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SWEPT BY THE STORM.

Details of the catastrophe at Sabine Pass—Some heart-rending scenes—A father's terrible experience—His wife and children swept away before his eyes.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 16.—The Times Democrat of this city, has just received the following account of the terrible disaster that befell that town and the surrounding country on Tuesday night: "It was one o'clock this morning when the United States revenue cutter Penrose, Lieut. O. Wiley commanding, came to anchor in Sabine Pass, off the light-house. For nearly eight hours the little thirty-ton steam vessel had struggled against a heavy north wind and chop sea, on a reef from Galveston, and when at last she came to anchor there was a sigh of relief from all hands.

The Penrose was on an errand of mercy. At the first intimation of death and destruction at Sabine Pass it was known there was not enough water in the Sabine Pass bar to float a heavy draught tug. Seven feet scant water did not justify the risk when the chances of running ashore were tenfold greater than going into the pass proper. The Collector Sweeney communicated with Lieut. Wiley of the Penrose, drawing five and one-half feet of water. Lieut. Wiley never hesitated. Lives were possibly still in danger, and people in want. Hasty preparations were made and the Penrose was soon under way.

THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION. Sabine Pass, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, is the dividing line between Texas and Louisiana. To the westward, on a point jutting well out into the Gulf, lies the Texas southern land's end. To the right, coming down in a graceful curve, is the Louisiana shore, ending in a marsh on which, on a ridge of high land, stands the Sabine Pass light. The light burned brightly, beaming from its eighty-five foot tower far over the dreary stretch of waters. What had happened within the radius of its rays was apparently not affected it. The keepers were still alive and true to their post, though in answer to the shrill screams of the Penrose's whistle no answering signal came. Against the heavy current, which swept along like a mill race, the light vessel beat its way out of the pass and up a small bayou, from which wild fowl in great flocks arose with weird screams of fright. Landing at last at the wreck of what was once a pier, the

EVIDENCE OF THE FURY OF THE STORM greeted the eyes. The keeper's house lay in a wreck of brick and mortar. Huge fragments of heavy walls and arched foundations were piled one upon the other, while amid the ruins glared in the moonlight splashes of household effects. It had evidently been a hasty flight and a race for life, for such portables as a clock, a toaster and a sewing machine were seen tightly wedged in the ruins.

"Lighthouse ahoy!" rang out from the party. A head appeared through an opening in the tower fifty feet high, and a voice responded with a glad cry of joy. Shortly thereafter the keeper, Gustave Hemmerling, appeared lantern in hand, bare legged and in rags. Recognizing Lieutenant Wiley and Captain Jack Delaney, chief inspector of the port of Galveston, who was of the exploring party, he apologized for his inability to answer the steamer's whistle, and, as he pointed to the light, said, with pardonable pride, "It's only a half light, gentlemen, but it's burning." Then he told

THE STORY OF HIS EXPERIENCE during the storm of Tuesday morning: "The day of the storm opened with a bright northeasterly wind, and it kept blowing harder every minute. We thought—that is, my assistant, Henry Plummer, and myself—that our vessel could stand, as it stood all previous big blows. It was a one story and attic brick, raised about five feet from the ground, on heavy brick arches, to let the water pass underneath. I have no family, but Henry had his wife, three children—the youngest three years old—and a lady visitor with him. By noon the wind, still holding north and east, began to shake our house; the water came up and things were floating around. It was time for us to leave, and with the women and children we took to the lighthouse. The house was going then, and we did not get in the tower too soon, for very shortly thereafter the house went to pieces. It was hard work getting to the tower, but we got there. We have no food, no covering, and, alas, only three gallons of oil; everything went with the building. Then

THE STORM INCREASED IN FURY. The water rose above the top of the lighthouse door, ten feet from the ground. It entered the tower, and the draught ascending upward kept lifting the trap door leading to a hundred pound weight. Yet it came up so that one of us, with the oil, had to add our weight to keep it down. If that trap door had given away the light would have gone out, and who knows how those would have fared at sea. The spray from the sea, which, with the winds, caused the lighthouse to tremble to its very foundation, dashed up through the air, and that lit it fifty feet from the ground. For forty-eight hours we have been without food, and we had to husband our water yesterday morning. The relief steamer Lamar, from Orange, came to our rescue and took the women and children away. I sent my assistant along for some oil. The boat left me something to eat, and here I am for as long as the lighthouse stands, which will not be for another such blow. She is shaking now and will go very soon." With the promise of more aid the party withdrew. The dangers of navigating the pass held the Penrose at anchor until daylight, when she was again underway. Off to the westward daylight revealed a vessel high and dry

THE ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS. DUBLIN, Oct. 14.—Archbishop Crooke writes to the newspapers that it would be deplorable if the temperance society in Ireland, under the pretext of political neutrality, should succeed in impeding the progress and retarding the triumph of the national cause.

THE BOYCOTT TO BE ENFORCED. DUBLIN, Oct. 12.—The convention of the members of the National League was held today at Lougrea. Delegates from twenty-two branches were present. Resolutions were adopted emphatically ordering the boycotting of all persons obnoxious to the league. Two boycotted tradesmen appeared before the convention and begged to be forgiven. The ban upon them was removed on condition that they would not offend again, which the tradesmen promised.

A prominent physician writing to the New York Medical Record condemns roller-skating as an exercise for girls, and states that he seems to bring out any latent predisposition to disease, especially of the kidneys or heart.

WIND, RAIN AND FLOOD

Cause great destruction on the British coast—Many fatal wrecks reported.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—The gale and floods which began on Thursday night along the south and west English and Irish coasts continue, having extended far northward. Many bridges and buildings were swept away, and the storm and floods seriously interrupted railway traffic. Many small vessels have been wrecked, but the loss of life will not be great. The British barque Bellaport has been wrecked off Skellig's island on the southwest coast of Ireland. She was being towed by the tug Game Cock, when the hawser parted and the barque was thrown on the rocky shore and destroyed.

ALL OF THE CREW PERISHED. The troopship Tyns, which is thirty hours overdue at Plymouth, has been sighted off there, laboring terribly in the storm. The greatest anxiety has been entertained concerning her for twenty-four hours. The British ship Teviotdale, which sailed for Cardiff, Wales, on Thursday, was wrecked on Caermarthen bar. The lifeboat rescued twenty-eight persons. Nineteen others, among whom were the captain and officers, were left in the boat, but two succeeded in reaching the shore alive. The other seventeen perished in the waves. The great hurricane was accompanied by the heaviest rainstorm within memory. During last night there were many collisions and wrecks and a number of Channel fishing boats were stranded. The beach at Brighton presents a spectacle of destruction. A torpedo gunboat at Portsmouth dragged its anchor and drifted into the mud, but was rescued by tug. The glass roof of the Ilfracombe hotel was broken and bath-houses washed away. The storm was very furious on the Irish coasts. The streets in many towns were flooded. Corn stacks were blown away and the corn standing in the fields destroyed. The damage is immense. There have been destructive floods in Wales

MANY MORE DISASTERS. LONDON, Oct. 17.—The late reports show that the effects of the recent storm on the south and west coasts were terrible. A Norwegian barque foundered off Tenesal, Wales, and her entire crew, consisting of fifteen persons, perished. Ten bodies have been washed ashore on the Glamorgan coast. Reports have been received from all parts of the kingdom, telling of the disastrous effect of the hurricane. The British ship Maleny was wrecked in the Bristol channel, and twenty persons were drowned. The shore is strewn with wreckage. The bodies washed ashore have been stripped of valuables by wreckers. The Norwegian barque Fredrickstad, from Musquash, N. B., for Swansea, was wrecked off Podstow, and nineteen persons were drowned. The barque Alliance was also wrecked off Podstow and four lives lost. The other persons on board were saved by a life boat. Another large barque was seen to be in terrible distress. The crew were huddled together on the deck. The vessel foundered this morning, and it is believed that from a dozen to twenty persons were drowned. The gale prevented the people on the shore from rendering assistance. The cries of the doomed men were heard distinctly by those who were watching the vessel from the shore. A Belfast despatch says the low lying districts of Ulster are submerged. The gale on the Irish coast continues unabated, compelling all vessels to seek shelter. Limerick advises say the Mulcar river drainage works burst, flooding the adjacent district and destroying valuable crops.

THE LATE REV. DR. FAURE. At the last regular meeting of the Father Mathw Temperance Association, Almonte, Ont., it was resolved: That this society has learned with the deepest regret of the death, at Buffalo, N. Y., of the Rev. Romé Faure, D.D., formerly pastor of this parish, and the founder and first president of the association.

THE LAND ACT COMMISSION. LONDON, Oct. 15.—The Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Land Act passed in 1881, consisting of Earl Cowper, chairman; Earl Milltown, Sir James Caird and Judge O'Hagan, will commence their sittings on the 22nd inst., and continue to hold them until November.

THE IRISH SITUATION. DUBLIN, Oct. 12.—At the regular meeting of the National League to-day Secretary Harrington said many landlords were making generous reductions in rents, but a large number of writs of eviction continued to be issued. The executive of the league, Mr. Harrington said, would supersede these branches which failed to give aid to the evicted ones.

THE BAZAAR AT UNBRIDGE. LIST OF PRIZES. The following is the list of prize winners at Father Allan's bazaar, which took place at Unbridge on Wednesday, the 13th inst.:—T. W. Chappell, Unbridge; Miss Ellen Gannon, Cornwall; Mrs. J. Logan, Miss M. P. Q.; Ed. O'Donnell, Peterboro; J. O'Connor, Peterboro; H. Buckley, Markham; J. Case, Unbridge; Mrs. Lawson, Lang. Mrs. Richmond, Lebert, Osa; H. McDonald, Lebert, Osa; Patrick Brown, Drayton; Mary Barrie, Ganton; Mrs. Hogan, Jefferson; Annie Logan, Keeno; Eliza Blacker, Toronto; Mrs. Ross, Toronto; John McDonald, East Solkirk; J. O'Connor, Toronto; Mary McKillop, Frankfort; Mrs. T. McMahon, Montreal; R. D. Presk, Newmarket; Mrs. L. Ross, N. Y.; M. J. O'Neill, Paris, Ont.; Mrs. J. Redmond, Lebert, Osa; Rose Kennedy, Unbridge; C. J. Coffey, London, Ont.; Silas Sainpierre, Trenton; Mrs. McLachlan, Winnipeg; Mrs. Munn, Cambridge; Katie Ryan, Barrie; Mrs. McGuire, St. John's, N. B.; Miss Gorman, Toronto.

A FLAG OF REVOLT RAISED

By Conservatives Against Churchill's Plans, As Stated by Him at Dartford—Heavy Chaplin Displays Contempt and Distrust of the Lord Chancellor.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—The country party, through Mr. Henry Chaplin, has raised the flag of revolt against Lord Randolph Churchill's Dartford speech as representing the new Conservative democracy of the town. It is notable that Mr. Chaplin's protest comes within a few days of the announcement that Lord John Manners will not retire to admit Mr. Chaplin to the Ministry. It is not many weeks since Mr. Chaplin and some half-dozen others endeavored to form a cave against the Government, but the movement failed to pass beyond the stage of a preliminary dinner. Mr. Chaplin's letter displays patriotism, contempt and distrust of Lord Randolph Churchill. His leading Dartford proposal to maintain union with the Unionist party is regarded as handing the government of the country over to Lord Hartington, as to whom this leading Tory writes: "In the present crisis the country probably has no safer and sounder guide than the judgment and good sense which Lord Hartington almost invariably displays."

Mr. Chaplin objects to Lord Randolph Churchill's preference for Jesse Colling's freehold plots for throwing the burden of the laborer's allotments, which he would make compulsory. Since a sinner at his vast need, and that it does not come from a recognized leader, he does not acutely traverse the remainder of Lord Randolph Churchill's programme except the proposal of the closure by a bare majority. To this crucial question Mr. Chaplin declares deadly war, and points that the Conservatives have always opposed closure. He might have illustrated this by recalling that their furthest advance never got beyond a two-thirds majority; and might also have reminded the public of Lord Randolph Churchill's letter to the Times demanding that no Parliament should impose the closure without an express mandate from the electors. This week's speech of Mr. J. W. Lothian, an able young Conservative, shows misgivings toward Lord Randolph Churchill. The Press Association, however, announce that the Dartford programme is supported by Mr. H. W. Matthews, Sir W. R. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, Sir B. E. Webster, Mr. E. Clarke, Baron de Worms, Mr. Plunket, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Akers-Douglas, Colonel Walrond, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Long, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Raikes and Mr. Marriott, all members of the Government, but only the first three in the Cabinet.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Fifty members of Parliament have promised to attend the Conservative conference at Bradford. The meeting will probably be the greatest ever held by the Conservatives.

DUBLIN, Oct. 18.—The first annual meeting of the Harold's Cross branch of the National League was held to-day. There was a large attendance. It was resolved to resist evictions. Mr. Sexton, Sir Thomas Esmond and Mr. Dawson delivered addresses. Mr. Sexton ridiculed the Churchill scheme of an Irish assembly.

THE VATICAN AND HOLLAND. ROME, Oct. 13.—Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, has proposed to the Government of Holland to resume relations with the Vatican.

THE SULTAN AND THE QUEEN. CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 13.—It is stated that formal telegrams have been exchanged between Queen Victoria and the Sultan in connection with the Duke of Edinburgh's visit, and that the Sultan expressed regret that ill-health prevented him from showing greater attention to his visitor.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WEBSTER ON IRISH POLICY. LONDON, Oct. 13.—The Attorney-General, Sir R. E. Webster, in a speech at Sandown, Isle of Wight, this evening, said the Government would not be deterred from suppressing Irish crime and outrage and the wicked oppression of the weak by the strong with the aid of gold from other countries. The Government, he said, was determined to maintain the existing laws.

THE EUROPEAN POSITION. PARIS, Oct. 15.—M. Camille Pelletan, in an article in La Justice commenting on Lavedan's statement in Figure that General Boulanger had prepared a plan for a continental campaign, says: "France does not desire war, but the war cloud hanging over her may break at any moment. No French General can materially affect the situation, either for peace or war; but, if a General has an activity of spirit that inspires confidence, no good Frenchman should blame him. Europe enjoys a truce, not peace. The situation of France and Germany has been created by a victory of force over right. Can that, offering of force, the German Empire, go on living except by the continued victory of violence?"

A "palindrom" is a sentence that reads the same forward and backward. One of the best we have ever seen is that which the Lowell Courier claims to have originated: "No, it is opposition."—Burlington Free Press. The most famous and longest palindrom on record is that ascribed to the great Napoleon: "Able was I ere I saw Elba." One of the best was the brief introduction to his own month of our first president, to his newly-made and doubtless surprised spouse: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is attributed to Taylor, "The Water pot," but this is short of a letter: "Lewd I did live and evil did I dwell."—Montreal Post.

A reward of £100 has been offered in England for the proof of a case of drunkenness that has been cured without total abstinence.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Position of Affairs—Mr. Redmond Elects the Situation.

LONDON, October 9th, 1886. The political world, which has been in a state of suspended animation since the rising of Parliament, has been suddenly awakened into life again by the announcement that the new Government had drafted a Home Rule Bill for Ireland, which they intend to submit to the House of Commons in February. The announcement is not a surprise to anyone who is at all acquainted with the inner working of English political parties. There is not a shadow of doubt that Lord Randolph Churchill has been from the very first a Home Rule man, and that he was engaged slowly, but, on the whole, successfully, in the task of educating his party up to the necessary point, when Mr. Gladstone completely cut the ground from under his feet by the bold and sweeping character of the proposals which he made last April. The necessity of the moment for Lord Randolph then was to defeat Mr. Gladstone, and in order to do this he became necessary to denounce his plan and to inveigh against "Repeal of the Union." It was, however, observed by everybody that during the whole of the late electoral contest the noble lord said no single word which would make it inconsistent for him afterwards to propose a Home Rule bill of his own. Well, Mr. Gladstone's defeat of the Conservatives has now come into office, and Lord Randolph has not only advanced himself into the foremost position of power, but has ruthlessly swept aside all the old leaders, whose old-fashioned Toryism might prove an obstacle to his policy, and has replaced them by men of the newer school of English Democracy. Being no longer the business of the moment to take measures to stay there. The every day existence of the Government depends upon the support of the 75 Liberal Unionists, and Lord Randolph's first move towards rendering his power permanent has been the promulgation of a programme of domestic legislation for Great Britain, which contains almost every article of the Radical creed as professed by Mr. Chamberlain. By this means he has rendered it all the more easy for the Liberal Unionists to support the Government with some show of consistency, while every reactionary Tory knows that between promises on a public platform and performances at the hustings there is no danger whatever of this programme being carried out. The one great question overshadowing all others for the Conservative Party, just as well as for the Liberal Party, is Ireland. Until this question is set at rest, there can be no such thing as a long lived or stable government in Great Britain. The concession of Home Rule to Mr. Gladstone, or alternative but coercion; and coercion means, sooner or later, discredit, confusion and eventual ruin for whatever government proposes it. Already the new Tory Government has drifted near the rocks. Lord Randolph, chiefly owing to the determined opposition of Lord Hartington, was obliged to oppose the recent Tenant Relief Bill of Mr. Parnell. He well knows, however, the position in which the farmers of Ireland are placed. The prices of all sorts of farm produce have fallen on an average 20 per cent, within the last 18 months, and consequently rents fixed so far previously to 1885 are exorbitant and impossible. If landlords, encouraged by the attitude of the Government on Mr. Parnell's bill, push their legal rights to extremes and commence a wholesale eviction campaign, the coming winter will witness scenes before which the most exciting times of the old Land League will fade into insignificance. The people are determined to resist extortion and eviction. They are organized and they never were before. They have at their back abundantly to support them, and they are led by men who have learned in the hard school of experience all the shoals and quicksands of such a struggle. If this contest is allowed to take place the Government know right well that they will come out of it second best. They will be forced, in order to prove that they are a Government at all, to attempt to suppress the National League and to enact coercion. The moment they are driven to this position they will have acknowledged their own defeat and will have proved before the world the absolute truth of Mr. Gladstone's contention that to Home Rule there could be no alternative but repression. Such a course could only lead to the disfranchisement of Ireland, for it is absurd to suppose that any Government could carry coercion in a Parliament containing 85 Irishmen determined at all hazards to protect their country's liberty.

The suppression of the League and the enactment of coercion would be coincident with the expulsion of the Irish from the Government, and would be the inevitable outbreak of crime in Ireland, and the last position of our rulers would be infinitely worse than the first. No one understands this more clearly than Lord Randolph Churchill, and he has no intention of allowing things to drift in that direction if he can help it. Ever since the Government have been steadily at work bringing pressure of all kinds to bear upon the Irish landlords to deal moderately and fairly with the tenants. Even the "Loyal and Patriotic Union" have issued an appeal calling upon all proprietors to give adequate reductions of rent. Many of the large landlords have within the last fortnight offered fair terms to their tenants, and it does seem at the moment as if much of the misery which the winter seemed to have in store for us may be averted. The Government, however, is running a tremendous risk. Their appeal to the forbearance of landlords may have its effect, but the great majority of the landed gentry of Ireland had not afforded to the liberal were they even so minded. The ordinary Irish landlord is not in reality owner of the soil at all. His estate has been inherited by him encumbered with mortgages and family charges to the extent of probably two-thirds of its value. In order to get the payment of interest, which is one-third of his nominal rental to live upon. The Land Act of 1881 almost swept that margin away, and any further reductions now would mean for him utter and unconditional ruin; for, as he is remembered, no matter how much land falls in value and no matter how his rental is reduced, the interest on mortgages and family charges must be paid in full. It is this class of landlord which is a standing menace to the public peace in Ireland, and I greatly fear that having declined to restrain him from extortion by law, the Government will find it impossible to restrain him by appeals to his forbearance. They desire to side over the winter peaceably; they do not want an eviction

campaign; above all, they do not want a coercion act, on the contrary, they want a quiet opportunity for proposing their own Home Rule bill.

What is their Home Rule bill to be? Well, Lord Randolph is severely handicapped in attempting to deal with the question. He must propose something less than Mr. Gladstone, and he must propose something which Mr. Chamberlain will support. It is stated, and with a certain show of probability, that in this difficulty the Government are about to fall back on Mr. Chamberlain's old Provincial Council's scheme, thereby four Provincial Parliaments would be created in Ireland, similar to the Provincial Assemblies of the Dominion of Canada, but which, instead of being all under authority of a general Irish Parliament, like the Dominion Parliament of Canada, would be under the control of the foreign Legislature at Westminster. I may say at once that such a scheme, even if considered as a useful step in the desired direction, and of which I am very doubtful, could never under any conceivable circumstances be accepted as a settlement of the national question in Ireland. The fact that Mr. Chamberlain himself is quite aware of this is shown by his statement at Birmingham, that interesting personage said that the settlement of the Irish question could only come from "conciliating the national sentiment" and "reviving the national life." It would be a bold man who would predict such a result from the establishment of four large vestries which would have little or no regard to an autonomy of gas and sewerage." But in the debate on Mr. Gladstone's bill, Mr. Chamberlain was still more explicit. Speaking of his council scheme he said he had "one fatal defect," namely, that Ireland rejected it, and that the proposal of Mr. Gladstone's paper measure made it impossible for a smaller scheme to be accepted as a settlement. From this it is quite obvious that if Mr. Chamberlain advocates now the scheme of provincial councils, which the Government have drafted, he does not at all regard it as likely to prove a final settlement. If it be proposed for our acceptance at all it will therefore be upon this plain and clear understanding, "There must be no talk of any 'settlement' in the future." The demand for national existence and for legislative independence would remain unsatisfied were the provincial councils accepted to-morrow. On this understanding alone can the Irish party even consider the plans of the Government. Until the proposals are cleared up, and until the Government are clear in their mind as to what they are no longer sure to be said. A system of local government which would place the work at present performed by the centralized Boards of Works, of Education, of Poor Law, &c., in the hands of the people would no doubt be of immediate value, and the lessons in self government given to our people might be of advantage. But speaking for myself I never regarded the creation of the framework of local governments as perhaps the most important work which an Irish National Parliament would undertake, and I do not regard with favor the creation of a system of provincial assemblies ruled from London. More than this, which such a system could only do in the concession of our full domain, I am inclined to think it would retard its accomplishment, and would render its achievement by Mr. Gladstone out of the range of possibilities, and the hope is strong in Ireland that he who struck the first great blow against English prejudice and ignorance may be enabled to witness the completion of his great work. For these, amongst many other reasons, I am inclined to think the offer of provincial Home Rule will be rejected with contempt by the National Party in Ireland, and then, as Mr. Chamberlain says: "Heaven forbid that any English party or statesman should, under the circumstances, attempt to impose it upon them." The central fact of the situation now is that Home Rule is still in the front, that all English parties are practically agreed it must come, and that the question of the day is what particular kind of Home Rule Ireland will consent to accept. In truth, "all things come round to him who will but wait."

J. S. REDMOND, M. P.

EARTHQUAKES IN GERMANY. BERLIN, Oct. 13.—Slight earth tremors were felt on Sunday and Monday at Strasburg, Benfeld and Gerstheim. The oscillation at Strasburg caused furniture to shake.

LYNCH LAW IN ILLINOIS. MONTICELLO, Ill., Oct. 14.—At one o'clock this morning 200 disguised men overpowered the Sheriff, broke into the jail and took there from Henry Wildmar, wife murderer, and hanged him. They then shot him eleven times to make sure of their work.

ONE EFFECT OF THE EARTHQUAKE. INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 13.—Prof. Collett, the Indiana geologist, states that a number of wells bored for gas or oil in Indiana and Ohio yielded nothing before the earthquake, but since then have yielded gas and oil in good quantity.

DOWN WITH ALL HANDS. ST. JOHNS, Nfld., October 15.—A fearful disaster occurred off Cape John, New's Dune bay, on Tuesday last, when a fishing craft capsize and all hands went down.

A SAD SUICIDE. MUNICH, Oct. 12.—Herr Hutachene-Beuter, the Bavarian Premier's father-in-law, after witnessing to-day the trial and sentence of an editor for libelling the Premier, ran out of court and committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver. He had been much depressed recently by seeing numerous editors, the fathers of families, imprisoned for press offences.

"Ah, is it possible that you are still alive?" said a fellow on meeting unexpectedly one whom he had grossly injured. "Yes, and kicking," replied the other, suiting the action to the word.

An ingenious boy of Maplewood, Mass., sent up some lanterns on the tail of his kite recently, and many of the inhabitants turned out to view what they thought was a fine meteoric display.

SOPIA, Oct. 13.—Inquiry shows that the Russian conspiracy to raise a rebellion in the two Bulgarian was of greater extent than at first believed.

A GYPSY WEDDING.

Few things are more simple than a marriage ceremony among the gypsies, and a description of a wedding as recently witnessed by the writer will not, we believe, prove uninteresting. There were more than a score of tents at the encampment, where we were temporary guests, and at the opening of each a fire was burning, crackling and blazing away as early as six o'clock in the morning of the day which was to witness the marriage of one of the favorite young girls of the camp. An hour afterward and an old gypsy man, with silver hair and bronzed, wrinkled face, with but one eye, stepped on a little mound and began playing the viola, which had but two strings on it. The player's opening piece was the well-known tune, "Haste to the Wedding," to which the younger gypsies were soon dancing with great hilarity. While some of the older women were watching the dancers, others were engaged in culinary preparations. At the opening of one of the tents stood the swarthy-looking masculine gypsy chief, with his hands in his pockets, steadfastly gazing upon the dancers. At a given signal from the chief, the music and dancing ceased. Two rows of gypsies, row were formed, standing face to face, being between four and six feet apart. Half way down between these rows two gypsies held up a broomstick about eighteen inches above the ground. All being thus in readiness, the chief called out the name of the bridegroom, who was a very handsome gypsy man about 22 years of age. His hair and eyes were very dark, and the coloration of his face strongly indicated the race to which he belonged. He wore an olive-colored velvet coat, red waistcoat, and a glaring-colored handkerchief round his neck. In person, he was tall, muscular, and well made. In obedience to the chief's command he came from a tent at one side of the encampment, walked between the rows of gypsies, stepped over the broomstick, turned round, and then stood with his arms akimbo waiting the arrival of his intended wife. The chief then called out the name of the bride, who came from a tent at the opposite side of the encampment. She was about nineteen years of age, rather short of stature, apparently of a healthy and hardy constitution, while the pearls lustre of her eyes and long, dark, glossy hair seemed to identify her with the purest remnant of the gypsy race. She also walked between the two rows of gypsies, tripping very lightly over the broomstick, which she had no sooner done than the young gypsy man, in the most gentle and gallant manner imaginable, took her in his arms, and completed the ceremony by giving his new-made wife some of the loudest kisses we ever heard in our life. Then the music and dancing were resumed; the whole of the members of the encampment had suspended business; preparations for a good feast were going on; every face looked bright, and every heart seemed joyous. The men smoked, the women talked, the children shouted and frolicked, the old horses grazed by the side of the tanks, the donkeys nibbled their coarse food with a self-satisfied air, and looked as if conscious they were to have that day's respite from their weary toils; even the two or three dogs that were there wagged their tails, as if in anticipation of an extra feed of better and a larger quantity of rations than usual, even without the trouble of having to hunt before their dinner could be allowed them. —Brooklyn Magazine.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Through the lovely November weather, however, uneasiness about her mother's health and the sweet care of alleviating her acute sufferings, had almost absorbed the heart and mind of Rosa. We say almost, because there was, in her parting with Diego de Lebriza, very, very much that she still more in her eye, so much that she manifested of her devotion to both her father and mother, and so genuine was his mother's love for her, that she could not but be glad to see her so near to her. And Rosa's innocent heart, in surrendering itself to the pure sentiment that filled it for one she had been so accustomed to think of with tenderness, was following only the bent of both duty and inclination. Indeed, she thought much of her absent lover, and his image became inseparable in her soul from that of her dear ones at Fairy Dell.

As the end of November brought the most alarming tidings from home, she ably seconded her grandfather in his efforts to keep all bad news from Mrs. D'Arcy, and even from Vivia and Maud. The exclusion of their news reached them to shut out as they chose. So their dear sufferer heard not a word of the ordinances of secession, passed by the Southern States, or of the arming of formidable bodies of militia. It had been the hope of Mr. D'Arcy and of Dr. Shorecliffe that the balmy autumn and winter weather would abate the sufferings of Mrs. D'Arcy, and enable medical skill to arrest the spread of the cancer. It became evident, however, as the winter advanced, that nothing but an operation, and an operation performed before Christmas, could save the life of the patient. Her fortitude and unflinching submission to the judgment of her physicians in a moment longer than was necessary, or in delaying for a single day the cruel trial which they were to put her strength of soul and body. He nevertheless sought the Divine aid both for himself, while imparting this intelligence, and for his dear and most excellent sufferer, that she might be disposed to accept the inevitable with perfect serenity of soul.

He was assisted toward the performance of this most painful task by an accident—by a providential occurrence, rather—that one night rightly deem to have been a true answer to his prayer.

It was a heavenly morning about the middle of December, just an hour before noon. The windows on the south-eastern side of Mrs. D'Arcy's large and beautiful room were thrown open to admit the sunlight, the golden beams of which came into the apartment softened by the haze which hung over city and country like a thick veil of yellow gas. On the opposite, or south-western side, the lofty windows opened into the patio, allowing the eye to rest on myrtle, palm-tree, orange trees, and all the most beautiful flowers of Southern Spain, while the splashing of the central fountain, and the song of birds, and the mingled fragrance of a thousand plants were borne in on the morning air to the low couch on which our patient lay. Vivia and Maud were sitting on low stools near their mother, Maud holding between her own left hand that lay on the snowy bed, and Vivia reading, in a sweet, low voice, a chapter from "The Life of St. Teresa" (written by the Saint herself). Rosa, in a pure white dress, without a single ornament, and relieved only by a narrow blue ribbon round the waist, and a tiny band of blue sustaining the fill at the neck, was busy at a writing-table between two of the inner windows, inditing a letter to her brother Charles in Paris from her mother. The walls were inlaid with Spanish marble of a rich, rosy tint, softened by age. A cornice of rich old Andalusian oak, deeply carved, and relieved by gold and vermilion, ran all round the room; and from it depended heavy blue damask curtains at the windows. The ceiling was in sky-blue and silver, with a circular fresco in the center representing St. Ferdinand entering Seville as a conqueror. Opposite Mrs. D'Arcy's couch, and over the table at which Rosa was writing, hung a picture of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a composition so life-like and soul-stirring that one could look forever on the transformed beauty of the Mother of Sorrows, as she soared upward, followed and surrounded rather than borne by a cloud of angelic beings, her face lifted toward the coming glory of her Son, as if the yearning eyes sought the long-denied light of His countenance, and her hands stretched upward, like the wings of a soul transported by Divine love. The whole picture seemed to impart to the beholder a glimpse of the bright world above, and to awaken in the heart the desire of the eternal joy.

The furniture, as in most Spanish houses of even the best class, was rather simple than rich; of the best materials, however, elegant in its simplicity and admirably suited to its surroundings. The floor was of rich azulejo, or dark blue and white tiles alternating with slabs of red and yellow flower in the middle of each, and connected by narrow lines of bright blue. A rich Persian carpet, in which red, yellow, and blue predominated, covered the space in front of Mrs. D'Arcy's couch, and others were spread in front of the Ottomans between the windows. On an inlaid ebony table at the feet of Mrs. D'Arcy's couch was a large Sevres vase filled with the rarest flowers which the Duchess's garden could supply, and which she selected every morning for her dear friend. High above the blended and delicate scented flowers of the Sierras, which Mrs. D'Arcy loved so dearly, shone two rare exotics from Madagascar, the *Angraecum Superbum* and the *Angraecum Sesquipedale*,—in themselves a marvel of floral magnificence, that won the admiration and praise of Mr. D'Arcy.

As Vivia read and read of the protracted and seemingly endless sufferings of the heroic Teresa de Annunziata, she forgot her own pains in the contemplation of what a feeble, sickly, persecuted woman could achieve for the Divine glory and the elevation of our common humanity to a higher level and supernatural aims. And the eyes of the sick woman wandered to the figure of her oldest girl as she was busied quietly in her sisterly work, and then to the bright picture overhead, the Holy Mother entering into the light unapproachable. And she recalled, sweetly, line by line, the verses of a modern poet, which she had taught her children to repeat to her:

"Son, in thy path, or Love, or Hope,
That lets me see her standing up,
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Under the light, into the right,
The creature, arrayed, conjoint,
Flout inward in a golden point.
And from between the stars
This glory issues for a hymn."

Gradually and unconsciously Mrs. D'Arcy raised her voice, as she gazed like one entranced. Vivia stopped reading, and Rosa, laying down her pen, listened at first, then looked at her mother, and finally rose and approached the couch.

pression of love and rapture. "Thank our dear Lord, you are so much better to-day!" "Yes, darling, so much better!" was the answer, while the speaker's eyes still seemed to follow the glorified figure of the ascending Virgin Mother, as if the heavens were really opened to view.

"Oh, mamma," said Vivia, who had now taken her place by Rosa's side, "you will soon be able to go down with us to the Alcazar in the afternoon. The weather is just as lovely as the month of May at Fairy Dell, or as February in Charleston."

"Why did you stop reading, Vivia dear?" said the fond mother, as she now looked upon the three lovely faces fixed upon her own. "I was thinking how near in glory St. Teresa must be to the Mother of Sorrows, whom she so nearly resembled in suffering while on earth."

"At this moment Mr. D'Arcy entered the room, and was struck by the picture before him, of the gentle parent looking with loving eyes on her three daughters kneeling beside her,—as beautiful as angels sent to minister to the comfort of the uncomplaining sufferer."

"You are looking very bright and happy, dear May," the old gentleman said, bending over and kissing his daughter-in-law's forehead. "What have these little wiches been doing to make you so radiant?"

"Nothing but looking at her, grandpapa," said Maud, as she laid her cheek beside her mother's.

"Yes, they, with you, dearest father, and our absent darlings, are altogether the sun of my life, and their looks of love warm and brighten my soul as a most blessed mother, dear Mary," Mrs. D'Arcy said, seating herself on the other side of her couch and keeping her right hand in his own.

"So blessed, indeed," she answered, "that I do not see how I resemble that dear Mother of us all," she continued, raising her eyes to the picture on the wall.

"Leave it to Him, who bore the cross before her, to create and complete that resemblance," he said, in a voice that seemed to quiver with emotion. "Rose," he added, "you and your sisters can take a stroll in the patio, while I am treating with your mother of urgent business."

"We shall be quits near at hand, grandpapa," Rose replied, as she led the girls one to quit the room. "I shall tell the servant that you must not be disturbed."

"I have done so myself," he answered. "You can look in within a quarter of an hour. And you, Vivia, gather me a tiny fragrant bouquet for your mother."

"Yes, grandpapa," said the delighted girl. And off they went into the paradise of tree and shrub and flower in the precious court.

"You have had no bad news from home, dear father?" Mrs. D'Arcy asked, as soon as the girls had disappeared through the open window.

"I have had none of any kind this morning," he replied.

"I asked you this," she went on to say, "because I had such a sweet and consoling dream about home last night."

"Dreams are sometimes sent to us by our good angels to reassure us in our anxieties or to prepare us for coming trials."

"I am sure mine came from the good angel," she said, "because it has filled my heart with sweet peace and great strength. Indeed, it seems to me that I could endure anything at present to be worthy of our dear Lord and His most blessed Mother. May I tell you my dream, dear father? Or will you not think me superstitious?"

"You shall tell me your dream, my dear child," he said, with his warmest smile. "And I shall not believe you superstitious."

"You know, dear father, that on the eighth of next September falls the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Louis."

"Yes, dearest, and I trust we shall celebrate it all together in Fairy Dell."

"Well, father dear," she continued, "I dreamed that morning had come, and that Louis and I stood again together before our sweet little altar, as on the blessed morning you first called me your daughter."

"A most blessed morning to me, Mary," he gave me the dearest and best daughter ever a parent had.

"Ah, I remember yet the tears I kissed off your cheek, and you told me afterwards they were tears of joy.—But, in my dream, I thought Louis wept and tried to keep his tears hidden from me, and I leaned on your arm while we were waiting for the priest to come forth and receive a renewal of our marriage vows. Then, methought, as the mortal life of Louis began to swell the church with harmonious song, a light from heaven had never been, that in front of the altar, and surrounded, stood one whom I believed yet not to be dead, a light most intense and bright, and which I thought I had never seen before. It was the Blessed Mother, holding in her hand a crown of most exquisite flowers outstretched to me, and within a crown of most piercing thorns. Beckoning us both, Louis and me, to her feet, she pressed the wreath of my head. Oh, the agonizing pang that shot through head and frame, and seemed to consume the very substance of my soul! And then came over me the whole being like a wave of bliss, so great, so inconceivable, that I took the crown from off my own head and placed it on that of Louis. Then she, with arms outstretched to bless and to beckon us to follow, floated upward, and faded from our sight. But when I looked around for Louis he was gone, and with a great pang in my side and in my heart I awoke."

"It is a most gracious warning sent to us, my dear Mary," said her father-in-law, who had listened with moistened eyes to this dream. "After all, the longest life of suffering and sorrow is but a brief instant as compared to the endless eternity of bliss that follows and crowns it. Our Blessed Mother intended that her Adored One should be present in our lives—the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the bearing the cross, the dreadful agony of crucifixion—and then came the glory, the repose, the bliss without end or measure."

"I feel, dear father," the generous sufferer said, "as if all my life had been one long day-dream of purest happiness, so much has God given me in your love, in Louis, in my children, in all the members of our most united family. Surely I must have my share of suffering before I die, else how shall I be like Him, the Divine Father of my soul?"

"And are you prepared, dearest Mary?" Mr. D'Arcy said, with a voice full of the tenderest emotion, "to see your dream fulfilled; to be for a short hour with Christ on the Cross; to wear for a day His crown of piercing thorns?"

"With His assistance, I am," she replied, lifting her eyes heavenward. "And I know that my sweet Mother will be near me, though unseen, to be my comforter. But you have come to tell me something, dearest father?" she continued, looking into the face where she now read deep and unusual concern.

"I have, my child," he answered. "The doctors have declared an operation necessary, and only await your consent. Delay may now be fatal."

"It does not, it does!" she replied. "If Louis could only be here, and my little Mary, and my darling boys."

"I shall send a telegram for Charles immediately," said Mr. D'Arcy.

"Thank you, dear father," she said. "And I must write a short letter to my own dear husband."

"Or I shall write it for you, dear one," he said, "if you will only dictate it to me. And now, my dear child, you must rest. This has been a severe trial to you. You must leave it to me to tell the girls."

"I leave everything to you, dear father," she said. "You have ever been to me, as well as to my darling husband, the living image of God's love and wisdom."

"Say not so, Mary," he said. "Ask only for me, that I be also tried by suffering, ere the end comes."

"I am then to say nothing of this to Rosa and the other children?" she asked.

"I think that would be best," he answered. "May I now tell them?"

"Yes," she said. "And, O my good God, do Thou continue to be my strength and my light!" she exclaimed, while Mr. D'Arcy went to beckon to Rosa and her sisters to return to the sick-room.

"How do you like my nosegay, grandpapa?" exclaimed Genevieve, running, delighted, up to Mr. D'Arcy, and presenting to him an exquisite bunch of white scabiosa, mixed with heliotrope, niggonette, and other delicately-scented flowers that her mother loved so well.

"Just what will please your mother, my dear," he said. "Now, you must all be as cheerful as possible till Dr. Shorecliffe comes for his noonday visit."

"We are just as merry as crickets," Maud said. "For I have not seen mamma look so bright for several weeks. Oh, grandpapa, would not this be glorious weather to take mamma into the country for an afternoon drive?"

"Not to-day, my little Maud," he said. "Your mother is still in need of rest. Rose, the old gentleman said, bid the servant fetch my little portable writing-table from my room. You must write to me by mail."

"What is the matter, dear grandpapa?" Rosa asked, with a look of alarm and almost fright at her grandfather. "Has anything dreadful happened at home that you don't like to tell me?"

"Nothing has happened, my love," he said. "I have had no tidings from home that you don't know. Only there are some business matters about which both your mother and myself have to write home."

And as Rose, half satisfied, turned away to do her grandfather's bidding, the old gentleman could not help uttering a silent prayer for this tender daughterly heart about to be tried by the most terrible of sorrows.

Rosa found Dr. Shorecliffe waiting for her grandfather in the latter's antichamber. He immediately sent the servant to call if her mother was ready for the doctor's visit, while she went herself for the writing-table in the study. "Yes," Mrs. D'Arcy answered, "I should be glad to see Dr. Shorecliffe whenever you like, dear father. And so the physician was met by Mr. D'Arcy, who informed him of the happy dispositions of the patient. To her Dr. Shorecliffe expressed his deep satisfaction at seeing her so calm, so resigned, so hopeful. They would take every precaution, he said, to render the operation as short and as devoid of pain as possible. Modern science had discovered the means of securing both speed and safety, while relieving the sufferer from at least all unnecessary pain. The day and hour were thus settled, and Mrs. D'Arcy resolved not to lose a moment in writing to her husband.

Her father-in-law would not leave her bedside till she had fulfilled this task to her own satisfaction, offering now and then to relieve her by writing in her stead, and cheering her by his words of heartfelt praise and hopeful news. She insisted, however, in writing every word of this letter herself.

"My dearest Louis, my own cherished husband," she wrote, "this letter will bring you the first grief ever caused you by your little wife. The doctors have agreed that I must immediately submit to an operation. It is the only chance left them, they say, of saving my life. And that I must try to save for you, my own Louis,—for you and our darling boys, and for our dear father, too, that we two may continue to be to him the same devoted, affectionately-loving children he says we have always been."

"Oh, my precious husband, why are you not with me in this hour? I have just lifted my heart to our crucified Lord, and begged Him to accept the bitterness of this separation from the dear companion of my life, chosen for me by His own fatherly care. Shall it be that I am never again to see you, my own dearest self? that I can never, in this life, look upon the face of my Gaston, my own noble, noble boy? or that my little Mary is never again to be laid on her mother's heart?"

"Oh, my baby girl, how I yearn for one kiss from your lips! But, dearest Louis, this is to be both my cross and my crown. So, I must try to repress my grief."

"I shall leave with dear father a few notes for you respecting my last wishes, in case the worst should happen. However, I shall hope for the best, and I trust in Him to whom alone we have both ever looked for good and the deliverance from all evil. I shall hope for it for your sake, O dear heart, so true to God and to me, as I know well."

"See how I might fit as a younger sister," exclaimed Rosa, as she suddenly appeared at the third in the reflected picture; and in the lovely young face that laughed and sparkled near her own, Mrs. D'Arcy saw her second self, the child who had been to her companion and friend from childhood. Shall you wonder, fair reader, that Mrs. D'Arcy again indulged in a few moments more of delicious caresses?

When this outburst of joy had somewhat subsided, Mrs. D'Arcy began to question her son on his occupations in Paris. "You often see the Count de Lebriza?" she asked, with a look around at Rosa, who now sank all crimson behind her mother's chair.

"He is with me nearly every day," said Charles. "Indeed, nothing but the most important business could prevent him from being my travelling companion from Paris to Seville. He wrote a letter to grandfather, and begged me to assure my little mother of his most grateful and respectful devotion."

"And he did not send one word to Rosette?" asked Vivia.

"He charged me to offer Miss Genevieve D'Arcy his profound respect," said her brother.

"I'm much flattered by his remembrance," said the enfant terrible; "but you have not answered my question."

"How do you like Señor de Lebriza?" asked Mrs. D'Arcy.

"I must say, dear mother," he replied, "that my late acquaintance with him has raised him very much in my esteem." Rosa could not help lifting her head and looking at her brother straight in the face, with eyes that spoke both pleasure and gratitude. "He seems to me to be quite a different man from the Diego de Lebriza whom I knew on my first arrival in Paris. But I must not weary you, dearest mother," he said. "It is getting late, and you may have to be tired."

"Dear mother, dear girl," she said, "I am so glad to hear of your acquaintance with him, and I am sure it will do you good to see him."

on, and in the other fields of diplomatic labor, must be the knightly offering that he proposed to lay at the feet of the woman he loved.

The two young men were discouraging on the state of Mexican affairs when the message from Seville fell on the heart of Charles like a death-knell. Diego was for accompanying his friend. But on that very afternoon he was to be present at a most important conference to be held in the Tuilleries, between the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Spanish Ambassador, and the Mexican Deputation.

So he was compelled to limit himself to adding Charles in getting ready for his departure, and to writing to Mr. D'Arcy's letter of heartfelt sympathy. He also confided to Charles respectful messages of devotion and concern for Rosa.

Charles arrived in Seville late on the eve of the day appointed for the operation. Indeed, the chief surgeon of the Royal Hospital of Madrid joined his train at that capital, and was introduced on its arrival in Seville to both Mr. D'Arcy and his grandson, by Dr. Shorecliffe, who was anxiously expecting his confrere.

Mr. D'Arcy was also expecting her son. It was now two years since he had seen him. He had grown as tall as Gaston, and resembled his mother in features and expression as much as Gaston resembled his father and grandfather. The good Duchess wished to meet near her friend every hour that remained before the event which they all dreaded, and the two were conversing most pleasantly at the moment Mr. D'Arcy and his grandson entered the house.

Rosa and her sister were thus free to receive their brother first. It was a most joyous meeting on the part of the girls, for they did know what the unexpected visit boded. Charles, who had been instructed by his grandfather, put on a joyousness he was far from feeling. The pleasant voices in the reception-room, and the sound of the younger girls' merry laughter, had reached Mrs. D'Arcy's ear, and the fond motherly heart made a great effort to be calm, and even joyous, when her joy stood before her.

She was not resting, but seated in a low chair admirably adapted to the climate and to the comfort of a sick person. She rose with an irresistible impulse as Charles entered, in an instant she was in his arms and covered with kisses.

"Oh, my own precious little mother!" he would gasp out in the ecstasy of his filial love. "Oh, how I have yearned for you, just for one kiss, one look at you, one word from those lips! I am come for good, mother darling. I'll let the law go for a few months anyhow, and I'll just have my fill of living with you and getting you. Just sit down, dear little mother, and let me be here at your feet."

"But you have not said one word to our dearest friend and benefactor, the Duchess of Medina," said his mother, when they recollected themselves a little.

"A thousand pardons, Señora!" said Charles, rising, and advancing to where the noble lady stood, near Mr. D'Arcy.

"I enjoyed too keenly the spectacle of your mutual bliss, said the Duchess, holding out her hand in conformity with American custom. "I was asking myself who was the happier, mother or son," she continued, as Charles bent low and kissed her proffered hand.

"The son is, I think, Señora," he answered. "For I have the dearest of mothers," he replied, with a proud, fond look at the face all radiant with tenderness.

"And I think I should be the happiest of all mothers in christendom," the Duchess said, earnestly, "if God had spared me such a son as you. Yes, dear friend," she said to Mrs. D'Arcy, "do you not know that here as a skill job, Mr. D'Arcy and myself have one or two little matters to settle, and you can summon me to your side at any moment." And she swept out of the room.

The three girls now surrounded their mother and brother. Mrs. D'Arcy, who had kept up bravely while the Duchess was present, now yielded to the bitter sweet tears that were welling up in her half anxious, half hopeful heart. Charles had drawn a low stool to her side, and she, with her right arm round his neck, pressed him fondly to her, passing her hand through the clustering curls, and allowing her tears to fall silently. This was almost too much for him, and he had to make the mighty effort to repress his own feelings.

"Mamma, mamma, you are going to improve rapidly now that Charles has come," said Maud. "Mamma, do you know that here he will think you and Charles are sister and brother, when you get back your color again, and dress as the Duchess does?"

"Mrs. D'Arcy smiled through her tears. "You do not believe me, mamma," continued the irrepressible Maud; and off she ran for a good-sized mirror that lay on the dressing-table.

"Now, Charles," said she, "do you come and put your head close to mamma's, and let her see both your faces together in the glass."

Charles obeyed his pet sister's command, and the amused mother beheld her own pale, etherealized features reflected side by side with the embrowned, manly face of her boy. In truth, she could not help being struck by Maud's correct judgment. Although her cheek had lost much of its roundness, and of late all of its color, the superb beauty of her spring and summer was still there. She might indeed be taken for an elder sister of the handsome youth of nineteen.

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"Dear mother, dear girl," she said, "I am so glad to hear of your acquaintance with him, and I am sure it will do you good to see him."

"I have some hours yet before retiring, and it is a long time since I have had my baby-boy with me. I'll send you to Rose by-and-by. I know you want to have a long chat with her, and she will read you the last letters from home. But I must have you to myself for one-half hour, Charles. So, Rose, my love, do you go to your grandfather, and the Duchess and the girls will go and have the nicest of suppers got ready for their brother."

"Well, darling mother," Charles said, when they were alone, "what good news have you to tell me of your dear self? Do you know I'm amazed to see you looking so well?"

"You expected to find me much worse?" she replied.

"Well, I did fear the climate, and the strange customs and country, and your separation from father, would be depressing and swarming to you, dear mother," he answered. "I suppose the separation—my first separation—from your father, has weighed heavily on me," she said. "He is doing his best to join me in spring," she continued, "and will bring Mary with him. And won't that be happiness to be together again?"

"It will surely, dear little mother," the boy said, as he pressed the white, transparent hands to his lips. "And you know spring, the lovely springtime of Andalusia, begins next month. So we must all try to enjoy our reunion to the utmost."

"We shall indeed," she answered. "Only, Charles, dear, there is one thing I must tell you in great secrecy, and which you must not breathe to the girls. The doctors have decided that I cannot improve rapidly till I have submitted to have a surgical operation performed."

Charles hung down his head, with his lips pressed on the dear helpful hand of his mother, and almost felt free to let loose the fountain of his own grief.

"Don't be frightened, my darling," she said, in her most loving tones, and caressing the bent head with the hand left free. "It will not last long, they tell me, and I shall not have to suffer. For they will give me chloroform. And then, with the delightful father's loving care, and that of you all, I shall be as good as new again."

"God grant it, my precious little mother!" he said, rising and kissing her again and again. "Indeed," he continued, "I know that your own brave spirit, after God's blessing, will do more than anything else to restore your strength and health. Oh, mother, what a time they will make of it in Fairy Dell when they get you back there again!"

"Yes, yes!" she said; "but Rosa won't be there, you know. I hope to see her married before our return. Tell me, she asked, seriously, "how did Don Diego impress you during your late intercourse?"

"Most favorably," Charles answered. "His acquaintance with Rosa, and his tender and respectful love for her, have filled his soul with the most chivalrous recollections."

"You will make her very happy by telling her all this," Mrs. D'Arcy said.

"Is she, then, so deeply attached to him?" asked Charles.

"I believe she loves him dearly. Only, she will never marry a man who does not heartily share her own religious faith," said his mother.

"Nor should I marry a woman who should not share mine," the young man said, firmly. "But Rosa has already more than half converted the Count de Lebriza."

"Ah, Charles," she said, tenderly, "there is nothing more ennobling, more inspiring, than the love of a noble, true-hearted woman."

"I know it, dear mother," he said. "Have your words not been the breath of inspiration for my soul? Has your life not forced us to lift us above the temptations to which young men of our age give way?"

"It is all God's blessing," she said. "And now here is Rosa bidding you to supper. You need refreshment, darling. So go, and you'll come back afterward to kiss me good night."

The Duchess and her daughters entered Mrs. D'Arcy's room just as Charles and Rosa were leaving it. Dona Teresa introduced her two girls to the young American, and then hastened to congratulate and entertain Mrs. D'Arcy. She had been much struck with Charles's fine person and graceful manners, and was making in her own mind a comparison between him and Diego de Lebriza; Charles, however, was too full of his dear mother's presence to notice particularly the young ladies thus presented to him. All his heart was also too full of pure love for his own sisters to think of anything besides the opportunity of being near them when his presence might be most needed.

Genevieve and Maud were waiting for him in their mother's ante-room, and then all four had another frolic, Charles heartily enjoying their delight in having their big brother once more with them.

"Charles," said Vivia, "I remember when you were no taller than Maud—a little bit of a boy. And now you are as tall as Gaston or papa."

"Yes, and I remember when I used to carry two tiny little girls, perched each on one of my shoulders, and run with them down the lawn," said Charles.

"Ah, but we are young ladies now," said Miss Maud, and you'll have to respect us accordingly."

mine?" she said. "And are these the graces he teach you to cultivate in the French schools?"

He served her with all the gallantry of a knight waiting on his lady-love, pouring forth an unceasing fire of pleasantry with Rose and the younger girls, in which Mrs. D'Arcy took, as of old, a willing part, as well as her father-in-law.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

From our own Correspondent.

OTTAWA, October 12.—Visible to the most superficial observer is the change that has taken place in the political atmosphere since the Hamilton election.

AN AUTUMN HURRICANE.

CAUSES MUCH DAMAGE ALONG THE GULF OF MEXICO—GREAT DESTRUCTION IN THE VICINITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 12.—The storm which was reported by the signal service as entering the Gulf of Mexico last Saturday night reached here today, and at this time (8 p.m.) a furious gale is blowing from the north at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

NOT READY FOR MARTYRDOM.

A SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN WHO BELIEVES DISCRETION THE BETTER PART.

FRESNO, Ill., October 14.—Captain W. T. Mills, who has been in charge of the Salvation Army meetings at Fresno for the past three months, came here this morning, on foot, nearly all the way through the woods, leaving his room at Baileyville, for fear that he would be killed.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Advantageous in Dyspepsia.

Dr. G. V. DORSEY, Piqua, Ohio, says: "I have used it in dyspepsia with very marked benefit. If there is deficiency of acid in the stomach, nothing affords more relief, while the action on the nervous system is decidedly beneficial."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLESSED ANGEL'S DEATH.

The day fixed upon by the physicians was the 21st of December, kept in all the churches of Andalusia as the feast of St. Thomas Apostle. Mr. D'Arcy and Charles were up long before the sun, and spent in earnest supplication before the mercy-seat a time that appeared very short to themselves, long as it was in reality.

WHAT WAS THE SPLENDOR OF A SEPTEMBER DAY.

It was a bright day in New Orleans, La., on Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1886, the 196th Grand Monthly (the Quarterly Extraordinary) Drawing of the world-renowned Louisiana State Lottery, when some \$322,000 was scattered to all quarters of the globe by the wheel of fortune under the sole care of General G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va.

TAKE THIS COURSE.

Friendship, pity, or a desire not to paint too black a picture, must have induced the Professor to add that such about clean hands. Mr. Smith has not intended it, means that Sir John Macdonald could not commend himself to popular approval; that he was never trusted or believed, and that the only way he could secure himself in his position was to resort to honest methods; would have been carried on by his opponents, and to overcome them, he had to

A CRITICAL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

THE SITUATION AT SOFIA ANYTHING BUT ASSURING—BULGARIA REPLIES TO RUSSIA—MOSCOW'S OCCUPATION AGAIN MORE THAN HINTED AT—GEN. KAULBARS' DOINGS IN VIENNA.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The following reference is made to Indian affairs:—"I am happy to be able to congratulate you upon the present condition of Indian affairs, and to assure you that there never was a time when the Indians were more contented, cheerful or better disposed to their white brethren than at present. The feeling of uncertainty which, in consequence of the late rebellion, existed when we last met, has been entirely subsided. The few rumors which have been circulated of late indicating the existence of a rebellious feeling among Indians across the line have been wrongly attributed to the Indians of our territories. Measures are being taken to prevent such confusion of identity recurring. It is observed with pleasure that many of our Indians are beginning to evince a sincere attachment to the pursuits of civilization. Their successful endeavors in agriculture have been demonstrated at the exhibition held in this town a few days since."

PECULIAR AFFAIR.

THE BARRACKS OF A HOUSE IN SHENANDOAH TURNS INTO A YAWNING CHASM.

LITTLE AND LIVELY.

The times change and we change with them. Hardly larger than mustard seed but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts, Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" have caused the old style, large drastic, cathartic pills to be abandoned by all sensible people.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and desirous to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, with addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DANA AND GRANT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The Sun fulfilled its recent promise to pay the bill of M. Holmes & Co. of Saratoga, for embalming General Grant's body, if no one else would pay it. The itemized bill, amounting to \$500, is printed in the Sun this morning, together with a copy of the affidavit testifying to its correctness, and is received by E. Holmes.

THE CHICAGO CATTLE PLAGUE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Commissioner Colman has received a telegram from Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, in which he states that the investigations of the past week show that pleuro-pneumonia is widely scattered among cattle of Chicago. He is perfecting arrangements to secure a quarantine of exposed animals and the slaughter of diseased ones.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Oct. 14.—Mr. J. C. Patterson, M.P., had an interview with the Minister of Customs yesterday with reference to the seizure of two vessels at Amherstburg for an infraction of customs regulations. It appears they towed vessels from a United States port into Amherstburg, and left without having reported to the Customs authority, either inwards or outwards. The decision of the department has been reserved.

ONE FOR HER.

Artless Little Thing (proud of her linguistic acquirements)—"I do hope you didn't catch what I was saying just now to Mrs. Simpson, Signor Gavaudi. We were talking scandal—in Italian. I had no idea you were so close. Could you hear? Signor Gavaudi—Yes—I could ear; but it is all a right; I did not know you were speaking my language."

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886

PARTY fidelity in organs of this or that faction, is sometimes very decided and very unscrupulous, but for an example of touching fidelity commend us to the Pulkski Citizen, which says:—“We would swallow three dozen rotten eggs or kiss a skunk three times a day, if the party platform demanded it.”

THE Home Rule principle is rapidly extending in Scotland. The ball set rolling by Ireland will not meet with much opposition there, and for example has proved very contagious.

SOME of our American contemporaries are just now rather tickled at the application of the term "Alaia" being applied by some one to Canada in view of the number of criminals who make it their sanctuary.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to complain of a yard in rear of St. Antoine street, opposite Inspector street, that smells from an accumulation of oyster shells, stable refuse, etc., etc.

THE reports indicate that trouble from the anarchist is brooding over Chicago. The "reds" have taken the position of a political party and instituted a "ticket" which is to be used in the coming election of judges.

"The disciples of dynamite are scathed, not killed. They prepare to make at the polls this fall a manifestation of their strength. Spies, old-time organ is abusive and threatening, and yet when men sympathize with the Haymarket assassins and would snatch them from the gallows tender the distinguished honor of their support to two judges upon the Superior bench, one of whom ought now to be sitting in the Criminal Court, these men accept with thanks! The blood of the Haymarket victims cries out against this trifling. It is an insult to good citizenship."

TORONTO has, by the death of the late Mr. F. C. Capreol, lost one of her most energetic citizens. Notwithstanding his great age he has, up to the last, worked to the utmost on behalf of the interests of Toronto, though his efforts have not of late been seconded further than by a sort of respectful sentiment.

in the way of its execution. In all probability the Huron and Ontario ship canal will now never be constructed.

THE Boston Post indulges in a sneer at Canada, intended to be scathingly bitter. With reference to the flag incident on board the Grimes it says:—"The Canadians may perhaps plead in excuse for their insult to the American flag that they have no conception of the patriotic and sentimental value of a flag. They get their own flag, as well as their patriotism, at second-hand."

THE discovery of certain Know-Nothing lodges at Chicago reminded the American public recently that the old spirit is not wholly extinct in many quarters. How bitter the feeling still is in the bosoms of a great number of American citizens is perhaps not as generally known as it ought to be.

THE Ontario Government has announced that it intends to have only Credit Valley or Canadian stone for the new Legislative buildings, and that no American stone is to be imported by the architect, Mr. Waite, of Buffalo, whose instincts and interests lead him to Connecticut Valley granite.

SOME French savants in Paris have made the discovery that France is going rapidly down hill intellectually, socially and physically. They have also discovered the cause. It is not one of home production either, and consequently the country is not, we presume, to be held directly responsible for the extraordinary political instability and periodical frenzies which seem to afflict the nation.

WHILE the Mail is indulging in wild tirades concerning the backwardness and inferiority of the Province of Quebec—all on account of tithes and church—it is a little amusing to read the accounts of the expedition of Col. Ravenshill and Phillips, the Imperial officers recently in the country to examine the horse supply and the country. Ontario is prominently, in its own estimation, an agricultural country, and its farmers would no doubt listen with great scorn to any suggestion of equality with Quebec in that respect.

suitable, four hundred, were rejected. Now we find that the general result in Quebec was different, and that at Sherbrooke alone the officers found a marked improvement. The advance in this respect is proceeding rapidly, and at Quebec private enterprise on the part of an enthusiastic lover of horses bids fair to have a marked influence on the stock of the district. The Government and now to be established will have a tremendous influence, if the farmers avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the excellent institution in question. Whatever Ontario may have done for agriculture, it has never acted in the praiseworthy manner of Quebec in this respect. Ontario had better drop bragging if it may find itself in the position of braggarts in general. We trust, however, that our farmers will not be slow to see the opportunity that lies before them.

MONTREAL CENTRE.

As between the candidates nominated for this division, THE POST has long since expressed its preference. THE POST is not a party paper, and no one certainly can accuse it of partisan predilection for the Conservative party. But, as we pointed out in a previous article, in choosing a representative the electors have something more to decide than a mere party question,—they have also to choose one who will express their views, advocate their interests, honestly and effectively. That Mr. Doherty both can and will do this, no one who knows him can doubt, and that his talents and the influence they will give him in the Legislature will enable him to do so with more marked results than either of his adversaries is equally unquestionable.

MEMORIAL TO JOSEPH BRANT.

The unveiling of the statue of Theyendanegea (Joseph Brant) at Brantford on the seventy-sixth anniversary of a battle of Queenston was an event creditable to the nation. In his own way the famous Indian chief had as much influence in framing the destinies of the country as many whose names are better remembered by students of history. With the victory at Queenston, at which the younger Brant played an important part, may be coupled that of Chateaugay, which at a later date did for Lower Canada what Queenston did above, namely, show the American invader that his cause was hopeless.

"Eucoumion on the prowess of Col de Salaberry and his countrymen is probably well founded. It is true that a few hundred of them worsted an army of between four and five thousand American regulars, whom Gen. Hampton had been for some time assiduously preparing for active service; and the bubble of Canadian conquest burst and evaporated, if not forever, at any rate for that war."

Referring to these two great events the Toronto Globe very happily says:—"It is fitting that these events should be remembered by Young Canada to-day, when a foul attempt is being made to excite the hatred of the descendants of Queenston against the descendants of the heroes of Chateaugay. Canada was saved to the crown and to Canadians as much by one victory as by the other. Both were gained from the same enemy, into whose hands the breeders of race-hatred would, if they could, undoubtedly thrust the fragments of the Confederation they have undertaken to smash."

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections yesterday appear to establish the fact very clearly that for some time at least the government of the Province will be in the hands of the Liberal party. It is clear that the leaders of the Opposition have not unfairly gauged the feeling and sense of the electors, and one of those waves of national sentiment have swept political power into the lap of the Liberal party. The change has been marked and decisive. Few probably ever expected so great a transformation yesterday morning. When the last session closed the Government had a firm phalanx at its back of forty-five supporters, while the Opposition could muster on a crucial vote but eighteen. To-day that great host of friends of the Government in the Legislature is swept largely out of existence. Constituencies which have long been Conservative have gone over to the other side and on the field are many valuable men politically hors de combat. Bagot, Bellechasse, Berthier, Chambly, Champlain, Charlevoix, Joliette, L'Assomption, L'Islet, Montreal East, Napierville, Portneuf, Quebec West, Richelieu, Rimouski, Rouville, Shefford, Terrebonne and Yamaska, are all wrested from the Conservatives, while, on the other hand, numerous defeats are few, though some strong men have been beaten by the Governmental

candidates. The result leaves no doubt as to the constitutional course to be followed by the administration. The immediate line to be followed of course varies, and this will, no doubt, be decided on at an early session of the council. But the electors will soon have to put to a practical test the hopes they have tried, and it is only to be hoped that the choice they have made will be found of benefit to the province. The new Administration will, apparently, have a good working majority, but not a cumbersome one, and this is a very desirable feature. The Opposition will be a strong and influential one, and after the long tenure of office held by them will, doubtless, do its best to watch and criticize the new Administration.

THE NEXT STEP.

The very animated comments of the organs of the victorious party in the recent election are hardly consistent with the magnitude of the victory they claim. Exultation, when it passes from the domain of the dignified to that of the hysterical, is calculated rather to weaken than strengthen a cause. Granting the defeat of the Government, so far as a numerical majority for the Opposition is concerned, there is practically an end of the matter. The practice that is always followed under British constitutional use is invaluable and well enough known. There can be no divergence from it. But there is more than one way of reaching that practice, and the way is very properly governed by circumstances. The strict usage, according to precedent, is for the defeated Government to meet Parliament, and it may readily be seen that there are many reasons which make this course desirable. Strictly speaking, and according to the letter and spirit of our constitution, the Government ought to do this, as it is to Parliament alone the Government is responsible, and to deal with the people merely at the polls might cause serious misconceptions and confusion if the principle were once admitted. This was pointed out by the highest constitutional writers when Lord Beaconsfield set the example of resigning after a general election without meeting Parliament, an example since followed by his opponent. But in such cases the election has shown that an overwhelming majority has been cast in opposition to the ministry. But in no case is the practice either necessary or desirable. That the real defeat of the Government should be made apparent on the question of the Speakership is a formal and unquestionable method. In the present case it would be, we should imagine, in view of the elements of dispute which have entered into the election, the most satisfactory to both parties.

AN ANGRY MINISTER.

It has often been said that while democracy and democratic principles are those of the lip in the United States, an overweening love of aristocratic associations is the dominating sentiment of the ordinary American. Extremes always do meet, and the avidity with which the events of "high life" in the old world, whether creditable or the reverse, are studied, may be seen by a reference to any ordinary American society paper. An amusing example of this tendency is seen in some recent letters written to the New York Sun by General Bideau, the same we believe who styles himself, or was styled, "enquiry in waiting" to General Grant, when that warrior made his noted tour of the world. The letters of General Bideau reek with dukes, marquises, earls, and even people of higher degree. They lead to the conclusion that General Bideau never encountered anything higher than a flunkey in the ranks of commonality, and the sketches are correspondingly tinged. But the general style of the letter is so very suggestive of "Jeames," and they are so full of inaccuracies and absurdities, that the suspicion arises that they must largely have been inspired in the circles of "high life below stairs" rather than above. And now American high life is being exercised over the quarrel between Mr. Thorndyke Rice, the editor of the North American Review, and Mr. Phelps. Following the instinct which leads Americans to seek a presentation at Court when they go to London, the "literary fellow" made a requisition on the American Minister for presentation, in the usual way. But no. Mr. Phelps remembered something, and instead of merely refusing or finding an excuse, unwisely proceeded to explain to Mr. Rice why he would not present him. Mr. Rice had committed the offence of criticizing the course of Mr. Bayard, the present Secretary of State, in a very hostile tone. Furthermore, with a very lively correspondence ensued, and some pen-lashing was administered to Mr. Phelps, who certainly acted in a very unusual manner. But the course pursued by that gentleman was but the natural outcome of the system which enables him to hold the position. He is the representative of the government and not of the people, and governs himself in relation to his masters accordingly. But the society papers are indignant. If Mr. Bayard's act is a correct precedent, it may lead to the establishment of a very unpleasant canon of censorship with reference to presentations in general, and this a society largely made of shoddy does not relish.

THE FEALES BRIDGE AFFAIR.

The narrative of an encounter between Moonlighters and police, telegraphed to the press recently from England, seems to wear a very different aspect when the authenticated reports are read. The original tale was so effect that three policemen engaged six Moonlighters near Feales Bridge. The police were reported to have heard men passing their "protection bill," saying something about Mangan's house. Mangan being a "policeman and farmer" had by the police through

jumped at the conclusion that Mangan's band was to be attacked, and the police taking a short cut across some fields, reached the band sooner than the intended visitors and occupied the premises. Very soon a number of persons were heard approaching, the front door was knocked at and a shot fired. The constables then went out by the back door and found themselves face to face with six men. These they advised to surrender but the reply was a volley, which the officers returned. "A fierce fire was kept up for some minutes," and in the middle of the fusillade one "of the alleged moonlighters" was seen to fall and another to come to his aid, when Constable Power rushed in and captured both, the others scattering and getting away. The wounded man, a plasterer named Richard Mahony, and the other person arrested, a laborer named Griffin, were promptly conveyed to the station. No arms were found on them." This is the police story, and on the strength of it the sensational despatches were founded. But there happens as usual in such cases to be another side to the shield, and Mangan, at whose house the affair took place, tells another tale. He states that on the night in question three men knocked at his door and asked for some beer, which he declined to give. The people remained at his door for some time. In a few minutes he heard firing, which continued for some time, and on his concluding an order was given to "open in the Queen's name." This he did, and the police came in bringing two men. Mangan denies point blank that the police were ever in his house before their encounter, and holds to the opinion that the "moonlighters" were merely some young fellows out for a lark, and who wanted beer and nothing more. One of the ferocious prisoners was drunk when captured. Here is a great discrepancy between the two stories and the matter seems to have fizzled down to very small proportions. But it is in such tales and such exaggerations fostered by the police that the interests of Irish society suffer.

A USELESS COMMISSION.

It is very doubtful whether commissions of inquiry ever accomplish any good purpose. Volumes of evidence are taken at great expense, many sessions are held and much money is spent. Then an owlish report is issued, containing solemn platitudes which most people know all about, then the report goes to the waste paper baskets, and the mountain in labor is silent again. Such a conclusion can be read in the melancholy gloom of countless Blue Books issued from Ottawa, which have cost tens of thousands of dollars for the sole benefit of paper makers and Government printers. A case in point is that of the recent Chinese Commission. A pleasant jaunt was given to some Government hacks, and a voluminous report and testimony printed conveying positively no information that could not as well have been obtained from books in the Ottawa library, and the testimony of the British Columbia members of Parliament. This report is one example out of many. It is not difficult, therefore, to anticipate that the labor commission, proposed to be appointed by the Government, will be of equal value. What use will there be in appointing one or two Government harpies, in need of a remunerative job, to obtain statistics which can be read any day in the week in various quarters? We are told that the commission is to gather material on which to found legislation in the direction of benefiting the "workingman." This is certainly beginning at the wrong end of the stick. If a patient is sick it is not usual to enquire into the rise, progress and present position of disease in order to decide what is the matter. The patient himself generally settles that question, and the physician acts accordingly. The only necessary course to pursue in the present instance is for Labor to decide for itself what it wants in the direction of special legislation. This could far better be accomplished by the Labor organizations themselves drafting a bill containing such conditions as they think in their interest and submitting it to Parliament. Then a special committee of the two Houses could examine it and those interested be heard. This would accomplish all necessary, and we think better than a costly commission, which would learn very little and only cause delay. Boards, commissions and committees are too often, as Jeremy Bentham once said, "only fit to make sermons of." There is no doubt that the proposition to suddenly exhibit a lively interest in the condition of the "workingman" is a political inspiration in view of the general elections now impending. We would advise the labor interest not to take any "note at a date" in consideration of electoral support, and as a commission of enquiry would prevent anything in the direction of legislation for some time to come, it would be better, if it is needed immediately, to follow the course we have suggested.

MACDONALDISM IS DEAD

As a door nail and should be buried with decent despatch. Of course the Liberal-Nationalists are highly jubilant. The elections of Thursday clearly indicate a Liberal sweep in Eastern Ontario, despite the very earnest and conspicuous made in the hope of "living the Greeks" vote against the Tories. But there is a deeper significance to the great change that has taken place in Canadian public opinion. It is not a mere party triumph, great as that may be in the estimation of party politicians. The Liberal-Nationalist party in Canada proceed from like causes to those which led to the overthrow of the Republican party in the United States. A gentleman from New York, who is a constant traveller and keen observer, informs me that had Cleveland been defeated by a small majority there would have been a fearful outbreak in all the large cities of the Union. The people had become thoroughly disgusted with the reality that disgraced every part of the administration.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT!

was a cry that came from the hearts of the people, and they were determined that it should be obeyed. Had the Republican succeeded by their usual arts in securing a continuance of power, a revolution was almost certain. The same feeling exists in Canada to-day, and will have the same result. The change must come from causes beyond the reach of politicians, if we cannot fall to recognize the hand of Providence in the events of the times.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

In a recent letter from London, William Henry Herbert says:—"The premature evaluation of a portion of the British press over the new extradition treaty as preliminary to the co-operation of America against the dynamite section of the Nationalists invites attention here to the curious fact that the draft of the treaty was signed almost immediately after the defeat in Parliament of Mr. Gladstone."

THE FISHERIES.

An interview with the warlike Senator Frye seems to claim that, while our fishermen do not make Canadian fish and do not want to fish inside the three-mile line, what they do want is to trade, and to do this without submitting themselves to the Canadian customs regulations. Of course our fishermen are not so foolish as Mr. Frye thinks. "What they really want is a higher duty on Canadian fish, which means a higher duty on American fish, which means a higher duty on the fish of the world."

people engaged in our fisheries.—N. Y. Herald. Mr. Grant Adams, the scientific writer, has been telling the British public a few wholesome truths concerning the impotent protests of the Orangemen against Irish Home Rule. "There are Orangemen in Canada," he says, "who are Irish; but the majority of the English-speaking Irish in Canada are Irish Catholics and Scotch Presbyterians and their descendants. Irish Catholics are a some little, of course, and so it may be said of the Scotch, who are as much for Home Rule as they are in Scotland. The Scotch race seems to have gone in blue for Home Rule."—Mirror.

WE warn our readers to put no faith in the miscellaneous cablegrams which are beginning to come from Ireland. The devil is loose in the midst of his chosen sons, the landlords, fanchoods to hoodwink the American people. Several journals, however, have secured the services of Nationalist writers, and only what they write can be depended on as a truthful view of the situation. We shall promptly place our heel upon the cowardly vermin who so liberally have earmarks of fraud which are familiar with them can easily detect.—Catholic Mirror. HAS MGR. CAPPEL BEEN SLANDERED? The avidity with which the daily press of the city seizes every occasion of publishing filthy, false and malicious fabrications about Catholic priests is a disgrace to the profession of journalism. Let some low, vile, cunning, gutter-snipe hand in a piece of "copy" assailing the character of a priest, and it is floated over as if it were obtained from the most reliable source. One of the latest victims of this system is Monsignor Cappele, a priest of exalted honor, distinguished bearing, an ex-eminence learning and incorruptible morals. His creation is paraded in this foul work are not fit to be named if it were a fact, and if the truth were as work of lies which in his regard was made up by one who has taken the method of repaying the benefactions which he received from Monsignor Cappele's hand.—Catholic Herald.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent)

OTTAWA, Oct. 16.—There is nothing but weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Tory party here. They feel that the country has gone against them and the fate of the Dominion Government already practically decided. They hope, however, to avert disaster by appealing to Ontario and the other provinces to sustain them in their fight against what they now call "French Domination," but which was termed "Enlightened Patriotism" so long as it was supporting the Macdonald party. They also expect to attract to them all those who will not

under any circumstances. We have some of that class at Ottawa who always resist the nomination of an Irish Catholic for the Ontario Assembly, and seek his defeat by bringing out a man of their own. This ultra-Protestant party is principally composed of Tory Orangemen and a few Scotch Reformers. But even should the Government secure the adherence of these rather bigoted persons, their strength would be offset by their loss among the Irish and French, who have hitherto supported the Macdonalds. And, as it now, so is it all over.

It must also be considered that the Dominion Ministry have to face the hostility of the local governments of Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Province of Quebec. The only Dominion electors at one, before the election office are transferred to the Opposition in Quebec. In this way he could secure whatever support a government hangry on to power after a disastrous defeat could afford him. Small as that must necessarily be, it is

After the result in Quebec it is by no means improbable, as I have stated in a former letter, that a Bleu boat may take place about the next session be held. For these reasons I expect to see the writs for a general election for the Dominion issued almost immediately. I may also observe that election excitement, which kept up, as they would surely be for several months longer, until the elections deferred, are injurious to all sorts of business, and business men everywhere want to have them terminated as soon as possible.

MACDONALDISM IS DEAD

As a door nail and should be buried with decent despatch. Of course the Liberal-Nationalists are highly jubilant. The elections of Thursday clearly indicate a Liberal sweep in Eastern Ontario, despite the very earnest and conspicuous made in the hope of "living the Greeks" vote against the Tories. But there is a deeper significance to the great change that has taken place in Canadian public opinion. It is not a mere party triumph, great as that may be in the estimation of party politicians. The Liberal-Nationalist party in Canada proceed from like causes to those which led to the overthrow of the Republican party in the United States. A gentleman from New York, who is a constant traveller and keen observer, informs me that had Cleveland been defeated by a small majority there would have been a fearful outbreak in all the large cities of the Union. The people had become thoroughly disgusted with the reality that disgraced every part of the administration.

TURN THE RASCALS OUT!

was a cry that came from the hearts of the people, and they were determined that it should be obeyed. Had the Republican succeeded by their usual arts in securing a continuance of power, a revolution was almost certain. The same feeling exists in Canada to-day, and will have the same result. The change must come from causes beyond the reach of politicians, if we cannot fall to recognize the hand of Providence in the events of the times.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

In a recent letter from London, William Henry Herbert says:—"The premature evaluation of a portion of the British press over the new extradition treaty as preliminary to the co-operation of America against the dynamite section of the Nationalists invites attention here to the curious fact that the draft of the treaty was signed almost immediately after the defeat in Parliament of Mr. Gladstone."

THE FISHERIES.

An interview with the warlike Senator Frye seems to claim that, while our fishermen do not make Canadian fish and do not want to fish inside the three-mile line, what they do want is to trade, and to do this without submitting themselves to the Canadian customs regulations. Of course our fishermen are not so foolish as Mr. Frye thinks. "What they really want is a higher duty on Canadian fish, which means a higher duty on American fish, which means a higher duty on the fish of the world."

