

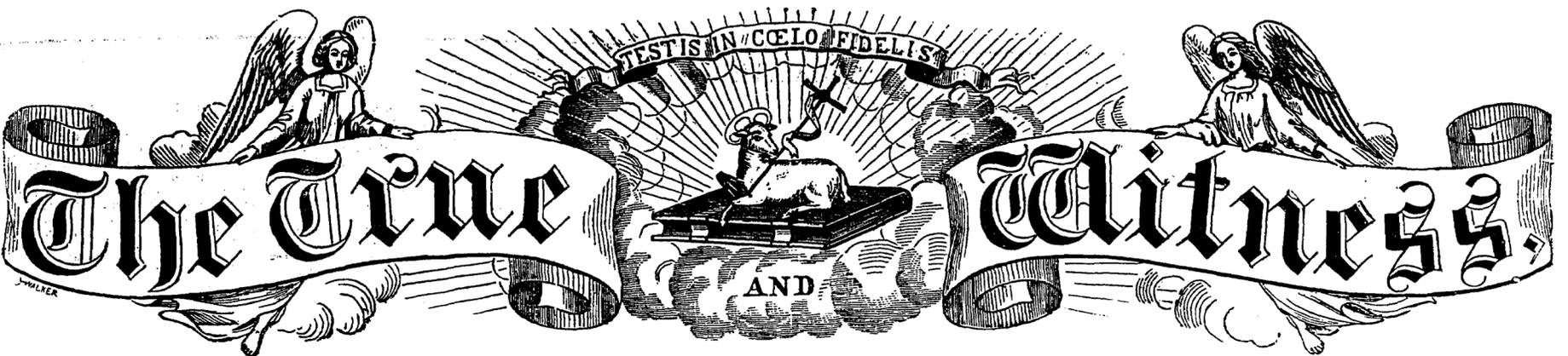
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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 1879, in St. George's Hospital. A touching scene in Paris—Death of the Empress' Mother before arriving at Her Bedside.

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.

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.

that the other half should stand over for the present. Mr. MacDermott seemed 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.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER. 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-Levis.

EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE. 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.

THE IRISH PRISONERS THE BALLA BALLA MEETING.

Protecting against the Government's Action—An open outbreak anticipated—Wounds and sufferings of an injured people—The Patriots Rejoice—Charged with Sedition—The Home Rule Demonstration in Scotland.

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.

throughout the country, and the various cavalry and infantry depots, and a number of regiments have received orders to be kept in readiness for transportation to Ireland at short notice.

on which the statements against the prisoners were founded. In consequence of the magistrates leaving the Bench, a short adjournment, 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 CHILIPERUVIAN WAR. A pitched battle before Iquique—Disastrous defeat of the Peruvian Allies.

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 Czar's army 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.

London, November 23.—A great meeting was held today at Lonsborough, near Balla. Londen, President of the National Land League, of Mayo, Parnell, Gray, and other prominent gentlemen were present.

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.

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.

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.

QUESTION.—A correspondent wants to know whether letters unduly delayed in their transit through the Post Office, entail any charge for overwait.

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. I think I shall have her 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's."

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 retrace 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.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was evening, and Lawyer Apperly was walking at a strapping pace toward Dan Castle. Not to call upon its master—for Lord Dane and Mr. Lester, and several more dons of the vicinity were assembled in Danesheld, at a county-dinner, and the fact was well-known. Airing himself at the castle-gate in the cold—a pastime he rather favored—was Mr. Bruff. He gave the good-evening to the lawyer as the latter came up. "At the request of Lord Dane. He is waiting for you."

"ghost," uttered Bruff, diadynamically. "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. Apperly 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. Apperly.

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—"

"Another Geoffrey, Bruff; the Honorable Geoffrey William Lydney Dane; he is my only son. Be faithful to him, for his father and grandfather's sake."

"I said he was a chieftain?" declared Bruff, his delighted eyes glistening; "the first time he ever came to the castle, I saw he was born to be a chieftain. Miss Dane declared he was like my lady; she did indeed!" "Like my mother? Yes, the resemblance has struck me; but he has the high Dane features, too. I am dying, Bruff; and I require a service at your hands first. Will you execute it?"

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. Apperly," cried Bruff, in a whisper, "only to think of his having been—Mr. Herbert who threw the captain over the cliff. Didn't he disfigure him?"

"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 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 him 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 he have taken him out?' Between the two I can get at nothing satisfactory."

Maria rose. In her desperate fear she would have put the question plainly to Wilfred, could she have seen him, and implored him to tell her the best and the worst; but it was uncertain what time he might come in, and she did not like to remain out long; not caring that Lady Adelaide should miss her. She wished Edith good-night, and Sarah, having her departure, went to the front door and opened it.

she felt that she would willingly sacrifice herself for Wilfred. "I took the pins out, and I burnt the nasty edge of crapes," added Sarah. "And, I'm sure every knock that has come to the door to-day has brought my heart to my mouth, thinking it might be the officers of justice. If this comes out to Miss Edith's bother! I'm always forgetting and calling her that!—it will just kill her."

Maria walked away with her shivering dread. In every tree she feared an enemy; in every turn of the road an ambush; the officers of justice, as Sarah called them, watching for her brother. She was in the corner of her own home, and was passing the corner of the wood where Thibe was wont to favor young Shad with her presence, when she came upon a tall, still figure, gathered under the shade of the trees. At the first moment she thought it was Wilfred, and threw up her veil.

"Is it you? out here alone?" The speaker was William Lydney. He took Maria's hand in his, and told her he was looking for her brother, who promised to meet him somewhere about there that evening, but who did not appear to be in a hurry to remember his appointment.

"I have been to his house," she answered, "and going there, did not desire any of the servants to attend me. I—I—"

"You are ill—or agitated?" he rejoined, perceiving that she could scarcely speak. "Which is it, Maria?" "Both, both!" she uttered, giving vent to the feelings that so terribly oppressed her. "Oh, William, tell me the truth about last night! The suspense is killing me."

"The truth! You do not doubt me, Maria?" "Doubt you?" she echoed, clasping his hand between hers in her heart's trust, in her deep agitation. "I know that you are the firmest friend man can possess—that you have suffered this guilt to rest upon yourself to shield Wilfred. It was he who was the house-breaker last night. He was one of those men with the crapes on their faces! he had craped on his! It has been told to me beyond dispute. I suspect that you followed him to draw him out of the crime."

He did not answer. "Will you not let there be confidence between us, Mr. Lydney? It will not betray to me more of my brother than I already know."

"Call me William! call me William!" he hastily exclaimed. "The name sounds sweeter to me from your lips than it ever did before. You are right. Wilfred did so far forget himself as to join those men—or rather get them to join him. The knowledge that they had entered the hall came to me in a singular manner, and I made speed to enter it also, with the view of getting Wilfred out of it. But I arrived when the deed was done. Wilfred was already gone. I found him, tore the crapes from his hat, and saw him safely home. That's the whole truth, Maria."

"And his object? That deed?" William nodded. "As I supposed. Did he get it?" "He did."

"Papa has not discovered its loss then?" "No! I gathered that this morning. Had he done so, it might have helped him to guess at the real offender."

"And you have generously borne the odium to shield him! you are bearing it still. While Danesheld is calling you thief, adventurer—turning you from its doors. If they did not know what they are doing? and I may not declare it. You can never be repaid."

"I am amply repaid now," he whispered, as he threw his arm around Maria, and drew her beside him. "Let them say of me what they will, so long as you will be my heart's confidant, and take my part, their words fall on me as the idle wind."

"But I cannot take it openly." "That will come yet, Maria. A little time, my dearest, a very little time, and I may ask Mr. Lester to give you to me."

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.

"We are not to assure children that they are not doing anything wrong, they are dropped upon us. 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. Apperly and the Lady Adelaide Lester."

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, Apperly, 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. Apperly 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. Apperly. "I beg your ladyship not to delay; I will attend you thither."

"But I never heard such a thing," she repeated. However, Mr. Apperly 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."

oneselves for having suffered his companionship. "Except Miss Lester's part in the lawyer, who appeared somewhat given to aggravation that night. She sees no shame in his companionship, if one may judge by this."

"Were Miss Lester's eyes open, I should ask what right you dare claim to 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. Apperly.

"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. Apperly. "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 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 hasty conclusions, Mrs. Ravensbird," said the lawyer. "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. Apperly. 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."

"Will you walk up, Lady Adelaide," said Mr. Apperly, re-entering. "He is waiting 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 every action of yours at that time was one of deceit to me. Should you have married me? or broken your promise, and openly sinned against 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 he 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 BELOVED 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 will 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 some 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 his 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 rigidly 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—our St. Augustine well expresses it, "God does not mind so much what is done as why it is done."

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, in 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.

Rosé 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 swell 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 chimneys 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 goal. 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 Arabasca, 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. H.'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. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20.

CALENDAR. THURSDAY 27—Yotive of the Blessed Sacrament. FRIDAY 28—Vigil of St. Andrew.

NOTICE.

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

Mr. W. E. MILLEN, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest.

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.

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.

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 at home, that is to say, the Irish people proper, who are responsible for their acts to God and the British Government.

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.

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.

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.

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.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Orangeism.

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.

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.

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?

An Interesting Event.

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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 one of the attending physicians, and to assure you that your united judgment and skill will redound to the welfare of the institution of which it is always happy to be a part, and as its "honorary surgeon" which I have been appointed by the Rev. Mother, I shall be unreservedly at your disposal.

To the members of the medical staff of the General Hospital, Boston street Ottawa, November 19th, 1879.

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.

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THE IRISH BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF IOWA.

Oreston, 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.

The address is a very interesting and timely one, and may be regarded as a message of defiance to Irish landlordism should the old clearance game be attempted. The Irish have always regarded the landlords the best allies of the good old cause. They argue logically on the point. They say if the peasantry was only moderately comfortable in their physical circumstances the doctrines of nationality would be less attractive. It would be hard to convince men who had plenty to eat and drink and wear, that habitual misery was their lot.

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.

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.

This year the crops are good. The climate is delightful, neither too hot nor too cold. The 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. The landscape from the higher ground is pleasing and attractive to the eye.

Field 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; and a good church with a permanent Pastor.

The report on Australian trade, made by the late Hon. John Young, is held to be of little value by business men. It was too hastily got up, and does not go sufficiently into details. The experience derived from private enterprise is likely to prove more valuable. There is now on the way from Adelaide to New York, the barque Clifton, 300 tons, owned by Mr. E. R. Stimson, of Toronto, she having sailed from the Australian port on the 4th of September.

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 orator, 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.

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. Fortunately a good area has already been sown in wheat under circumstances which augur favorably. The recent uncontradicted estimate of this year's crop shows that it will be necessary to import 18,000,000 quarters of foreign wheat. Doubtless, with every allowance for possible exaggerations, the crop is desperately bad. The Mark Lane and country markets have been dull. With liberal arrivals from abroad, prices have fallen a shilling for all descriptions of wheat. There was not much pressure to sell, but the enormous visible supply in America and the uncertainty as to the actual extent of the surplus available for export thence caused a pretty general abstention of buyers. Until something more definite is known, trade must feel its way cautiously. In some quarters a strong opinion prevails that wheat will prove remunerative even at present prices. Doubtless a decline of a few shillings will bring forward a number of speculative buyers. The arrivals at ports of call have been large. Early in the week wheat off coast declined as low as 54s for red winter for the Continent, but subsequently prices rallied to 55s per qr. Maize was in fair inquiry, principally for the Continent, at about the late rates. Wheat for shipment was quiet in consequence of the high prices asked in America. Maize was dull. Barley receded to 1s per qr. The sales of English wheat last week amounted to 39,735 qrs. at 48s 9d per qr., against 54,740 qrs. at 48s 7d per qr. for the same week last year. The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending November 8 were 1,386,480 cwt. of wheat and 243,991 cwt. of flour."

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. Appended to very full reports of all the meetings of shareholders is a record of the late criminal proceedings against the Directors, and of the trial of Sir Francis Hincks, in an almost verbatim form; also, "Correspondence," "Opinions of the Press," and "The Civil Suits." True, it is not much more than a reprint of what appeared in the newspapers, but, in the language of the compiler, "in this form will doubtless prove interesting to those who are concerned in our Joint Stock institutions, and will, it is believed, be valuable as a work of reference hereafter."

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. The clearances, however, for the United Kingdom are less than those of last year, while those to the United States are three times greater, which shows that at a period of low prices a good market can be found on this side of the Atlantic. Of seal oil, 1,454 tons have been exported, against 1,097 tons last year. The United States have taken 228 tons. Last year they took 22 tons. The export of salmon is 2,578 tons against 1,343 tonnes in 1878, and 4,810 barrels herrings against 1,981.

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—to which must be added 74 mules and about 22 calves, carried by the cargo vessels of one of the above-named lines. The exports for the season of 1878 were 18,655 head cattle, 41,250 sheep, 2,078 hogs, and 690 horses. It will be seen by comparison that there has been a great increase in the trade this year, for, with the exports per the Dominion line and all the outside steamers yet to be added, the number of cattle is not far behind the total exports of last year, while sheep show an increase of 12,650 and hogs of about 1,400. Horses show a diminution as yet, but when the exports to the United States are added, the total will be far ahead of last year. The complete statistics of the animals exported via the St. Lawrence during the season now closing, it is expected, will be ready for publication in a few days.

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 orator, 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 Kingston 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. The object is to manufacture beet root sugar at Cookscook, Que.

—In a suit for \$3,000, brought by the owners of the schooner Job Leonard against the British ship Aragon, for the loss of the schooner by a collision with the Aragon in 1877, Judge Choate of New York decided that the fog horn signal was blowing just before the disaster occurred, and both vessels were at fault. The libellants will have a decree for half their damages and costs.

—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 12c lbs each, at 42c to 43c per lb; 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 dull, 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 have been inactive, though previous prices were fairly maintained. Cargoes off 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 yesterday'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, copy, \$300; Ooture's "Les Romains de la Decadence," \$50,000, copy, \$200; David's "Leonidas at Thermopylae," and "The Sabines," each \$240,000, copy, \$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 CIDER MILL.

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 mill 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 leav's.

By the roadside stands the elder mill, Where a lowland slumber waits the mill;

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 trees;

And with each turn a fuller stream Buists from beneath the grinding beam,

And amber stream that gossamer slip, And four no morrow's parched lip;

But wherefore goes? Those elder toys Were soulless to real New England boys.

What classic goblet ever fell Such thrilling touches thro' it melt,

As thro' a chalice along a stream, When boyish lips the cider drain?

The years are heavy with weary souls, And their discord life's sweet music-trowl.

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, The fill 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 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 was 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 pasturing...

Pasture lands should be as large as is consistent with the necessity of giving an occasional rest. The whole pasture land of a farm should be divided into not more than three fields, and two would be better, although, if they are never to be used for anything but grazing, they may be divided into four or five, and may be managed, will do less harm than on cultivated land.

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. The only reason why we are obliged to fence is to pasture mowing lands in the fall, or to use them for pasture after they have ceased to produce paying crops of grass, neither of which practices are profitable, and which are a waste of money and work.

A good hay field should never have a hoof upon it, except during the operations of top-dressing, rolling, or harvesting. If it produces a high yield of hay, it is a waste of money, and it will cost less, and pay better to get it from one acre than from two, to say nothing of its better quality.

This subject will be discussed more fully hereafter, in considering the rotation of crops, and the treatment of grass lands. If the best use to be made of the soil is to be secured, it is to have the soil in a state of being cultivated, and the plowing and harrowing interrupted by fences, and to have no weed-breeding headlands bordering our plowed lands.

It is a waste of money to have a large tract of land, which occupies but little room, or must leave a space of at least four feet on each side that cannot be well cultivated—a total width of a half acre, or at least one acre, is wasted from the field, and an annoyance in many ways. The fence and headlands around a square field of five acres will occupy nearly three-quarters of an acre.

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All that has been said against the inordinate use of fences, does not by any means lessen 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 "lawful fences," which means that they must be erected by the owner of the land, and not by a neighbor, and they must be of a certain height, and of a certain material.

"If a man's land is not enclosed or open to the commons, which lies contiguous to the land of B, if B desires to have his land enclosed, he must give notice to A, and if A refuses 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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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.

Before coming into the meeting Courtney had a half-hour's private conference with his friend Sullivan. He came into my room about three o'clock when all the other parties were already assembled, and, without greeting any person there, threw himself down upon a sofa. I did not realize at the time that this was the first meeting between the rival carmen since the Chataqua affair, but it was, and neither of them spoke to the other.

Afterwards, in referring to Hanlan, Courtney spoke of him as "Ed.," but Hanlan was very particular to speak of his rival as Mr. Courtney. Sullivan acted as spokesman for Courtney throughout, and appeared a very

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 his most important crisis, and should not, on any account, absent himself from the meeting until the affair was decided.

Courtney said that he had an engagement in Utica, that he must keep. I then asked him who was authorized to act for him, and he answered that he had invited Sullivan with full powers. He did say that whatever articles were agreed upon must be forwarded to him at Union Springs for his signature. I then asked him what objections he had to me as referee, and he answered he had none whatever, but his friends and neighbors in Union Springs objected on account of my decision at Chataqua. I had put the same question during the meeting and received the same answer, whereupon David had asked him

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 recognize fully that without Courtney's signature, or his ratification of Sullivan's signature, the articles are not legally binding, but he had plenty of time to make his objections to them during the afternoon, for they were not materially altered after he left. I would be willing to resign as referee—glad, indeed, to do so—and during the meeting I urged the Hanlan party to accept some other man, proposing Eustis, William Curtis or the editor of *Wilkes' Spirit*, but they insisted that I, and I alone, was the referee under whose decision they would refund. Upon consideration,

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. Mr. Soule's endorsement on the certificate also mentions me as referee, and permits the money to be paid to me and me only. Yes; I should be very glad to be well out of this business, if this were possible; but I have become so thoroughly identified with it I cannot see how I am to get rid of it. I have not heard a word from Courtney to-day, though I have been expecting a letter or telegram every hour. Mr. Blaikie received yesterday both Hanlan's certificate of deposit and the balance draft for \$500 on the Bank of British North America, which money is to be forfeited if, according to the new articles of agreement, he is not ready to race with Courtney on December 9th. Courtney's \$500 should have come, but has not. Soule endeavored to induce Courtney to change his determination to row Hanlan under the conditions of

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. When the conference ended, Courtney and Soule had made but little progress in the arrangements for the race. Mr. Soule will endeavour to induce Hanlan to modify his terms and consent to some other gentleman as referee.

The following letter has been addressed to Courtney from the veteran amateur oarsman, John E. Eustis:—

DEAR SIR,—My attention has just been called to an article in yesterday's *New York Sun*, and to a telegram despatch from Rochester, whereby it appears that, among other things which are interfering with and delaying an actual race between you and Hanlan is the question as to who shall be referee; that you object to Blaikie and wish me to act in this capacity. While I cannot wholly understand your position, and why you object to Mr. Blaikie, I do heartily thank you for the interest shown in my favor, and write this to advise you by all means to withdraw your objection to Mr. Blaikie, if you agree on all other points, and bring about a fair, honest race. Blaikie is a good experienced referee, the one first selected by both yourself and Mr. Hanlan. For these reasons and the fact that he has been indefatigable in his exertions of late to bring about an actual race between yourself and Hanlan, you should not let this question for a moment hinder the proposed race at Washington, unless you have good personal reasons therefor and are willing to make them public. You know right well yourself, from experience, how hard a position it is to fill acceptably to all. I have known Blaikie for a long time, and esteem him very highly. I believe his honesty and integrity unimpeachable, and that, should you have the race, and he should act as referee, he would serve you both well and impartially. There has been so much said in the papers of fraud, deceit and corruption on all sides, that should one American be set aside for another for referee at your request, and without good and sufficient reasons, the most natural inference for those not knowing the parties would be that it was done for a purpose, and both yourself and party selected as referee might be grossly censured by a

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. Does not meet Edward Hanlan on the Potomac on December 9th, he will be branded as a potrover, and deservedly too.

The *World*, editorially, says that the general impression is that whoever saw Courtney's boat in two was guilty of a great crime; he ought to have saved Courtney in two.

In sporting circles in this city the belief prevails that Courtney does not intend to meet Hanlan.

It is rumored 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.

CHURCH AND STATE. 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.

BRUSSELS, November 19.—In the Chamber of Deputies, to-day, the Premier read several despatches from the Belgian representative at the Vatican, showing that the Pope and Papal Secretary of State had censured the attacks of the Belgian Bishops upon the constitution. The Prince of Orange has published a pamphlet replying to certain attacks on him, and affirming his respect for the constitution. He declares he hopes to acquire by his acts the respect of his fellow-countrymen.

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

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 *Connaught Telegraph*, has also been arrested at Castlebar for a similar cause. The prisoners have been conveyed to Sligo for examination. The arrests were effected quietly. Davitt and Kilken arrived at Sligo this evening. At several stations along the railway extra policemen were on duty. The prisoners will be brought before the resident magistrate, and formally remanded, pending a special magistrate sitting in a few days, when one of the Crown law officers will conduct the prosecution. Kilken asserts he cannot understand the arrest, as he considered his speech entirely within the bounds of law.

A London correspondent reports that great consternation prevails at Castlebar, as Daly is much respected. He was cheered by the inhabitants on his departure for Sligo. He was escorted on his own car with a sub-inspector of police and a strong escort in front and rear. Daly's newspaper, the *Connaught Telegraph*, has not been suppressed.

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 gentry; 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.

DUBLIN, November 19.—The three prisoners have been remanded until Monday to await the production of important witnesses. Bail refused. The representatives of the press were excluded from the preliminary enquiry. It is anticipated that the Solicitor-General or law adviser to the Crown will conduct the prosecution on Monday. A public meeting to denounce the arrests will be held here on Friday. Several members of Parliament will attend. It is stated that 17 warrants have been issued for the arrest of other persons charged with seditious conduct, including several clergymen.

DUBLIN, November 20.—It is believed to be almost impossible to sustain the indictments for seditious conduct against the persons recently arrested here. An indignation meeting of Irish residents of Manchester, to denounce the arrests of Davitt, Kilken and Daly, will be held probably on Sunday. A Dublin correspondent says it is believed the arrests of Davitt, Kilken and Daly are due to a notice published recently calling on the men of Mayo to meet on Saturday to protest against the threatened eviction of a farmer. The document apparently hinted at resistance to the law.

The *Irish Times* blames the Government for molesting the meager and smaller agitators, who have nothing to lose by being made heroes. The Government's action may revive Parnell's expiring influence.

The *Freeman's Journal* says the arrests are an unconstitutional act of arbitrary power, intended to paralyze the land agitation by terrorism.

At a Home Rule Conference in London, to-night, it was resolved to hold a mass meeting of Irishmen in London, and all sympathizers with Ireland, in Hyde Park, about the 30th instant, to protest against the arrest of Davitt, Kilken and Davitt. All the Home Rule members of Parliament resident in London will be invited. Irish organizations at Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham, and Glasgow, have determined to make public protests. The Home Rule organizations of North London, Southwark and Greenwich, to-night, resolved to assist the promoters of land agitation. Several subscriptions were handed in at the Home Rule office to-day.

Mr. Parnell will be invited to attend the Hyde Park demonstration. Mr. Parnell has deferred his visit to the United States. In consequence of rumours of intended action by the Government, the journey now will be still further deferred. It is intended to issue another address to the Irish abroad, calling for money to defend all whom the Government may prosecute, and to maintain the agitation.

It is stated that Davitt, Kilken, and Daly will be indicted for conspiracy as well as seditious. It is also said that Parnell's language at the land meetings will be brought before the House of Commons with a view of silencing them in the House.

The Constabulary is under arms day and night in many towns in Ireland.

A special meeting of the County Magistrates of Sligo is convened for Saturday to consider a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant of Liverpool, November 20.—The Home-Rulers do not intend to hold a meeting at present; but will see what turn matters may take.

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 BURGLED 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 Fishery, 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 CLONCUNRY 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 KILMURRAY.—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 dim 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 north, 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 with her prow 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. Ferre, 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 THE 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 true humanity.

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. On Friday morning, the 24th, the Alexandria, Parnassos, 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 fairly 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 revolts in Ireland, which at present prevailed in Ireland.—*N.Y. Herald*.

Stone walls and rail fences are the great fences of the country, and latterly they are much less built 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 of various kinds, 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.

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Soothing and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

DR. A. C. MACDONELL, 80 CATHEDRAL STREET, MONTREAL.

Wonderful Improvement. JACOB'S LITHOGRAM. PATENTED 16TH JULY, 1879.

Consumption. To Consumptives - The production of a remedy that is truly said to be so after the prospects of the Consumptive...

Science has at last given us an article of Yeast free from the faults of the varieties heretofore in use - Lieberts Prepared German Compressed Yeast...

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Robert Goodpaster of Owingsville, Ky., was a sensitive bankrupt. Being accused of trickery, he said that he would live just long enough to clear himself of suspicion...

On the 10th ult. there was a general strike among the kid glove makers at Naples. They demanded an increase of wages...

Why, Charley, said his friend in astonishment, what has happened? Oh, I see you have been using hair dye.

What does the poor Spitz-dog! The poor Spitz-dog! Everyone's hand, except the owner's, seems raised against them.

BY THE USE OF FELLOWS SYRUP OF Hypophosphites the nerves become reinforced in strength...

A PURE SMOOTH SKIN is a womanly charm which every individual of the gentler sex appreciates, and may, if she chooses, possess.

IT IS GENERALLY ADMITTED THAT there cannot be anything more exquisitely delicate for perfuming the handkerchief than ATREY & LANMA'S FLORIDA WATER.

Eppe's Cocoa - GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion...

