law. "In Ireland," said the speaker, "we are familiar with law which is not justice, but no jury can or will convict those men." The speaker was constantly interrupted by deafening applause by an audience who manifestly agreed with every word he said. Mr. George Kirk, member of Parliament for Louth, spoke next. He is a plain but forcible speaker, but every word he said came from his heart, and secured a more sympathetic audience than a more eloquent speaker would have obtained. He said he was a tenant farmer, and had always been on good terms with his landlord, even

when their interests did not agree. He had watched the land movement attentively. His own circumstances told him that the poorer tenants had not a chance against the landlords. He was emphatically in favor of a PRASANT PROPRIETARY, where the man who tilled the soil owned it. Mr. Parnell then came forward. The scene was indescribable. The whole assemblage rose, cheering for several minutes. He spoke at times under evidently deep feeling. He spoke of the arrests in words of touching sympathy, especially alluding to the courage displayed by Davitt. As he spoke a man leaped forward in the gallery, striving to catch the speaker's words. He was immediately recognized. It was O'Brien, the prison companion of Davitt after the Fenian movement arrests. He was eagerly cheered. Parnell resumed. 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I expect this will be the crowning declaration in favor of the people to own the soil. Let the Irish people be only self-restrained. Let them not allow themselves to be FORCED INTO ILLEGAL PATHS. This is the aim of the Government—that their courage should falter, and then would come the secret society spy and informer, and they would fall easy victims. That had been the story which had been so often written in blood. Let them pledge themselves that there shall be nothing of all this—that no provocation shall drive them to illegal courses. Only a little more time and patience, and we will set the crown upon this great movement by achieving the only end and aim which we have proposed to ourselves throughout, namely this:—That the people of Ireland shall own the soil of Ireland. Throughout the speech the interruptions of applause were incessant, the audience manifestly sympathizing with the speaker, feeling pride in his leadership. Parnell's last words were uttered with deep emotion and telling effect. Listening to it, and, looking at the speaker, it was impossible to doubt his sincerity. One felt as if he were in the presence really of the CHIEF LEADER OF THE IRISH NATION. Other speakers followed, all tending to insist that no arrest or opposition will dishearten the people or arrest the movement, which aims at planting permanently the Irish people on the Irish soil. The meeting separated without any disturbance, cheering most enthusiastically for Parnell, who was escorted by an immense crowd to his hotel. To-morrow he will address the mass meeting at Balla, County Mayo, against the eviction of tenants who are unable to pay their rents. Mr. Parnell personally, it may be added, does not think his own arrest probable. Reports have been circulated that the Irish and English legal advisers of the Government differ as to the advisability of such a step. Two companies of soldiers have arrived at Ballyvaughan, Balla to be in readiness in the event of a disturbance. The agitators declare that the Government wishes to provoke a collision. The following account is from the telegraph despatches to the Mail:— WHY HIS EAR WAS CUT OFF. Our Dublin correspondent says:—I have just had an interview with Mr. MacDermott, Q.C., respecting the agrarian outrage perpetrated on Wednesday night at Monasterham the particulars of which were forwarded to you yesterday. Mr. MacDermott is a representative of one of the oldest families of Connaught and a cousin of the O'Connor Don. He is a thorough representative Irishman, and a landlord at Anlice, where the Sligo outrage took place. The townland of Monasterham adjoins the walls of his demesne. His tenants are all industrious and thrifty and fairly prosperous, and he is on friendly terms with all of them. His practice is to collect in October the rents due in the previous November, and many tenants, therefore, have eleven months in which to pay one-half of their rents, and five months for the other half. Mr. MacDermott's tenants are Flaherty, the man who was outrageously attacked, and King his brother-in-law, both residing in the same house. On the first of October the two men called on Mr. MacDermott in order to transact some business relating to their farms. Flaherty produced the money and offered to pay the rent Mr. MacDermott said that he preferred to wait till the usual time, but Flaherty pressed it on the score of convenience. Mr. MacDermott heretofore yielded and received his full year's rent. Although there has been some talk of distress among the Sligo farmers, there was no suggestion of demanding any reduction of rent, still less of paying none at all. But Mr. MacDermott concluded to grant an abatement. He called his Monasterham tenants together to-day, told them that he would grant a reduction of twenty per cent, but was surprised on seeing a reluctance on the part of the farmers to accept his offer. He observed a certain hesitation and reticence that had never before occurred. They said that they preferred to pay the full half two years' rent due in November and begged

that the other half should stand over for the present. Mr. MacDermott seeing they were so determined consented. Flaherty, who was present, hearing the landlord announce the reduction, asked whether the surplus he had already paid would be refunded, thereby disclosing the fact that he had paid the full amount. Mr. MacDermott now remembers the look of surprise and scowls in the faces of the other tenants. He refused to Flaherty the surplus. Mr. MacDermott said, thence the outrage on Flaherty on Wednesday last. A party of men with blackened faces dragged him out of the house, which is close to MacDermott's gate, stripped him naked, cut a portion of his ear off, literally hawthorned his back by flinging with hawthorn bushes, and then gave him back to his wife, who was nearly dead with terror. DUBLIN, November 24.—The Sligo prisoners were charged before the magistrates to-day with sedition. The enquiry will be very protracted. Mr. Parnell and a number of priests were present. No demonstration. The prisoners were brought to court under a heavy escort. Mr. Muir, in opening the case for the prosecution, pointed out that sedition meant not only open violence, but anything calculated to incite disaffection or to set one class against another. He then proceeded to call evidence. Mr. Hea, a solicitor of Belfast, himself once a political prisoner, defended Killea. THE PRISONERS ALL LOOKED WELL, and shamed unconcernedly. The court room was crowded, although admission tickets had been necessary. Mr. Lowden, counsel for Daly, applied for a copy of the notes which the Government shorthand writer had taken at the meeting. The application was granted. A number of policemen were examined to prove the general character of the Gurteen meeting, and THE INCIDENTAL WORDS on which the statements against the prisoners were founded. In consequence of the magistrates leaving the Bench, a short pause, caused by the indisposition of a witness. Mr. Lowden applied for the release of the prisoners, as the magistrates left the Bench without adjourning the Court or remanding the prisoners. The application was overruled. Mr. Muir, in describing the character of the meeting at Gurteen, alluded to the alleged use of inflammatory language, and to the presence of men ARMED WITH IMITATION PISTOLS, and carrying banners inscribed with disloyal mottoes. After the policemen present at the meeting had been examined, Mr. Muir applied for the committal of Daly, who was accordingly committed for trial, bail being accepted. Killea and Davitt were remanded for further examination. On the news of Daly's liberation reaching Castlebar there were great REJOICINGS AND ILLUMINATIONS prepared for his arrival. Mayo will insist upon his being its future representative in Parliament. Daly was required to give £500 security and find two sureties in £250 each to answer the charge against him at the next Assizes. LONDON, November 24.—A great demonstration took place at Dundee, Scotland, to-night. 3,000 were present. A resolution condemned the arrest of the Sligo prisoners. The prominent Home Ruler, whose presence Lord Beaconsfield requested at his official residence on Saturday, is Phillip Callan, member for Dundalk. Callan laid before Lord Beaconsfield the results of a minute personal examination in the north-west and western districts of Ireland, which showed that the farmers and laborers in the remote mountain districts needed help in the way of both food and fuel. A VOICE FROM CHICAGO. Chicago, November 24.—At a meeting of Chicago Irishmen yesterday, one of the speakers with whom most of the audience seemed to agree, said he hoped no Irishman in America, whatever his private sentiments might be, would embarrass the agitators in Ireland by rash, useless and foolish utterances. A committee of nine was appointed to secure a hall and decide on the time for holding a future meeting, and prepare an address asking contributions to the cause of the oppressed tenants. THE CHILI-PERUVIAN WAR. A Pitched Battle before Iquique—Disastrous Defeat of the Peruvian Allies. LONDON, November 24.—Despatches received to-day from Valparaiso confirm the anticipations which have been entertained for some time concerning the result of the land battle between the united forces of Peru and Bolivia and the Chilean army. A pitched battle has been fought before Iquique, which has resulted in a crushing and overwhelming defeat of the allied armies. The defeat of the allies was most disastrous, and if the despatches are to be fully credited, nearly one-half of the Peruvian and Bolivian troops are destroyed. The generalship of the Chilean commanders proved to be far superior to that of their antagonists, and the bravery of the allies was not a sufficient match for the skill of their opponents. The superiority of the Government, in consequence of this splendid victory, is greatly enhanced, and journals which sought to dissuade the Government from aggressive military measures, are now suffering under the weight of a reversal of public feeling. The effect of this serious loss upon the war spirit of the Peruvian people is very depressing, and it is not improbable that preparations for the purchase of a substitute of the Huascar, for which sufficient funds had already been raised, will give place to a general desire for peace on the best obtainable terms. This disposition is all the more strengthened by the victories obtained by the Chileans on sea, as they have captured the Peruvian warship Pilcomayo, and thus reduced the Peruvian fleet to very insignificant proportions.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER. The Elections.—The News from Ireland.—Monsieur Cassez.—The Catholic School Commissioners. QUEBEC, Nov. 22, 1879. The elections in Lewis County resulted, as I already foretold, in a victory for Paquet. The prestige attached to holding a portfolio, with all the supposed power possessed by a Minister of the Crown, was too much in acceding views of so ambitious a constituency as Pointe Lévis. The Conservatives are now firmly seated in power, some of the more reckless of the party have been put aside; nevertheless there is considerable alarm among many people on account of the great influence over the party by a certain railway contractor of very unsavory reputation. If the Government will drive all vampires of that description from their doors, and give evidence of a desire for honest administration and fair play to all nationalities, I for one am prepared to bury the hatchet, and give the Chapeau-Robertson Cabinet a fair trial. The news from Ireland is of a very startling description, and has moved our people in sterling old Quebec to the core. It is time now for our people to be up and doing. An Association should be formed in every locality to raise a fund for our kith and kin beyond the sea. At the small contribution of twenty-five cents per month I think we could raise a million subscribers on this continent, whose subscriptions would thus aggregate to an annual sum of three million dollars, and in no case be a perceptible loss to the individual donor. I submit this idea to my compatriots in Montreal and Quebec for their consideration. Something must be done and that quickly. In a very short time Monsieur Cassez, V.G., will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. You are aware of the noble efforts of the venerable priest to save the orphans of the dying Irish exiles in the terrible year of '47. Over 700 orphans were cared for by this Christian philanthropist with kept parental supervision; his loving eyes never left them in their youth or mature age, and of the whole number there were but two that disappointed his expectations. A movement is now on foot among the Irish people of Quebec to give the noble-hearted priest a suitable expression of their appreciation of his charitable deeds to their poor countrymen. I have no doubt your editorial columns will remind our people in Montreal of what we owe to Monsieur Cassez, and stir them to join in with us in paying a tribute of Irish love on the occasion of his golden jubilee. I see you are pitching into the School Commissioners. Go in strong. That magnificent pile on St. Catherine street, coupled with the other actions of the Commissioners in general, has always struck me as worthy of the very many intellectual individuals who value their libraries by the acre on the books, and who are reading to excess. I see you are all very fine fellows, but my primary education was received from a mass schoolmaster, one who called him a such, and who did not penetrate in good judgment expressions from vulgar fractions to the rich rules of Lindly Murray, but like a plain, honest man, talked in a plain, intelligible manner, suitable to our youthful intellects. If our brains were sluggish he wakened them up from below. That humble schoolmaster is now a wealthy merchant, his son has just been called to the Irish bar. Fifteen years ago I stood in his office to bid him farewell before leaving my native land. He swung my two hands and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he recalled the days when I was one of his hapless curly-headed scholars. That man was worth a dozen of your professors, and though his scholars were well fitted for the sturdy war of life, give the boys good schoolmasters and don't be trying to make philosophers of youngsters before their time. BRON.

EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE. A Touching Scene in Paris—Death of the Empress' Mother Before Arriving at Her Bedside. PARIS, November 22.—As soon as the news arrived here that the Countess Montijo, the mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie, was dying at Madrid, it was expected that her daughter would pass hastily through this city on her way to her mother's bedside. It was even announced that she would leave Paris yesterday morning. Nevertheless, the Empress spent the whole day at the residence of the Duc de Mouchy, Prince Murat's son-in-law, tended most affectionately by the Duchess and Mlle. Lherminier. The Princess Mathilde called on her at one o'clock, but was not received. Then came Prince Napoleon, who was more successful in obtaining an audience. The Empress talked with him for half an hour. She told him she had not had all thought of politics aside, and had no care for anything but the memory of her dead son. When the Prince returned to his carriage he was painfully affected. At five o'clock the ex-Queen of Spain asked urgently that she be admitted to the Empress' presence. She was at once admitted. The meeting of these two royal mothers—one childless, the other with her son seated upon a throne, and hourly waiting for his bride, was very touching to the few who were privileged to see it. Queen Isabella stayed nearly half an hour, and at six the Empress dined with the Duchesse de Mouchy, Mlle. Lherminier, Comte de Bressac and Vicomte de Turcotte. Her Majesty started for Orleans Station at seven. Her suite followed in three carriages. They drove rapidly through the streets, and it was noticed that the Empress, seeming to be wholly absorbed in her thoughts, never glanced at the familiar spots where the happy days of her life were spent. When they reached the station at a quarter before eight, their arrival was expected by nobody, and no one on the station master knew anything but the fact that a sleeping car had been ordered for unknown persons. But as soon as they alighted, the news that it was the Empress ran round the station, and all the railway employees crowded to the door of the car. They stood there silently, with hats upraised. Most of them had seen that face as it looked out from a carriage in their midst on days of the Empress' life. Most of them compared its beauty, so well remembered, with the wan and haggard look that it wore now. Indeed, the Empress is changed beyond expression of words. Her form is bent, and she is prematurely old. No demonstration was made by the spectators. At 8 o'clock the train started, and four police agents accompanied the Imperial party as far as the Spanish frontier. MADRID, November 23.—Dowager Countess of Montijo died yesterday, and before the arrival of ex-Empress Eugenie. An Ominous Announcement. I am assumed (says a London Correspondent) that confirmation has been received at Downing street from the British Embassy in St. Petersburg of the ominous announcement made in a Paris paper, that the State arms factories throughout the Russian Empire have been ordered to suspend all private contracts, and that both these establishments and the arsenals are employed night and day in the production of Russian rifles and cannon of all calibres for the Government. The British Government have received distinct warning, both from the Muscovite capital and from Berlin, that Russia has no good some great enterprise which buds in front of this country. I venture to state positively that this is the tenor of the monitions received. As you have noticed, there is a great change in the tone in which the Austro-German alliance is now discussed. The premature jubilee raised over an understanding of which nothing was or is known to outsiders, even to our Cabinet Ministers, having given place to cutting, and almost sinister. We do not like these exchanges of friendly greetings between the Kaiser and the Czar, falling all of a sudden just when we expected to find Alexander the Second sulking in Livadia, and the monarchs of the Russian press growing more violent towards the treacherous Tsar. Some of us believe that the military preparations Russia is making with such feverish haste are in view of a struggle with either Germany or Austria, but others think we are likely to learn more about them ourselves than any others. There is much uneasiness about the real progress of events in Central Asia. This feeling is caused chiefly by the conflicting statements which are current respecting the Russian movements. Drop in at one centre of political gossip and you find stark incredulity concerning Kauffmann and his mission of Indian invasion. Elsewhere you find a serious impression that Russia had turned her strength towards India, that the two armies of Lomakin and Tergoukoff are grim realities, and that the weight of the Russian armies and arsenals will be directed upon our Eastern possessions. The pessimists go the length of declaring that the stories of Russian defeats by the Turcomans and of Russian repulse are inventions of the enemy, designed to throw us off our guard, and enable him to coil himself for the spring. This sort of reasoning shows the extravagant lengths to which some of us carry the superstition of Muscovite cunning. To others of us the despatches of Mr. O'Donovan from the Russian camp at Tchikisklar, and the rage of the Russian Press against Germany and Austria tell a different story. But all the same; and whatever view people take there is a general opinion that we are not far from a great outbreak of trouble somewhere. Rumor has it that Charlebois & Co. are lowest for the British Columbia Section, Canada Pacific Railway, and A. P. Macdonald & Co. second lowest. The figures are in the neighborhood of nine millions.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "East Lynne," "Oswald Gray," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

"She shall be no bride of yours, Lord Dane, said William, a radiant expression lighting his countenance. "Not at least if I can prevent it, and I think I shall have my voice on my side. Be firm, my darling; be whipsawed, bending lower; put your trust in me, and believe that I will make good all the words I have ever said to you. Though indeed," he called out, as he walked away with Mr. Blair, who had come up, "Should things turn out as they may, there does, I fear, stand a chance that you may be Lord Dane."

Maria could neither understand the words nor the expression of his face, save that it spoke of deep, earnest love for her. She turned toward her home, and Lord Dane, all fire, strode by her side. "No, no; I will never mistrust him," Maria was repeating over to her own heart. "The instinct that attracted me to him first, whispering that I might confide in him as I would in myself. Let the whole world turn against him, I will not. Was it unkindly to say what I did? Lord Dane should not have provoked me; and this dreadful fear, which I dare not mention, as to the real truth of last night's work, is terrifying me beyond control. Lord Dane is rich, powerful, and he is William Lydney's enemy; but God's mercy is over all."

At the outer gate of Danesheld Hall they met Squire Lester, who appeared somewhat perturbed. "Dane, have you heard this extraordinary news?" he began, when he was still some yards from them. "One of my servants declares that Lydney is at liberty, and walking about unmolested; he ran home hastily to tell me." "He is at liberty," said Lord Dane, arresting his steps. Maria stopped also. "I was coming to inform you. The police have set him at liberty on their own responsibility."

Squire Lester looked as though he could not understand. The police set at liberty a prisoner who had broken into his house, and been committed by Lord Dane? What could the world be coming to? "And the first use he made of his liberty was to dare to stop Maria in the street, take her hand, and converse with her in private," resumed Lord Dane. "Mr. Lester, I beg you to allow for my thus speaking to you. You have sanctioned my addresses to your daughter, and that must be my excuse; surely this intimacy with a banned man is neither seemly for her, as Miss Lester, or as my future wife. Had she permitted me to remonstrate against it, I should not have called upon you to do so."

"How could you, for shame, suffer him to speak to you?" demanded Mr. Lester, turning his angry face on Maria. "Papa," she answered, in a low tone, "he is not guilty; he is not what you think him." "Your warrant for saying so, young lady?" Mr. Lester contemptuously rejoined. "I have none of my own heart," she answered, much distressed. "The conviction of your own folly," returned Mr. Lester. "Am I to have two disobedient children? Go to your room, Miss Lester, and spell over the word 'disgrace.' Do not come from it until you can tell me why you eschew it. I am proceeding to the police-station, and you had better accompany me," he added to Lord Dane. "If the police dare to hear me, I will convey this man to prison myself. Last night's work shall be investigated."

"Oh, papa, don't, don't!" uttered Maria, clinging to him as if to hold him back, as she burst into tears. "You don't know what you may do—what dreadful secrets it might bring to light. Has it never struck you that some one else may have been concerned in this instead of Mr. Lydney?" "Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lester in consternation. "Are you going mad?" "I dare not say what I think—I dare not say it. But, papa, if you have any regard for your own honor and happiness, you will not press for an investigation into last night's work."

She retreated toward the house as she spoke, sobbing grievously. Mr. Lester looked after her in angry perplexity. "What does she mean? Is she really mad? or can she have become so enthralled by that cursed adventurer as to fear his being brought to public punishment?" soliloquized Mr. Lester, while Lord Dane tossed his haughty head, and curled his lip with withering scorn.

"ghost," uttered Bruff, diadinely, "like a man who has not many hours off his death-bed, I was going to say. Some sudden pain or inward illness must have attacked him. Perhaps it's the same thing now. Pray goodness he gets over it!" "I did not fancy you owned any ultra fondness for his lordship."

"Not as I did for the past family," spoke Bruff, with emotion; "especially for the old lord, and for Mr. Harry. I never did greatly like Mr. Herbert. But the rest are dead and gone, and he is Lord Dane. He is a good master."

"Could the old family—any one of them—rise from their graves to life, should you deem yourself bound to serve them or the present Lord?" "Why, the present Lord would not be Lord Dane in that case," debated Bruff, after a minute given to consideration. "Of course he would not."

"I should naturally serve the old family, whichever of them it might be," returned Bruff. "But where's the use of reaping up impossible speculations, sir?" "Very true. Better put forth our steps to the Sailor's Rest!" echoed Bruff in astonishment. "Have you then taken my lord there? What in the name of stupidity, did they do that for? If they moved him at all, they should have brought him home."

Mr. Appery said little more. Arrived at the Sailor's Rest, he marshalled Bruff upstairs and introduced him to the chamber. Bruff cast an impatient glance around; he saw Ravensbird, young Mr. Lydney, and some one seated on the sofa, whom he took but a passing glance at. "Where is my lord?" he cried. "There," said Mr. Appery.

Lord Dane rose from the sofa, took a few steps alone, and stood before Bruff with a smile. Bruff's face grew long as he gazed, and he backed against the wall. "Don't you know me, Bruff? I am real flesh and blood."

"It's—its the living image of what Mr. Harry once was, save the hair!" ejaculated Bruff, staring from one to another in hopeless perplexity. "But it can't be." "Yes it can, Bruff. Mr. Harry was not killed by his fall over the cliff, and Mr. Harry is alive still. I thought you would have known me better."

The water rushed into Bruff's eyes, and his very hands trembled with emotion, as he knelt down before Lord Dane. "My lord! my true and veritable lord! I do know you now!" he uttered, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Old Bruff has lived long enough now that he will see one of the real family reigning at the castle!"

Lord Dane extended his hand, and bade him rise. "I shall never reign there, and you will not serve me Bruff; for, to the best of my belief, a few days will see me where I am supposed to be—in the castle-crypt. But," added Lord Dane, motioning his son toward him, and resting his hand upon his shoulder, "I hope you will serve another, as truly and loyally as you would serve me. This will be the castle's future lord!"

"He is—"

"uncertainty of what was turning up, and what should bring it back in England, would make him desperate. We shall have a pull, to carry it from here to the cart."

"I say Mr. Appery," cried Bruff, in a whisper, "only to think of its having been—Mr. Herbert who threw the captain over the cliff, didn't he?" "He could do a paltry trick or two, could Herbert Dane?" he served me one; it was about the lease of the Sailor's Rest. I accepted Mitchell for tenant, under the old lord's approbation, and the deposit was paid; my lord turns it all topsy turvy as soon as he comes into power, gives it to Ravensbird, and I had my trouble and some cost for my pains. Steady, Bruff; get firm hold of the end. The case is of lead, you see; it is that which causes it to be so heavy."

Just about the time that they were moving the box, or a little earlier, Maria Lester was quitting her own house for a hasty visit to her brother's. She had not seen her father since the afternoon when he sent her to her room. Whether the mandate implied that she was to keep it exclusively until restored to favor, she did not know; had it been so, she was too miserable to obey. That Wilfred had been the real criminal of the preceding night, she had little doubt, and the fears, the distress that haunted her, nearly drove her what Mr. Lester had called her—mad. She did not dare to hint at her suspicions to her father; she believed he might be capable of prosecuting Wilfred; but, ever and anon, in the midst of her sick suspense, there would rush over her a vision of hope of brightness—that, after all, she was judging him wrongly; that he was not, and could not be guilty of so base a deed.

Have you ever felt the rack of suspense, reader? How far more terrible it is to endure than the actual reality? Then you can understand why Maria Lester stole out of her own house almost like a criminal, hoping to gain some tidings, some little word of certainty, whether it might be of good or of evil, did she go for five minutes to her brother's. It was a dark night, but she took no attendant. Was she not about to visit her proscribed brother? was she not disobeying commands in going out at all? She drew a veil over her face, and walked swiftly along.

"Where is Wilfred?" asked Edith glancing nervously around the room. "He has just stepped out to take a walk—expecting, I fancy, to meet Mr. Lydney," replied Edith. "I do not think he is very well."

"Who? Wilfred?" "I mean Wilfred. He has been in quite a nervous state all day; actually nervous, Maria. So extraordinary for Wilfred, who is naturally careless and calm."

"Nervous in what manner?" asked Maria, her heart beating. "Disturbed; restless. When people have come to the door, he has started to the kitchen window to peep out and see who it might be; once there was a loud knock; he happened to be in the passage, and he came rushing in here and held the door to. I asked what he feared? what was the matter? he would not speak, but he was certainly agitated. He has seemed all day to be frightened at his own shadow."

Terrific confirmation! Maria sat on, feeling frightened at her own. Mrs. Lester resumed. "Maria, what can be the true meaning—the facts of that business last night at the hall? Wilfred will not say a word. Any one would suppose that he might have gone out to-day, and learned the details, but he did not, I can never believe that Mr. Lydney is guilty; and he has been released from custody!"

"Yes, he is released," murmured Maria. "Upon what grounds? That his innocence has been indisputably proved?" "Sarah, too, has been in rather a queer way all day," pursued Edith. "When she heard that Mr. Lydney was arrested, it put her out unaccountably, for she has taken a wonderful fancy to him. And she has seemed as fidgety as Wilfred over the knocks at the door, recognizing from the window before she would open it to any one."

"Was Wilfred out last night?" inquired Maria, in a low tone. "Well, now, that's what I'm unable to tell you. I went to bed very early, and fell into one of those sound sleeps from which you do not wake easily. I suppose it is my weakness sleeping itself out. Wilfred was in bed when I woke this morning. I asked him what time he came up, and he said he thought the clock had gone eleven. But, Maria, there was a tone in his voice, which did not sound a true one, and I fancied he might be deceiving me; so I asked Sarah, and she answered in that cross way she has, when put out, 'What should have taken him out?' Between the two I can get at nothing satisfactory."

Maria hesitated, deliberating whether it were better should they be met that she were seen abroad after dark with William Lydney, or by herself. However, the distance was so short that she made no objection. He drew her arm round her, and they walked on, slowly enough, but must be confessed, "I've arranged to assure children that they are not doing anything wrong; they are dropped in error. Just as it happened with William Lydney and Maria; though whether they were doing anything wrong, the reader must decide for himself. They had all but reached the gate when two persons came hastily out of it, and faced them—Mr. Appery and the Lady Adelaide Lester."

CHAPTER XXVIII. The box had arrived in triumph at the Sailor's Rest. Covered over with a cloth, that it might not attract attention going in, and so set some tongues to work before their legitimate time, it was lifted from the truck and up the stairs. Lord Dane's mouth worked convulsively as he saw it, and the leaden case was intact, for now any doubts that might have arisen respecting his much loved son were dispelled forever. He silently leaned back on the sofa, covered his face, and gave thanks to God.

But, just previously to this, William had gone out on the fruitless errand of meeting Wilfred Lester, who never came to his appointment. He met Maria instead, which was perhaps, to him quite as satisfactory. Anxious enough, though, was he to see Wilfred, to get a promise from him, if possible, that he would henceforth forswear these disgraceful and dangerous escapades—for that was his hope and purpose. The previous night, or rather early morning, when he had found Wilfred in the shrubs, escaping from his father's house, and had hurried him to his home, he asked him to appoint an interview, for that was no moment for speaking, and Wilfred had done so for the following night after dark. "Somewhere in the road skirting the wood near the hall," he named; he probably feared that a chance word might reach the ears of Edith, did he fix it at his own home. It thus happened that when the box came in, William was absent.

"Put it there for security," said Lord Dane, indicating a closet at the foot of his bed, and give the key into my possession. That may prove a safer stronghold than the secret closet at the castle; it is certainly a more legitimate one. And now, Appery, do me a favor; go and get Lady Adelaide here."

"Lady Adelaide Lester! To-night, my lord?" "I have a fancy for seeing her. I shall see everybody by degrees, now the box is found. What's the hour?" "It's between eight and nine. What shall I say to Lady Adelaide to induce her to come? And she may not be at home!"

"Anything you please, save telling her who it is that wants her. It is the evening of all others that she is likely to be home, and the evening when she could best come. This county party takes the husbands, and the wives are solitary."

Mr. Appery proceeded to the hall, and was shown into Lady Adelaide's presence, who was alone. He had been concocting his tale as he went along. What her ladyship should think of him afterward he little heeded; all his business was to obey Lord Dane.

"An old friend of mine come to Danesheld, and lying ill at the Sailor's Rest—and wants to see me instantly!" cried Lady Adelaide. "I never heard of such a thing!" "I may go further than an old friend, my lady, and say a relation," pursued Mr. Appery. "I beg your ladyship not to delay; I will attend you thither."

"But I never heard such a thing," she repeated. However, Mr. Appery contrived to gain his point, and she went off with him. It was at this juncture that they met William Lydney and Maria. "Ah, ha, Mr. William, so we have caught you, have we," cried the lawyer, while Lady Adelaide stood in speechless astonishment. "Beating about the young ladies, sir. I shall acquaint Lord Dane."

Now, of course, the words "acquaint Lord Dane" bore very different sounds for their several hearers. William only laughed; Maria's pulses beat with confusion; Lady Adelaide in her pride, recalled the indecorous familiarity.

"Do I see you here, Miss Lester?" she haughtily asked. "And with that man?" Maria would have withdrawn her arm from Mr. Lydney's. He would not suffer it; he held her under his protection, and stood with her, frank and upright, before Lady Adelaide. "Mamma, I have been to Wilfred's, I had an urgent reason for going," she said, her voice trembling. "It was but at the corner, here, in returning, that I met Mr. Lydney."

"Degenerate girl! you had better take up your abode with Wilfred; two choice scions of one stock!" retorted Lady Adelaide. "My house shall not much longer hold you, or my children be disgraced by your companionship."

"Your ladyship will at least show her an asylum short while yet," spoke William, and his words and tone were harsh with mockery. "Until—what may I please you, sir?" asked Lady Adelaide, in the same bitter tone, for he had paused to say until Lord Dane shall remove her from it; he replied, bending forward till his face nearly touched Lady Adelaide's, as if a word spoken for her ear alone, while Mr. Appery enjoyed the scene amazingly, and understood the allusion to "Lord Dane." He saw how matters stood between the heir and Maria Lester.

"How dare you presume to speak thus familiarly of Lord Dane?" cried Lady Adelaide, in her wrath. "Unhand that young lady, sir. Quit her arm, Miss Lester. Do you hear?"

"In obedience to you, her stepmother, she shall do it," quietly returned William. He released Maria, but continued to walk by her side the few steps that intervened between them and the gate. Lady Adelaide snarled majestically past them, and rang a violent peal on the bell.

"Show Miss Lester in-doors," she authoritatively cried, as one of the men-servants came flying to answer it. "And now, sir," she addressed to William, "have the goodness to remove yourself from before the hall, or you may be breaking into it again, as you did last night."

"You will think better of me sometime, Lady Adelaide," he answered, without the slightest resentment in his tone, as he raised his hat and turned away to pursue his path homeward, though not without having first shaken hands with Maria.

"How is it possible in the name of common-sense, that you lawyers and magistrates and people can permit that man, Lydney, to be at large?" asked her ladyship, as they also walked on. "I fancied he was rather a favorite of yours, my lady."

"A favorite! Well, so he was, before all these dreadful suspicions and things came out against him. But, now that he is proved to be a black sheep, we can only take shame to ourselves for having suffered his companionship."

"Except Miss Lester's part in the lawyer, who appeared somewhat perturbed. "Dane, have you heard this extraordinary news?" he began, when he was still some yards from them. "One of my servants declares that Lydney is at liberty, and walking about unmolested; he ran home hastily to tell me."

"I should ask by what right you dare thus speak of her to me, stiffly rejoined Lady Adelaide. "Let it be as she chooses to go unmitigatedly to the bad, as her brother has done, by allying herself to this evil character, she must do it."

"She might go further and fare worse, my lady."

"She might—what?" ejaculated Lady Adelaide. "She might go further and fare worse than in allying herself to William Lydney; that is what I said, my lady," was the composed answer of Mr. Appery.

"Of course she might. She might ally herself to Jack Ketch, the hangman; rather the worse of the two, than one who probably will come to be hung," was the vexed retort of my lady.

"Very true, so it would," quoth Mr. Appery. "I expect my madcap brother has arrived at Danesheld, and is playing me this trick," resumed her ladyship, loftily quitting the previous topic. "It would be just like him; to send me word he was dying, and then laugh at me when he gets me there."

"No, I do assure you you are mistaken, my lady. I had the honor of seeing the Earl of Kirkdale when he visited Danesheld; this gentleman does not resemble him in the least; is an old man, in fact."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no reply. She had little doubt that it would prove to be the Earl of Kirkdale, and she observed silence until she entered the Sailor's Rest. Mrs. Ravensbird came forward, full of obedience to her former lady.

"Sophie," began Lady Adelaide, walking unceremoniously into Sophie's parlor. "is it Lord Kirkdale who is here?" "Sophie was overwhelmed with astonishment. First at the Lady Adelaide's coming there at all; secondly, at her question, touching the earl.

"His lordship's my lady!" she repeated. "His lordship has not been here; I don't know anything of him."

"No! Who is it then that wants me?" "My lady, I am unaware that any one does. I don't understand, Mrs. Ravensbird."

"Don't come to my study," said the invalid upstairs asked to see her ladyship. "Oh!" uttered Mrs. Ravensbird; and the accent expressed so much consternation, not to say alarm, that Lady Adelaide gazed alternately at her and at Mr. Appery. The latter quitted the room. "Sophie, what is this mystery? Who is it that can want me?" "Oh, my lady, I cannot tell; I dare not. I never thought he would be sending for you."

"I acted headlessly—some might say wickedly. I thought the attentions of another would draw observation from me and Herbert, and I had Dane was partially awake to it."

"Every action of yours at that time was one of deceit to me. Should you have married me? or broken your promise, and openly 'kissed me' when the time came?"

"It is past and over," said Lady Adelaide. "Yes, it is past and over. I have yielded its place to the realities of life. I am older than my years and dying—you are a married woman, and the mother of many children. Therefore we may well converse upon the past, as freely as though we had not been the actors in it."

"Who says that you are dying?" she quickly uttered. "I say so; the medical men say so; my wearing frame says so. I do not imply, Adelaide, that I am going to die this night; but an incurable disease is upon me, and is doing its work. That fall from the cliff injured me internally; and though I have appeared well, have gone about like others, have traveled, have enjoyed myself; I have never been the same man since. In the last year it has shown its progress rapidly, and there is no mistake that the end is drawing near. Very near I thought it was this morning; but I have rallied again, and may yet enjoy a few days' deceitful health and strength—deceitful as you were, Adelaide. I ask you whether you would have married me?"

"I do not know," she sighed. "I did not know then whether I would, though the question did sometimes cross me. I believe—if this is to be a confessional of truth—that I bought myself up with the hope that Herbert might get some good appointment, which would enable him to speak out. And another faint hope was cherished by both of us—one less justifiable."

"Tell it out, Adelaide." "We hoped—I will not say that Lord Dane would die, but that when he died, it would be found that he had remembered Herbert. Had it been but equivalent to a thousand a year, we should have married, and risked it."

"Throwing me over to the dogs, or anywhere else that I might go?" "I loved him before you came near us," she said in a half-pleading tone. "And you might have told me so at once. Why did you not marry him when impediments were removed? When I was gone, and he Lord Dane?"

Lady Adelaide turned half round to the questioner, something like horror in her eyes. "Marry him then! When I thought him a murderer!—by accident? If not by deliberation—I should have looked for your spirit to appear to us when we completed the contract. Many a time I have asked myself was he guilty in intention?"

"No, Adelaide. I believe him to be innocent, so far. We were scuffling in angry passion, each for the mastery; but murder, or any serious injury, was no doubt thought of as little by him as by me. He cannot have impressed you, by words, with the belief that he was guilty?"

"By words! Do I not tell you that it has been an interdicted subject? Herbert Dane has never spoken to me of that night. When I ran away from the ruins, I could not control my shrieks. They broke from me in my nervous trepidation, but I had sense left not to betray cognizance of what had taken place. That I was a witness to some sort of scuffle, they forced from me afterward, for they put me to the oath; but, she added, in a lower tone, "even the oath could not wring from me who were the actors in it."

"Did you witness it all?" "I suppose not. When I reached the ruins, I heard sounds, as of dispute, and I ran through the chapel, and saw two men engaged in contest. I heard my own name. I heard sufficient to gather that I was the cause of enmity, and a dreadful sickness came over me when I recognized you and Herbert. In that same moment you fell over; I thought he had hurried you! and I had no peace afterward, for I felt—I felt that I was almost as guilty as he. Herbert questioned me subsequently. What had I seen? he asked. What had terrified me? I would not satisfy him. I interdicted all mention of the subject; and interdicted it remained. He would have returned to our former confidential intimacy. He spoke seriously of our marriage—you were gone, Geoffrey soon went, and he was the heir to Dane. No, no, I and Herbert Dane have remained strangers ever since; and I never gave him my reason for it."

To be Continued.

Ortical Position in the East.

New York, November 19.—Considerable excitement was caused throughout the city yesterday by rumors that war may be expected to be declared at any moment between Russia and England. Despatches from London stated that Russia had requested Turkey to notify all the signers of the treaty of 1856 to send squadrons into the Dardanelles in case the English fleet entered the Strait. The feeling ran high in certain circles, and some announced that the English Government had instructed Lord Dufferin, its representative at St. Petersburg, to close negotiations with the Government of the Czar. A reporter called on the English Consul to ascertain what information he had on the subject. The Consul said he knew nothing beyond what he had seen in the newspapers, and he thought the news sensational and without foundation. It was not probable so serious a state of affairs could arise so suddenly; still the rumors might be well founded for anything he knew to the contrary, but up to last night he had received no official notification on the subject.

London, November 19.—The most bitter feeling pervades all classes of society here against Russia. The fact cannot be denied that the worst of Russia is universally expressed, and it is openly avowed that the Czar and his satellites are bent on obstructing the peace of the world; that there will be a great military ball in Europe is emphatically predicted for an early date. At the various Embassies the partners are discussed, and generally run France, Russia and Italy vs. England, Germany and Austria.

The monks of the Gothard Hospice, in the Alps, say that during the year ending Sept. 30 they relieved 11,011 indigent wayfarers of all nations, among whom they have distributed 46,966 rations. They have also granted hospitality to 132 persons suffering from the effects of exposure, and made many gifts of clothing. The expenditure of the hospice having exceeded its income, the monks appeal to the public for help to enable them to continue their good work.

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Compound," that is mustard mixed with farina etc., and does not possess the pungent aromatic flavor of the genuine article—Be sure you get "Colman's" with the Bull's Head on every tin.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

An Eloquent Sermon at the Blessing of the Church of St. Mary Major, Carrick-on-Shannon.

MY LORD BISHOP AND BELIEVED BRETHREN—St. Peter and St. Paul were beyond all comparison the two most conspicuous ecclesiastical characters that figured in the Apostolic age of the Church. St. Peter is principally known to us as Chief of the Apostles and St. Paul as the Doctor of the Gentiles. Personally they are said to have been unlike each other in almost every possible respect. Their careers and capabilities also were in many ways dissimilar, but their respective histories, nevertheless, are presumed to be equally familiar to the faithful and may be very briefly told. St. Peter was a poor man and a poor man's son. He was quite illiterate and earned his bread by fishing. He had a brother named Andrew who was a disciple of the Precursor, St. John. Andrew was present at our Lord's baptism; and having heard and realized the import of the words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," he became thoroughly convinced that Christ was the long-expected Messiah, and said so repeatedly to his brother Simon. Simon went in consequence to see Jesus and to hear Him preach, and it was on this memorable occasion that our Lord singled him out from the multitude, called him to Himself and enrolled him amongst the number of His disciples. Simon responded unhesitatingly to the Divine call. He held a foremost place ever afterwards amongst the other Apostles and frequently acted as their spokesman. In due course he was appointed the recognized chief. "Thou art Peter," said our Lord to him, "and on this rock I build My Church; feed My lambs; feed My sheep." He was one of the favored few who witnessed the

TRANSFIGURATION ON MOUNT THABOR

He was the first to preach Christ crucified after the resurrection; and having removed his see from Antioch, where he had presided for seven years, to Rome, where he governed for nearly five-and-twenty, he was by Nero's orders imprisoned, tried for his life, condemned to death, and as a consequence crucified with his head downwards on the 29th day of June, about the year 65. Humanly speaking and before his conversion, he appears to have been a vacillating and weak-minded man. But he had a kind good heart, and was generous and daring and devoted in a very high degree. Witness his attitude to walk upon the waters, and his readiness to defend his Master in the garden at the peril of his life against a host of armed enemies. No one knew the Master's mind better than Peter did, and every sentence he wrote or spoke, as recorded in Holy Writ, is justly reputed, accordingly, to be the inspired Word of God. St. Paul, on the other hand, was an educated man, and had read under a famous doctor of the law called Gamaliel. He was a Jew by religion and a tent-maker by trade. He was full of convictions, and at one time hated intensely the name and followers of Christ. The circumstances of his miraculous conversion on the road to Damascus are familiar to us all. His life thereafter reads like a romance. He travelled night and day almost without ceasing. He wrought many miracles, wrote fourteen Epistles to the scattered Churches of the Gentiles, came to Rome on an appeal to Caesar in 61, and afterwards in 64; and, having converted a favorite slave of the Emperor Nero, he was, as we know, beheaded on the same day, but not in the same year on which St. Peter suffered martyrdom. Zeal, energy, ceaseless activity, disinterestedness, unbounded charity, purity of mind and heart, and through devotion to his sacred calling, were the leading characteristics of St. Paul. He was specially favored by God. His conversion was strikingly miraculous. He gloried in persecution for justice sake. He was wrapt up to the third heavens; and all his Apostolic writings, like those of St. Peter, were inspired by the Holy Ghost. Now, my brethren, I wish to call your attention on this occasion to one text taken from the writings of St. Peter, and to another selected from the writings of St. Paul. St. Peter says, in the first chapter and tenth verse of his second Epistle, "Wherefore, brethren, labor the more that by good works you may make your calling and election sure." And St. Paul writes in the second chapter of his letter to the Romans; "God will render to every man according to his works; for it is not the hearers of the law, but the doers of the law, that shall be justified." Well, brethren, fifteen hundred years, or thereabouts, in round numbers, after the death of the sainted men Peter and Paul, both the most distinguished and honored doctors of the Church,

THREE LIVED AND FLOURISHED ANOTHER DOCTOR, said by his followers to have been, like them, divinely missioned, and who, nevertheless, taught and preached a doctrine wholly at variance with that so clearly conveyed to us in the two inspired texts just quoted. This doctor's name must not be repeated here. He was, as you know, a German by birth, and I regret greatly to say, a friar by religious profession. He loved good cheer almost as much as St. Paul loved chastity. He was burlly, boisterous, and ambitious. He scornfully broke through, one by one, even the most solemn pledges he had given to God in his early years; he quarrelled with every one and everything he had sworn at the altar to respect; he poured out the vials of his wrath on the heads of Popes, presbyteries, and princes alike; utterly regardless of time, or place, or presence, he flung his ribald jests around him with as much profusion as St. Paul scattered benedictions on his brethren; he believed, as much or as little as he liked; he hid, in short, as he liked; and thus, after a long course of sacrilege and insubordination, his death sickness is said to have come upon him at the dinner table, and so he passed out of life very differently from St. Peter and St. Paul, heavily laden with the execration of the faithful and the anathemas of God's Church.

WHAT DID THIS MAN TEACH?

He had no mission to teach anything after his apostasy, but still he presumed to say that good works are useless, and that salvation is to come to us by faith alone. "Sin boldly," he used to exclaim, with incredible audacity, "but believe yet more boldly, and rejoice in Jesus Christ, the conqueror of sin and death." "Sin," he says in another place, "cannot separate us from Jesus Christ; even though in one day we were to commit ten thousand murders, and a hundred thousand adulteries." "The sinner," he writes elsewhere, "must believe in his justification with the same faith with which he believes that Jesus Christ came into the world." "The only unpardonable sin," he adds, "is unbelief;" and this sacrilegious jester goes on to say, "the way to heaven is narrow, and if you wish to pass through it, throw away your good works." Now, brethren, in contradistinction to this unchristian teaching, let me lay before you the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church; as it was preached by our Divine Lord; as it is conveyed to us in the writings of St. Peter and St. Paul; and in almost every page of the

New Testament. The doctrine of the Catholic Church in this respect is clearly stated for us in the sixth session of the Council of Trent; and while it is usually, and often willfully, misrepresented by those who differ from us in religion, it is not always accurately expressed or apprehended by the members of our communion. First, then, and foremost; we believe that there is but one God, and but one Saviour and Redeemer, Christ Jesus our Lord. We do not, therefore, believe that we can be saved by the unaided merits of any one, or of all the saints, or Blessed Virgin, or of any creature whatsoever. We simply recognize in them the faithful friends of God, who are enjoying the fruits of a well-spent life, who took a benevolent interest in our welfare, and ask favors for us and forgiveness. We believe, secondly, that of ourselves, and independent of the grace of God, purchased for us by the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, we can do nothing really meritorious of an eternal reward, not so much even as to entertain one saving or solitary thought. Therefore, we do not recognize, but rather repudiate, the silly and, indeed, shocking doctrine imputed to us, that no matter how much or how recklessly we offend God, if we but found hospitals, build churches, give money to charitable institutions, fast and otherwise mortify ourselves, we shall of a certainty work out our salvation. Nevertheless, thirdly, we believe that if we perform certain good works, such, for instance, as prayer, fasting, and alms-deeds, and do them with proper dispositions, and in a proper state of grace, we can and will merit a reward, through the goodness, however, and mercy and promise of God, and by the merits of Jesus Christ. Fourthly, and finally, we hold, as it is expressed in the sixth session and twenty-first canon of the Council of Trent, that Jesus Christ was

NOT ONLY A REDEEMER

whom we should believe, but a Legislator whose precepts we are bound to fulfil under pain of eternal reprobation, and that consequently if we would enter into life we must "do all things whatsoever He has commanded us."

Such is substantially the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to the efficacy of good works and the source from which alone they derive their salutary influence. Let us now test the correctness of this teaching by an appeal to Holy Scripture and to common sense. In doing so, however, brethren, it must be understood, that as I desire to be explanatory rather than controversial, I have no need of referring to the numerous well-known texts usually adduced in support of this Catholic doctrine, but still content myself with asking your attention to certain familiar parables spoken by our Lord Himself, and which appear to have a clear decisive bearing on this matter. There is first the parable of the good Samaritan (Luke, x). A poor man who was travelling from one town to another fell in with wicked folk, who robbed him and left him half dead on the roadside. Certain other travellers, not destitute I suppose of a sense of religion or faith if it then existed, came along in due course by the same way. They saw the maltreated man and possibly felt for him, and believed that he was sorely in need of succor; but they did nothing for him all the same. At last a really good and charitable man, known as the Good Samaritan, was passing by; and seeing the poor sufferer, he approached him, spoke kind words to him, otherwise practically befriended him, and gave him a fair share of his time and money. Now, brethren, there are two classes of persons alluded to here—the priest and Levite who saw the sufferer but did nothing for him, and the kind-hearted Samaritan who saw him and assisted him. Which does our Lord commend, and why does He commend him? He commends the Samaritan because of his good works and vines him to us as an example, saying, "Go you and do in like manner." Again there is the parable of the laborers in the vineyard (Matt. xx). A certain householder had some work to be done in his vineyard; early in the morning he employed a number of men to do it. As the day advanced he found that he required still more men, and seeing several standing idle he rebuked them, saying, "Why stand you here all the day idle?" and sent them also to work in the vineyard. When evening came he said to the steward, call the men together and pay them their hire; and they were called and paid accordingly. Almighty God is the Lord of the vineyard itself. We are the laborers in it.

THOSE THAT IDLE THEIR TIME GET NO PAY,

but such as work for the Great Master will be rewarded. They will get their "hire." What is hire? It is a certain sum to which one has a strict title, because of a promise made on one side and work done on the other. Good works are, therefore, promised a reward by God, and are sure to get it. The parable of the unjust steward is highly pertinent to the question (Luke xvi). A rich man has a steward, and the same was accused to him that he had wasted his substance. And he sent for him one day and said to him: "Give an account of your stewardship, for now thou canst be steward no longer." What is the business of a steward? He is not the owner of the property over which he is set—he is simply the guardian of it, or manager. When a master, therefore, calls his steward to order and asks for an account of his stewardship, his object is to ascertain whether he has been faithful to him or not—whether he has attended to his business or not—whether he has been honest and active and vigilant and prudent in his dealings and management; or whether on the contrary he has not been lazy and self-seeking and indifferent to his master's interests, and prodigal perhaps of his master's substance. It means in short whether the steward has done good work for his master or not. The application of the parable, brethren, is easy, because it is obvious and incontrovertible. Finally we have the parable of the talents, as it is called (Matt. xxv). A man of wealth and position was going into a far country to travel. Before setting out he brought his servants around him and gave to each of them a substantial token of his regard. To him who we may suppose to be his favorite he gave five talents; to another two talents, and to a third he gave but one, and then went his way. The servants thought perhaps that he would never return, or at all events that he would remain from home along time; but he came back sooner than they expected, and presently inquired of each what he had done with the talent he had received. He who got the five talents turned them to good account, for he had doubled his capital; and so in like manner did he who had received two talents. The master thereupon commended them both, addressing to each the memorable words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." But the man of one talent did not probably think it worth his while to trouble his head about such a trifle, and so he hid nothing—without it, under ground for safety sake; and when questioned about it, wisely refused to return it to the master just as he had got it. But the master was angry, refused to take it for himself, and ordered the unprofitable servant to be cast into "outward darkness," where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. We have a master also,

brethren, who has committed certain talents to our care. When, perhaps, we least expect it He will come upon us, and ask peremptorily what we have done with them.

WILL IT BE ENOUGH FOR US TO SAY,

"Oh, my God and Royal Master! I believed in You; I knew well that You are good and great and generous, and merciful beyond measure, and trusted in You implicitly as such. I have led, indeed, on the strength of the talents You so kindly gave me, an easy, quiet, but good-for-nothing life, mindful enough of my own business and interests, but needless of Yours." Still, I had a lively faith in You, and because I had I now hope for favor and forgiveness." No, brethren, the parable clearly indicates that this will not shelter us from the wrath to come. The unprofitable servant made a similar excuse; but it was unavailing. We, shall, therefore, have not only to account to God, our Master, for the talents He has given us, but must also increase their value by good works if we seriously desire to be reckoned or rewarded as His "faithful servants." It is of real consequence to us, therefore, to ascertain what the talents are that we have got individually from God, and for which we are to be rightly held accountable. They are twofold, some being in the supernatural, others in the natural order. Grace, of course, occupies the foremost place. Every prayer you have said, every sacrament you have received, every Mass you have assisted at, every sermon you have heard, every pious book you have read, every salutary example and incentive to good that you have been favored with, all rank as talents of the first class. Similarly, in the order of nature, first-class talents are to be accounted for your time, how you spend it—for your health, how you employ it—for your intellect, how you cultivate it—for your wealth, how you made it, and how you disposed of it. In other words we shall have to make a return to God for all the good things that He has done for us. And is not this in strict accordance with our own ideas of common duty and common sense? If we do not work for a person, or otherwise do him service, we cannot expect a reward from him.

IF WE WORK FOR PETER,

we do not expect a reward from Paul; and consequently, if we pass through life laboring for the world, and forgetting God, we must look to the world for a reward, and not to God. Allow me now, brethren, respectfully but earnestly to ask you for what, and for whom are you working day after day, for weeks, and months, and years together? Is it for God or for the world? Do you work for any set purpose at all, and with any definite intention? It is the intention that mainly qualifies and gives character to the act. What a first principle is to science, what a root is to a tree, a source to a fountain, a foundation to a house, the spirit to the body, that, or something like it, is the intention to our acts and undertakings. I shoot a man by accident—I am unfortunate. I shoot a man by design—I am a murderer. I give charity to the poor for God's sake—I please God and will be rewarded. I give charity to be extolled and thought much of by men—I please the world, and let the world reward me. God looks to the heart—not, as St. Augustine well expresses it, "God does not mind so much what is done as why it is done."

What of good, then, brethren, are you engaged in, and for what end are you doing it? What are your thoughts about from early dawn until you go to bed at night? Do you often, or ever, think of God or of heaven, or how it is to be with you in the next life? What we love, and like, and are solicitous about; we frequently think of during the day; and if we never think of God, it is a true sign that we do not care for Him. No one but a fool would hope to catch wild birds by simply catching them off the tree. If you wish to catch birds, you must set snares for them, and think how you had better do it; and if you want God's favor and rewards, you must think and employ the means of securing them.

WHAT DOES YOUR DAILY CONVERSATION TURN ON?

Is it harmless, or is it hurtful? Is it ever scandalous, or otherwise unbecoming? What is its object—the affairs of this life or of the next? "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and we must esteem a person very rightly when we never make any friendly mention of his name. What books do you read? Bad books? Silly books? Useful and edifying books? There are those who would be ashamed to be found with a pious book in their hands. What is to be thought of such people? If you have children, what are the principles that you habitually impress on their young minds? The love of truth, the love of virtue, the love of honesty, the love of honesty, the love of God, the love of the Church, the love of the country, the vanity of the world, the hollowness of human professions, the instability of earthly greatness?—or is it the love of self, the love of life, the love of pleasure, the love of dress, the omnipotence of money, the glory of being rich, and the worthlessness of being virtuous and holy, or being reputed so? In the affairs of this life the poor man strives to become rich, and the rich man labors to become richer. But, as regards the life to come, strange to say, the poorer a man is in grace and virtue, the less he feels his poverty, and the less he labors to lighten it. In the affairs of this life you will submit to any and everything in order to gain your ends. Your ease, your health, your peace of mind, and even your reputation, will, in some instances, be sacrificed to attain success. Up early and late and on to business, no matter how dreary or unpropitious the day. Love of gain gives health to the invalid, strength to the feeble, energy to the listless, and sometimes fills even the meanest nature with the fire of a laudable ambition. But

IS THERE QUESTION OF WORKING FOR GOD,

all is changed, and the smallest obstacle is enough to divert us from our purpose. The day is bad, you cannot go to Mass; you have not time to pray, you are too busy; you cannot approach the Sacraments, you are unprepared; you cannot fast, you are too weak; you cannot give charity, you are too poor; you cannot work, in short, for God, because there is no sensible reward for doing so. Finally, in the affairs of this life, you never fail to consult for appearances. Your house, for instance, is not commodious enough, it must be enlarged; it is not nice enough to look at, it must be decorated and done up; your clothes, though excellent and becoming, are unfortunately out of fashion, they must be laid aside, and the latest cut and color provided instead; you must see a few friends at dinner; you must visit the seaside; you must go periodically on excursions of pleasure, for appearance sake, and not to be unlike other people of your class. All this, no doubt, is very well; and very excellent and very reasonable, and very right, and money is, accordingly, ready for it. But it often happens, and 'tis this I complain of, that persons who are very generous towards the world or themselves are very stingy towards God. When charity is asked for we are frequently reminded of the pressure of bad times and of the needs of a large family; apathy takes the place of enthusiasm; and the hand that was open yesterday, when pleasure was to be purchased, is closed to-day, when succor is sought for the poor or the Church of Jesus Christ. In all this we act most senselessly.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF THE MAN

who would see his wife and family flung out of the roadside without food or shelter, and who, when asked to come to their assistance, would reply that he could not do so, as he was busily engaged in building up a house of shells for his amusement? What would you say to the individual who, having a capital of just one thousand pounds, rents a splendid suburban villa for six months, and meanwhile lays out every penny he has in beautifying it? Such a proceeding but feebly illustrates our own folly. Life is but a dream at the best. The man that lived the longest upon earth lived not a thousand years, and then he died, and in due course was buried. The sun rose and in due course was buried. The sun rose and the stars shone out at night in the heavens, and the birds made merry in the grove and on the house-top, and the waters went on their way to the ocean, and men talked and walked in the public streets, and addressed themselves to their accustomed works and amusements all the same as though he had not died. So it shall be with us. A few, no doubt, will mourn over us, and shed bitter tears, perhaps, over our remains; but thousands, even amongst our neighbors, will not miss us, and some most likely will be right glad that we are gone. The dried leaf that falls to the ground in some pathless forest far away, when the last days of autumn are running out, is not less heeded than we shall be within a short year after we are no more. Let us labor for God, then, brethren, while we may, for the night is sure to come when no one can work. And what now is the special good work to the promotion of which all I have hitherto said has been purposely directed? There is no need, I presume, of naming it, for it is already well known to you all. I want you to come spiritedly to the aid of your large-hearted and laborious pastor in clearing off the weight of debt that unfortunately still rests on this noble building in which we are assembled. It was solemnly blessed a while ago, and dedicated by your saintly bishop to the services of the Almighty under the suggestive and, indeed,

HISTORIC NAME OF SAINT MARY THE GREAT.

In other words, through your venerated chief pastor you have just made a present of this house to God, and I simply ask you on the memorable day when you deliver to Him the title deeds of a new inheritance, to see that, as far as possible, no one can set up a claim to it, or to any substantial portion of it, but Himself. In point of fact, then, brethren, and to put the matter very plainly before you, every person to whom your church owes a shilling at this moment is, in so far, co-proprietor of it with Almighty God. Your position, then, brethren is, in a certain sense, a peculiar one; for, while, with sacred song, and ceremonial, and ancient rite, you ostensibly transfer to God every stone and spire, every post and pillar and appearance of this new-built temple, you in reality make over on Him but a portion of it, unless you at the same time hold yourselves responsible for all outstanding claims against it, and that you will see them promptly discharged, and to the very last farthing. This is precisely what you are bound in honor and equity to do, and this is what you will do, I feel assured, and what you will commence doing on a liberal scale to-day.

YOU ARE A READING AND INTELLIGENT PEOPLE,

and must be familiar with the leading ecclesiastical events of the epoch in which we live. Consider what is being done, and what of sacrifice is being made for religion's sake on all sides throughout the length and breadth of this great old Catholic land. Let me instance one case in point. Away in the very extremity of the south, in a town of not fully and midst a people far from being exceptionally favored as regards wealth or the means of acquiring it, a church is now all but erected at the enormous cost of £27,000, of which £24,000 is actually paid. The poor but spirited Catholics of that Southern town have already given £12,000 of that vast sum, and have, furthermore, to pay half as much again, within a specified time. One other example also may be cited. When employed in missionary works as a bishop at the Antipodes, I remember having preached

IN A SMALL AUSTRALIAN VILLAGE

for the good Sisters of Mercy who were solicited to settle down there and open a denominational school. Three hundred and fifty persons were present at the sermon. They were Irish without exception, and although above want, did not belong to what are called the wealthy classes. A collection was made by himself in person, on the occasion, and I solemnly assure you, that, independent of promises which were pretty numerous, I received then and there, in cash alone, a very considerable sum of \$1,546. For these practical reasons, and for countless others, I am, and shall be, a firm believer in the big heartedness and boundless generosity of the Irish race. Has any one ever heard of a church having been put up for sale in Ireland, or that an Irish priest ever undertook a needful good work, however costly, which he was forced to abandon for want of funds? There never existed, and does not exist this moment, on the face of the globe, a more faithful, virtuous, God-fearing, sorely-tried, and devoted people than ours. How priests and bishops should love and labor for them! They are our pride, our crown and glory. United in every interest of earth and heaven, sprung from the same stock, fed from the same fountain-head of faith, linked indissolubly together by the same bonds, for weal or woe, poor in each other's poverty, rich in each other's wealth, partners of old in the sanguinary penalties of our Irish origin, and we are now sharers in the advancing light of freedom and civilization, who will dare attempt to separate the Irish priesthood from the Irish people—the pastor from his flock? Your pastor, brethren, appeals to you, through me, to-day, for succor. It is not for himself, he asks nothing, and desires nothing, but your grateful sympathy and good wishes, and these he knows he possesses without stint or measure. It is for the glory of God's house that he is solicitous. Even on his own account, he deserves well of you. He has labored hard for you. He has had many an anxious day and night in connection with this weighty work, with which his name shall be ever associated. How he must have suffered when he found that it had fallen in pieces to the ground.

THIS DAY BRINGS HIM HIS REWARD.

Give to him, therefore, and give generously. You will not miss it this day twelve months. A blight never fell on a family because of its charitable deeds, nor does the wealth of ungenerous usurers descend to a remote posterity. Have no fears, then, as to the future. Act up to the suggestions of your generous Irish instincts, and my fervent prayer shall be, that as our good and merciful God abundantly blessed you in the past for all that you have hitherto done in His behalf, so may He bless and favor you an hundred-fold in the future for what of truly Christian charity you will have made manifest here to-day. Amen.

THE POST CONTRADICTS THE REPORT THAT SIR

Garnet Wolseley has detained the First Regiment of Dragoons at the Cape in consequence of troubles in the Transvaal.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

WEDNESDAY.

Sheffield iron trade is improving. Smyrna reports a bounteous fig crop. Gen. Martinez Campos is to be sent to Cuba with 15,000 men. \$143,000 has been subscribed in Cuba for the Spanish sufferers. A Quebec merchant is shipping molasses to the Liverpool market. Halifax has a shocking case of death induced by baby farming. Russia requires peace, as the financial condition of the Empire enjoins it. Rost D'Erina gave a concert in St. Boniface Cathedral to 1,800 persons. Mr. Thos. Martin, of Brantford, shot himself through the head yesterday. The South Western Railway is erecting a depot and workshops in Winnipeg. General Sheridan contracted a severe cold, during Grant's reception at Chicago. All Russian officers on leave of absence have been ordered to join their regiments. A Grand Trunk train left the track at Parkdale yesterday, and sustained great damage. A number of interesting ancient records were found in the Quebec Custom House yesterday. The Court of Equity into the Octavio-Champion disaster exonerates the crew of the former vessel. Two whites and 30 Chinese were killed by a mine explosion in tunnel No. 3 of the San Jose Railway. Signor Cairoli, Italian Premier, has placed the resignations of the whole of his Cabinet before the King. The proceeds of the Egyptian loan with Rothschild will be applied to the liquidation of the public debt.

THURSDAY.

The number of vacant stores and houses in Ottawa is greater than ever. The garrisons at all important points in Ireland are to be reinforced. A batch of French-Canadians are en route for the Michigan lumber districts. The heaviest fall of snow for years seems to be general in the vicinity of Augusta, Maine. S. D. Phillips, of Marion County, while asleep, was butchered by his wife with an axe. One of the mines of the Pennsylvania Coal Co., at Pittston, known as No. 1 tunnel, has caved in. A Liverpool despatch says:—It is reported that Parnell will abandon his proposed visit to America. A well barber named Berry, who came to London, Ont., a short time ago from Chicago, has absconded. The oyster planters on the south side of Long Island have commenced to make shipments to Europe. By the burning of the British steamer Trawler Castle at Singapore, New York underwriters lose \$750,000. At a test trial of the Belgium system of towing five boats from Buffalo to Rochester, the distance was completed in 32 hours. Mr. Gisborne, superintendent of telegraphs in the Dominion, is preparing a report on the lines in British Columbia. It is said he found much in the conduct of affairs to commend. A virtual decree of foreclosure will be made in the suit against the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railway. Unless the bonded indebtedness be paid within twenty days the road will be sold. The new organ in the Stewart Cathedral at Garden City will be amongst the largest and most remarkable in the world. The claims can be played by the organist. Different parts of the instrument will be united by electricity and controlled by hydraulic power.

FRIDAY.

Quebec snowshoers are organizing. It is snowing in London, England, yesterday. Professor Flynn, of Laval University, has resigned. Five more Turkistan regiments have disembarked in the vicinity of Guelb. Quebec river police and Custom House officials will be paid off on Saturday. Earl Grosvenor, a distinguished artist, goes to Yosemite, to paint a view of the valley. A Leadville mob of several hundred persons lynched two men confined in the gaol. A Toronto student, while dissecting, was blood poisoned, through a minute puncture in the hand. The mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie of France has been taken seriously ill. The ex-Empress has started for Madrid. It is expected in Madrid that the report of the Committee on the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in Cuba will be read in the Senate on Friday. A Spanish Cabinet Council, presided over by King Alfonso, has determined that the marriage of the King shall be solemnized on the 29th inst. The inquiry into the conduct of the ex-Ameer Yakoub Khan and his Ministers in connection with the massacre of the British Embassy has terminated. The Posen Gazette declares it has local information relating the recent declarations of the Cologne Gazette that Russian troops are massed on the Prussian frontier. Egeria has been ashore near Pakhoi, where she was sent to protect British interests. A considerable portion of her false keel was wrenched off. She will have to be docked for repairs. The majority of the Technical Commission for the determination of a site for the new bridge across the Danube favor the Roumanian claim to include the Fort of Arabaslea, one of the principal defences of Silistria, within Roumanian territory.

SATURDAY.

Ald. Convey, of Quebec, is dead. Barges are frozen in on the Rideau. 90,000 deaths from cholera has occurred in Japan. The thermometer at Toronto on Thursday, stood at zero. A new Post Office will be erected by the Government at St. Catharines. The steamers of the Richelieu line leave Quebec at two instead of five o'clock. Major DeWinton's visit to Winnipeg is in connection with E. R. M.'s visit in spring. A despatch from Paris reports the death of Jean Joseph Gaume, French theologian and writer. A Rome correspondent reports Vesuvius is again active. A great eruption seems probable. William Dempster, the Molsons' Bank defaulter, has been re-arrested on a charge of forgery.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20.

CALENDAR.

THURSDAY 27—Votive of the Blessed Sacrament. FRIDAY 28—Votive of St. Andrew. SATURDAY 29—First in Advent. Epist. Rom. xlii. 11-14; Gosp. Luke xxi. 25-33. Con. of Aop. Kenilwick, St. Louis, Ill. MONDAY, December 1st—St. Andrew, Apostle. (Nov. 30.) TUESDAY 2—St. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr. WEDNESDAY 3—St. Francis Xavier, Confessor. Aop. Carroll, Baltimore, died 1875.

NOTICE.

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once.

Subscribers, when requesting their addresses to be changed, will please state the name of the Post Office at which they have been receiving their papers, as well as their new address. When making remittances, always date your letter from the Post Office address at which you receive your paper.

Publishers' Notice.

Mr. W. E. MILLEN, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest. We recommend him to the kind consideration of our friends and subscribers, and trust they will aid him in every possible way to push the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Is the cablegram which we received last Wednesday be correct, that the O'Donoghue has joined the land movement, it will materially strengthen the hands of Mr. Parnell. The O'Donoghue was at one time a staunch Nationalist, but was corrupted by the blandishments of London aristocratic society.

We notice with great pleasure that some of the young men of Montreal have entered in earnest on the task of learning the Irish language. This is only right and proper. There are thousands of such classes in the States. Grammar and correct pronunciation are to language what music is to song.

The Land Agitation in Ireland.

Notwithstanding the strenuous exertions of the Imperial Tory landlord Government to provoke the Irish people to an overt act which would form an excuse for dragging them, they have done nothing but assert their undoubted legal and constitutional rights. The people seem to realize two things in the present crisis, one is that they are unable to cope with the Government in the field, and the other that they can beat it by constitutional means and passive resistance.

the people at home, that is to say, the Irish people proper, who are responsible for their acts to God and the British Government. The Irish in America would not have to endure the horrors of a trampled down rebellion, and besides they may fairly hope that the present legal agitation will accomplish almost as much as a successful rising. Nothing would delight Lord Beaconsfield more than a policy of active resistance, whereas it is the policy of passive resistance which is destined to baffle him and secure the people in the peaceful possession of the lands wrenched from their forefathers by fraud and force, a parallel for which the page of modern history will be searched for in vain.

The Pacific Railroad Contracts.

The Ottawa Herald gives us to understand that at times information is supplied to tenderers for contracts from the departments, which, as a matter of course, gives an opportunity of manipulating, which would be impossible if they were kept in ignorance of the amounts of the respective tenders. This assertion amounts to a charge of the most serious nature that can be brought against a department, or a Government, for, after all, the Government must be held responsible. At the present moment when contracts for four sections of railroad between Yale and Kamloops, British Columbia, are about to be given out the eyes of the country are fixed on the Government, all the more especially as the odor of the great Pacific scandal, and slander, haags round them still. We are not of those who think a Government or a department cannot possibly act honestly, and we think it is mean and narrow to ascribe sinister motives without proof.

out, and consequently giving scalpers and smart Americans the whiphand, and handicapping honest men who are not up to the tricks of the Ottawa intriguers and lobbyists. The Americans boast that they have introduced the pernicious system into Canada to their own profit. And here may be the proper place to remark that other things being equal, Canadians should have the preference in contracts. They spend the money in Canada, whereas our American cousins sport it in New York or Chicago, and are besides not as reliable as Canadians. The National Policy should obtain on contracts as well as on tariffs. The present contracts are of more than ordinary interest, on account of the magnitude of the expenditure, twelve to fifteen million dollars being involved in carrying them out, and, as we have before remarked, the country is watching the Government, and will consider it honest, or the contrary, as it acts in the premises.

Canadian Nationality.

The intellectual foreigner visiting our land of Canada does not go away without pleasing impressions of the country, if such can term a colony, for despite all the magnificent names we can invent to cover our vassalage a colony we are and a colony we are bound to remain for a season. He sees our side of the Niagara cataract, the eloquent Chaudiere, the romantic falls of Montmorency; he visits Quebec and its heroic surroundings; he learns that the two great oceans of the world wash our shores on either side, and he goes away fully impressed with the notion that Canada is most assuredly the greatest of England's colonies, and that the United Empire Club, when it existed, was a fine attempt at aristocracy.

Belles-Antiquities.

SIR—Of late I have read some very strange things in papers from the Capital—extractions of ideas and sentiments which reflect anything but credit upon those from whom they have come. It is not my intention to directly refer to those writers, but, as their strange ideas, so unconsciously expressed, have suggested to my mind the few remarks I desire to make, I take the liberty of asking you to kindly publish this letter. The ever lamented Thomas Davis, in speaking of some persons who gained permission to cut road through an olden and sacred relic of Irish antiquity, thus expressed himself: "We do not know their names, but if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then, we frankly say, if the law will not reach them, public opinion shall. These men who despoil, and whose consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but, beyond a doubt, they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who, as Wordsworth says, "would peep and botanize upon their mothers' graves."

from the Earl of Beaconsfield. In our opinion it would be just as well to teach our youth that they are happy English children, as the nice little school-book says, and point them to London as the scene of their future labors. We would, in so teaching, be at least consistent, and undoubtedly we should be loyal. It may be that the Carleton or Reform Club, or even the unfortunate Beef-steak, might not open its doors to our aspiring youths, even when told that they were Canadians. Unfortunately, the very flower and choice of our glorious youth scorn and condemn the idea of going to the cold and unappreciative land of Britain. They merely cross an imaginary dividing line, and find themselves in the United States. All along the North between the 36th and 43rd parallels of latitude, Canadians are to be found as foremen in the mine, as partners in the factory, as editors of newspapers, as lawyers, doctors, clergymen and professional men generally, and mostly always with distinction, for the Canadian is not handicapped in the United States. Why and whence is all this except that our beloved colony does not—broad as it is—furnish scope for the genius of our young men? Our population never increases for the reason that our farmers, manufacturers and merchants keep drifting south of the line to better their fortunes? There are more French Canadians or their descendants in the United States than there is population in all the Dominion. We have no city in Canada, except Montreal, which should be a New York, and Toronto, which should be a Chicago, and, speaking frankly, we never shall have until our colony changes itself into a State or two in the Union, or becomes an independent nation. People are afraid to speak of these terrible things. Well, we speak of them. Newspapers are frightened to write about them, hence we write for them. Not that we pronounce on the future of Canada, except to say that we should be either fish or flesh—at present we are neither.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Orangemen.

DEAR SIR,—There is certainly a great commotion among the L.O. Lodges throughout the country over the discovery of their signs and passwords and the disclosure of many of their secret forms and obligations in your paper, the TRUE WITNESS. The Orangemen of America are dismayed at the exposure, but keep very quiet, as they labor under the illusion that the Catholic people do not believe the statements to be true. They are under the impression that Catholics will believe the whole affair a falsehood if they maintain a complete silence about it, and pretend that the story is so utterly without foundation as to be unworthy of any consideration from them. But the truth is that it has created quite a confusion in the Society, and, in fact, some of the members openly say that it will cause the destruction of the organization in Canada. In compliance with orders from their head officers, they have fallen back upon their last year's annual, the New Brunswick, and this year they are not using the tri-annual. Orangemen all over the country is puzzled for an effective method to keep me out of the lodges, but it will be found an impossibility. A little further effort will suffice to break up the Society in this country. Herein I send you the cipher used by Orangemen, and please publish it for the information of your many readers.

Table with 9 columns and 2 rows of numbers and letters.

Divide the alphabet into three by nine, the first three plain, without any dots, the second line dots above the figures, the third and last with the dots below.

Yours truly, Q. X. & 3.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST.

SIR—Of late I have read some very strange things in papers from the Capital—extractions of ideas and sentiments which reflect anything but credit upon those from whom they have come. It is not my intention to directly refer to those writers, but, as their strange ideas, so unconsciously expressed, have suggested to my mind the few remarks I desire to make, I take the liberty of asking you to kindly publish this letter. The ever lamented Thomas Davis, in speaking of some persons who gained permission to cut road through an olden and sacred relic of Irish antiquity, thus expressed himself: "We do not know their names, but if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then, we frankly say, if the law will not reach them, public opinion shall. These men who despoil, and whose consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but, beyond a doubt, they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who, as Wordsworth says, "would peep and botanize upon their mothers' graves."

Such, I think, can be applied to the few who have no respect, no love, no veneration, no reverence for things of the past; glorious antiquities, sacred relics, that tell us of the days gone by. There are persons, however, and it is to be regretted, who live only in the present, whose ideas soar not beyond a certain limit, whose views are circumscribed by a narrow circle. They look not into the past, gaze not into the future. There are persons—happily few—who pretend to education and refinement, but whose every action speaks dullness of soul, of sentiment, of feeling. There are persons who love to tear down what they cannot build up, to destroy what they cannot create, whose conoctic hands are ever ready to crush all that the noble and good hold in reverence and affection. And when I say there are persons who thus ever tend to destroy the monuments, great and small, that stand forth indices of past glory, models of future greatness—persons whose ideas are not grand enough to admire, whose sentiments are not noble enough to love the nation's antiquities—I likewise say that those persons necessarily despise profane as they contain sacred relics. And reverse the position—the persons who despise the sacred relics naturally and necessarily condemn those treasured gifts transmitted by ancestors to posterity.

Who is the man who could stand by the tomb of a Napoleon, or over the grave of an O'Connell, knowing their history, and not feel some noble sentiments springing up in his breast? If such there exist, I can only say with the Laird of Abbotsford: "Go, mark him well! For his no minister's rapture swell. His h'th'tle, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish an claim. Despite those seas, power and pelf, The wreath of concord on a self. Living, shall forfeit fair renown; And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile earth from which he sprang, Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Who is the man who could quietly stand by and see a marble line erased from the tomb of a hero, or see a rod removed from the grave of a patriot? If he exists, I defy him to stand forth and proclaim to the public that he is not devoid of honor, of sentiment, of heart, of soul.

And if we thus honor the dead, the great and noble dead, leaving aside all question of Catholic faith, how inconsistent is the man who could lay claim to lofty feelings, pure sentiments, grand ideas, and at the same time would ridicule the reverence of the tombs of the great apostles, laugh and scoff at the veneration for the relics of the saints and martyrs? However, such has been known to take place in this enlightened age, in the full glare of a great civilization. What is a relic of the past? It is a gift of one generation to another—passing along despite the workings of time, from age to age, telling those of one epoch the story of those who went before them. What is the relic of a great man? It is something which belonged to one whose deeds rang out to the world, whose name has been wafted along the avenues of time, whose glory is destined to be immortal. The relic is sacred as is the memory of the man. The relic is a link in the golden chain that binds us to the past; and what is the relic of a saint? It is a token, an object sacred by its connection with one whose fame was his humility, whose life was great in the deeds of true heroism, whose death-bed was blessed by the union of his virtues, whose soul has been embalmed into all eternity by the unction of Divine and infinite justice.

And if the man is to be despised who has no love for things of the past—who condemns the sacred relics of a people's former glory, of a nation's past might, of a religion's ever living pride, ever constant splendor—how much more contemptible is the one who declares, if not in word, at least in action, his want of reverence for the ashes of the dead, his want of veneration for the dust of heroes, priests, martyrs, saints? The Church of Rome has ever been the guardian of olden monuments, the preserver of ancient trophies, the treasurer of hallowed memories. In preserving the glorious monumental piles, she teaches her children the story of gone by ages, she inspires them with the noble sentiments and grand ideas of the past, while she offers these trophies as models whereby future greatness may be erected. In holding in veneration the relics of the saints, in displaying a reverence for the remains of her martyrs, she keeps before the minds of her faithful the good, pure, and noble deeds of those blessed souls, as examples truthful and real of virtue and its reward. By so doing she places before her young and her old those beacon lights which are destined to guide them along the narrow road which led the saint, and still leads all the good and just to the happiness that can never die. The man, then, whose Christian sentiment is so narrow, whose Christian faith is so lame that the relics of those great ones are to him objects of ridicule, is, indeed, a person to be pitied, and the man whose ideas are so small and whose feelings so chilled that he cannot, even from a human standpoint, admire, love and venerate the relics of ages gone past and men no more, is a character for whom any one might blush.

Excuse the length of this letter. Hoping that the ideas and sentiments herein expressed may find an echo in the breast of every good citizen, I beg to subscribe myself, Yours, &c., CHAS.

An Interesting Event.

On Wednesday last the medical staff of the General Catholic Hospital met in the reception room of that institution, and presented Dr. Hill, who has recently retired from the position of consulting physician, with the following address, which was read by Dr. St. Jean:—

To Mr. Hannet Hill, M. D. C. S.: We, the undersigned, members of the medical staff of the General Hospital, cannot permit ourselves to pass without expressing our opinion as to the able, zealous and philanthropic manner in which you discharged the duties of consulting surgeon to the hospital for almost a quarter of a century. You have acted the noble part of a friend and physician, and on all occasions permitted no opportunity to pass wherein you could render timely assistance to suffering humanity. In the discharge of your duty, the tests of genuine worth are considerable, and on every occasion nothing was wanting on your part that could possibly conduce to the relief of the poor and needy, where timely services could be of any avail. As a body we have been sadly grieved at the trial of a far more than ordinary character, which has brought an unexpected gloom over your household. With the medical fraternity, as well as the general public, there is but one expression of deep sympathy, and with you and the staff of the General Hospital the dominant wish is that you will still enjoy many years of comfort and happiness, and that the links which at present form your family circle may long remain unbroken.

We remain, Yours most respectfully, J. A. GRANT, F.R.C.S., Ed. A. HOBILLARD, M.D., C.M. P. ST. JEAN, M.D. JAMES S. STANLEY, M.D. L. C. PREVOST, M.D.V., Secretary.

Ottawa, 20th November, 1876. THE REPLY.

Dr. Hill was greatly moved by the kind expression contained in the address, and his voice trembled with the depth of his emotion during the delivery of his reply. He said:— GENTLEMEN:—The very kind address with which you have just honored me cannot but be most acceptable, conveying so many gratifying assurances of appreciation, on your part, of my long continued services at the General Hospital, extending, as you observe, to "almost a quarter of a century." I beg to assure you that during that long period it was always considered by me as a source of pride to be connected with so invaluable an institution, and to be in any way instrumental in assisting other members of the staff in alleviating those cases of suffering humanity which daily presented themselves; and it will be my lasting consolation to know and feel that my exertions and services have been invariably acknowledged by the staff of the General Hospital, the Grey Nuns, the clergy and the Diocesan. Casting a retrospect over the past, I cannot help calling to mind the old wooden building or barn, which for so many years did good service as a hospital, under the charge of the late Dr. Beaubien and myself. With however, the advancing growth and importance of the city and the neighborhood, the present roomy and capacious building took its place, the erection of which is a lasting monument of the munificence of the late Mr. Larocque; the building was inhabited by the exclusive of good under the immediate supervision of its present very competent medical staff, whose efforts were always most carefully supervised by the Sisters in charge of the sick and the maimed—and I think it will not be considered out of place that I should here willing testimony to these facts. Gentlemen, I thank you most sincerely for your kind attention to the principal reason of my retirement from the post of consulting surgeon. It is, indeed, too true that the domestic affliction which has befallen my family has been the primary occasion of it; this irreparable loss has been a little alleviated by the very general sympathy of numerous friends in common with my relatives; and I trust that "this which is said to cure or often these afflictions, will have the

same beneficent effect on my bereaved family. In conclusion, allow me to congratulate you on its increased efficiency by the recent appointment of Dr. Grant as my successor, and of Dr. Prevost as one of the attending physicians, as I have no doubt that your united judgment and skill will redound to the welfare of the institution of which I will always be happy to hear and as its "honorary surgeon" which I have been appointed by the Rev. Mother, I shall unfortunately be found visiting its wards.

HARVEY HILL, Late Consulting Surgeon to the General Hospital, Bolton street Ottawa, November 18th, 1876.

Before reading the address, Dr. St. Jean congratulated Dr. Hill on his election as an honorary member of the medical staff of the hospital, and referred, in eulogistic terms, to a high position in the profession. Dr. Grant also spoke of Dr. Hill's long connection with the hospital, and the valuable assistance he had rendered to the institution. Ottawa Papr.

CONDITION OF IRELAND. GREAT EXCITEMENT.

Parnell's Arrest Improbable—House Meeting in Dublin.

LONDON, November 21.—The condition Ireland to-day excites great and real uneasiness. Many Irish landlords are leaving the country under threats of assassination. In surrectionary placards are posted in many and other counties, calling upon the people to rise in arms. The Government has determined to put strong measures in force at once to maintain public order. Parnell does not think his arrest is probable. Reports have been circulated that the Irish and English legal advisers of the Government differ as to the advisability of such a step. Two companies of soldiers have arrived at Boyle, en route to Balla, to be ready in the event of a disturbance at the forthcoming meeting. The magistrates declare the Government wishes to provoke collision.

The Irish arrests continue to be the leading topic. The Times thinks there is every reason to believe that a timely display of firmness will extinguish any really mischievous element in the anti-rent agitation. Correspondents report from Glasgow intense

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE HOME BELIEVERS.

from Liverpool great interest; no excitement from Limerick. Considerable dismay is felt at Dublin. One report says that the excitement is only equalled by that during the Fenian risist. Another says the arrests have excited but little public interest, and the prevalent feeling among the respectable classes is not committed to agitation. It is a satisfaction that steps have been taken to check the Communist's move.

The Daily News does not blame the Government. It thinks Mr. Parnell is responsible for the condition of affairs, but doubts the prudence of the measures taken, and insists that the only effectual way to quiet the Irish agitators is to concede a large measure of reform, such as utmost practicable local self government to Irish towns, counties and provinces, while still maintaining a legislative union between the two countries.

The Dewsbury, Batley and Birstall branches of the Irish National Society have arranged for a demonstration on Sunday in aid of the tenant farmers. The Queenstown Town Commissioners passed a resolution condemning the arrest of Davitt, Killen and Daly. At meeting of the delegates from the Home Irish organizations of London to-night, a telegram from Dublin was read stating that a meeting was then being held there. It was a great success, and 20,000 were unable to gain admittance.

MANCHESTER, November 21.—A London correspondent telegraphs that those

WHO DISAPPROVE OF THE ARRESTS

say that the Government has provided Mr. Parnell with a cry which will give his followers the greatest strength at the elections, and compel more moderate men to choose between defeat or agreement in some form with Mr. Parnell. Those who approve of the course of the Government are confident that a communication has been received, believing that in view of the language employed many of the meetings, and its tendency exciting to outrage, Ministers could not safely refrain from immediate measures of repression.

DUBLIN, November 21.—At the meeting to-night to denounce the arrest of Daly, Davitt and Killen, 5,000 were present. Mr. Grant, member of Parliament, presided. The following members of Parliament were present:—Parnell, Smyth, Kirk, O'Leary, and Biggar. The Chairman counselled moderate language. Mr. Parnell moved that the meeting call upon Irishmen to pronounce, by public meetings, their condemnation of

THE ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

which is unconstitutional and illegal, and thus show the world that Irishmen are not to be intimidated by persecution. Mr. Parnell accused the Government of entrapping Irishmen by means of paid spies. He advised Irishmen to be calm, because, if they attended to emulate the Government in its illegal action, by violence or disorder, then they would be doing what the butcher and the troyer of Aghnan and Zulu desires them to do.

Mr. Parnell said no earthly power could ever succeed against the united and determined efforts of Irishmen in their struggle for the soil. Irishmen would show Lord Beaconsfield that they know how to win the battle and though they played against a man who had loaded dice, their cause was stronger. He said the land system was already tottering to its fall. Mr. Biggar declared Mr. Parnell the leader of the people. After the demonstration was over Messrs. Parnell and Biggar started for the Balla meeting.

One of the most reliable medicines Headache is Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS & PURGATIVE PILLS.

TESTED BY TIME.—FOR THROAT Diseases, Colds, and Coughs, BROWN'S CHAMICAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy a test of many years.

NO ONE SHOULD TRAVEL WITHOUT BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA Family Liniment. It is good all the time, and is especially useful in all the diseases incidental to traveling. A few drops will destroy the evil effects resulting from use of strange waters and may often save the Druggists sell it.

A DOSE OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBATS or Worm Lozenges creates constipation among the worms, which are twisted in the stomachs, of many children and even adults. There is nothing in the Combs which can injure anything but worms, and nobody can fear them.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the best prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing success. It relieves mothers from their children. It relieves a child from pain, corrects acidity of stomach, relieves wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child, comforts mother.

THE IRISH BENEFACTIVE MONASTERY OF IOWA.

Creston, Union Co., Iowa, October 16th, 1879.

Editor Western Watchman:

Nothing gives the Catholic tourists more encouragement to notice the progress of his religion as he is hurried in the mad whirl of the "iron horse" across populous states, rolling prairies and broad expansive plains, than the fact that the few notes which he may collect on this important subject will be sure to find a cordial reception from the Catholic editor, and a prominent place in his widely circulating journal.

A few months ago a humble servant found himself in a position to lay down the "hoe and the rake" of his ordinary vocation, to pursue for a time a life devoid of any special care, a life of relaxation and duty.

One bright morning about the middle of last August, as the sun rose in all his wonted splendor and majesty from his eastern couch, I found myself, scotch in hand, wending my way to the nearest depot of the village in which I reside.

Since that moment I have skipped over hundreds of miles by rail. The Chicago and Northwestern, the Union Pacific, the Rio Grande, the Colorado Central, and the Chicago Burlington and Quincy were among the principal lines over which I travelled.

I hardly ever passed through any village or city without being led instinctively to look for the cross, the infallible sign of the establishment of our holy religion on the prairies and plains as well as in populous cities, and, thanks be to God, I was seldom disappointed.

When I found myself on my homeward bound journey I determined to take a different route that I might obtain a new prospect of the country. This I did especially on reaching the State of Iowa—a State which stands high in my estimation, and from which great things may be expected in the near future.

It has four principal lines of railroads with numberless branches or "leaders" as they are called. It has all the marks of thrift and prosperity, and is situated in the centre of one of the richest farming portions of the State. Its privileges are excellent, water, etc., being found in abundance.

branch of the Benedictine order have been most happy in giving it the name it bears, viz., "the Irish Benedictine Monastery." It is a name dear to the heart of every Irish Catholic. It is a name which will excite to it, I hope, thousands of Irish Catholic families, to whom the bread of eternal life will be broken, and then the rising generations will be protected from the countless dangers to which it is exposed of bartering away the boon of Faith.

The Benedictine order is pretty well established, and pretty generally known throughout the United States, with the exception of this branch, and it is to be hoped that Irish Catholics will not allow the only Irish monastery in the land to languish for behind the lighthouse of the other religious institutions.

A very extraordinary address from the trustees of the Irish national fund is going the rounds of the British Press. When it reached this country last week, in the columns of the New York Herald, it caused a regular sensation. It abounds in astounding suggestions, and may be regarded as a message of defiance to Irish landlordism should the old clearance game be attempted.

It is not plain that in such a state the destitute must be always campaigning on the extreme borders of disaffection? This state of things suits the tactics of the revolutionists admirably. Even the Government seem to tremble to bring about social quietude by any instrumentality, save the stereotyped one of merciless coercion.

as landlordism has always been. Let it be replaced by a peasant proprietary, and the work of reconciliation will be eased of at least, one of its master difficulties.—Connaught Telegraph.

A VOICE FROM SOUTHERN IOWA.

An Irish Priest's Practical Letter on Well Improved Farms. St. Mary's Church, Fairfield, Johnson Co., Iowa, November 1st, 1879.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

Would you be kind enough to allow me a small space in one of your valuable columns to write a few words on this most important subject, emigration. It is a fact generally known to the number of Catholics in this country, that here in this region of Iowa there are many well improved farms for sale at very low rates.

Fairfield, of which I am the owner, is situated in latitude 42° 1', and longitude 91° 57'. It is an elevated town, and is geographically situated in latitude 42° 1', and longitude 91° 57'. This town was first incorporated under an Act of the General Assembly of this State in March, 1847, and re-incorporated on February 15th, 1851, as a city of the second class.

The location of Fairfield being on an elevated prairie, near the centre of the county, skirted on all sides by timber, and as the natural surface is rolling, the city has thereby from its central position a good opportunity for a good system of drainage in every direction.

The industry of our city reckons a great number of manufactures, and the following are the principal ones:—1st, Fire Brick and Tiling Factory, with a capacity of 10,000 brick and 5,000 feet of tiling per day; amount of capital invested, \$25,000.

This year the crops are good. The climate is delightful, neither too hot, nor too cold. Agricultural and mineral products that they are richer West in Kansas and Nebraska.—The lands here in physical aspect, are what are known as the "good lands," and are properly interspersed for draining purposes, building and fencing timber.

Fairfield has three banks, with a capital of \$175,000, and one hundred business houses. The total business of Fairfield, as reported by the International Bureau of Revenue, approximates \$4,000,000.

Besides physical, Fairfield claims two other great advantages, dear to the heart of every Irish Catholic, viz., a good Catholic school, conducted by the Sisters, where the youth of the Parish secure a moral and religious education; 2d, a good church with a permanent Pastor.

Since the opening of navigation this year to date, the exports of live stock from this port to Great Britain, per six lines of steamers, viz, the Allan, Beaver, Pumperly, Ross, Donaldson, and Great Western, are as follows: Cattle, 17,101 head, 53,907 sheep, 3,468 hogs, and 257 horses—altogether making 74,734 head and about 22 calves, carried by the cargo vessels of one of the above-named lines.

saltiness. If any of our commercial readers wish to take advantage of the return of Mr. Stimson's barque, or require further information in regard to suitable exports, we shall be glad to put them in the way of procuring it.—St. John Telegraph.

British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, says:—"Except a few beans, the harvest is now secured in England. In the Scotch uplands the cereal crops are still being harvested, mostly in an unripe state. The Scotch harvest, however, will probably be terminated in a week or ten days. Farmers so generally availed themselves of the favorable weather for field operations which continued up to Friday, when there was a sharp frost, that threshing has been neglected. The supplies at the country markets were consequently light, and wheat in a fit state for either sowing or milling, was decidedly scarce.

THE CONSOLIDATED BANK OF CANADA: its establishment and its career until its downfall. By JOHN F. NORRIS.

This is a compilation in a concise and consecutive form of all the proceedings attendant upon the suspension of the Consolidated Bank of Canada, from its establishment in 1870 as an amalgamation of the old City Bank of Montreal and the Royal Canadian of Toronto.

Canadian Fish Exports.

The export of fish from Newfoundland since last August amounts to 249,881 quintals, against 194,463 quintals for the corresponding period of last year. Of the excess, Brazil has taken 34,921 quintals, and Portugal the balance, 1,914 tons cod oil have been shipped, against 750 tons last year.

Live Stock Exports.

Since the opening of navigation this year to date, the exports of live stock from this port to Great Britain, per six lines of steamers, viz, the Allan, Beaver, Pumperly, Ross, Donaldson, and Great Western, are as follows: Cattle, 17,101 head, 53,907 sheep, 3,468 hogs, and 257 horses—altogether making 74,734 head and about 22 calves, carried by the cargo vessels of one of the above-named lines.

The Mechanics' Bank.

At the private meeting of the shareholders of this bank, held Thursday afternoon in the Exchange Bank building, (Mr. Walter Shanly, in the chair) a committee was appointed to take advice as to the liability of shareholders, to confer with the official assignee and inspectors as to the actual condition of the Bank, and with the principal creditors and shareholders to see if an amicable settlement cannot be arrived at, the said Committee to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on December 3rd.

HANLAN AND COURTNEY.

New York, November 24.—It will be remembered that after the Rochester meeting of Hanlan, Courtney and Blaikie, Courtney objected to Blaikie, and insisted on Mr. Enstis as referee; that gentleman then wrote to the Union Springs onrman, urging him to withdraw his objection to Blaikie, and row a square race. Until to-day Enstis' letter remained unanswered, when the following was received from Courtney's brother:—"UNION SPRINGS, November 22. To E. J. Enstis, New York:—Yours of Nov. 7th is at hand. Charley is laid up with a lame back now, but as soon as he is able to get up, he will answer you himself. There is no chance for a race at present. You know what the result would be for a man to try to race when he is so lame—he can't turn over in bed. Yours truly, Jno. F. Courtney." Probabilities of a race this fall being exceedingly slim, Mr. Blaikie will return the \$6,000 for a time, and then if there are no developments towards a contest, will pay the money over to Hanlan.

Commercial Items.

—Over 400 sheep were shipped from Kingsford yesterday to Cape Vincent. Many thousands have been shipped from this port this fall.

—An Albany despatch says Superintendent Clark announces that navigation on the New York State Canals will cease December 6th, unless the canals are closed sooner by ice.

—Intercolonial Railway receipts for the month of October were \$136,569, made up of passengers and mails \$55,219, freight \$81,350, showing an increase of \$23,742 over the month of September, and \$40,489 over the month of August.

—In consequence of recent developments, the Directors of the North German Lloyd's Steamship Company have decided to refuse transportation of heavy freight silks so weighted with chemicals and oil as to cause danger of spontaneous combustion.

—A London cable says that the scarcity of fine English hops and improved quality of American hops, which are attracting unprecedented attention, has had the effect of advancing the price £3 per bale since the first shipments this season.

—At the sale of Mr. Dempster's stock, at Ingersoll, on Saturday, the Stockwood was bought by Mr. Eddington, Woodstock, for \$250; Mileston by Mr. Quetton St. George, Toronto, for \$300; the matched pair by Mr. J. Labbutt, London, for \$230.

—Messrs. T. A. Dawes, Alfred Brown, and J. P. Dawes, of Lucking, and Messrs. Gerhard Lomet and S. W. Beard, of Montreal, are applying for Letters Patent to incorporate the Pioneer Beet Root Sugar Company (limited) with a capital of \$150,000, in shares of \$100 each.

—A Boston despatch says:—"The wool market during the past week has been more excited than at any time this year. The news is buoyant and the opening sales at London caused a rush of buyers. Here the market is 2c to 3c higher than last week, with a decided upward tendency. X. N. fleeces have been sold for 50c. Many holders are not disposed to sell under 60c.

—Canadian lambs continue in good demand in the markets of the United States, and have recently brought very good prices. At New York on Wednesday last 2,124 Canada lambs and 191 sheep were sold as follows:—418 lambs weighing from 72 to 77 lbs, each at 52c to 55c; 1,706 do, weighing from 71 to 72 lbs to 52c; 452 do, weighing from 71 to 72 lbs to 125 lbs each, at 42c to 43c; 148 do, 103 to 120 lbs each, \$3.81 to \$4.75 per 100 lbs.

—The shipments of dairy produce from this city to Great Britain during the week ending to-day comprise 10,958 packages of butter and 25,823 boxes cheese, against 9,988 packages butter and 15,268 boxes cheese shipped during the week previous. The shipments from this port to Europe since the opening of navigation consist of 189,863 packages butter and 515,350 boxes cheese, against 101,506 packages butter and 455,449 boxes cheese, shipped during the season of 1878.

—This week's circular of the Liverpool Cotton Brokers' Association says:—"American Cotton was in comparatively light demand, with abundant supply, and quotations were reduced; other growths maintain full prices. Texas Cotton is 3-16d to a furthering lower, and other American grades 4d to 4-16d lower. In Sea Island the business was unwell, but at extreme rates. Futures opened excited and 4d to 5-32d higher, but since then there have been very fluctuating rates, occasionally 1-32d below those of last Thursday."

—Yesterday's Liverpool grain circular says:—"The general trade since the commencement of the week has been dull. The majority of the country markets were fairly inactive, though previous prices were fairly maintained. Cargoes of coast were in fair request at full prices for both home and continental destinations. Cargoes for arrival were slow of sale at Liverpool since Tuesday, there being only a small business in wheat on spot at rather lower rates. Corn, in consequence of increasing shipments, declined 2d per cental. The tone of to-day's market was better, and most of to-day's wheat recovered a penny to two pence per cental from the previous lowest rates. Flour was in better demand at former rates. Corn was less depressed than yesterday, but is still a penny per cental lower than on last Tuesday."

ST. JOHN, N. B., November 24.—Writs of attachment in insolvency were issued on last Saturday against W. H. Olive and Andrew J. Armstrong. L. H. DeVeber & Sons have made an assignment to M. McLeod, official assignee. This assignment was made in accordance with a demand served upon them, under the provisions of the Insolvency Act, on Tuesday last, by Messrs. Leaf, Sun & Co., London, Eng. DeVeber's liabilities, direct and indirect, amount to about \$700,000; their assets are large, but consist of unrealizable property, real estate, mills, shipping, etc. The house is the oldest in the dry goods and grocery business, having been established in 1815. A number of houses in St. John and throughout the Province will be affected by this failure. About \$100,000 of the indebtedness is due in England.

Valuations of the Old Masters. To give you some idea of the valuation placed by competent authorities on some few well-known pictures, I give below the estimated value of the originals and the asking price of copies:—Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," \$2,000,000, copy, \$600; Paul Veronese's "Wedding at Cana of Galilee," the same price; Da Vinci's "Last Supper," the same; Salvator Rosa's "Apparition of Samuel to Saul," \$500,000, copy, \$600; Titian's "The Disciples on the Way to Emmaus," same price; Guido's "Annunciation," \$400,000, copy \$500; Annibal Caracci's "Virgin Appearing to St. Luke," same price; Da Vinci's "LaVierge aux Rochers," same price; Murillo's "L'Assomption," \$23,000, copy, \$300; Van Dyke's "Virgin and Child," his "Charles I.," and his "Venus," each \$100,000, copies, \$300; Oouture's "Les Romains de la Decadence," \$50,000, copy, \$200; David's "Leonidas at Thermopylae," and "The Sabines," each \$240,000, copies, \$500; Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," same price as above; Rosa Bonheur's "Winter Ploughing," \$60,000, copy, \$200; Garot's "Un Combat de Coqs," \$50,000, copy, \$300; Garot's "View in the Coliseum," \$10,000, copy, \$100; Hans Makart's "Entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp," \$12,000, copy, \$100; Teniers' "Templation of St. Anthony," \$12,000, copy, \$100; Cabanel's "Death of Francesco de Rimini," \$50,000, copy, \$200; Meissonier's "Battle of Waterloo," \$80,000, copy, \$200.—From a Paris Letter.

THE OIDEK HILL.

Under the blue New England skies, Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies, The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet, Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Three peary lakes and a hundred streams Lie on its quiet heart of dreams. Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes, And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than love can tell, Its every rock and grove and dell; But most I love the grove where the rill Comes down by the old brown cider mill.

Above the clear spring gurgles out And the upper meadows wind about; Then join, and under willows flow "Round knolls where the blue beech whip-stocks grow."

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps. Sheer twenty feet the water falls Down from the old dam's broken walls.

Spatters the knotty boulders gray, And, laughing, hies in the shade away, Under great rocks, thro' trout pool still, With many a tumble down to the mill.

All the way down the nut-trees grow, And squirrels hide about and below; Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts, there Drop all the fall thro' the hazel air;

And buds rolled down with curled up leaves, In the mellow light of the harvest eves, Forever there the still, old trees Drink a wine of peace that hath no lewes.

By the roadside stands the elder mill, Where a lowland slumber waits the rill; A great brown building, two stories high, On the western hill face warm and dry.

And odorous piles of apples there Fill with incense the golden air; And heaps of pomeace, mixed with straw, To their amber sweets the late flies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door, And spill their treasures in on the floor; Down thro' the toothed wheels they go To the wide, deeper pool below.

And the screws are turned by slow degrees Down on the straw-laid elder cleese; And with each turn a fuller stream Buists from beneath the graining beam,

And amber stream that goss night slip, And four no morrow's parched lip; But wherefore goes? Those elder toys Were soulless to real New England joys.

What classic goblet ever fell Such thrilling touches thro' it melt, As thro' a chalice along a stream, When boyish lips the elder drink?

The years are heavy with weary souls, And their discord life's sweet music-trowl; But yet I hear, oh! sweet, The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the elder drips and falls On my wearied ear at intervals; And I tend at times a sad, sweet dream, To the babbling of that little stream;

And I sit in vision autumn still, In the sunny clover of the elder mill, —John G. Whittier.

Miscellaneous.

"Little Buttercup" is ruined now. The Paris Temps speaks of her as "a sort of old sea-water."

A hundred thousand dollars' worth of hazel nuts are shipped yearly from Turkey to England.

Londoners spend \$50,000 every day of the year for cab fares. George Augustus Sala says he uses 1,200 cabs a year.

An exchange discovered that when two young men met they address each other as "old man," and that when two old fellows meet they say "my boy."

The young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the graduation of her ambition would only make her a bar-maid.

Baron K. W. P. F. Gercke de Hervynon, Dutch Counsellor of Legation at Brussels, has been promoted to the same post in London, where he will commence his duties on December 1.

The greatest taxpayer in the United States is Mr. Blackwell, the North Carolina tobacco manufacturer, who pays a tax of \$520,000 a year, \$10,000 a week, or over \$1,428 per day.

Amaldo Smith, the colored evangelist, well known at all the camp meetings of the country, has gone to South India to engage in revival work among the churches in that country.

BOOKING ON HEN.—Gis.—Now, mind, Bob, it's square envelops you're to get. Don't forget—square ones! Bob—"All right. But (innocently) they don't sell round ones, do they, Cis?"

LITERARY.—An experiment was tried on Monday of utilizing the electric light for the reading-room of the British Museum, with great success. This is certainly a remarkable innovation, for the Museum is one of the last places we should think of going to light lanterns.

An interesting pre-historic discovery has been made near Queto, in Italy. On a previously unexplored cavern being searched a quantity of teeth and bones of the cave bear were found, together with some rude stone utensils, dating probably from the stone age, all the remains being in good preservation. The cavern itself is easy of access, level, dry and surmounted by a regularly arched roof.

The Virito publishes an article on the foreign policy of Italy, in which it points out that Europe is now in the position of uncertainty which generally follows great events; it is passing through a period of transition in which old alliances are out of place and new combinations arise. The wisest policy for Italy to pursue is, therefore, urged the writer, one of self-concentration and repose. She will thus be able to overcome the difficulties of the present and face the uncertainties of the future.

AGRICULTURAL.

Continued.

Of course, in our ordinary method of managing a farm, we must have fences around all fields which are to be used for crops or pastures...

So far as the arable land of the farm is concerned, I think that the greatest economy of cultivation, and the best results in crops would be secured if it were not divided by fences at all...

This subject will be discussed more fully hereafter, in considering the rotation of crops, and the treatment of grass lands.

The importance of making such fences as we do have in the best and most thorough manner. In the first place, boundary fences must be "lawfully" fences, which means that they must be erected by the owner of the land...

"If a line fence is to be erected on the land owned by B, by giving A a thirty days' legal notice that he is to erect the fence, and A neglects to do so, B may build or repair such fence and collect of A the expense of building, the same as for any other indebtedness."

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Stone walls and rail fences are the great fences of the country, and for many reasons are much less liable to build in an enduring manner than the former, and their proper construction is very much easier. In any country where they are much used, they are the most valuable and the different forms of "worm," "post and rail," "stake and rider," etc., are too well understood to need more than a passing notice in a handbook.

COURTNEY BACKS DOWN.

What Referee Blaikie Says—Eustis' Letter to Courtney.

NEW YORK, November 18.—Referee Blaikie says, when I went to Rochester to try and perfect arrangements for the race, I thought it was fully understood that both men and their friends were to meet me at eight o'clock in the morning. I found Hanlan and his friends, but nothing was heard from Courtney, who did not appear until two in the afternoon.

MANLY STRAIGHTFORWARD FELLOW, who knew what he was talking about, and wished everybody to understand just what he meant. At six we had come to no agreement, so we adjourned for supper until nine. I had a little talk with Courtney during this interval, and found, to my surprise, that he proposed leaving town at 8.30. I remonstrated with him, telling him that he should consider this the most important crisis, and should not, on any account, absent himself from the meeting until the affair was decided.

WHO HANLAN WAS TO ROW AGAINST, a man named Courtney or the people of Union Springs? So Courtney went away, leaving his interests in the hands of his friend Sullivan, and at 9 o'clock we met again. It was after midnight before articles of agreement were decided upon, and when Sullivan stepped up to sign them on behalf of Courtney I asked him if he had power to do so, and he answered that Courtney had given him such power before leaving. I imagined it all right, and thought everything satisfactorily settled.

I DO NOT SEE HOW THE RACE CAN BE ROWED under any other referee, if it is rowed, for the Bitters prize, for the certificate of deposit of \$8,000 explicitly says the money is payable to the order of William Blaikie, the referee, and the Bank has already refused to pay any money except on my order.

THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT prepared on Thursday. Courtney said he would not pull if Blaikie was to act as referee. He said he should prefer to row for \$6,000 aside put up by himself and Hanlan. He said he desired to allow Hanlan to retain his claim to the Chataqua prize of \$6,000. Courtney's friends in Union Springs, however, stand ready at any time to put up \$6,000 for a race between Courtney and Hanlan, but they will insist that Eustis, of New York, or some person other than Blaikie shall be the referee, for Soule told Courtney he should like to have the men meet and row for the Chataqua prize to settle the question as to whom the money belonged.

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large portion of the public, were he called upon at any time during the race to give a ruling that might in any way be construed in your favor, however impartial it should be. In view of these possibilities you can see that it would be inadvisable, and hence impossible, for me to act. In conclusion, permit me again to urge that you forego the objection to Mr. Blaikie, if, by so doing, the race with the man against whom you are pitted, may thus be brought about, and be assured that, in the result, you have the hearty good wishes of

Yours, very truly, JOHN E. EUSTIS.

THE GRAPHIC SAYS: If Charles E. Courtney does not meet Edward Hanlan on the Potomac on December 9th, he will be branded as a potrover, and deservedly so.

It is rumoured in sporting circles that Trickett, of Australia, Hanlan, Courtney and Elliott will come together in May or June on the Paramatta River, at Sydney, Australia.

PARIS, November 19.—The Minister of the Interior has issued a circular to the Prefects calling their attention to the omission by the priests to pray for the safety of the Republic. He wishes to be informed whether the omission is prompted by the Bishops. He also desires to be informed whenever the Bishop leaves his diocese without authorization, and more particularly if he visits Rome.

THE IRISH GAG LAW. Arrest of Prominent Nationalists—Indignation of the People—Bill Rejected.

LONDON, November 19.—Michael Davitt and James Bryce Kilken have been arrested in Dublin, charged with having used language in public speeches calculated to incite a breach of the peace. James Daly, editor of the *Connacht Telegraph*, has also been arrested at Castlebar for a similar cause.

THE HOME RULE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE in London, to-day, passed a resolution protesting against the arrest of Davitt, Daly and Kilken, while defending the right of the Irish people to the meeting resolved to call upon the Irishmen of Great Britain to establish with a local defence committee to collect funds to secure a fair trial for the prisoners.

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IRISH NEWS.

SUDDEN DEATH IN LOUGHREA.—Mrs. Power, a respectable old woman, suddenly expired on 2nd Nov. She was taking breakfast with her family when she suddenly grew ill, and requested to be removed to her room, where she expired in a few minutes. The deceased was admired for her many good qualities.

ROYALTY IN NEWRY.—The police of Newry have been investigating some serious disturbances in connection with a shooting gallery in Margaret square. A crowd collected, and several riotous encounters ensued. In the melee two men, named Pat O'Hare and James Reilly, each sustained a fracture of the leg. They are now in hospital, and the men charged with inflicting the injuries are in custody.

CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER IN BELFAST.—At the police court recently two men, named John McKenna, a labourer, and William Smith, a bricklayer, were charged on summons with the manslaughter of a little boy named John Looney. The evidence went to show that on the 25th ult. the prisoners were working on the top of a house in Townsend street, repairing a chimney on the morning of that day. As the boy was passing underneath a heavy hammer fell and struck him on the head, inflicting injuries from which he afterwards died. The case was remanded for a week.—*Irish Times*.

FATAL GUN ACCIDENT.—An inquest was held recently by W. Gilbert, Esq., County Coroner, on the body of a young man named Macaulay, who was accidentally shot while out shooting at a place called Carren lake, near Derrygonnelly, seven miles from Enniskillen. The evidence showed that deceased was out shooting on a lake with a comrade on Sunday morning last, and, seeing no birds, was lifting his gun to have a shot, when it went off, and the contents lodged in his right arm, near the shoulder. He was carried to a neighbor's house, and attended by Dr. Park, but he died in great agony that evening. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

THE RECENT GUN ACCIDENT AT EIGHTER, NEAR OLDCASTLE.—The poor girl McFadden, wounded by the police, still lies in a precarious state, but her condition is slightly more hopeful. Her depositions were taken, in which she attributes the sad occurrence to accident. The young man MacNamee has been liberated on bail to appear for trial at the next Virginia Petty Sessions. At first he denied having any knowledge of the occurrence, but it is believed his statement in this respect was made through fear, as subsequently he confessed to having the gun in his possession when it accidentally exploded. MacNamee is a lad of about fourteen.

DARING ROBBERY BY TRAMPS.—At the Ashcragh Petty Sessions, on 4th of November, the Hon. L. G. Dillon presiding, two tramps named Burke and Foley, from Limerick, were charged with stealing one pound of tobacco from Mrs. Twibill's shop, Ashcragh, on October 15th. Mr. Twibill stated that the prisoners came into her shop, called for a box of matches, and tendered a two-shilling piece. When she returned from another part of the shop with the change she found that about three shillings' worth of tobacco had been stolen from the counter. She gave the prisoners into custody, and the tobacco was found with them. Burke was sent to jail for a week, and Foley was discharged.

THE BROTHERLY AT BROWNLOW HOUSE.—Recently John Gilchrist, the young man charged with the above offence, was brought before the Petty Sessions Court. William John Ferguson deposed to having bought a pistol from defendant on the day the burglary was discovered, and to having brought it to Mr. Hancock. Archibald Dwyer deposed to having bought another pistol (produced from defendant in Newry. Mrs. Cunningham, Lord Lurgan's housekeeper, identified both of these pistols as being those which were taken out of the Castle. Mr. Hazlett said that on account of the prisoner's pleading guilty to the charge he would not proceed against him for burglary, but for larceny. Prisoner pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

NOT IN BANTRY BAY.—At Bantry Petty Sessions on November 3, a number of men residing along the shore of Bantry Bay, and deriving their living from the dual occupation of farming and fishing, were charged with riot on the water, and with damaging the trawling boats of Mr. J. N. Carr, of Cork, and Mr. Thomas F. Fisher, of Bantry. It appears that two boats were engaged in trawling in Bantry Bay, when they were boarded by a number of men who came off in small boats from the shore, cut away their trawling gear, and threatened personal injury if they came fishing there. The attack was attributed to trespass and to injuring the nets of the fishermen. The cases were adjourned on the application of Mr. D. B. Sullivan, who appeared for the defendants.

LORD CLONCUMBY AND HIS TENANTS.—The tenants on the County Limerick estates of the Right Hon. Lord Cloncurry some time since memorialised his lordship to have an abatement made in their rents owing to the present agricultural depression which has prevailed to a considerable extent in the district. Within the past few days the reply to the tenants' memorial has been received. His lordship writes, refusing distinctly any abatement whatever to the tenants, adding at the same time that he will not press for the immediate payment of the rents. If the tenants are not desirous pay their rents at the letting value his lordship will, he says, take over the management of the holdings himself and farm them, a change which he expects would be attended with much pecuniary benefit to his interest. It is understood that the tenants on the estate propose taking some further action in the matter, owing to the unsatisfactory nature of Lord Cloncurry's reply. The document in question is in the form of a printed circular, and has been forwarded to a few of the tenants residing in the neighborhood of Murroe.

THE LATE FATAL ASSAULT NEAR KILMURRAN.—On the 3rd inst. Robert Ramsay, Esq., Coroner, and a jury, held an inquest touching the death of Denis Murray, Barrow Upper, who had been desperately assaulted on the 25th ult., while asserting a disputed right of way across his cousin's farm. The deceased was about 45 years of age, and a ballist on the Leitrim estate. Neil Murray, brother of deceased, deposed that on the 25th ult., while he and his brother Henry and John McDermott, their servant, were endeavoring to carry turf across Charles Murray's farm, on a way that had previously used, they were met by Charles Murray and his sons, Manus, John and Denis. Manus then told Henry that, should he go to gaol for it, he would split his skull with the spade. Other threats were used. Deponent's brother Denis Murray, senior, then came forward, when Manus Murray struck him on the head with a spade, and knocked him down. He was carried home and attended by Dr. Osborne, who, in conjunction with Dr. Dunlop, made a post-mortem examination of the body of deceased. It appeared from the medical testimony that there was a wound on

the centre of the deceased's head, about three inches long, which penetrated the bone. There were under the wound two penetrations of the brain, about half an inch deep each. The wounds, which might have been produced by the edge of a spade, were, they believed, the cause of death. The jury found "That the deceased, Denis Murray, came by his death from wounds he received on his head at Barrow Upper, County Donegal, on the 25th October, 1879."

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE.—The following letter, from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, was received last week, by the Very Rev. Father Rooney, V.G., Administrator:—

DUBLIN, Oct. 15, 1879. Very Reverend and Dear Sir:— We left Lourdes on Saturday morning the 4th inst., after celebrating Mass for my usual Saturday intentions, for the priests and religious, and all who are labouring with me for the salvation of souls. During our stay at Lourdes, we were treated with the utmost kindness by the good Missionary Fathers of the Sanctuary.

At about four o'clock we arrived at Toulouse. We found at the station the Secretary of His Eminence the Cardinal, awaiting with the carriage to convey us to the palace. We were met at the foot of the stairs by his Eminence and received a very cordial embrace. After some refreshments we visited the cathedral and the principal churches. St. Severin contains very remarkable relics. The body of St. Thomas of Aquin is preserved here. On Sunday, I celebrated Mass at his shrine. The cardinal, who is a model Bishop and gentleman, invited a very distinguished party to meet us at dinner. We took leave of his Eminence in the evening and spent the night and next day, till about eight p.m. in the train.

We were glad to see Paris; we passed the night there and after visiting the Irish College next morning, we left Paris at 10 a.m., and reached London at 6 a.m. the following day. We drove directly to the residence of his Eminence Cardinal Manning. He has purchased a spacious mansion, formerly a Club House, for £25,000. Here is the place for the great Westminster new Cathedral, in sight of the old Abbey. His Eminence does not intend to commence his cathedral till he has collected into his schools all the Catholic children of his diocese, he builds up first the living temple of the Holy Ghost. It is as it should be everywhere.

The Cardinal received us most kindly and after breakfast we left to meet the 10 o'clock train for Liverpool, and reached Dublin next morning, when we were able to say Mass of thanksgiving for our prosperous journey. In the evening I was, by special invitation, at the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park, accompanied by Father Bergin. There was, of course, a very distinguished party. I had a long conversation with Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with the Chief Secretary of Ireland, on the affairs of Ireland, and on the change that American produce and manufactures will effect in England.

To-day I paid another visit to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; they were as gracious as possible. I am spending a few days, most agreeable days, at my old home, St. Vincent's College, Castleknock. The old houses have all disappeared, and magnificent buildings have taken their places. It is among the colleges of Ireland that stood highest at the public competition for prizes and honors, given by the Government for intermediate education.

I go to Maynooth College, by special invitation, on Thursday, and will spend Sunday at All Hallows. There was scarcely any summer in Ireland, and there will be great distress in some of the counties. The Government will, I presume, come to their relief. In a few days I shall write to you again. Yours in Christ, JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto. VERY REV. F. P. ROONEY, Adm., St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

THE GREAT PACIFIC FIGHT.

The Bloodiest Naval Battle of Recent Times.

Lima Correspondence of the Panama Star. Our most distant anticipation regarding the fate of the Huascar are fully confirmed by the intelligence received by the steamer Ito, which arrived here on the morning of the 17th inst. Not only has the famous ram fallen into the hands of the enemy, but out of her crew of 216 men, rank and file, only 86, mostly wounded, survived the brief and terrible action of Mexillones de Bolivia. Admiral Grau and the next two officers in rank, Capt. Aguirre and Lieut. Rodriguez, were killed outright. From the moment that the Chilean iron-clad appeared on the horizon, steadily pursuing the ram from the south, Admiral Grau perceived clearly that

HIS SHIP WAS DOOMED, but, brave man as he was, no thought of surrender entered his mind, and the whole ship's company assumed their appointed stations for the struggle, with a conviction that no human power could extricate the Huascar from such overwhelming forces as those presented by the Chilean vessels. At about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the Cochran had approached within 3,000 metres of the Peruvian ship, then well in-shore, a very short distance north of the Point of the Mexillones. The Blanco was still a few miles distant, but coming up under full steam. Grau opened fire on the enemy with his turret guns, two 300-pounder Armstrong rifles, and the same calibre, carrying six guns, of the same calibre, in casemates, instantly replied. At first the shots were wild and almost all passed over the object aimed at. Admiral Grau evidently desired to improve the short time remaining to combat the Cochran alone, and with the full force of her engines the Huascar sped against her huge antagonist hoping to ram. To no avail, however, for the Cochran, with her twin screws, easily evaded the shock, and, turning in her own length, let the Huascar sweep sweep swiftly by. As the latter, however, passed under the stern of the Chilean she let drive turret guns, at point-blank range, and then her crew toward the enemy, and her stern, the weak and most vulnerable portion of the ram, guarded from the Chilean fire.

THE CANNONADE.

proceeded without intermission. From the decks and tops of the two vessels the fire of musketry and Gatling guns was incessant, and on the Huascar the effect was becoming painfully apparent. At 10.08 a.m., one hour and eight minutes after the commencement of the fight, the Huascar had discharged her turret pieces 25 times against the Cochran, the latter replying with 30 shots. At this moment the other Chilean iron-clad arrived on the scene and immediately opened fire, first directing her attention to the Huascar's fighting tur-

ret, and the little tower near the smoke-stack, which is the battle-station of the commander. The Blanco's guns were excellently well served and their effect terrible. The tower was carried away, and Admiral Grau taken below for the care of the surgeons, with one of his legs torn off, as is stated. While in the cabin, a solid 900-pound shot from the Blanco struck the ram in the stern, destroying the steering gear and, passing directly through the ship, left a gaping aperture large enough for a boat to enter. This shot

KILLED THE BRAVE ADMIRAL.

his aide, Lieut. Ferré, and several others. The Huascar was now unmanageable, and, from the proximity of the enemy, about 300 metres only, it was impossible to even fit up some temporary steering apparatus, as their musketry and mitrailleuses literally swept the deck. Capt. Elias Aguirre assumed command of the ship on the death of the Admiral and took his station in the gun turret. But on this point the two Chileans had concentrated their fire. The turret was hit by a heavy shell, which, passing through a port, exploded inside, disabling one of the two guns, killing Aguirre and all who were serving the piece. The Huascar was now practically at the mercy of the enemy—un-governable and with half of her offensive power destroyed her officers and crew decimated, but the national flag was still flying in defiance, and no one even whispered of surrender. Capt. Meliton Carvajal took the command after Aguirre's death, but was almost instantly carried below dangerously wounded. First Lieut. Rodriguez succeeded him, and a moment after shared the fate of the Admiral and Aguirre. Lieut. Enrique Palacios followed Rodriguez in the command, and although severely wounded, continued in charge until the end of the bloody drama. The enemy had

NEVER SLACKENED THEIR FIRE.

approaching sometimes within a biscuit's throw from the ram, they poured in the deadly hail from their heavy guns, and at such close quarters the thin plating of the Huascar, only four and a half inches of iron amidships, tapering to two and a half at the bow and stern, was no obstacle whatever to the 300-pound projectiles launched against it. Still the Huascar discharged her sole remaining cannon at long intervals, as the very turret itself, only 30 feet in diameter, was choked up with the debris of the shattered gun and the bodies of the dead and wounded. Below in the dark passages and narrow compartments in the ship the scene was frightful. The dying and those who had perished were heaped indiscriminately together, and every few moments a shot from the enemy came crashing through the sides of the doomed vessel. As the commander of the Chilean vessels, Capt. Galvarino Rivero, says in his official report sent to Antofagasta, "the Huascar was completely battered to pieces." At about 11:30 she was

IN A FITTABLE CONDITION.

The turret, struck seven times by the enemy's shot, was knocked out of shape, and long since has lost its revolving power. The ship, without a rudder, was at the pleasure of the Chileans, who, of course, improved their advantage by assuming the strongest positions for attack and injury. The forecastle was completely shot away, the mast cut in two, and the mitrailleuse in the tops inutilized. The smoke-stack and chimney were riddled with balls, the propeller struck and fouled, one gun disabled, and, as before stated, out of 216 men who went into action only 86 were alive, and the majority of these hors combat. Five commanders had succeeded each other in their perilous post. Three were dead, one grievously wounded, and the fourth barely able to maintain his trumpet. The Chileans thought that the time had come to close, and sent a boarding party to complete the victory. But the brave fellows on the Huascar rallied and drove them back with loss. This was the expiring effort. Flesh and blood could do no more. Indeed, human vigor and bravery had withstood the steady shocks which had overcome the iron bulwarks of the historic ship. Again the Chileans boarded, and the Huascar was theirs.

THE ENEMY LOWERED HIS FLAG.

which had waved triumphantly along their coast, and witnessed many a gallant exploit of the dead Admiral. The survivors of the fight were taken on board of the Cochran and Blanco, from which letters to their families in Lima, from which most of my data is derived, they were treated with all kindness and consideration by the captors, who accorded the funeral honors due to his rank to Admiral Grau in Mexillones. The Chileans with uncovered heads stood over the grave of a man who, though their persistent and most active enemy, had won their esteem and respect by noble daring and truthfulness.

TURKEY'S "IRELAND."

Superfluous Denials From London About Recent Events Relating to Constantinople.

Writing from Malta on the 27th of October a naval correspondent of the London Daily News says:—We left Cyprus on the 16th of Friday morning, the 24th, the Alexandria, Pemesario, Monarch and Achilles entered Malta harbor in single line, and by ten o'clock they were all safely moored to their proper buoys. Many were very thankful to find themselves in a snug harbor again. Friends on shore were congratulating themselves on having the ironclads at Malta for three months at the least, when suddenly—almost before we had time to get our accommodations ladders down—it was made known to us that we might all have to leave again for either Youghal or Rosika Bay in the course of eight or nine days. This was most unexpected news for us, and caused quite a sensation. All the ships are having their defects made good as speedily as possible." The interview between Musurus Pasha and Lord Salisbury, on Friday, the 7th, was a very stormy one. The correspondent of the Liverpool Daily Post says:—"I speak with a certain knowledge of the circumstances." The Turkish Ambassador went down to the Foreign Office. Standing upon his dignity he faced Lord Salisbury with arguments and illustrations intended to have a home bearing. He referred especially to a condition of Ireland. Here, he said, was a country ruled by a well established Government, yet the scenes and events and occurrences in it were in effect analogous to those in Armenia. He contended that the events in Asia Minor might occur under any firmly established government, and there was no prima facie evidence to show that the Porte was really negligent in maintaining the integrity by letter or spirit of the Berlin Treaty. Indeed, added Musurus Pasha, the Porte should, in self-interest, be the first to maintain the treaty, since upon the shoulders of the Ottoman Power rested the onus of its origin. He contended that it was as illogical to make the Turkish Government responsible for the condition of Armenia as it would be to throw upon Lord Beaconsfield the responsibility for the revolutionary sentiments which at present prevailed in Ireland.—*N.Y. Herald*.

