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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 12.

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Constancy. Even as the sun converts the gloomy nights to days, Makes everything look warm and fresh, and fair, By thy smiles and gentle winning ways, Less keenly feel my gloomy nights of care.

ERIN'S SOCIAL WAR.

Sirith of the Agitation on American Soil.—"The West's Awake"—Landlords Taking Their Turn in the Workhouse and Emigrant Ship—Liberators of the Land.

Speaking to a stipendiary magistrate of the county of Meath to-day, who also happens to have the word honorable attached to his name and is the brother of an Irish nobleman, I was informed that something must be done for the landlords as well as for the tenants in Ireland, and during my peregrinations through the country I have found that the Irish landlord is gradually arriving at the opinion that a further settlement of the land question is the great Irish question for the next Parliament. How it is to be done is as difficult a problem just now as the famous question raised by the monks of the Middle Ages as to the precise process necessary to pass the Scriptural camel through the eye of the Scriptural needle, but there is no doubt about the fact that the current agitation among the Irish farming classes is directed, and will continue to be directed, toward an agrarian revolution, greater in its scope and its results than any which has taken place since Stein—the Regenerator of Prussia, as the Emperor William has styled him—formulated the idea of a peasant proprietary, or since the revolution of 1789 abolished landlordism in the fair land of France. Of course those who own the land are just now as vehement as they were three months ago in denouncing the agitators as lawless conspirators against the rights of property. But it so happens the anti-rent movement originated, not with Mr. Parnell or his Parliamentary colleagues, but was in the beginning an Irish-American idea. The agitation was unthought of when Mr. John Devoy, one of the ex-Fenian prisoners, now resident in the States, issued a declaration suggesting the union of the Irish revolutionary element in this country with the advanced section of the Irish Parliamentary party in promoting Parliamentary agitation from the nationalist point of view. The basis upon which that union was offered was that of the land question—plainly and clearly the rooting of the tenant occupiers in the possession of the soil.

It was foreseen last year—as, indeed, it was foreseen at least two years before the great Irish famine—that bad times were coming in 1879. Mr. Michael Davitt, another ex-Fenian prisoner, had been through the country and had grasped the condition of the farming classes. Mr. Davitt visited the United States and was welcomed by his countrymen there. Mr. Davitt came back to Ireland, and came back with a definite plan of agitation in his cranium. It was in July last that the anti-rent agitation burst out in the West, and the cry went out amongst the Irish farmers that the West's awake. It used to be asleep in the stirring times of the Young Irelanders a generation ago. Mr. Davitt travelled through the West and organized local meetings, in which the undoubted distress of the small farmers was proclaimed in a decidedly aggressive form. The fact that the extreme nationalists were busy in Connemara organizing an agrarian body alarmed such a decided anti-English politician as John of Tuam, who wrote a public letter denouncing the proposed agitation. He feared that it would, unguided by some strong moral power, develop into war, in which blood might be spilled and a landlord or two offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice. And then would come proclamation from Dublin Castle, a coercive bill from Parliament and a magnificent harvest for the Royal Irish Constabulary and the jailors. But still the fact remained that there was a starvation scare throughout the land. The small farmers particularly had drawn on the savings of years to get over the hard times of '77 and '78, and in nine cases out of ten they were penniless. What little yield their farms could give would barely suffice to give bread *sems* to their families during the year, let alone pay the rent, and already they were in debt to the tradesmen of the small towns. There was no doubt about it they could not pay the rent nor could they pay the tradesmen in 1879. What were they to do? There is a spirit among the Irish people now which did not exist in '45; they are desperate in their despair, and had the agitation been left in the hands of the official promoters there would have been dangerous work ere this.

One thing the people have fixed their hearts upon this time—to stay in Ireland at any risk, and to hold fast by the land, whether they pay rent for it or not. In Mayo and Galway and Roscommon, at every market and every fair, the farmers had made that resolve, to one another, and the very first attempt at eviction after Michaelmas would have been the signal for an uprising in the west. To spare the land this further misery the priests took up the land agitation. In the west they first met in their deaneries, and passed resolutions calling the attention of the landlords and the Government to the condition of the farmers, and calling for direct assistance from the one, and a remission or reduction from the others. Every deanery in the west held meetings, and published resolutions bearing the signatures of

the parish priests; every county in Munster followed suit, as did many in Leitner, and, altogether, during the last three months, at least a thousand priests have affixed their names to solemn statements averring the deplorable condition of the country. While this was going on local meetings were being held in the West of Ireland, and resolutions were being presented to the landlords or their agents by the tenantry. Up to the end of August not a single landlord had responded or offered the slightest abatement of rents, and all hope fled that a good or even a moderate harvest could come to relieve the black prospect. In South and West the potatoes were rotting in the ground, the wheat was lost, or all but lost; the hay fields were covered with melancholy lakes, and the prospect was as bad for the grazing farmer as it was for the tiller. The loss of the hay crops made it impossible for the grazier to hope for a profitable pursuit of his business during the winter, even if the importation of live cattle from your side had not reduced the prices of Irish beef and mutton and dairy produce in the English market. The graziers hurried to get in their stock at any price at the fair, and the result was seen last week at the great fair of Ballinasloe, where, while the supply of live stock was far below the average, the prices greedily taken were little more than half those which realized the previous years. The small graziers had to sell out at any cost to pay even reduced rents. The wealthy graziers had been reduced because they could not afford to sell their stock at a loss. They are waiting for better markets elsewhere. Another element of distress operated against the small occupiers of the West. More than at any other period during the past ten years they emigrated to England as harvestmen, there to earn, if possible, the money to pay the rents for their miserable Irish homesteads. Not more than one in ten, I am told, have earned anything beyond mere subsistence.

HEARTICK AND ENMITY-HANDED. The agricultural depression in England made work scarce, and lowered the price of their labor, and hundreds of them "are coming back beatric and empty-handed to the wife and the children" at home. I witnessed a pitiable scene at Chester the other day. There were three miserable looking, prematurely broken down men, in tattered frieze clothes, who had tramped from Staffordshire to Chester, and were without a penny to pay their way back again to the West of Ireland. These were small farmers turned harvestmen. I was one of the contributors to a subscription originated by an Irish gentleman on the platform to pay the fares of the poor fellows back to their expectant wives and little ones at home. The fear of these wretched tenants of the consequences of their inability to pay the rent was Dantesque in its intensity, but the hardest heart could not but be moved at the despair they uttered at having nothing "to put into the mouths of the wife and the children." Another touching story will do more than statistical volumes to picture the misery of the people. It was told to me by a carman who was driving me the other day through the country. "Do you see that house, sir," said he, pointing to an apparently snug homestead, about a quarter of a mile from the roadside. "Well, sir, the man of the house was a warm man three years ago. I was driving by there yesterday and I got down to get a drink for the mare. The family was at dinner. Dye know what they wor atin', sir, the wife and the seven children? Cowd prates, sir, that were left from the breakfast. I wouldn't go in, sir, and I turned away from the door feeling sick myself. The man to whom he referred was farming sixty acres. It was the knowledge of such facts as these which induced the priests to throw their influence on the side of the people. But, as I have said, up to the close of Parliament no answer had come to the pitiable pleading of the tenants from the landlords. It was then that the Parnell crusade began, and the member for Meath determined to hold the series of monster meetings which culminated in the Navan demonstration of yesterday. Mr. Parnell and his colleagues—O'Connor Power, Biggar and W. H. O'Sullivan—are the originators of the crusade which is now preparing for the British government in Ireland the most perplexing problem with which they have had to deal since the union—more perplexing than the title agitation, more dangerous than the Fenian movement, more difficult than either the Irish land or the Irish Church agitations of nine and ten years ago. It was Parnell's opportunity to settle by the public voice the question of who was to be the leader of the Irish people, and he has settled it effectually. I have made a calculation on the lowest estimates of the number of the people who have attended the anti-rent agitations held since the end of August—in the past six weeks. They have been, taken great and small, some twenty-four in number, and the aggregate attendance has been computed at at least two hundred thousand people, who have hailed Charles Stuart Parnell as the liberator of the land with an enthusiasm since O'Connell stirred the soul of Ireland by the magic of his eloquence and was the uncrowned monarch of the Irish race.

WHAT THE LANDLORDS OFFER. The appearance of the "active" members of the Home Rule party as the leaders of the rent agitation was the immediate precursor of the offers made by the landlords to reduce the rents for the past half year by twenty-five per cent, and, in a few instances, to remit the half-year's rent altogether. In almost every case where the temporary reduction or remission has been made there was not the slightest chance of the tenant being able to pay it—even in the reduced form—and the practical result will be that the tenants, and the bad season is over—if they live through it—will start afresh in debt to the landlord as well as to the local tradesmen, who have in self-defence been compelled to heighten the prospective misery

by stopping credit. They will not now part with their goods without ready money. There are few farmers who are not in debt to the tradesmen. I can venture to state that not a single shopkeeper in this place has received money payments for fifty per cent of the transactions with the small and moderate farmers within the last twelve months. Another aspect of the question is presented by the fact hitherto little noticed by the writers on the condition of affairs, that in most of the counties the rents paid for the past thirty years have been so high that the tenants, especially the small tenants, have been precluded from saving. They have, in moderately prosperous years, been hardly able to live. In exceptionally good years they have been honest enough to pay off accumulated debts and were thus left without capital to face the depression. It is idle to tell them that as farming does not pay they should take to some other business. There is no other business to take to in Ireland. Emigrate then. They answer they have not money to emigrate, and that the "great shelter land," as Parnell calls the States, is chock full and does not want them. Besides, they are determined to stick to the land. They will not leave the land this time. This is simply the policy which Mr. Parnell recommends—to hold the land under any circumstances, rent or no rent; to hold, in fact, Ireland for the Irish against all odds. In face of this settled passionate purpose of the people the landlords themselves have a grievance. They are not of the thrifty tribe, and depend on their rents for subsistence, and calamity stares them in the face in almost as great a degree as the tenants.

TURNING THE TABLES. "What will landlords do?" asked one of them in my presence yesterday, only to receive the reply from one of his own tenants, "Let them take a turn at the workhouse or the emigrant ship. We did it often enough before." But the one thing remains certain that in the present temper of the people British law and landlord combinations are powerless. There cannot be, any attempt at wholesale eviction. Mr. Parnell has, by his action, prevented that possibility, and at all the meetings he has attended he has preached the welcome doctrine of resistance to any such expedient. No one landlord or proprietor is prepared to face a social war by inaugurating the policy of eviction. When Mr. Parnell told the people to pay no more rent than they could afford, a majority of his colleagues in the House of Commons were ready enough to declare that the man was gone mad and most of them held aloof from the agitation on various pretences. Some were ill, some had business abroad, some could not agree with the principles of the member for Meath in the agrarian question. But by degrees they came in. Their constituents called them, and even Mr. Shaw, the "leader," has been dragged at the chariot wheels of his rival Parnell. Those who have refused to give the whole hog are doomed by the constituencies, and acting on the uncompromising advice of the leader of obstruction, at least ten of the Irish Home Rule members are to be ousted from their seats at the next election. The rest will follow Parnell, or else they must go too. The member for Meath is thus in the position of a Parliamentary dictator, and the position is strengthened by the attitude of support which the priests have adopted toward him.

THEN AND NOW. Nine years ago, when John Martin came to Meath as the popular candidate, he was denounced by a large section of the priests of Meath. I saw every one of his denunciations cheering for Parnell on Sunday last. Even the prime mover of the opposition to John Martin, the Vicar-General Archdeacon Nicholas, was foremost on Sunday in proclaiming the loyalty of the priesthood, not only of Meath, but of all Ireland, to the Parnell policy of "no surrender." As it was at Meath it has been elsewhere. In the West and the South and in Leitner the prominent members of the priesthood have ascended the Parnell platforms. Any one who knows Ireland knows what an all-powerful influence they have on any public question. It would be idle to disguise another development in the political line. The land agitation has an undoubted tendency to shelve the Home Rule question. Home Rule would have been relegated to a back seat in the theatre of Irish politics but for the fact that Parnell is now the Home Rule leader *ipso facto*, and that in some form or other such men as Sullivan, O'Connor Power, Biggar and even Shaw have given in their adhesion to his leadership. The battle of the future will not be fought as a home rule conflict; but it will be fought by the home rulers on the cry of the "Land for the People and the People for the Land." The proposition, which you have already received from Parnell in New York, is, at all events, simple. He proposes that, for the benefit of landlord and occupier, the State shall step in, purchase the land from the landlord at a fair valuation, resell it to the tenant, and spread the payment over a long series of years, when the land becomes the absolute property of the occupier. The land to be paid by the State in console, the interest on which is paid by the revenue from the new purchasers; the state borrowing the capital—not providing it by taxation, as has been stated. There are many landlords who object to compulsory sales, but when next year comes they will not be paying properties; so that there is every prospect of a large percentage of the landlords ready and willing to support the Parnell settlement, and, indeed, to accept the member for Meath as a benefactor of their class—that is, if the pressure of agitation is only kept up long enough, and the tenants hold on to the land. With said to do these two things there is every probability that Mr. Parnell will live long enough to become the Irishman Stein.—N. Y. Herald.

Marshal McMahon's Extraordinary Ghost Story.

A correspondent of the New York World tells the following sensational story:—One day when talking with a well known man in London, the subject of Spiritualism came up. Referring to the late Emperor Napoleon's belief in the great delusion of the day, my friend told me that he was once at a grand dinner in Paris at which many notables were present, and the following incident occurred:—A member of the Imperial court was telling about Mr. D. D. Home's exploits at the Tuileries; how that in his presence a table was caused to float from the floor to the ceiling with the Emperor seated upon it, and by no visible power, and other similar tales. When the gentleman had finished, Marshal McMahon, who was present said—"That reminds me of an experience of mine, which was as follows:—It was when I was a sub-officer in Algiers that the affair I am about to speak of took place. The men of my command were mostly natives, and we had been much troubled by the large number of deaths and mysterious disappearances which had taken place among them, and we had taken great pains to find out the cause, but were unable to do so. I had understood that the men were given to the practice of necromancy and the worship of strange gods. Indeed, I had myself seen many remarkable feats performed by them, and it was, therefore, no great surprise to me when an old sergeant who had heard me express my intention to ferret out the mysteries came to me, and in a timid manner suggested that it was generally believed by the soldiers that a certain corporal could tell more about them than anyone else, if he chose. This corporal I had noticed as a man who did his duty perfectly, but had little or nothing to say to anyone, and always went about alone. He was from the interior of Africa, tall, gaunt, with long, clear-cut features of remarkably stern expression, and the most remarkable eyes I ever beheld. Indeed, it was not extraordinary that he should be said to have 'the evil eye,' for if any one ever possessed that power it was he.

"I bent on finding out the mysteries, I sent for the corporal, and told him I had understood that he could tell me about them, and that he must do it. At first he appeared confused and began to mutter to himself, finally saying he knew nothing about the matter; but when I, putting on my sternest look, told him that I knew he could make an explanation, and that unless he could do so I would have him punished, he drew himself up, and giving me a long and penetrating look, said that being punished would make no difference to him, but that if I was so anxious to know the mysteries I must go with him alone to a certain place at midnight, when the moon was in the third quarter, if I had courage enough to do so, without telling anyone of my object or trip, and that then he would show me the causes of the deaths and disappearances; otherwise, he would tell me nothing, punish him as I might.

"Without acceding to or refusing his strange request I dismissed him, and pondering on his proposal, I walked towards the mess. The place the corporal had mentioned was a clump of half a dozen trees situated about three-quarters of a mile outside of our line on the edge of the desert. At first I was inclined to think that it was a plot to rob or murder me; and my impulse was to think no more of it; accordingly, I told the officers at the mess, and various was the advice I received—some to go, and some not. However, thinking the matter over, I resolved not to appear afraid to go, at any rate, so after having examined the spot to see if there were any pitfalls or chances for ambush, and finding the ground smooth and solid, and no chance for approach in any direction without discovery, I resolved to go, and sending for the corporal, told him my intention of accepting his proposal. As he turned away I noticed his eyes gleam with almost fiendish delight, which was not calculated to reassure me. At the appointed night I started out with him, and nothing was said by either until we reached the spot; here his manner suddenly changed, and from the subdued and almost servile bearing of the soldier became stern and authoritative. Then he ordered me to remove everything metallic from my person; as this I felt sure he had a plan to rob me, but as I had gone too far to withdraw, and partly thinking it might be only a part of his performance to require this, I accordingly took off my sword and my purse and watch from my pockets, and hung them on a convenient branch, thinking this would be enough; but he insisted that I must remove everything metallic, or all would be in vain. I then took off everything except my underclothing, and said everything was gone. At this he appeared pleased, and stripped himself entirely; then drawing a circle around himself on the ground he commanded me that whatever should happen I should not venture within it.

"He then said he was prepared, and would make everything clear to me provided I said nothing and did nothing. Then, naked as he was, standing on the grass, he began a series of incantations, and, standing up straight in front of me and looking me in the eye, he suddenly became rigid and as suddenly disappeared like a flash. Until then the moon was shining brightly around, and his form stood out clear-cut against the sky, but as I rubbed my eyes it suddenly became dark, and a clap of thunder sounded, after which it became clear again, and as it did so, a column of smoke arose from where the man had stood. This gradually resolved itself, strange to say, into the man himself, but he appeared transfixed; his face, which before was stern, had now become fiendish and terrible, and his eyes flashed fire.

"As I looked, his gaze transfixed me, and my hair began to rise. As his look continued I heard screams as of agony, and his expression suddenly changing to one of terror, he cried, pointing to my breast 'You have lied, you have lied.' As he said this there was a flash of light with a loud report, and he had again disappeared, and all was clear moonlight around. As he had pointed to my breast, I involuntarily put my hand up and felt a little leaden medal of the Virgin under my shirt, which I had quite forgotten when removing my clothes. Almost thunder-struck with the whole scene, seeing no man visible, and fearing then an attack, I rushed to the tree where my things were. I seized my sword, and was astonished to find it so hot that I could hardly hold it. Calling aloud the man's name I ran quickly around the clump of trees and looked in vain in every direction for him. The moon was then shining brightly, and any dark figure running or lying down could easily be seen on the light sand. Seizing my clothes I lastly pulled them on, and ran as fast as I could to the barracks. At once I called out the guard, and mounting myself, gave orders to scour the country in every direction, and bring every one found to me. But it was all in vain, for after hours' searching, no traces could be found of any one, and all I had for my pains was the moon, surprised at my sudden appearance and strange orders, simply supposed that I had become temporarily insane. I said nothing, however, and the next day after roll-call the corporal was reported absent. I had searched quietly made for him for some time, but he has never turned up from that day to this." Silence reigned for some time at that table, various dignified heads were scratched and quizzical expressions assumed. Finally the silence was broken by the question, "How do you account for it, marshal?" The marshal quietly smiled, and said, "I don't account for it." "And you watch?" said another gentleman. "Ah," replied the Marshal, "that is what I consider the most remarkable thing. The next day when I went back to the place I not only found my watch and the remainder of my things, but the corporal's things were also there and the place seemed undisturbed."

[We have seen the above story in the Dublin Catholic Telegraph exactly twenty years ago, only the narrator was Marshal L'Etissier, who related one of his own experiences while fighting in Algiers.—ED. EVENING POST.]

Miscellaneous.

The trial of a copyright lawsuit in Washington brings out the fact that one printer has, within a year, furnished thousands of counterfeiters of foreign champagne labels to put on American wine.

It might be supposed that a deaf and dumb man and wife would not quarrel; but Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin of Greensburg, Ind., deaf mutes, lived four years in noiseless disagreement, and finally had a desperate parting fight, in which he was scalded and her skull was fractured.

—Reynolds used to court Miss Lamaster at Jeffersonville, Ind., but finally transferred his attentions to Miss Brown. That enraged Miss Lamaster, and she has twice shot Reynolds as he passed her house on his way to visit Miss Brown, who has thus far been able to nurse him through his injuries.

—A new and singular means of incendiarism is reported by the *Globe*. In a village of Poland a cat was saturated with kerosene by an unknown party and set on fire; the unhappy animal rushed furiously to and fro, spreading fire all around, till it perished in flames, together with a number of buildings.

—Of the total of 8,431 sets of woollen machinery in the United States, 1,418 are in Massachusetts, 3,311 in Maine, 505 in New Hampshire, 175 in Vermont, 469 in Rhode Island, and 669 in Connecticut—a total for the New England States of more than 43 per cent. of the woollen machinery in the entire country.

—The trousseau of the young Queen of Spain, designate, is described by Paris papers as exquisite. It includes a number of dresses devised from the fashions of the time of Louis XIII. At the wedding mass she will wear a dress of cloth of silver, with garlands brilliant with myrtle, orange flowers, and lilies.

—A manufacturer in Sheffield, England, lately showed a number of his workmen an assortment of American goods, and, holding up a pair of tailors' shears, offered to give the trades union the men belonged to \$250 if any of them within a month would produce a pair equal to them. The challenge was not taken.

"Well, my man," said a military doctor to a patient who had been on "low diet" for a long time, "how are you?" "Much better, sir." "Could you eat a small chicken today?" "That I could, sir." "What would you like it stuffed with?" "Please your honor," replied the hungry patient, "I would like it stuffed with another."

Giuseppina Raimondi, from whom Garibaldi is seeking a divorce, has written to a Milan paper denying that she was pregnant or a mother at the time of her marriage in 1855. This oft-repeated allegation was invented, she says, as the only means of obtaining a decree of nullity of marriage; but, though she desires the dissolution of the abnormal tie, she cannot allow it to be effected except on condition of respecting honor, truth, and legality.

—The attempted confiscation of one of Goethe's poems in Vienna as immoral has had its parallel in Berlin, where copies of some of Titian's paintings were seized as indecent in a shop where they were exposed for sale, while the shopkeeper was summoned before the criminal court on a complaint issued from the prosecuting attorney's office. In court, however, the prosecuting attorney appeared in person to apologize for the idleness of his subordinates, and the charge against the shopkeeper was, on his motion, dismissed, and the pictures were returned. After occurrences like this in free and easy Germany, Anthony Comstock's occasional extravagances will appear rather tame.

The ancient Hebrews were famous for their beautiful black hair. To this day the Jews delight in cultivating that most ornamental of all ornaments. It may have been that Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer was then in vogue, but it is almost certain something of that nature existed. It can now be had at all chemists for 50 cts. the bottle.

[Written for the Post and True Witness.]

Our Bells. Music, deep, rich and gladsome, is abroad on the morning air, Filling the soul that harkens With visions of all things fair. Floating upon St. Lawrence tide, Whose waves as they roll along, Leap with a strange wild gladness, To the bells' sonorous song. Breaking amidst the stately pines That clothe Mount Royal's side, Each they reel, sweet murmurs give, Like shells, left by the tide. "God's acre" rests beneath the shade, The dew-drops glisten through the leaves, And like a "Libera" o'er our dead, The wind borne music goes. And we speak with a tender reverence, Of those who gave to our land, The beautiful chime that graces the towers Of our own dear Notre Dame. MONTREAL, November 2nd, Feast of All Saints. AGNES BURY.

SCOTCH NEWS.

DEATH OF MR. PETER BANKS, S. S. C.—Mr. Peter Banks, S. S. C., keeper of the rolls of the First Division of the Court of Session, died at his residence in Edinburgh recently, at the age of 67.

HEALTH OF LEITH.—The public health returns for last week show a death-rate of 19 per 1000, or a total of 21 deaths. Scarletina has been the most prevalent among zymotic diseases. There have been 37 births during the week.

CONTRAVENTION OF THE GUN LICENSE ACT.—John Hume, labourer, was charged before the Justice of Peace Court at Alloa with carrying a gun without a license. Accused pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to pay the mitigated penalty of £5.

LEITH.—John Oliver, a pilotman in the employment of the North British Railway Company, died in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary recently from injuries received at north Leith Station. He was engaged coupling waggon to a train, when the engine was put in motion, and before he had time to get out of the way, was struck in the abdomen by one of the waggon. He only survived six hours after. Deceased resided in Hermilage Place, Leith.

DECEASE.—Recently, in the Sheriff Court, Robert Nicoll Maclean, ship chandler, Dock Street, was called in order to be examined in bankruptcy. Mr. William Stiven, accountant, the trustee, and his agent, Mr. Simpson, were present. The bankrupt failed to appear, and on the request of Mr. Simpson the Sheriff granted warrant for his apprehension. The assets of the bankrupt amount to £1095 8s 4d, and his liabilities to £3116 6s 6d. The estate shows an apparent dividend of 5s 7d per £1. It is supposed that the bankrupt has left the country.

FATAL OCCURRENCE AT PORT-GLASGOW.—A very painful accident occurred at the Railway Goods Station at Port-Glasgow recently. A telegraph boy named John Wilson, 14 years of age, son of Henry Wilson, a rafter, employed in the Wemyss Hay Junction, was sent to the Goods Station on returning on an engine he jumped off the top line, and it is supposed that owing to the fog he did not observe the approach of the 7.30 a.m. train from Greenock, which struck him, and killed him on the spot. His head was smashed, and his brains scattered on the line. He had been nine months in his present situation.

ST. GILES CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.—The High Church, formerly part of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, was reopened recently after having been closed for a couple of months. In the course of that time what are known as the Preston and Chapman Aisles at the southern side of the Cathedral have been thrown into the church, and progress so far made with the entire restoration of the edifice, which has been undertaken by Dr. William Chambers. On the occasion of the reopening special services were held in the church, the aisle being occupied in the forenoon by the Rev. Dr. Lees, minister of the parish; in the afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Stewart, North Leith; and in the evening by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, of Trinity College Church.

The Deceased Senator.

DETROIT, November 2.—A special train from Chicago, with the remains of Senator Chandler, arrived this evening. The remains and escort were met at the depot by military and a vast concourse of citizens. Governor Crosswell issued a proclamation directing the State offices to be closed, flags displayed at half-mast and other usual demonstrations of public grief on the day of the funeral. The Governor also sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Chandler. The Mayor issued an order that the citizens' meeting take action appropriate to the occasion. The funeral obsequies are to take place on Wednesday afternoon.

General Grant received the news of Chandler's death at Columbus, Nebraska. He said the death was a loss to the whole country, and was the saddest piece of news he had heard yet. He spoke in terms of high esteem of the deceased, and said that he had received a personal letter at San Francisco from Chandler, which he intended answering on Sunday at Omaha.

"Why do guns burst?" asks a contemporary, and then devotes nearly a column to answering the question. Guns burst because powder is put into them. You might use a gun seven hundred years, and it wouldn't burst if you kept powder out of it.—Scientific American. Two women at Union, Tenn., had a duel in regular man style. They both fired at the word, and one hit a boy who was climbing over the fence with a water-melon, and the other hit a calf in the field. Both having drawn blood, they acknowledged that they had received satisfaction.

Rocking the Baby. I hear her rocking the baby— Her room is next to mine— And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms That round her neck entwined. As she rocks and rocks the baby, In the room just next to mine.

RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD: Author of "East Lynne," "Onward," "The Grange," etc.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

He parades himself as a gentleman, he has obtained admission in that character to the best families, he has made himself intimate with you. Will you believe that almost from the very first I have known him to be an associate with the worst characters here, sharing in their pursuits, poaching on my preserves with them? He tells you he was with Wilfred Lester till one o'clock this morning; I say that it is more than likely; for it has been whispered to me that Lydney was one of those engaged in the attack last night.

She felt utterly confounded. Strange doubts and fears assailing her at all points; but she had faith in Lydney.

"It is not possible," she gasped. "All that you say is not possible. And it was at Wilfred's own house that he was last night."

"Understand me, Maria. With regard to last night, I assert nothing positive; for, of his movements then, and Wilfred's, I am personally ignorant. It has been told to me that he was in the wood, it has been told to me that your brother's wounded, both may be false, for aught I know. But when I tell you that he is the associate of bad characters, and that he frequents the wood at night with them, I speak of my own positive knowledge. Is that a man to be intimate with Miss Lester?"

Maria was hard of belief, and she spoke resentfully.

"If you have known this, as you say, from the first, why have you not stopped his visits to the family of the neighborhood?"

"I have no reason for not speaking to you, and the police have theirs. My gentleman is being watched, and the time will come, I believe shortly, when he will be dropped, and denounced. Private friendship would have led me to interfere, but as lieutenant I have public duties to consider. The time is not yet come, I say. He made a show of offering £1,000 reward for the recovery of the box—"

"He never said it was himself offered it; he was acting for the owner," persisted Maria.

"Be it so. But whether for himself or owner, he was safe in offering it, seeing that the box is most probably in his own possession, and has been from the time it was lost."

"Who asserts that?" flushed Maria.

"It is a suspicion—not an assertion. We cannot come to any other conclusion."

At that moment Wilfred Lester came in view, walking as well as he ever walked in his life, with no sign of a wound about him. He did not stop, but passed them with a nod. Maria turned triumphantly to Lord Dane.

"You see! All the other assertions may be false as that."

"False! Thank you, Maria. I passed you my word that with regard to Lydney's pursuits and associates they were true. I did not answer for last night's doings. Can you have faith in him still?"

"It seems to me that I can never lose my faith in him," she replied in a low tone, as though she were communing with herself.

Lord Dane threw up his head with all the haunter of a British peer, and he bit his lips with vexation. That he was very greatly prejudiced against Lydney there was no question; still he did believe him to be an unworthy character.

Dane held Hall in view, and Maria entered, Lord Dane also entered, and proceeded to the study of Mr. Lester. He there confided to Mr. Lester what he had never done before—his suspicions of Mr. Lydney; and strenuously urged that he should be treated as an impostor and turned from the hall.

"He appears to me to be a thorough gentleman—a gentleman in all respects," was the reply of Mr. Lester, who felt considerably astonished and staggered at the communication.

"If what you say be correct, the fellow must have the impudence of—"

"It is correct," interposed Lord Dane. "Do I not tell you I have watched him myself, bear a witness to his night assignations in the wood, his confederacy with the poachers? I have had my reasons for keeping this close, and the police have also theirs. Neither must it be made public now, unless we would defeat the ends of justice; but I consider the facts to you that he may have no further opportunity of working more mischief at the hall."

"He certainly shall not be admitted here again," remarked Mr. Lester. "But as to past mischief—you go too far, Lord Dane. What mischief has he brought to the hall?"

"He has tried at it, unless I am greatly mistaken," significantly returned Lord Dane. "He has contrived to establish a pretty good understanding with Maria, out of doors and in; and young ladies often prove more susceptible to the fascinations of a stranger than to the sterling qualities of old friends."

Very indignant, indeed, felt Mr. Lester at the hint; not indignant against Lord Dane, but at the presuming intruder, Lydney. He, however, repudiated the insinuation touching Maria. Lord Dane smiled.

before, and he began to trail at himself for his blindness. "Sneaking covertly after Maria, that he might grasp her fortune? Of course he was! It was all plain now. The perspiration broke out over his face like peas."

"You had better persuade her to become Lady Dane without delay," said his lordship, quietly, "and so secure her from harm: You would retain the money, and I should gain a wife, whose happiness it would be my daily study to promote."

"She shall be your wife before the month's out," foamed the disturbed Mr. Lester.

Lord Dane quitted the hall, and it happened unfortunately that Mr. Lydney almost immediately called at it before Squire Lester's indignant fears had had time to cool. He rushed out and met him as he entered, and with many needless words of insult, ordered him to quit the house again.

"What has occurred? what have I done?" demanded the amazed Lydney while the raised tones of Mr. Lester's voice brought forth Lady Adelaide and Maria. "I condescend to no explanation, sir," was the retort of Mr. Lester. "Only take yourself off, and never presume to attempt crossing the threshold of my house again; you have crossed it too much."

"But you will first accord me an explanation of this treatment," persisted Mr. Lydney. "There's the door, sir," stormed the squire, waving his hand to the door, which the servant held. "If you do not depart instantly I shall order my domestics to put you forth."

A moment's communing with himself, and then the young man turned to obey. But he first raised his hat courteously to Lady Adelaide, who had stood the image of consternation, and walked forth—not as one cowed by merited insult, but with a lordly step and head erect, his whole air and bearing that of a chieftain, from whom insult recoiled.

Maria shivered, crept up to her room, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

LORD DANE was not one to do his work by halves. If he could not publicly proclaim his suspicions of Lydney's ill-doings, or if he did not choose to do so, he yet determined to damage his reputation as far as possible. The most delicate means to his lordship would be to hear that Lydney had been driven from the place; perhaps he hoped to help on that desired consummation. Upon quitting Squire Lester's he bent his steps to the Sailor's Rest. Ravensbird was alone in the bar, reading a newspaper; he rose up when his lordship entered.

"I want three minutes' conversation with you, Ravensbird."

The man bowed, led the way to the parlor, and handed a chair to Lord Dane, remaining himself standing of course.

"How much longer do you intend to harbor that fellow Lydney?"

"I'm sure, my lord, that's more than I can say," returned the landlord, who could take questions as coolly and literally as most folks, even from Lord Dane. "It's his business; not mine. He'll stop on at his pleasure; as long as he pays his bill, I have nothing to say against it."

"No, Ravensbird, he will not stop at his pleasure," returned Lord Dane. "I am here now to desire you to turn him out."

"Upon what plea, my lord?" asked Ravensbird.

"Give any plea you choose to him. The one I give to you is—that it is my pleasure."

"My lord, I cannot put forth a gentleman in that fashion; and one who conducts himself as a gentleman, and pays his way."

"It must be done. I insist upon it," said Lord Dane.

"I beg your pardon, my lord. Not by me."

"The fellow is an impostor, a man given to nefarious courses; he consorts with the poachers, and trespasses on my preserves at night. But, mind, Ravensbird, this is for your private ear alone, and I know you can be secret when you like. He has wormed himself into the social circles of the best families here, and may work incalculable mischief. Is that a man for you to continue to harbor?"

"What he may do out of doors, I know nothing of," persisted Ravensbird; "I see nothing wrong in him, and have heard no wrong in-doors, he conducts himself as a quiet, well-behaved, honorable gentleman, and that's all I've got to do with."

"You are my tenant, Ravensbird, and you must do as I wish you."

"My lord, I am your tenant, but I pay you rent for your house, and am master of it. In taking the Sailor's Rest, I did not part with my responsibility of action. I should be happy to oblige your lordship in many ways, but to turn a harmless gentleman (as far as I see) from it, is what I can't do."

"Say you won't, Ravensbird."

"Well, my lord, I'll say I won't, if you prefer it," answered the man, though with every token of civility and respect. "If this young Mr. Lydney behaved himself ill under my notice, it would be a different thing."

Lord Dane regarded Ravensbird with a haughty stare. The man met it equally.

"I fancy you cannot understand, Ravensbird. He has come here to engage in bad practices, therefore he must be hunted out of Danesheld. The police might do it for him, and save trouble, but he seems to take precious good care not to give tangible grounds for his arrest, and depend upon it, and he must be got out of the place."

"All well and good, my lord, if it can be done; but I am not going to join in getting him out."

"Do you remember a certain clause in your lease, which I caused Apperly to insert, when you entered upon this house?" demanded Lord Dane. "It was to the effect that, should circumstances induce me to re-take the house upon my hands, you must give up possession, and quit at my pleasure."

"By your lordship's giving me six weeks' notice," interposed Ravensbird.

Lord Dane had risen, and now faced his tenant. It was his lordship who broke the silence.

"Last evening—it must have been near ten o'clock, not very long before the affray took place—I saw you in the wood, with one of the worst of the men. Ben Beecher. Hand in glove with him, pacing the thicket with him, your hand upon his shoulder? I saw you myself, Ravensbird."

"I was there with him," quietly replied Ravensbird.

"It is a cool assertion."

"I had a little private matter of business with Ben Beecher, and I went to the wood, hoping to find him and to transact it. I did find him, and with him the best part of half an hour, and then I left him and came back home. That's the simple truth, and the whole truth, my lord. Had I known there was likely to be a fight in the wood, I should have chosen last night to go there. I take part in a poacher's conflict! You know better than that Lord Dane."

"Yet you have been accused of a worse offence in your day," cried his lordship.

A strangely significant smile played over the lips of Ravensbird. He raised his eyes full on Lord Dane. "I may be publicly cleared of that suspicion yet, my lord, by the real offender being brought to light. I have reason to think I shall be."

"What reason?" inquired Lord Dane.

"A belief in the divine laws of retribution and of justice."

"Can you tell me the nature of your business with Ben Beecher?"

"I have said that it was private, my lord."

Lord Dane took up his hat. "It seems that I have met with little satisfaction in coming here this morning. Considering that you were once a servant in my family, Ravensbird, I have an idea that it might behoove you to treat my wishes with more compliance."

A tinge of color flashed into Ravensbird's dark face. "I was servant to the Honorable Captain Dane; I was not servant to Mr. Herbert." Lord Dane put his hat on his head and walked out, Ravensbird attending him to the door.

"By the way," cried his lordship, wheeling around, "is that other man gone? I mean the old passenger, who was likewise saved and brought here," he added, seeing that Ravensbird looked puzzled.

"He is not gone, my lord; he has not found himself well enough to go. But he is getting better now."

"Does he not go out?"

"He has never once been out of his room, let alone the house, your lordship. He's waiting for remittances, he says."

"Ah! mind you don't feed him all this while, and then not get paid. How quiet he must keep himself! I never hear it mentioned that there's such a person in the place. What does he do all day?"

"Sits and coughs, and reads the newspapers."

"What's his name?"

"When he first arrived Sophie asked it, and he answered that it was no business of hers. But I saw his medicine can in directed to 'Mr. Home.' He was so ill at first, we were obliged to call in Dr. Green."

"Home? Home?" debated his lordship; "don't know the name."

He marched up the street, and Ravensbird turned in doors again. Certainly the man behaved more cavalierly to Lord Dane than any other of his dependants would have presumed to venture upon. The wonder was that his lordship put up with it.

It was growing dark that same evening—that is, it may have been near upon five o'clock—when three men met under covert of the thick wood. Later, with last night's remembrance upon them, they would not have dared to be there; a few days must elapse, ere they grew bold again. They deemed themselves alone; but, trailing flat with his belly on the ground, serpent that he was, lay young 'Sard, listening—not to plans for another battle on the pheasants, but to as nefarious a scheme of housebreaking as was ever concocted. Shad had not yet been promoted to assist at great crimes; and his hair rose up on end, as he listened. What, with his personal fear (for Shad fully believed that if any untoward accident betrayed his proximity, he should be riddled through with bullets), and what with the low tone the two men conversed in, Shad obtained but a partial hearing of the plot. The chief part that he made out was, that Dane Castle was to be broken into, and the plate bagged."

Waiting till the men dispersed—for he did not dare to move until they were gone—Shad rose up, and tore along at the top of his speed till he gained the spot where he was in the habit of waiting for Tiffle. But no Tiffle was there. She probably had been, and was gone. For it was near eight o'clock. Shad, with all his cunning was at fault; he dared not approach Mr. Lester's, which Tiffle had always strictly forbidden, but his tongue was burning to be delivered of its secret. He stole across the intervening space, and gave a timid knock at the back-door.

"If you please, m'am, can I speak a word to Mrs. Tiffle?" cried he, as a kitchen-maid answered it.

"The girl went to the housekeeper's room, where Tiffle was."

"Mrs. Tiffle's wanted," cried she. "It's Granny Bean's Shad."

An unwelcome announcement in the presence of her fellow-servants, and Tiffle jumped up.

"Granny Bean's Shad!" uttered she, in a paroxysm of amazement. "He can't want me; it must be a mistake."

waiters, and teapots, and things; but 'tain't the plate as they're chert'ly going in for; I had less faults than folks think for, and he daren't play the fool with me."

"I'll see him," said Lord Dane, as Tiffle rose to withdraw. "When do you say the attack is to be made?"

"Not for three nights for certain; and then gone was named. They were waiting for something; though Shad could not make out for what, unless it is for the moon to go. Another thing, he only 'half' heard; those ruins were mentioned. He thought perhaps they were going to meet in them, and plot further."

"What ruins?" quickly asked Lord Dane.

"The chapel ruins opposite," replied Tiffle, extending her hand in the direction. "They may be there now, at this very moment, for all we know."

"Tiffle," called out his lordship, as she was gliding from the room with her usual stealthy step, "not a word of this abroad, remember. And caution that Shad."

"He's safe, my lord; and you may rely upon it, I don't eject another syllable from my lips. It's in your lordship's hands now, and out of mine."

Lord Dane remained in a reverie after her departure, and then strolled out of the castle. That an attack was being contemplated he entertained no manner of doubt, though he did not take precisely the same view of it that Mr. Shad and Tiffle had adopted. He felt surprised; for, loose in character as the three men mentioned had hitherto been regarded, taking their full delight in poaching, smuggling, and similar adventures of a venal nature, and what are looked upon by many as venal, they had never attempted great crimes, and Lord Dane felt convinced that some master-hand-piece was urging them on.

He stood outside the castle gates, still thinking, taking little notice of a female form approaching from the direction of Danesheld. But the female came close up to him, and compelled his attention; he recognized the cloak and bonnet of Tiffle.

"Back again?" cried Lord Dane.

"I have obtained a little more evidence, my lord," were Tiffle's rejoinder, "and thought you'd blame me if I didn't return with it. When I came the first time, I sent young Shad with a lantern to search the place where them smugglers had been, thinking it not impossible that they might have left some token behind 'em; for when folks hold a meeting in the dark, and things slip from their pockets or their hands, they're difficult to be picked up again. Shad was back before I was, and he brought this."

She held out a scrap of paper to Lord Dane, and he examined it by the light of the lamp which illuminated the gateway, paying Tiffle the compliment, as he took it from her, that she would have been a first-rate detective.

It proved to be part of a note, and Lord Dane read the following words: "Impossible to join you to-night, but to-morrow you may expect me without fail. W. L."

It appeared to have been written hastily on a long narrow bit of paper, and then twisted up. The direction, if there had been any, had gone with the first part of the contents.

"Now, I can take my Bible affidavit that that writing is Lydney's," cried Tiffle, when Lord Dane had looked at it. "I have seen his handwriting at our house upon pieces of music, and I saw a note of his to Miss Lester. 'Twas only a line or two about a book, but it was that very self-same hand-writing, and I'll stand to it, my lord, with the very same autograph at the end of it. 'W. L.' which is the short for his name, William Lydney."

"Where did Shad find this?"

"Close upon the very spot where they'd been a plotting."

"Why did you not bring Shad up, as you dropped upon him?"

"Shad'll come to-morrow morning and ask for you, my lord, as you ordered. 'Twasn't likely I was going to bring him to the castle myself, and set your detainers a wondering and talking," was the reply of Tiffle.

She took her final departure, and Lord Dane, after consigning the paper to his pocket-book, fell into another reverie. That Lydney was an out-and-out villain he was beginning to believe, and his angry eye flashed at the thought he had been admitted to the intimacy—perhaps gained the love—of Maria Lester. Before him stretched out the sea, broad and wide, not that he could see much of it from where he stood; on his right were the lights of Danesheld; and on his left the chapel-ruins. The moon was high in the sky, and flickered her light upon those picturesque ruins as she had done many a time before—upon the green walls, the several apertures. Lord Dane turned his eyes toward them.

Singular to say, he had never once been inside those ruins since his return from abroad, in fact, since his accession to the title; nay it may be said since the period of his romantic love for the Lady Adelaide. Many times had he passed them since then, walked around them, stood near them, but it happened that either by design or accident, he had not gone inside. He bent his steps thither now, his mind full of Tiffle's surmise; the plotters might be there at that moment for aught he knew.

Lord Dane crossed the green sward crisp with frost, crossed it stealthily as he had ever stole to his appointments with Adelaide Errol; for it was not his intention to pounce upon or to surprise the men, but to listen to them. He had his own reasons for suffering the plot to go on to the very hour appointed for its execution. Once inside, he halted, looked about and kept his ears open. Nothing appeared to have changed; there were the faint remains of the altar, the traces of the graves, the ghostly-looking windows and the moss-covered stones; all looked as it had looked in those years long gone by.

It appeared to be entirely void of human life; if any plotters were there, they remained still and silent; and that none were there, speedily became apparent to Lord Dane, as he paced about it. His thoughts began to revert to the past, and soon growing oblivious to the present, to the lapse of years, to annoying plots, and to Maria Lester, the past was naturally reverted to the tragic accident, which had cost the life of Henry Dane, almost on the very site where he then stood.

The latter was not a pleasant subject to indulge in with the ghostly-looking ruins around, the grave-stones beneath, and the pale white moonlight above; and Lord Dane middle-aged man though he was getting, British peer though he was, began to find that he was not totally exempt from the sport of superstitious fancies. He turned from the altar where he had been standing, to make the best of his way out, when at that moment a form rose up in the window aperture nearest to him, and remained silent, watching him, it seemed, in the moonlight. A half-smothered cry broke from Lord Dane's lips, his hair stood on end, and his flesh crept.

"That Shad will tell you the truth in this, my lord; I'll answer for it with my own life. He has less faults than folks think for, and he daren't play the fool with me."

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The latter was not a pleasant subject to indulge in with the ghostly-looking ruins around, the grave-stones beneath, and the pale white moonlight above; and Lord Dane middle-aged man though he was getting, British peer though he was, began to find that he was not totally exempt from the sport of superstitious fancies. He turned from the altar where he had been standing, to make the best of his way out, when at that moment a form rose up in the window aperture nearest to him, and remained silent, watching him, it seemed, in the moonlight. A half-smothered cry broke from Lord Dane's lips, his hair stood on end, and his flesh crept.

Yes they did, lowering to him as you may deem the assertion. It is true that Lord Dane had been thinking of his cousin; and imagination, especially superstitious imagination, plays curious tricks. As he stared at that figure in the aperture, its extraordinary resemblance in form to the dead man, struck upon him; he strode to the window, separated only by the wall, and stood face to face—face to face with him who was once Harry Dane. The once-familiar features stood out pale and clear in the moonlight, far too clear for Lord Dane not to recognize them. It was then he uttered the smothered cry, and his hair bristled up from his brow.

He fell back involuntarily. He leaned against the decayed wall to recover himself. He remembered who and what he was, a man and an Englishman; shook himself, stepped to the entrance and passed out at it. That he had seen his cousin's spirit—a ghost, as it is familiarly called—was his undoubted conviction, little as he had hitherto believed in ghosts, given to ridicule the nauced seers of them, as he had been.

It had vanished. Nothing was to be seen outside. Lord Dane strode around the exterior of the ruins, but the ghost was gone, leaving no trace behind.

No trace, save in the physical disturbance of Lord Dane. Again the superstitious feeling came creeping over him, the dread that the dead was hovering near; and he positively started full pace to the castle, quickly, and perhaps as conscious of terror, as Lady Adelaide had run shrieking, that eventful night. Bruff was standing in the gateway as his lord entered, and turned in amazement to look at him; for in the starting eyes, the panting lips, and the livid features, the man could scarcely recognize those of Lord Dane.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch went up to London in the course of the following day. It was sent by Lord Dane, and received by the head police-office in Scotland Yard. On the morning after Bruff informed Lord Dane that a gentleman, a stranger, was at the castle asking to see him.

"He did. The inspector of police here informed him of it." "Then, my lord, how can you take up the opinion that he must be breaking into the castle after the box?" "It is my opinion," replied Lord Dane. "Bad as he is, I do not believe personal injury to myself is his object."

THE QUEBEC LEGISLATURE. LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY. QUEBEC, October 29. The SPEAKER took the chair at 11.10 a.m. Hon. Mr. CHAPLEAU asked the Premier for the explanations of the Ministerial changes that had occurred during the recess? Mr. GANSON also requested the same information, and accused the ex-Provincial Secretary of having violated the oath of office in having exposed the secrets of the Cabinet in his letter published in the Chronicle last month.

self. I knew already that that gentleman wished to take my situation as Secretary in your Government, and I sent you my resignation to allow you to make such an arrangement as would strengthen your Government. Please to accept, my dear sir, my most sincere thanks for all your kindness, and your good advice during the time I had the honour to be one of your colleagues. If you wish to see me I will attend your first summons. Yours, very sincerely, (Signed), ALEXANDRE CHAUVEAU.

Governor to consult with the leaders of the Opposition on the formation of a new Cabinet. The following is the correspondence read in the House this afternoon by Hon. Mr. Joly: To His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec: Sir, I have the honor to inform you that the Cabinet has been defeated by a majority of six votes upon a question which my colleagues and myself consider as a vote of non-confidence. This vote is the result of the unconstitutional action of the Legislative Council, and I do not consider it as expressing the opinion of the majority of the people of the Province of Quebec.

the will of the people, and maintained them in their position, contrary to the wish expressed by the Legislative Council; but now the majority which the Government had in the Legislative Assembly has become a minority. The two branches of the Legislature agree upon one of the most important points, viz., a change of Government, and it cannot be alleged that recourse must be had to extraordinary means to terminate a conflict which is in a fair way to be terminated by ordinary means.

WITHHOLD IT FROM THE PUBLIC until his confession was published. The jailor expostulated with his charge, but in vain. His remarks fell on unwilling ears and no attention was paid to them. THE SCAFFOLD is erected in a corner formed by the Court House and jail proper. The following diagram will afford your readers an idea of its position:— CORNWALL CANAL. Canal Street. Jail. Court House. Jailor's House. Jail Yard. A—Clark Brown's cell under Court House. B—Door leading to scaffold. The scaffold is one especially constructed for this occasion. It is built with six inch pine lumber and presents a substantial appearance. The drop is unusually heavy, being over eight feet in depth.

Science has at last given us an article of yeast free from the fungus of the varieties heretofore in use—Lieberts Prepared German Compressed Yeast principle purified and compressed. It is eighteen times the strength of ordinary Yeast and retains its strength and its flavour as long as it is kept cool and dry.

Mr. DANIEL SIR.—I am much surprised to learn that Mr. Langelier has not made you acquainted with the reasons of my resignation. Yesterday afternoon, in the presence of the Speaker, I made him a statement of what had passed between Mr. Flynn and myself.

On the motion of Hon. Mr. Joly, the House was adjourned till three o'clock tomorrow, to allow time to the Lieutenant-Governor to prepare a report on the subject of the resignation of Mr. Flynn.

to his attendant. His voice never quavered, and he communicated all his requests in a firm tone. One guard was on duty in the corridor all night and periodically visits the condemned cell. He reports Clark Brown sleeping calmly with regular respiration undisturbed by thoughts of his impending fate.

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General Terkuloff, the new Commander-in-chief of the Russian Central Asian expedition, is married to an Irish lady, daughter of a tallow and hide merchant long settled in St. Petersburg. Her father, Mr. Henry Devine—Rusianized, Devinskoff—is of a Coleraine family. He went out 25 years ago as clerk in the St. Petersburg branch of an English firm, and soon started for himself. He is reported to be one of the wealthiest men on the Nevskoi Prospekt.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD. CLARK BROWN HANGED. END OF THE PARRICIDE.

The Last Moments and Agony of the Winchester Mills Murderer—His Confession—Scene at the Scaffold. (Special to the Post and True Witness) CORNWALL, October 31.—Clark Brown the parricide, who so brutally murdered and butchered his father and childish sister at Winchester Mills, is to expiate his crime at the scaffold here to-day. This quiet town is in a perturbed condition, such a thing as an execution not having occurred in this locality for over a score of years.

ATTEMPTS TO BE MERRY, and it is asserted that he offered to assist in the construction of the scaffold from which he will be despatched into an unknown eternity. His request not being acceded to he remarked, with grim humor, that he would only be putting the nail in his own coffin any way. His wife visited the prisoner on Tuesday, and during her short stay appeared greatly agitated and refused to heed the soothing words proffered by her husband.

THIRST FOR GREATER REVENGE than the utmost penalty of the law. Yesterday one of them was overheard to express himself that if Brown was quartered and torn to pieces it would hardly be an adequate atonement for his guilt. They stand aloof from their condemned kinsman and persistently refuse to approach him.

A HEARTY "GOOD NIGHT" to his attendant. His voice never quavered, and he communicated all his requests in a firm tone. One guard was on duty in the corridor all night and periodically visits the condemned cell. He reports Clark Brown sleeping calmly with regular respiration undisturbed by thoughts of his impending fate.

THE CONDEMNED MURDERER. A Petition Asking for a Commutation of the Sentence. It is said that a petition at present being circulated for signature, will be presented His Excellency the Governor-General, praying for a commutation of the sentence of death passed on Susan Kennedy to a term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

Miscellaneous. California is infested by swarms of wild geese, which do serious damage to the grain. A Missouri doctor paid a patient 402 visits and squard the bill for a barrel of cider and a load of bricks. A mute wedding took place at Mercersburg, Pa. The marriage ceremony was interpreted by the bride's sister into the sign language in a manner most interesting and pleasing to all the witnesses whose pleasure it was to be present.

A curious experiment was made with cats recently in Lutch, Germany. Thirty-seven of them were put into bags and taken several miles into the country, where they were released. Within three hours the first cat had found its way home, and before 24 hours had elapsed, every one of the others had returned. General Terkuloff, the new Commander-in-chief of the Russian Central Asian expedition, is married to an Irish lady, daughter of a tallow and hide merchant long settled in St. Petersburg.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5.

CALENDAR. THURSDAY 6--Of the Octave. See of Baltimore founded, 1701. FRIDAY 7--Of the Octave. SATURDAY 8--Of the Octave of All Saints. The Four Coronati, Martyrs. SUNDAY 9--Twenty-third after Pentecost. Feast of St. W. M. Less, Eccles. xiv. 11-16; 1st Ep. Luke xl. 27-28; Last Gosp. Matt. ix. 18-26. MONDAY 10--St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor. Sts. Tryphon, Hecstus, and Nymphis, Martyrs. TUESDAY 11--St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor. St. Menas, Martyr. WEDNESDAY 12--St. Martin, Pope and Martyr.

NOTICE. Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once. See to it that the paper bears your proper address.

Notice to Farmers. Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS--a paper which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion--are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

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

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the business heretofore carried on under the name of M. C. MULLIN & Co., as printing and publishing the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, has been transferred to "THE POST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," which will print and publish the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS and carry on the business of General Printers and Publishers.

Our attention has been called to a scurrilous article which appeared in L'Opinion Publique of the 15th of August, over the signature of an individual of the name of "A. Gelinus." It was written during the time of the ship laborers' troubles in Quebec, when the mind of such people as "A. Gelinus" was effervescent, so that there is an excuse, so to speak, for both his ignorance of the people he traduces and the vile language he indulged in. As an illustration of the kind of genius Mr. Gelinus is, and of his knowledge of affairs outside of Quebec, we may mention that he tells the readers of L'Opinion Publique that there are several cities in England where Irishmen are not permitted to reside.

The well-known and talented young Ottawa barrister, Mr. J. J. Kehoe, has removed to Stratford, Ontario, where he is practising his profession. We take this opportunity of recommending Mr. Kehoe to the people of Stratford, as a clever, painstaking lawyer, and of stating that the interest of his client will assuredly not suffer in his hands. The Ottawa papers speak of his departure with regret, as well as do the citizens of the capitol universally; but, as Mr. Kehoe is seeking for a fairer field for his laudable ambition, and, as he is as well known in the West as in Ottawa, there is no doubt that the step he has taken will further improve the fortunes of a rising young man full of work, of talent, and of hope in the future. We wish Mr. Kehoe all the success he deserves in his new home.

The following gentlemen were sworn in as members of the new Cabinet on Friday:--Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Premier and Minister of Agriculture and Public Works; Hon. Mr. Robertson, Treasurer; Hon. Mr. Loranger, Attorney-General; Hon. Mr. Lynch, Solicitor-General; Hon. Mr. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Lands; Hon. Mr. Paquet, Provincial Secretary; Hon. Dr. Ross, President of the Council.

Prosperity and Stocks. There can be no longer any doubt that the United States have entered on an era of bright prosperity. The chief cause of this prosperity is their magnificent harvest, and for them the Providential coincidence of a scarcity of cereals in Europe, especially in Russia. Millions of dollars have flowed into the American coffers from France and England during the first six months, and are still flowing. It never rains but it pours, says the old proverb, and to confirm it, people who had for the past few years hoarded their money away in old tin boxes, or locked it up

in banks, are now throwing it on the market to swell the volume of trade and create new enterprise, and consequently labor for the working classes. The appearance of \$40,000,000 gave them confidence. When a country having America's broad acres and boundless resources suffers poverty, it can only be from fictitious causes; such, for instance, is a want of money to represent, in a measure, the real wealth of the nation. If a national currency system prevailed, money could be had to carry on legitimate business, but when it does not, and when bankers and brokers are allowed to have a monopoly of money, it is only by such a lucky combination of circumstances as we observe at present that business revives in spite of the money rings and gold rings. A fresh impetus is given to mining, railroading, manufacturing and agriculture; work is plentiful, wages reasonable, and will next year be perhaps unprecedentedly high. This is prosperity. Although the splendid harvest is one of the chief causes of this revival of trade and confidence, there are others also, and among them is the economy practised during the past three years, during which some people were compelled to live within their income, while others did so in fear of future poverty. Taking example by the wrecks everywhere around them, orators, newspapers, scientists and statisticians having proclaimed that business was reviving, confidence was restored, and the timid grew bold. We see the result of all this in the unprecedented rush for stocks on Friday and Tuesday last, over a million shares of one description or other having changed hands in two days. At first blush it may be thought the thing is being overdone, and no doubt it is, but not to such an extent as might be supposed, for although a good deal that was rotten was disposed of, still railroad and mining stocks are a pretty safe investment, always presuming prosperity has only commenced. It is almost safe to assert that during the next five years stocks will rise and fall alternately, but the tendency will, on the whole, be invariably upward. The misfortune, however, is that now, as in times past, unscrupulous swindlers and speculators will place their bubbles on the market, and now, as in times past, dupes will be found to throw their money into profitless schemes, in the hope of attaining to sudden wealth. Of course they will be disappointed. We are told by the New York papers that on Monday Spruce Hill stock, which had been a mere drag on the market, went suddenly up from fifty cents to seven dollars a share. A certain class of "outside fools" will buy anything when the fever is upon them. As we follow our Republican neighbors in a great many things, it is very probable the speculation mania will soon get hold of us--if, indeed, it has not done so already, as witness the late dealings in tea, which fluctuated rapidly enough to bring great gains to some parties and caused corresponding loss to others. We shall soon, no doubt, hear of rings and corners in other commodities here in Canada which will require extreme caution to be guarded against in order to prevent manipulators from fleecing the unwary to their own profit. We also have tided over our lustrum of depression, and if we are not in as bright a glow of prosperity as our neighbors, we are squarely on the road to it. This, then, is the proper time to be careful and cautious, lest, forgetting the warnings of the past, we rush into illegitimate ways of making large fortunes at once, and thus deprive ourselves of that security which a steady advance along the highways of legitimate business alone can bestow. Let us not forget that Montreal has suffered more than its share of depression and business stagnation, that hundreds of struggling men in our midst were once good for a hundred thousand dollars, and that it was a mad rush into the Maelstrom of speculation such as we see in New York during the present week that brought them to grief and dimmed the bright name of Montreal in the world of commerce.

Another Famine. A telegram of terrible import came across the Atlantic Ocean yesterday; it was no less than that a famine has actually commenced in Ireland with all its concomitant horrors. Its origin is suspiciously near that of thirty years ago, and its surroundings are the same typhoid fever and measles, exactly what starving men suffer all over the world. What a sensation must thrill the hearts of the millions of Irishmen at this side of the Atlantic when they hear the dreadful news, and how strong must be their resentment against the atrocious system that permits men--hundreds of thousands of them--to die of starvation and its accompanying plagues on one of the fairest and most fertile lands in the world. One year's Irish harvest is sufficient to feed a population of seven millions for three years, so that if the Irish had a government of their own, and no absentee landlords, they could afford to lose two harvests in succession, and still not suffer. The humidity that sometimes destroys the crops, when there is not too much of it, helps to fertilize the soil. Perhaps we may be deemed premature in placing so much stress on a single telegram, but in fact we do not, or rather we could not if it was not simply a confirmation of the news by mail only eleven days old. The Dublin Freeman sent a commission last month to travel through the country, see what could be seen, and furnish a faithful report of the state of affairs. He has complied with his instructions, and sent in his report, and an appalling one it is. In certain districts in the West the people have to take the half-grown crops spared by the blight into the market towns on their backs, in hampers, their horses having long ago been sold for debt. The crops are almost worthless, and hence, finding no chaser, they have to take the same pur-

hampers back again, a distance sometimes of eighteen or twenty miles. If any one doubts such a state of things is not the precursor of a famine he deserves credit as an optimist of the first magnitude. Of course it is impossible that all the horrors of 1848 will be acted over again. Such scenes as those are only permitted once in the history of a nation not devoid of courage. In 1847-8 thousands upon thousands of people died on the roadside and were eaten by the lean hungry dogs which prowled fiercely along the deserted highways and byways of the south and west, or they died in their cabins and were devoured by rats, for which the gloomy years of 1847-8 were years of plenty. Travellers describe the appearance of the peasantry they met on the roads, as that of emaciated wretches with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, from whose mouths green juice and foam issued, a sign they had been eating grasses and weeds, staggering from side to side of the road, doubtful if they could survive till they arrived at their cabin. It is a woeful picture, but certainly not overdrawn. All this time noble vessels left the harbors of Ireland for England, laden with hams, grain, cattle, eggs, with in fact, the choicest food. Vessels sent from America with eleemosynary cargoes of Indian corn for the starving people encountered vessels we have described going out, and marvelled at the patience or apathy of a people who could submit to such a state of things. The English economists, however, explained everything to the satisfaction of everybody by saying that it was owing to the laws of trade such an anomalous state of things existed. The Irish peasant must have died happy at the thought that he was called upon to see the beauties and subtleties of free trade illustrated in his own person. He could not, perhaps, understand it, but he died in order not to disturb them. The times, however, have changed, a new generation has sprung up which hearkens to Parnell--who, by the way, was born in 1848--and the world will be greatly mistaken if, in the present temper of Irishmen, they permit the theories of free trade or the theories of law to kill off a million men and women. Self preservation is the first law of nature.

The Toronto "Telegram" Again. In our defence of the character of the Irish people from the attacks of the Toronto Telegram we said if journalistic etiquette permitted we would feel justified in branding it as a liar, but as it did not we merely said it was ignorant. That we would have been amply justified in using the harsher expression the following extract from an editorial in Saturday's Telegram will show:--

"For hard words and soft arguments commend us to the Montreal Post. In this respect it will bear away the palm from all competitors. Its vocabulary of Billingsgate is so copious, and its imagination so fervid and fertile that it need fear no rival. Its most recent pronouncement is, that the 'Young Men's Christian Association furnish this journal with its Irish intelligence, and inspire it with anti-Catholic opinions.' Now, the Post did not make any such pronouncement. What it did actually pronounce was that it was possible the Telegram had been perusing the nice little Sunday School books so plentifully scattered about the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and drawn its inspiration from them. The Telegram persists in the well worn and oft refuted slander, that the priests keep the Irish people in ignorance and poverty. If our esteemed contemporary knows anything of Irish history at all it must be aware that it was the British Government who kept the Irish people in ignorance and poverty. It must know that they were first robbed of their lands, then of their churches, next of their educational establishments, and that, to cap the climax, the brutal penal laws were enacted and put in force. Those laws forbade priests or nymen, under penalty of death, to teach the peasantry of Ireland even the rudiments of education. Nevertheless the priests did teach them, under what we might term the shadow of the scaffold, and suffered death in consequence. If the Telegram is unacquainted with these facts let it consult Mr. Goldwin Smith, who knows history, and for ever after hold its peace, or write about things within its province. But, burying the penal laws in oblivion, as ought to be very convenient to some people, let us examine the charges as they are repeated in the Telegram's reply to our stricture. We are informed by this educator of the people that Celtic Scotland, with a barren soil, is prosperous and happy, that Presbyterian Ulster is also prosperous, while Catholic Munster and Connaught are poor and discontented. The inference is, of course, as plain as the nose on the face of the Telegram, and is that the Catholic religion is to blame. Now, the real truth is, from Scotland at the present moment a cry of distress arises which is painful to hear, and a Scottish gentleman, Mr. Murdock, of the Highlander, is travelling in the States and Canada with the object of raising funds to alleviate the distress. He is, in fact, the Scottish Parnell. As for Ulster, it is no better to-day than Munster; the people of that Province make the same complaints as their Southern brethren, and let us inform our contemporary that these were rebellions in Scotland in 1715 and 1745, and that the Ulster Presbyterians took the field against oppression in 1798. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Scotch and Ulster men are prosperous and happy, it should be remembered that a price was never set on the head of a Presbyterian minister for attempting to educate his flock, and that both Ulster and Scotland derived some miserable advantage from the penal laws against the Catholic Irish. Speaking of the Catholic clergy, the Telegram says:--

"They are sleek, well fed, well housed, and well clothed, and minister in magnificent

buildings, however poor and wretched the peasantry may be. We state facts well known to all who have travelled and observed much in Ireland. We have nothing to do with theology, and we do not make these statements with any theological bias." Well, now, that is very original and very singular, and confirms us in the opinion that it is not only possible, but highly probable, the Telegram has been coquetting with the little Sunday School books aforesaid. Why we, who have also travelled in Ireland, labored up to this under the impression that the parsons it was who were fat, sleek, salaried and castled, and Mr. Gladstone and Professor Goldwin Smith lay, it seems, under the same delusion. But we were all wrong, and the Toronto Telegram was right. If our contemporary, will just step across the Atlantic itself, (we must not be personal) and spend a few months in the Green Isle it may come back a sadder and a wiser journal, relieved of some of its Sunday School eccentricities, and more willing to tell the truth, confess its errors and shame the devil, than it is at the present time.

Ulysses the First.

The New York Sun advises its readers, if they wish to retain the Republic and Democratic institutions, to vote against Cornell for Governor of New York. Its argument is that the election of Cornell will strengthen the chances of the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, that in all probability General Grant will be that candidate, and that Grant has imperial notions concealed under his Sphinx-like exterior. It may be that the Sun exaggerates for party purposes, but that as it may, this is not the first time an American Empire has been spoken of. A newspaper called the Imperialist was published in the United States some five or six years ago with the object of spreading imperial ideas, but it did not live long enough to create for itself a literary reputation. It is at the same time very certain that there is a large class in the United States not unfavorably disposed to monarchical institutions. Since the war a class which grew prosperous on the misfortunes of its country has sprung into existence, and established itself as an aristocracy, or at least something as closely resembling it as enormous wealth and obscure genealogy will permit. Most Americans of any pretensions make the European tour now-a-days, and come back with a profound respect for titles. The number of American ladies who marry into noble families of Europe is larger than most people imagine. It is the dream of three-fourths of American belles to marry men of title, and a French Count or English baronet has infinitely a better chance of carrying off a rich New York heiress, no matter how poor he may be, than even the most distinguished of her own countrymen. The love for titles and distinctions is very strong in the breasts of Americans generally, and few of them there are of any note who do not attach some prefix or other to their names, be it Judge, Honorable, General or Squire. The word Mister is, in fact, falling into disuse among our neighbours, and those of them who cannot sport the prefixes already mentioned, are fond of being enrolled as Knights of orders more or less distinguished. It is a weakness inherent in American human nature, and Charles Dickens was not far astray when he described so many whom he encountered as "the most remarkable men in the country." It is then no exaggeration to assume that those seekers after honors--or at least the majority of them--would not be averse to the assumption by General Grant of the imperial purple. As for the General himself, he keeps his mind so closely to himself that the public is not in a position to judge how far he is inclined to mount the ladder of ambition. It is known that Mark Anthony presented Cæsar with a kingly crown which he modestly refused three times, but somehow or other managed to accept it ultimately. Napoleon, the ultra Jacobin Republican, also accepted the imperial crown when it was forced upon him, as did the nephew of my uncle half a century later. General Grant commanded armies as large as either Cæsar or Napoleon, and has just as much right to a crown. Let us suppose he is elected for a third term, and that the Socialists of Chicago or the wavers of the bloody shirt in the South took it into their heads to create a disturbance during his presidency, is it not possible that the men of wealth, the merchant princes, the bankers, the great contractors and railroad kings, hungry for titles, might say, "we do not want a repetition of this kind of thing, Communism must be put down at all hazards and a strong Government established, this perpetual electing of Presidents unsettles the minds of men; let us elect Grant, the only man who can save this country, President for life." Once President for life what more natural than that General Sheridan, like Cæsar's Anthony or Napoleon's Murat, would gracefully step forward and, presenting Grant a crown manufactured in the mine from which he was recently presented with a brick of gold, say, "Long live the Emperor Ulysses the First!" The army, two-thirds of which is composed of European mercenaries, would, for a year's pay in advance, clear out the Congress at the point of the bayonet with the same ease and good will as Cromwell's Ironsides disposed of the Bump Parliament, or Murat's dragoons chased the French deputies from the Orangeie. The only organized body capable of offering resistance to such a coup d'etat is the Grand Army of the Republic, and that, by all accounts, is strongly tainted with Imperialism. We have gone thus far without reckoning on the great heart of the nation, whose pulsations are, after all, strongly Republican. It is not improbable that Grant's ambitious aims might be successfully disputed by ye fierce Democracy, but

then, again, they might not. Let us now suppose the Emperor firmly established on his throne as the founder of a dynasty. The next step would, of course, be the formation of a titled aristocracy. We should then read of such personals in the newspapers as the following:--The Earl of Milwaukee and Sir Henry Ward Beecher, Jr., are stopping at the Astor House; The Duke of Chicago arrived in town from Montreal to-day. The Marquis of Cincinnati committed suicide at the residence of the Duchess of Saratoga at four o'clock this morning. The cause is ascribed to the rejection of his suit by the Princess Sartoria, nee Nellie Grant. The Countess of Hoboken gives a grand ball on Tuesday in honor of Field Marshal Sheridan (Duke of Shenandoah.) It is thought His Majesty the Emperor Ulysses and the Prince Imperial will grace the occasion with their presence. As a matter of course the Empire must be aggressive, and Canada and Mexico annexed, in order to add lustre to the diadem of the new Emperor, and hence we also would be enabled to furnish our quota of Dukes, Marquises, Earls and Baronets, and not depending, as we are at present, on such beggarly titles as Knight of St. Michael and St. George. This forecast of the future may seem a trifle overdrawn; but let us wait; strange things have happened, and may happen again. In the meantime, Vive l'Empereur.

Missions and Evangelical Alliances.

At a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in Edinburgh, on the 31st of October, the Evangelizers put their heads together and told of the deeds they had done in the way of converting the Heathen--and others. Among the delegates was a Rev. Mr. T. Lafleur, who gave encouraging accounts of the French Canadian Mission. We do not know if the Rev. Mr. Lafleur's words left the impression on the minds of the good citizens of Edinburgh that the French Canadians were pagans, and, therefore, required a missionary among them. We remember that in 1851 Scotland, in a fit of enthusiasm, sent a whole army of missionaries to convert Ireland, and that on account of the obstinacy of the Irish the effort was not a successful one, although the aforesaid army took a treasury chest with it and was extensively protected by the Royal Irish Constabulary, or, perhaps, reinforced would be the more correct expression speaking of an army. We also remember that two, at least, of the Evangelizers were afterwards converted themselves, and that one of them, Rev. Mr. McLeod, became a Catholic priest, and went out to China, where real bona fide pagans and Mohammedans exist. Now, the wonder is why these good and reverend gentlemen who meet in Edinburgh, Exeter Hall and elsewhere do not realize that the Irish and French Canadians are, at all events, Christians--degenerate ones, it may be, from the modern Evangelical standpoint--but still Christians--and that there are millions upon millions of pagans in divers parts of the world who require their services a good deal more. It might be suggested to them that the Catholic religion will keep, and that it would be as well they should first empty their eloquence on the natives of the interior of Africa, or Australia, or on the Afghans, who are at present evincing such an unchristian spirit around the passes of the Shutar Garden. There is little or no glory to be gained converting the French Canadian--for, as no one knows better than the Rev. Mr. Lafleur, they do not eat missionaries or put their precious lives in danger. Besides, has not the saintly Chiniquy already converted that part of them which was really worth the attempt. At all events he has told the Australians so, and as that truly great man never exaggerates, much less lies, we must concede, notwithstanding that we see Notre Dame Cathedral and other noble Catholic Churches full of them every Sunday, that they are actually evangelized. We do not know if the Rev. T. Lafleur belonged to that religious "ring" about which Mr. Court wrote a naughty pamphlet two years ago, but if he did he ought to know it is money is required for the mission and not prayers or true inwardness. There are two lines of operation open to the Evangelical Alliance, either of which, if adopted, may be crowned with success. One is to stay in Scotland or England, and endeavour to reclaim the large numbers of the nobility, gentry and clergy which have gone over to Rome during the past decade. The Marquis of Bute, for instance, and the Marquis of Ripon, or Cardinals Manning and Newman. Or, if they think that impossible, let them leave their wives and children and worldly goods and chattels behind them, and go forth into the interior of China or Africa far away from the protection of the British flag and British consuls--like the Catholic missionaries--with their lives in their hands and religion in their hearts; in a word, let them go to work in real earnest, and not stand playing at missionaries. There the same difference between sham missionaries and real missionaries as there is between the Manchester volunteers and Her Majesty's army in Cabul. But, speaking seriously, we beg to inform the Rev. Mr. Lafleur and the Alliance that there are more heathens--more poor souls who never heard the name of the Saviour except in blasphemy--in the manufacturing districts of England than could be found in ten generations of French Canadians. If they do not like our two lines of operations we throw this in as a third. When they have converted the pagans of Lancashire it will be time enough to look after the French Canadians.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

The Scene in the Gallery--Political Agitation--Mr. Flynn and Others--A good Excuse--Lumber by the Q. M. O. & O. R. R. [From our own Correspondent.] QUEBEC, October 30, 1879.

Never perhaps in our Provincial history did a more eager or excited multitude crowd the galleries of the Legislative Assembly than that which yesterday filled their every available space. Every movement on the floor of the house attracted the eyes and ears of the anxious occupants of the gallery. As the audience of an ancient Roman amphitheatre looked with eager, anticipating eyes on the closing struggles of contending gladiators, so did the people with half-fascinated

gaze, like statues of expectancy, look down upon their representatives, and follow with their eyes the moving lips of the speakers. The silence in the galleries was profound, and though many of the now confident Opposition were inclined to levity, the near approach of the closing act of this legislative drama tinged the imagination with a seriousness ungenial to mirthful fancies. When it was announced that a vote was to be taken a slight vibration went through the audience, and a long breath was taken preparatory to another period of unbroken stillness. The votes of the members were given with great coolness, and it was only when Messrs. Flynn, Paquet, Chauveau, Racicot and Fortin voted against the Government that any breach of silence occurred in the galleries. In each case a trifling murmur made itself audible. The result of the voting was greeted with loud applause by the Opposition members, and was received with some slight appearance of regret by the Ministerial party. The Ministers, however, were very cool and were apparently less excited than during the morning debate. In the galleries the announcement did not create much commotion: the occupants seemingly awaited further developments. However, in this they were disappointed, as Mr. Joly, without any visible emotion in face or tone moved the adjournment of the House till 11 a. m. Thursday. The names of the "rats," as the seceding Liberals are called, are banded about in conjunction with terms the reverse of polite and complimentary, and it is amusing to hear Irishmen of both sides congratulating themselves that their chief like men. Except by hard and fast party-men, the action of Mr. Flynn has not been deemed dishonorable as he had shaped his course, and stated his views from his seat in Parliament previous to the adjournment, and although he said at the time that under the then existing circumstances, coalition was not feasible, he sufficiently explained his sentiments to make it clear to all parties that he was prepared to cut all party ties in favor of coalition if the interests of the country demanded it. Whether the present state of the Province demands coalition or not, is a question for debate, but thoughtful men must admit that if Mr. Flynn be impressed with the affirmative idea, it is wild nonsense to accuse him of treachery, because to-day, acting on this belief, he leaves his party and advocates coalition. There has been consistency in Mr. Flynn's conduct, and whether he may have based his action on right or wrong premises it is not justifiable to impugn his honor. Mr. Paquet, it is well known, was influenced by the Premier's refusal to give a subsidy to the Levis and Kennebec Railway Company, whose treatment of the English bondholders has long since been recorded as a piece of Canadian sharp practice, worthy of Nantucket's wooden nutmeg celebrity. It is also currently reported that Mr. Paquet has been captivated by a most beautiful and estimable young lady, whose father occupies a high position in Conservative circles, and it is said the profession of Liberal politics was found to be an obstacle which Mr. Paquet was forced to remove. A rugged old Rouge bachelor may grow about treachery, but let any ordinary man put himself in Mr. Paquet's place, and try to condemn him if he can. Mr. Paquet, therefore, has an excuse, and one that will enlist the sympathy of the fair sex in his behalf.

Well, the Joly administration is among the things that were. A dissolution has been refused and doubtless to-morrow will announce the selection of Mr. Chapleau as principal Crown advisor. Your telegraphic despatches have given you the names of the supposed new Cabinet, but these nominations are mere creations of rumor. Nothing reliable has yet transpired. The air is full of rumors. One is that the illness of the Hon. Hector Langevin has been a feint, and that the wily statesman remained in Quebec to engineer the successful plot of the Conservatives. Another more startling states that a Railway Ring is in existence, having for its object the leasing of the North Shore Road. As it is almost certain that the Dominion Government will ultimately take over the road, the Ring will then bleed the Province in the shape of a bill of damages for the estimated profits lost by reason of the road being taken from them. Many people are anxious to know what profound interest has Mr. L. A. Senecal in the success of the Conservatives? Why is it that if you cannot find a Conservative member in the House, you are almost sure to find him at Mr. Senecal's chambers? Keep your weather eye open and if you don't ferret out a coming scandal I am very much mistaken.

Leaving politics for commerce I must tell you your portland of a harbour has got to look to its laurels. A cargo of sawn lumber for the European market, has arrived from Ottawa by the Q. M. O. & O. Railway to be transferred from the cars to the ship at the Commissioners' wharf, and at a figure the river craft cannot compete with. This is the first of a revolution in freighting that will eventually deprive Montreal of its English and South American lumber trade. This pioneer cargo is shipped by Carbray & Routh.

One of the most reliable medicines for Headache is Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.--EACH year finds "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs and Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have been proved reliable. NO ONE SHOULD TRAVEL WITHOUT BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It is good all the time for diseases incidental to traveling. A few drops will destroy the evil effects resulting from the use of strange waters and may often save life. Druggists sell it. CHILDREN WHO PICK THEIR NOSES, are most generally afflicted with worms. How they get into their little stomachs, it may be difficult to know, but it is easy to get them out by using BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS or Worm Lozenges. They are pleasant to take: children like them, but worms don't. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the best prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, colic, and, by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.





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AN EVENING AT ST. GABRIEL'S. Grand Musical and Dramatic Entertainment.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA. This chartered College, directed by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS. WEDNESDAY. The Bank of Scotland dividend for the past year will be at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum.

What the World Has Been Wanting for Centuries. The greatest discovery of our day, so far as a large portion of humanity is concerned, is CARBOLINE.

Medical. RHEUMATISM OR GOUT ACUTE OR CHRONIC SALICYLICA SURE CURE. Manufactured only under the above Trade Mark.

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NEWSPAPERS. THE "TRUE WITNESS" - IS THE - Cheapest Catholic Weekly Printed in the English Language.

NO CATHOLIC FAMILY Should be without a Good Newspaper like the "TRUE WITNESS."

For purity of expression, embodying the sweetest genius of song, this little opera is most acceptable, reviving bygone memories, and fabled legend, and presenting to us snatches of a mythological and juvenile tradition.

THE MAN WITH THE DEMON. This barlesque evoked much merriment consequent on the presentation of two comical recitals.

THURSDAY. The output of the Madoc Iron Mines is on the increase. Forty persons will leave Ottawa for Manitoba next week.

Standing Bear, the Ponca Chief, was tendered a reception at Boston yesterday. 132 miles an hour was the velocity of a storm on Mount Washington yesterday.

THE GREAT AND ONLY Hair Restorative. READ THE TESTIMONIALS. CHAS. LANGRISH, DAVISVILLE, CAN., Nov. 8, 1878.

McVEIGH'S SOVEREIGN REMEDY. Please read the following testimonials of prominent and respectable citizens of Montreal who have used my remedy.

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

Marble Working. S.T. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS, 91 BLEURY STREET.

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MISCELLANEOUS. \$55.66 Agents Profit per Week. 20 Lovely Rosabud Chromo Cards.

FURS! FURS! EDWARD STUART, PRACTICAL FURRIER, Corner of McGill and Notre Dame Streets.

Furniture. OWEN MCGARVEY, MANUFACTURER OF EVERY STYLE OF PLAIN AND FANCY FURNITURE.

Advocates. DOHERTY & DOHERTY, No. 50 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL. This very suggestive lesson, teaching the moral of contentment, and which portrayed the discontent of a child of fortune who sighed for other than her lot.

THE REV. FATHER BROWN. The Rev. Father Brown, whose beneficent accents endorsed the views of the preceding speaker and enjoined upon those present to cling to their pastor, whose labors they would find efficacious in their service.

INFORMATION WANTED. Mrs. Daniel Twigg's maiden name Maria Waldron, whose husband was a shoemaker by trade and formerly twenty years lived on Wellington Street.

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THE BALLOON PATHFINDER. The balloon Pathfinder, which was blown down last night. Herbert Benton and Frankie Woodard shot themselves dead with the same pistol at Oakland, Cal.

THE COLORADO PRESS. The Colorado Press wants the Indians exterminated and the lands thrown open to miners.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED. The death is announced, in her seventy-third year, of Mrs. Cumming, wife of the Rev. Dr. Cumming.

THE PROPERTY ADJOINING THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. The property adjoining the New York Stock Exchange was bought yesterday for \$375,000, for the purpose of enlarging the Exchange.



