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ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Opening of the new Catholic Church in the East End—Benediction by Bishop Fabre—Grand High Mass and Sermon by Rev. Father McCarthy, Redemptorist Fathers—Presentation and address.

On Sunday, the 6th of November, at 10 o'clock, the new Catholic Church of St. Mary's, corner Craig and Panet streets, was opened in due form by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated within its walls for the first time. It was crowded to the doors, and the first thing that struck every one who had not seen it before was its extreme beauty, its chaste appearance, the elegance of its workmanship, its marvellously beautiful altar and the harmonious proportions of the interior in even the minutest particulars. The coloring was especially pleasing to the aesthetic eye, subdued from a pure whiteness, so that it was to a faithful imitation of Carrara marble. From time to time, according as the building progressed, it has been noticed in the columns of The Post, and the facts and figures connected with it given to the public to such an extent as to render repetition unnecessary here, except outlined in the briefest manner.

St. Bridget's parish was canonically established on the 7th December in the year 1867. For the entire eastern portion of the city, which was for some years becoming more and more thickly populated, there existed then but the church of St. Peter and the humble chapel which was situated over the Brothers' school on Dorchester street, and which received the name of St. Bridget. Up to yesterday this chapel was used in turn by the French and Irish population. The need, therefore, of a separate temple of prayer, the use of which would be undivided, has long been felt in the East End, and it is now over thirty years since the project of building a church for the Irish Catholic population was mooted. At that early period, the first to interest himself in securing a place of worship for the people was the late lamented Father O'Brien; for some time he did all in his power to push on the good work, when it fell to the lot of the Rev. Father O'Farrell, now Bishop of Trenton, to follow in the same direction. Their zealous efforts, however, though not in vain, did not accomplish the object in view. They however, left to their successors a certain amount of money which had been collected for that purpose. For some years after the project was laid in abeyance, until the Rev. Father Lonergan set his heart on the holy work, and his mind and hand to carry it out. He had to depend upon the generosity and union of parishioners who did not number over two thousand. A beautiful and imposing church and which now stands an honor and an ornament to the parish, all are aware of the zeal, the activity, the sacrifices, and the energy the pastor of St. Bridget's displayed in the construction of the new St. Mary's church, and all will acknowledge that a debt of gratitude and of honor is due to him. Now the French and the Irish have their respective temples of prayer. The latter have been steadily on the road of progress and prosperity all through these years. They possess the advantages of a good school under the direction of the Christian Brothers, whilst there exist several private schools throughout the parish, as well as the St. Mary's Academy for which the Nuns of the Congregation preside. Then another source of strength and union in the parish lies in its various societies. There is the St. Bridget's Temperance and Benefit Society, which has done an incalculable amount of good among the male portion of the parishioners and which, by the way, is the strongest in the Dominion. This parish can also boast of having in its midst the only Irish Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which does so much for our poor.

Finally, we see the progress and the success which has attended the organization of the St. Bridget's Catholic Young Men's Association. Then there is the Ladies' Rosary and Benevolent Society which numbers over 250 members. The ladies of this Society have devoted considerable of their time and labor to the building of the church, and they now intend to purchase the marble altar, which will be ready for, and will be erected on, the 1st of February, 1882. This altar will cost \$2,700. The glory of this progress and prosperity of St. Bridget's parish is due to nobody but the parishioners themselves and their respected pastors. Their work was silent but persistent; they have triumphed over all difficulties, and they are now in no respect behind any other parish in the diocese.

The following is a list of the gentlemen present by special invitation:—M. P. Ryan, J. P. O'Connell, M. P.; J. J. Curran, Q. C.; J. K. Archambault, Q. C.; the Hon. J. L. Blandy, Mayor; Edward Carter, Q. C.; Ald. Donovan, James O'Brien, Esq.; R. A. Quinn, Esq.; Alderman Jeannotte, H. J. Kavanagh, Esq.; P. Wright, J. O'Flaherty, Esq.; J. Sarnaghi, M. P.; Prof. J. Lacroix, J. J. O'Connell, N. P.; John P. Whelan, Messrs. Petras & Roy, architects, and LePage & Pella, builders. St. Bridget's Temperance Society and the St. Bridget's Catholic Young Men's Society were present in regalia, with their banners, and the following representatives of societies were also present by invitation: Messrs James Mullally, St. Bridget's T. A. & B. Society; Denis Maloney, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; H. Hennessy, St. Bridget's Catholic Young Men; O. McDonald, Y. I. L. & B. Association; Matthew Walsh, St. Vincent de

Paul Society; J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. Sharky, St. Patrick's Temperance and Benefit Society.

The church was crowded to its fullest capacity, the gallery, which is to have pews also, had its share of worshippers. And here it may be remarked that the gallery curves out into the body of the building in the segment of a circle, except the wings which are thrown back in lines running parallel with the altar, as also that the whole is arranged with the greatest care in the way of acoustics, so that a sermon can be heard from all parts of the Sacred Edifice with the greatest ease.

Bishop Fabre was arrayed in full canonicals. The officiating priests were Father Plamondon, Father McAuley, of Stanstead; Father Lesfèvre, Superior of Oblate Fathers. Mass was celebrated by Father Dugas, assisted by Father Brown of St. Huges, and Aubrey of St. Gabriel. Before the celebration of Mass, the Wardens of the church presented themselves before His Lordship on the space to the right of the altar, and Mr. Riordan read the following address:

To His Lordship E. C. FABRE, Bishop of Montreal:

My Lord.—The pastor and parishioners of St. Mary's are proud to greet your Lordship this morning in the new St. Mary's Church. They hail in your person the representative of authority, the first pastor of this vast and flourishing diocese; moreover, they receive as friend and father one whose interest in their welfare has been evidenced most clearly during the building of this church. Useless to recall on this solemn occasion the many trials we have gone through before seeing the completion of the good work.

For over thirty years we have struggled to build up in this eastern part of the city a monument of our faith and of our love of religion. We thought it right to erect here a standing and eloquent proof of Irish faith.

Our number is few, our strength limited, and has been our strength and obedience our force.

It is our greatest consolation to-day to state that not one step has been taken in this enterprise without the sanction of authority. We know full well, "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," and unless authority, contributed by God to govern here below in His stead, biddeth or permiteth, God Himself bids not and permits not.

My Lord, accept our thanks for your kindness, and bring home at the same time to your noble predecessor the deep expression of our gratitude. Tell him that his name as well as your own shall be engraved on our hearts more solidly than on the walls of this sanctuary; that his name and your own will go down to posterity blessed and cherished by the Catholics of the East End.

May this monument of faith, the price of many sacrifices on the part of both Pastor and people, draw down on our homes the choicest blessings of Heaven. Our first prayer here is a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty, and our first demand is a supplication on behalf of St. Mary's parish, on behalf of Canada, our dear adopted land, on behalf of Your Lordship's welfare, and last, but not least, an ardent prayer for our dear old Ireland.

His Lordship briefly replied. He, from the bottom of his heart, congratulated the Catholics of the East End in having raised such a noble edifice to the glory of the Most High God. They had worked with zeal, faith and earnestness against very great difficulties and they had succeeded. The English speaking Catholics who wrought the good work were comparatively few in number, but they were strong in religion and their efforts should be an example to incite others to similar action. God crowns their efforts and those of their pastor, because their faith was strong and their sacrifices generous. The intention at first was to call the new Church St. Bridget's, but on consideration, it was given what His Lordship thought the most appropriate name of St. Mary. It was situated in St. Mary's Ward. Ask the counsel of this Blessed St. Mary when in difficulties and it will be granted, and remember, She is always present. His Lordship concluded by thanking the wardens of St. Mary's Church for their address.

Before service commenced, Father Simon Lonergan said he would speak a few words of explanation. Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, had promised to preach the sermon of the occasion, but, he regretted to say, owing to the amount of labor which devolved upon him in connection with the Synod, and the continuous demand upon his time of late, His Lordship found it impossible to come to Montreal. In this extremity he had rapped at the door of the Redemptorists of Quebec, and Father McCarthy had kindly responded. While speaking he (Father Lonergan) would take the opportunity of quoting an old proverb, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed," and of stating that among others from whom he had obtained material assistance was Father Campion, of St. Bridget's, whom he had indeed found a friend in need.

Father McCarthy is an easy, graceful preacher, whose words fall slowly and pleasantly on the ear, and whose diction and elocution are faultless. He took for his text the 8th verse, fifth chapter of the Book of Psalms:—"But as for me in the multitude of thy mercy, I will come into thy house; I will worship towards thy holy temple, in thy fear." We regret the limited space at our command will not permit of a *verbatim* report of the eloquent sermon of Father McCarthy. The following is the *synopsis verba*:—It was a great pleasure to behold a successor of the Apostles, as authorized by our Saviour Jesus Christ, taking part in the solemn ceremony of the occasion; it was a pleasure to behold their beloved pastor assisting, and it was a pleasure to behold the people, through whose generosity the sacred edifice was raised, present at the same ceremony, and all actuated by the joyous feelings, which such an occasion brought forth. It is a cause for consolation in these days of rationalism and infidelity to be able to turn our eyes to the sacred buildings which are every day erected by the zeal of the pastor

and the generosity of the people, all protesting against the infidelity which surrounds them, all proving that God is strong, and his commandments will be kept for a thousand generations. Your faith teaches you that it is one of the greatest privileges to the Majesty of God. You can imagine you can hear our Divine Saviour telling you he is pleased with your building Him a house, and that He also will build you a home in heaven. The only time our Blessed Lord ever complained was when He said: "the birds of the air have nests, foxes have their holes, but the Son of Man has not where to lay His head." The Catholic Church has, in every age and clime, tried to blot out this reproach of our Redeemer; it has tried to make amends for the omission of other days by raising noble buildings to God all over the earth. It is characteristic of Catholicity to encourage the erection of temples to God; it is her duty, and it is the duty of all of us. We must do it, and you can look round you to-day and rejoice that you have performed that sacred duty; the consciousness of it will be to you always a comfort, for here you can pour out your heart and implore temporal and spiritual blessings before the altar which your zeal and piety have erected. It is written that God would have spared Sodom and Gomorrah if ten good men could have been counted in it, but surely we are warranted in supposing that here in the church, before God's holy altar, there are not only ten but hundreds of good Christians. This, then, is a sacred spot, hallowed and consecrated, where for centuries to come prayer will ascend and sacrifices be offered for spiritual and temporal gifts by the descendants of those kneeling here to-day. God's presence fills the whole universe; Heaven is His throne and the earth is His footstool, and He can hear the prayers of His children from any part of created nature. But he has from time to time expressed the wish to be served in particular places. Jacob slept with a stone for his pillow, he wrestled with an angel and he said, "this place shall be a house of God." When Moses approached the burning bush a voice said, "take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The Israelites carried the Tabernacle with them in their wanderings; David danced for joy before it, but it was reserved for his son Solomon to erect the most magnificent temple history has record of. A cloud rested over the temple on which was the Lord; and the oblations placed on its altar were consumed by a miraculous fire. If such grandeur was exhibited in the old law, what must it be in the new law. Solomon's temple with all its glory, its riches, its gorgeousness was but a figure of the Catholic Church. The blood of oxen was offered up in it, but behold how we have the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as a sacrifice! He is always here on our altars by day and by night. David had the Ark of the Covenant brought to his capital, but here you are before God himself. They had the shadow, we have the substance.

The sweet name of Mary, the Blessed Virgin and Mother of God, is associated with the Church. Under Her powerful patronage many generations will grow up around it and give praise to God before this altar. The beautiful building is a credit to St. Mary's Ward. I had no idea it was so grand until to-day. Your charity, my beloved brethren, is not cold; your faith is not dormant, and your generosity is glorious. Let the good work continue; every stone in the edifice is sacred; it was a mere building yesterday, henceforth it will be the Church of God forever. Always remember when you enter that God is here; say, like Jacob, "This is no other than the House of God," from here prayer will ascend to Heaven like incense. He will not despise a contrite heart beseeching Him from here.

All honor and glory must be given to God, my beloved brethren, and He will give us grace and strength in return. Let us be thankful for this great mercy, and let us say, like the Psalmist: "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place wherein Thy glory dwelleth." When the preacher had concluded his sermon the following address was read to Father James Lonergan:—

REV. J. LONERGAN, Parish Priest St. Bridget's.

We, the English speaking parishioners of St. Bridget's, respectfully beg to express to you our sincere gratitude and best thanks on this auspicious occasion, namely, the formal consecration of the new St. Mary's Church by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal.

After many, many long years of expectation and disappointments this great labor of the erection of an Irish church in the East End of the city has at length been fully accomplished.

All must admit that to your untiring energy, zeal and indomitable exertions, under the guiding hand of Divine Providence, whose devoted servant you are, this great work, this beautiful church, the new St. Mary's, has been brought to completion. It is a fact patent to all that for upwards of twenty-five years, efforts have been made without any practical result in the direction of erecting a church for the Irish in St. Bridget's; but not till your advent as Parish Priest was the realization achieved, and brought to a successful conclusion.

When you took charge of St. Bridget's, only a few years ago, you found us without a church. You immediately set to work with that business talent and vigour of which you are possessed in a remarkable degree, and determined that this state of things must not exist.

You called a meeting of the parishioners and decided upon the erection of this church, and in which Divine Worship has this morning been celebrated, costing, I believe, up to this date, nearly \$40,000. Rev. Father, let anyone view the exterior and interior of this church and he will admit that it is a credit to the parish, to our race, and an ornament to this city; and in which, we, our children and children's children will

praise and glorify the Almighty God, to whose honor and glory it has this day been consecrated. That the name of our dearly beloved pastor, Rev. James Lonergan, will be fondly cherished and remembered in connection with this sacred edifice as long as it exists. That you have been nobly assisted by your excellent brother, the Rev. S. Lonergan, whose untiring exertions and arduous labors in this regard, have been highly appreciated by the parishioners.

In conclusion, Rev. Father, we earnestly hope and pray the Almighty God, whose minister you are, may vouchsafe you many years of health and happiness amongst us.

On behalf of the Parishioners,
JOHN BARRY,
M. P. RIORDAN,
T. HESPENANAN,
JOHN HOULAHAN,
THOS. GAYNOR,
A. BANERMAN,
T. MURPHY,
JOHN MURRAY.

Montreal, 6th November, 1881.

Father James said in answer: I desired no thanks, I deserve none; I make no pretensions; you yourselves have performed the work; you have erected this beautiful building to God; my share of the task has been small and it was at all events my duty. We have been nobly assisted by gentlemen from the West End, to whom we can never be too grateful, they have given us generous and substantial assistance which shall never be forgotten, and for which God will bless them. I am not, I assure you, indulging in mock humility when I say this, but speaking the simple truth, I have done my duty, nothing more. Men of St. Bridget's thank you, and I also take this solemn occasion to express my gratitude and the gratitude of the new parish to the men of the east and west, and to tell them they are always heartily welcome to come here. I shall say no more gentlemen, but to thank you once more. Language, they say, is silver, but silence is gold. Father James spoke with very great emotion which was appreciated by all present.

THE U. S. WARSHIP "ALLIANCE."

A FOUR MONTHS' CRUISE IN THE ARCTIC SEAS—NO FINDINGS OF THE "JEANETTE."

HALIFAX, Nov. 1.—The U. S. warship "Alliance," Commander G. W. Wadleigh, which for the past four months has been cruising in the Arctic Seas in search of the missing exploring ship "Jeannette," arrived here to-day on her way to New York, having during her absence seen or heard nothing of that vessel. On the 16th of last June, having landed her battery, keeping only one small gun for firing signals, the "Alliance" sailed for Norfolk, Virginia, on her way to the Northern regions, touching at St. John's Nfld.; Belkjavik, in Iceland; Hammerfest, Norway and Spitzbergen for coal and other necessities. In running along the ice limits between Spitzbergen and Greenland, Green Harbour and South Gate were visited. The whole of August and half of September were spent in cruising under steam and sail, but not a sign was seen nor could any tidings be obtained of the "Jeannette." The ship managed to get as far north as eighty degrees ten minutes, but further it was impossible, ice being packed firm and impenetrable. On the 16th of September Hammerfest was again visited, coal was taken in, and the ship returned to Spitzbergen, making further search until the 26th. They then proceeded to Belkjavik, skirting the ice pack, and from there came direct to Halifax, making the passage in seventeen days, and encountering no ice whatever on the Banks of Newfoundland. The lowest at which the thermometer stood during the four and a half months' voyage was 23°, and during August, when in Spitzbergen, it was as high at times as 50°. On the 1st of September gales of wind and cold, accompanied by heavy snow and sleet storms, commenced, and until arrival here it was very tempestuous, gales blowing continually from the southwest and southeast. During August the weather was fine, with the exception of an occasional mild snow storm. Observations were taken at different times in Iceland and Spitzbergen for the dip and variation of the compass, and a collection of *fauna* and *flora* was made at the latter place. As far as practicable observations were also taken of the temperature of the sea. The health of the crew in the North was excellent, and no complaints of any kind were heard. Since leaving Norfolk last June, until her arrival here to-day, but twenty-two days were spent in port by the "Alliance." Upon her return to New York, for which place she will leave about Sunday, the ship will be re-equipped as a regular man-of-war, with her battery, &c.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.

ROME, Nov. 7.—The anniversary of the battle of Mentana was celebrated at Milan and Mantua. Two speakers at Milan and one at Mantua were silenced by the police.

VIVISECTION.

LONDON, Nov. 5.—Prof. Ferrier, of King's College, has been summoned at the instance of the London Society for the Protection of Animals from vivisection to answer a charge of having made experiments on a dog and two monkeys during the International Medical Congress in the presence of Charlot, Virchow, Goldby and other celebrated physiologists, full reports of which appeared in the *Lancet*. The case will be heard on the 7th inst.

CONFEDERATE FUNDS IN ENGLAND.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 4.—General Joseph Davis, nephew of Jefferson Davis, states that there is money in the Bank of England to the credit of the Confederate Government. Jeff. Davis expressed a similar opinion before his departure for England. All the funds owned by the Confederate Government at the time of the surrender were \$150,000 in the hands of Jacob Thompson, in Canada, and probably as much more in the possession of Governor McRae, Financial Agent of the Confederacy in England. McRae sent a considerable sum to Chas. O'Connor to defend Jeff. Davis and other Confederate leaders threatened with prosecution by the Federal Government. The lawyer, however, refused to accept compensation. Gen. Davis believes the funds have all been expended long since.

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS.

QUEBEC, Nov. 7.—An extra of the *Official Gazette* was issued to-day, containing three proclamations; one dissolving the Legislature; another ordering the issuing of writs for the new elections, which are to bear date on the 7th inst., and are returnable on the 10th inst., and nominations on the 25th inst., except the writs for Gaspé, Chicoutimi, and Saguenay, which are made returnable on the 28th of December. The third proclamation calls Parliament together, *pro forma*, for the 29th of December.

Blackjack is a Missouri town of some sentiment, notwithstanding its name, for it has just had an elopement, involving a furious pursuit of the flying pair by the girl's father on horseback, a charge of shot fired scattering into their backs, a runaway by all the scared horses, a fight between the two men and the final triumph of the lovers.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Sir,—I am very much disgusted at the bad taste displayed by the Montreal newspapers on several occasions of late. I did at one time flatter myself that the mainly part of the Anglo-Saxon character had descended to Canada, and that, therefore, a little pugilistic treat would be appreciated as it deserved. But what is actually the case? Well, I am ashamed to say that the love of the manly art has died out amongst you, if indeed you ever received it, and that all your enthusiasm is thrown away upon boat racing and lacrosse, in which the Celtic Gauls and Conlys, and Maguire, and Lalley, and Farmers, are supreme. Spirit of Tom Sayers, shade of Ben Cham, could you for a moment revisit the scenes of your youth what an amount of degeneracy you would discover? [Note.—Dear Sir: I am aware that those two illustrious men were never in Canada, but the little mistake will be forgiven for the sake of the classic language in which it is made.] I stood with my eye-glass firmly fixed when the noble Bradlaugh fought his way into the House of Commons against desperate odds, and radical, agnostic, and all as he is, my heart went out to him for his valor. He is at least a representative Englishman and does honor to the Northampton electors and their good soles. I watched the combat between Stephens and Gilman in Montreal with intense interest, for I saw that the national English spirit had not yet died out while two such champions lived to uphold its principles. I saw David pitch into Geddes on Sherbrooke street, and my heart bounced within me as I observed the second edition of the Sayers and Heenan mill. And yet the rascally newspapers have the effrontery to criticize the conduct of the principals in those manly pastimes. Whether are we drifting? I have seen pictures of Donnybrook fair, where our artists represent the Irish as pitching into each other like furies, and I thought to myself how much better we can do those things in Old England and her colonies than the rebellious Irish. The Irish have degenerated altogether while we are only degenerating. Not a blow was struck in their miserable Dublin convention, not a black eye given or received at the numerous Land League meetings, the name of Brian Boru, or the Shan van Vocht was never mentioned, there was no attempt at a row, and yet those people make pretensions to civilization and demand their freedom. All honor to the pugilists of Montreal; long live the P. R., and down with the newspapers, who know nothing about art, and less about aesthetics. What, by the way, do the newspapers mean by their bold, disjointed chat about independence? Do they really want to sever the connection between Canada and England, two countries whom nature has so closely united? I know what I should do with rebels and annexationists if I had the power; eye, and with the newspapers. Freedom of speech, forsooth. No, no, buckshot for me; I would simply string them up by hundreds and blow them from the mouth of the cannon by thousands. I would exhaust every one of the resources of civilization on them if they did not become loyal. I am a born legislator. What can be a happier than that of a British subject. Many and many a night have I lain down and taken a hungry sleep, dreaming of succulent beefsteaks and oysters and fried kidneys and such, and yet never an independence thought entered my mind. I would rather starve under the glorious Union Jack, than have four square meals a day (and two lunches) under any other flag. Indeed, when hunger torments me more than usual, when the "resources of civilization" fail in procuring me a dinner, when my stomach is withi measurable distance of war with my back bones, I crawl along to the wharf and feast my eyes on the grand old standard.

I am very much pained, I take it in fact as a personal affront, that I was not consulted in the nomination of a candidate for Montreal West. I am an Englishman, and am, therefore, the best person to tell the impulsive electors of that constituency what is good for them. Say, what right have they to go around grumbling about representatives? What is a caucus good for if not to nominate? Answer me those questions. But I have to break off here, I have just been invited out to lunch, and when that is so everything else in creation sinks into utter insignificance.

Yours, &c.,
SNOOKS.

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WIRE, SCISSORS AND PEN.

Twelve new brick yards are to be started in St. Boniface next spring.

More than 3,000 women are employed in the railway offices of Austria.

The poet Whittier receives 200 applications every year for his autograph.

Mrs. General Fremont is said to be writing a tragedy for John McCullough.

A Chicago account of a brawl says "the imbroglgio finally culminated in an emuete."

When a man goes out between the acts he shows a cloven foot.—*Intemperate Paragrapher*.

The peanut crop this year will only amount to 900,000 bushels, against 2,350,000 last year.

The monastic establishments closed by the French Government a year ago are still standing empty.

The exports at Prescott in October amounted to \$68,817, triple that of the same month of last year.

"Rusolia," the full sister of "Maud S.," owned by Mr. Steele, of Philadelphia, has been broken to harness.

It is said that the running horse "Bancroft" has turned trotter, and can already go a mile in three minutes.

If Ananias had lived in these days he would have passed for a simple, guileless old man.—*Outrageous Exchange*.

Panama Canal shares in August were quoted in Paris at \$23.50 to 530 francs per share; in fact, being at a premium.

The crying baby at the public meeting is like a good suggestion—it ought to be carried out.—*London Commercial Bulletin*.

Tobaccoists have discovered that a little red label on a five cent cigar makes it worth ten cents. Smokers have not yet discovered the fact.

Miss Bird, the authoress, has lately married, and is now Mrs. Bishop. The King of Siam has just bestowed upon her the order of "Kapalani," in recognition of her literary work.

"Pilot Temple," one of the earliest trotters of note in the West, died last week in St. Louis. He was sired by "Pilot J.," out of the dam of "Flora Temple," his name being acquired from his breeding. "Pilot Temple" was foaled in 1859, and had a record of 2.24.

The sermon that the Rev. James L. Hill delivered at Lynn, several days ago, was not remarkable in quality; yet the preacher became so affected that he had to lean on the desk for support, the sexton fell flat in an aisle, the choir could not sing the doxology, and a number of women were carried out in a fainting condition. It was coal gas from the heater, and not eloquence from the pulpit, that produced this commotion.

The Leeds staff of the telegraph office there are receiving high honors for having transmitted to the London papers on one night of the Gladstone oration over half a million of words. One London paper took a special train, with a parlor car for its staff, to London, the instant the banquet was over. The entire report was finished on the arrival of the train in London, and a mounted messenger flew with it to the compositors.

The Canadian branch of the Caledonian Club, of Scotland, held its annual meeting yesterday afternoon, Col. Dyde, President, in the chair. After the reading of the reports, which were very satisfactory, a communication was read from the Governor-General, announcing his intention of donating two cups to be played for among the several clubs in the Dominion during the present winter. Five medals were awarded for competition between the following clubs, viz: Sherbrooke Club vs. Thistle Club, of Carillon; Arnprior Club vs. Belleville Club; Almont Club vs. Perth-upon-Tyne Club; Montreal Club vs. Three Rivers Club; Ottawa Club vs. Quebec Club. Col. Dyde was re-elected President; and Mr. Alex. Mitchell Secretary-Treasurer.

REVIEW OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, &c.

NORTH AMERICAN.—This Review for November is most interesting. It contains three articles from different authors on the constitutional question of the President's liability.

A second edition, with valuable additions, of Mr. T. M. Healy's work, "Why there is an Irish Land Question" has been published by Mr. H. Gill & Son, Sackville street, Dublin. It is an exhaustive treatise on a subject, written by a man, who, it is admitted, is its master. It contains over 150 pages, and may be purchased for a shilling.

THE THREE GREAT CITIES OF CANADA.—*Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton*—is the title of a work published by Mr. Richard White, of the Montreal *Gazette*. It is a large work, well bound and profusely illustrated, containing photographs of the principal objects of interest in the three cities and their surroundings. Its notice of Montreal is particularly interesting, and the amount of statistical information contained in its pages is very useful.

THE HARP.—This sprightly Irish Canadian magazine, now published by Mr. Cornelius Donovan, of Hamilton, for November, has been received. It has lost nothing by its change of proprietors. The contents are:—A Day of Trial, a tale; Irish Ecclesiastical History; Canadian Essays: The Gaitaneau Valley; Decay of Nations; French and English Characteristics; Sister Mirene, a Syrian tale; Progress of Life; Glass Houses; Fresh Fables; Famous Old Sloges; Mirth, an Essay; Vision of Pere Marquette; Poetry; Editorial Comments: The Irish Question, Duty or Obligation, Bad Reading, The Irish Language, Looking Ahead, Fate Canada, Is a Little Learning a Dangerous Thing? New Serial; Tales for the Young; Power of Prayer; The Three Brothers; Wit and Wisdom.

GET OUT DOORS.

The close confinement of all factory work, the operatives' pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Bop Bitters, the purest and best remedy, especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. They cost but a trifle. Christian Recorder.

MR. BIGGAR, M. P., ON FREE TRADE.

A Press Association telegram says:—Replying to a correspondent's query as to whether free trade benefited or injured Ireland, Mr. Biggar, M. P., says:—"I believe free trade in corn has put money into the pockets of Irish landlords and injured the Irish tenants as a class. Cheap bread increased the consuming power of English large towns for butchers' meat and increased its price; this tempted the landlords to the best lands to depopulate large districts; they did this unmercifully, driving to destruction the cultivators of the soil; this, also, re-acted unfavourably on tenants of poor land, because it increased the demand and enabled landlords to extort an increased rent."

SCIENCE IN FULL PROGRESS.

Thousands cured of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Lung diseases by Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, an instrument which conveys medicinal properties direct to the parts affected. These wonderful instruments are used in all first-class hospitals, and are prescribed by leading physicians. Full directions for treatment sent by letter, and instruments expressed to any address. It is only since Dr. Souville's invention that lung diseases are no longer feared except in their very last stage. Write for particulars to Dr. M. Souville, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal. Read the following notices:—

(From the Montreal Gazette, December 24th, 1880.)

We are pleased to notice that a great many of our best citizens have bought Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer, which is used for the cure of those terrible diseases known by the name of Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, and it is so highly spoken of as if those instruments and preparations were infallible in the cure of such complaints, and to satisfy our curiosity, we visited Dr. M. Souville at his office, 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal, and gave a thorough examination of his invention, so that we can speak with our own authority of it. We think that such a method, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the organs affected by those distressing diseases, cannot fail to be a benefit to humanity, instead of pouring drugs into the stomach and deranging digestion. These wonderful instruments, with their contents, were invented by Dr. M. Souville after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis, and used in hundreds of cases treated by him in the hospitals of Europe. We find the Doctor a well-learned gentleman, and he invites physicians and sufferers to try his instrument free of charge.

Common Sense in Medicine.

(Montreal Star, January 5, 1881.)

Dr. M. Souville, the Parisian physician and inventor of the Spirometer for the scientific treatment of diseases of the lungs and air passages, who recently took up his residence among us, is meeting with excellent success. Already the doctor has had hundreds of patients, who have given his system a trial, and so far as we have learned, with both satisfaction and benefit. Dr. Souville makes a departure from the usual methods of treating diseases of the air passages. He contends that the proper mode of treating them is by inhalation and absorption, not by pouring drugs into the stomach and thus upsetting, and disarranging one part of the system in the hope of benefiting another. This argument certainly has the advantage of being common sense, which is always the best kind of sense. The doctor certainly has the courage of his opinions and confidence in his system, for he gives a standing invitation to his physicians and sufferers to visit him and test his instruments free of charge. His office is at 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send you, free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SERRA, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y. 11-cow-G

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP O'FARRELL.

New York, Nov. 1.—Rev. Father O'Farrell was consecrated Bishop of Trenton, this morning, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Cardinal McCloskey officiating. Canada will be represented. Among others, by Archbishop Lynch, Bishop Fabre, Rev. Fathers Singer and Toupin and Mr. F. McNamee. At the banquet, the President of St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, presented the Bishop with an address and a handsome present. He also bore a magnificent illuminated copy of Lassard's "History of Lourdes," from Hon. J. A. Mousseau, Canadian Secretary of State, to His Lordship. The attendance was immense, and the service impressive. The sermon was preached by Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo.

That marvelous purifier, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, will speedily change the sallow face to one of freshness, health and beauty. It regulates the Bowels, acts promptly on the Liver and Kidneys and strengthens the system when broken down by Nervous or General Debility. Ask your Druggist for a Trial Bottle, the cost is only 10 Cents, Large Bottle, \$1.00.

"Hall beautiful," bounteous, gladsome Spring," this was Mark Twain's prize poem—but the dire disease incident to Spring, spoils the romance. Burdock Blood Bitters is the prize remedy; the remedy prized by all who have tried it as the best. Burdock Blood Bitters is a common Pimple. Sample Bottles 10 Cents, for sale by all dealers in medicine.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee!" and at that precise moment the "bad man" was felled by the weight of the Quaker's walking-stick.

"Now Susan, my boots. Do hurry with them. I am sure I have called for them a dozen times. 'Yes'm; in a minute'm, I heard you, and to save you time and trouble, I thought I'd button them for you before you put them on."

"I don't see," said one Philadelphia lady to another, "I don't see how you can live next door to a rolling mill. Doesn't the clamour annoy you at night?" "Not a bit," was the reply, "in fact it is rather soothing. It drowns the sound of my husband's snoring."

They are talking about ages. "And would you believe," said the lady; "that Mr. Thornton, there, took me for five years less than my actual age! Now, what would you take me for?" "For better or worse, my dear," exclaimed the gallant son of Erin. And he kept his word every many weeks went by.

Just lovely! "My daughter's painting," said Bullbear proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Froggy, slowly, "but what do you call it? what does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"

"Who was George Washington?" asked Professor Stearns. "He was the greatest poet," said the slow boy in the farther seat; "he was versed in war, versed in peace and ver—" But the professor interrupted him to say that he was the worst he ever heard of, and just then the lightning struck the Baptist college.

They had been to see the tragedy of Julius Caesar, and, on their way home, thoughts of the death of the great dictator seemed to affect her so much that she turned to Algerion and exclaimed, "Wasn't it sad to be cut up so horribly?" "Aw, yes," sympathetically responded Gerny; "and he probably had on his best clothes."

A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine large colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. Not long since a friend of his dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments, and then sang out abruptly, and as he imagined, very wittily—"Hello, doctor, is that your portrait!" "Oh, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking-glass."

"Boy, do you know what that can contain?" said a man to a lad who was hurrying along with a tin full of beer. "Beer," responded the stripling promptly. "Exactly," continued the man; "and that beer contains glucose, cocculus indicus, corn-starch, rice-meal and raw grape-sugar, all deadly poisons and enough to kill any man." The lad set the pail down and moved off a little from it, whereupon the man picked it up and was raising it to his lips when the boy interrupted him to say: "Ain't you afraid of it?" "Yes; it's dreadful to die this way, but I don't care to live," and draining it empty he handed the pail back. "He's a goner," muttered the lad, as he walked thoroughly off, "what a narrow escape dad had!"

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired a pedlar. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat or the ice-cream?" "I didn't know, madam, but you might be the youngest daughter." "Oh, did yer?" "Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the l. of the h. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then the pedlar displayed his wares, and when he left that door-step half an hour later his face was full of pleasure and his pockets full of money.

HEADACHE.

Why become a suffering martyr to Headache, when BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will surely cure the cause of all varieties of either Sick or Nervous Headache, cleanse the System, regulate the Secretions, relieve Constipation of the Bowels, purify the Blood, renovate the Liver and tone up the Nervous System, and distressing headache will be unknown? Sample Bottles 10 Cents, Large Bottles \$1.00.

CANADA'S CREDIT ABROAD.

The London Economist says that while the advantages of New Zealand are, in point of climate and soil, uncontestedly superior to those of Canada, yet, as the former owes to England a debt involving an annual payment of \$18.50 per head, while Canada has to pay but \$12.70 per head annually to England, the verdict of the London Stock Exchange in putting Canada four per cents ten per cent higher than New Zealand loans is sound. The Economist considers Canada's power of borrowing far from exhausted.

HAYGARD'S PECTORAL BALM is composed of the most healing balsams and gums. The Balsams, which enter into its composition, were used by the natives when America was first discovered, and are combined with other vegetable tonics, so blended together, that it is a specific for all affections of the throat and lungs. Thousands of bottles are used annually, and it is considered one of the standard preparations of the day.

HERESY.

The Thomas heresy case, which created such a furor in Chicago among the ministers of the Methodist persuasion in that city; has been the cause of much excitement in the same church here. The Methodist Ministers' Association of Montreal have sent out a protest regarding the statement of the Reverend Brother Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, who is accused of going even further than Dr. Thomas. It is reported that two members of the Montreal Association are in full accord with the citizens of the City of Churches will have another controversy here of the same kind which has just been inflamed on Chicago.

Haygard's Pectoral Balm; a few doses relieves the most distressing cough, and a twenty-five cent bottle has cured many a sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Influenza, Hoarseness and Soreness of the Chest. It is the grand specific for all throat and lung complaints leading to Consumption.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Good-bye again, mamma," she says, following her mother into the grand old hall to give her a last caress. "I want to tell you, dear," she whispers hurriedly, "that I shall always remember how you never said a word against him, or spoke disparagingly of my choice, or dissuaded me in any way from my marriage."

Each word meant so kindly falls like a drop of molten lead upon the mother's heart.

"Gretchen," she says, in a low, studied tone, that yet has in it a fear that amounts almost to passion, "I try to be happy, if only for my sake. I hardly know what I have done. But if regret follows on this day it will kill me."

"Why, darling mamma, you forget," returns Gretchen, with surprise, "I have my heart's desire. I am quite—quite happy."

Then Brandy and Dandy (who is beginning to believe himself one of the family, on the strength of officiating at all these weddings) kiss her fondly. And Brandy bestows a last energetic slap upon her shoulder, and tells her to "keep up her courage," and then they all depart carrying Flora with them, who, like Niobe, is all tears, and Gretchen returns to her husband's side.

"It is all over," says Kenneth.

"Yes, well over," returns she smiling. He is extremely pale, and looks dejected. "How nervous it makes one—does it not?" she says, purposely, with a slight sigh. "A ceremony of any sort I mean. Once, I confess, I almost cried. You look upset too, Ken; but we must not be melancholy on our wedding day, must we? And see—even the afternoon is going to be good to us."

The day has indeed changed. The clouds have all dispersed and are quickly disappearing. From behind them the sun is peeping forth, and is sending a cold but welcome greeting to the cheerless earth. Through the window a pale gleam comes, and, lighting on the bride, gives her good-morrow.

"Is not that a very delicate attention on the part of the sun?" she says, gaily. "We are going to have a charming evening. Do you feel as if you had just been married, Ken?—I don't a bit."

"I do," says Dugdale. "We are married—irrevocably so."

"What a dismal tone," says Gretchen, with a merry laugh. "I don't think you are a very flattering bridegroom. And, now I am your wife, I want you to be a fearful tyrant, and I shall forbid any tones but those of the sweetest description. I think I shall run out and see if there are any violets in your—my garden. Oh, I wonder where Hardy put my garden-bag this morning? I hope she hasn't forgotten it. You see,—sauceily—"I am making myself quite at home."

"Have you really no regret?" asks he, earnestly, as though in secret wonder, yet evidently greatly cheered by the brightness and gladness of her manner. "No longing for something in your old life that I cannot give you?"

"Well, to make a humble confession, there really is one thing," says Mrs. Dugdale demurely; "I have a solitary regret, but it is a supreme one; I left a whole box full of the most enchanting burnt almonds upon my dressing-table this morning that Dandy brought me from town, and I know I shall never see them again, as Brandy and Flora will eat them. Is it not heart-rending? When I think of it I could almost weep my spirit from my eyes."

"You certainly are an afflicted being," says Kenneth, and then they both laugh, and Gretchen begins to wonder when luncheon will be ready, as she really ate nothing at the dejeuner an hour ago, and is now very hungry indeed.

CHAPTER XVI.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings; Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures it makes kings."

And time but increases his happiness. For Gretchen's love and care and sweet content grows daily, showing no sign of weakness or decay.

Winter has been conquered and lies low and Spring usurps the throne, casting abroad its universal smile.

April has laughed and wept its merry hour away, and it is now May.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

Deep in the hedgerows these latter flowers are shining in glad clusters like myriad stars, emitting a delicate perfume that pervades the soft wind as their frail leaves open.

"Songbirds are winging Through the balmey air."

their tender notes praise and triumph and delight making still sweeter the fragrant breath of morn. "The sun looks on this world as a glorious eye, and all living things seem to bask and grow and ripen under its touch."

The clock on the chimney-piece has just chimed nine strokes; and Gretchen, with an early cup of chocolate on a small table near her, is leaning back in a chair before her bedroom fire, "gowned in pure white," and with the post upon her lap.

A letter from Kitty is open in her hand, the contents of which have plainly interested her in a more than ordinary degree, as her face is full of thought, and her eyes though apparently intent upon the glowing coals, see apparently visible, but are travelling far away into the misty future.

Lady Blunden's news is varied and diffuse. She and Sir John are now in London; and the session being well commenced, she has plenty of gossip to disseminate.

Arthur Blunden is on his way home from the East, and may be expected in town at any moment. Brandy is stationed near town; and, as Dandy is staying with his aunt at South Kensington, the inseparables are happy. The season is pretty far so far, but not so well as usual, the weather is behaving itself so badly—and the war has created a dullness—and Her Royal Highness—etc., etc.

Georgie Harcourt is to marry the duke, they say, but no one quite believes it yet—she is his third wife, in spite of her lovely smile. The house in Belgrave Square is very charming—all there is, indeed, of the most desirable; and she is very happy—quite happy—but might be even more so if she could only have her dearest Gretchen near her for a little time; and so on.

"There is, perhaps, a greater use of the pronoun 'I' than 'we' in this letter than in the former ones, but still it is bright and joyous and full of affection. Then, just at the end comes the passage that has roused in Gretchen's heart a hope strong and precious,—a hope so terrible in its greatness as to cause its possessor pain.

"There is in town just now a doctor wonderfully clever, they tell me, about the spine. He is quite young, and has started up from no one knows where, but is very talented; at

least he has completely cured that boy of Walsbrook, who was considered, you may remember, a hopeless case. When I hear him spoken of I cannot help thinking of poor Kenneth. If he could do him any good what a blessed thing it would be for you, my darling girl! It appears he has studied the subject deeply—has, in fact, given up his whole time to it—and has some method of his own for strengthening diseased spines learned in some German school. Why not bring Kenneth up to town, if only to see him? I would say have him down; but if Kenneth were on the spot always it would be better. Think it over, dearest; but do not be too sanguine—disappointment afterwards is always so severe, so much worse than the original evil."

Gretchen's hand crumples the letter almost unconsciously. Oh, if he could be cured! If this young man could only give him back his health and strength—nay, even some of his strength—how grateful, how passionately thankful, she would be!

All day she carries the letter in her bosom, not showing it to Dugdale, but vaguely dreaming of its contents, and weaving plans that perhaps may never come to maturity, but still "sweet in sowing."

She is silent and distraught during the evening, sometimes hardly hearing Kenneth when he addresses her. Once or twice he surprises her with wistful longings. It may be that all her hopes and fond fancies are but dreams, fated to melt with the first dawn of day, but at least they yield her for the time being "a dear delight," and make her pulses throb and her heart beat quickly.

"Sorrow may reign for a night," The words haunt her and pursue her from room to room. "What if her sorrow should cease some night—and joy come up with the day?"

"Kissing her bed, counting the weary hours Gretchen lies awake, still thinking of this new star that has arisen in London. With night has come a touch of despair. Now she wonders how she shall persuade Kenneth to see this doctor, and again asks herself whether any good will—or can—come of the attempt if made. It will only torment and worry him to take him up to town, if indeed he even consents to go; and yet—

At this particular moment a faint moan reaches her ear. Her door is open. Starting up in bed, she rises the night-lamp beside her, and listens attentively, with beating heart.

Again the sound comes to her, made louder by the awful stillness of the night and, springing from her bed, she thrusts her naked feet into her slippers, flings a dressing-gown over her, and taking up the lamp, enters the passage that divides her room from Kenneth's. His door is partly unclosed; inside a faint light burns dimly; and as with soft footsteps she crosses the threshold, she sees that he is awake, his arms flung above his head.

He is deadly pale; great drops of dew lie upon his forehead; one of his hands is clenched.

"Kenneth," murmurs she, in a terrified tone, hastening to his side. Opening his eyes with a start, he turns his face towards her.

"My darling, is it you?" he asks, with evident surprise. His voice is like his own, but weaker. Plainly the paroxysm is past.

"Yes—yes. The doors were open, and I heard you moan," returns she, deeply agitated. "What is it, Ken? What can I do for you?"

"I am all right again. It was the old pain in my back, and rather sharper than usual,"—with a sigh of exhaustion. "It goes as suddenly as it comes."

"But to suffer all alone! Why did you not ring for Barker?"

"I hate Barker—and Barker on such occasions," says Kenneth, with a languid smile. I have been so much better of late, I have got out of the way of calling him. My dearest child, I am sorry I disturbed you; but I thought all the doors were fastened. Don't look so frightened; the pain has almost gone. But before you go will you give me those drops on the table over there as you have come to do one good?"

"Why did you not call me sooner?"—reproachfully.

"What wake you from your sleep? Better Barker a thousand times. Do you think I would give you so much trouble?"

"Kenneth," exclaims she, deeply pained, "when will you learn to regard me as your wife? Can there be trouble in helping those we love? Do you think I should hesitate to give you trouble if I were in pain? No; I should say to myself, 'It will be his joy to comfort me.'"

There are tears in her soft eyes; her hand trembles slightly as she holds out to him the glass containing the desired drops.

"But then consider how little I can do for you. The bargain is not equal," returns he, sadly.

She shakes her head in dissent, and watches him in silence as he drinks eagerly what she measured out for him.

"You are really better?"

"Quite better. Go back to bed, darling; you are catching cold standing there."

"I thought those attacks had left you forever," she says wistfully, a sore trouble tugging at her heart-strings.

"I thought so too. But it is nothing. I may not have another attack for a long time again. Forget it, Gretchen, and return to dream-land."

"Dreams are madness when one must face reality, however horrible," she says, with a quickness that has something in it of despair. She has placed her lamp upon the table, and is standing with her small white hands clasped before her, her snowy cashmere gown embroidered in pale blue hanging in straight folds around her, yet hardly concealing the dainty naked feet beneath. She looks like some medieval saint wrapt in grief.

Going nearer to him she gently removes his pillow, shakes it, and returns it to its place beneath his head. But for this action which somewhat relieves her, she feels she must give way to the emotion that is choking her.

"Try to sleep," she says, tremulously, kissing him.

"If only to please you," he promises with a smile.

"Thank you. Good-night, my gentle nurse."

"Good-night, my dear," whispers she, a world of tenderness in the common old-fashioned term of endearment; and then they kiss each other again, and she walks away from him, lamp in hand; while he watches silently her lithe form, clad in its trailing draperies, and likens her in his heart to some fair angel of old, with her soft brown hair unbound, and her light burning; until at last she steps beyond his sight, and the perfect picture is lost to him.

—she says, suddenly, without looking at him.

"Ken, do you know I think I should like to go to London this season."

"A faint pause ensues. There is the rustling of a hastily turned leaf—a quickly-drawn breath—no more. Has it come so soon, then? Has weariness at last made itself felt?"

After awhile, with his face averted, he says, kindly—

"Certainly darling. It will do you good to escape from this stupid place for a little time; you will come back all the happier for the change."

"Yes, dear," says Gretchen, equably, who reads him like a book.

"Where will you go?—to your mother, or to Kitty? Kitty will be better fun."

"To neither," with pretty raised brows of astonishment. "Why should I? Have I not your house in Berkeley Square you have so often described to me? I quite long to see it. Why need I trouble any one, when I have such a pretty home of my own to go to?"

"True. But I fear it will be lonely for you. Such a big house, and no one in it but yourself. You will find it dull."

"Am I ever dull with you dearest?"—with gentle malice.

"With me,"—turning to look at her as she sits on the favorite low seat beside him, her arms embracing her knees, her eyes gazing innocently into his. "What shall I have to do with it?"

"Why, you will be with me, of course."

"You mean to me to London too?"

"Naturally. Should I go without you? I should feel lost—utterly undone. Why, you are part of myself; I cannot do without you. You must come, Ken."

The utmost agony of regret that had grown within his eyes vanishes at her words. A happy light shines there instead, and yet he answers, impulsively—

"Oh, Gretchen, impossible!"

"Is it?"—quietly. "Very well, then we can stay at home and enjoy our spring and summer in the sweet country. What shall I read you now?"

"No, do not read," interrupts he quickly, laying his hand upon the open page that rests upon her knee. "I want to talk—to think."

Gretchen obediently closes the volume and gazes meditatively out of the window. She lets the faintest shadow of disappointment show itself on her brow, knowing that he is earnestly regarding her, and with the mean intention of rendering him still more uneasy, sighs profoundly, but with seeming unconscionance.

"You want to go to town," he says, at last, breaking the silence.

"Just a little. Not so badly that I cannot content myself at home, if you will not go."

"Why not go without me, if only for two months? I should not miss you much. At least I should manage to get on without you; to live until your return."

"I never knew you unkind to me before," retorts she, her eyes filling with tears. "I was foolish enough to think you would miss me—that you could not get on without me. I flattered myself, it seems."

"Taking her hand he presses it to his lips. "Forget my lying," he says slyly. "I didn't mean a word of it. I should be miserable if I left one day without you; but I want you to enjoy yourself."

"Yet you will not help me to it,"—reproachfully.

"Do I not? I say so."

"And I say I cannot enjoy myself without you; so there is no use in going."

"Must I go then?"

"No. We can stay here and be quite happy."

"On the contrary, we can go there and be quite happy. You shall take me where you like, Gretchen, as it seems I am necessary to you. You will never know how proud and thankful that thought makes me. Yes, we shall go to town, my dearest, and I shall find pleasure in hearing your praises said and sung."

"It is a bargain!" cries she, clapping her hands joyfully. "It is my victory, Kenneth, but the reward shall be yours."

"What an oracular speech. Why, you might be a priestess of the gods, your words are so difficult to read. Yours the victory, but mine the wreath. Well, so be it."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Are we all met?"

"Quite so. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal."

Midsummer Night's Dream. The rooms and staircases are crowded. Sweet flowers give forth their richest perfumes as they perish. Only this morning they raised their heads to smile upon a country sun; now, plucked ruthlessly by careless hands, they have reached the town but to die. Some one is singing in the distance, and every now and then the clear notes come to those outsiders unhappy enough to be almost beyond hearing.

Her Grace of Shropshire is "at home" to-day, and all the world of London is assembled in her house. She is a short, emphatic old woman of about sixty-five, acknowledged by all to have the bluest blood and the vilest temper in Christendom; indeed, no one disputes the fact that she is the rudest old person in England, or out of it. Lady Jane, her only daughter, plain and unpleasant as herself, is quite after her own heart in every way, and is a terror to the society in which they mingle. They both go in heavily for charity, and Methodism, and so forth, and are universally detested. The duke is an honest, kind-hearted gentleman, who never lives with his wife unless when he can't help it, and who when in "durance vile" is hardly recognizable by his intimates, so crushed and forlorn does he appear, morally and physically.

able kindness; and Sir John is returning the glance with interest. Lady Blunden sweeps up the room towards Gretchen, who in a window is listening with sweet attention to a dreadful old woman, who will tell her all about the ill-fated Grandfather, killed in the unfortunate affair of—Islandia. (As a rule, people always inflict their grievances upon Gretchen—which is somewhat hard on her.)

Kitty's mouth grows a little hard, and her color fades, as she notes Mrs. Charteris's smile. Drawing her head rather higher, she quickens her steps, and, gaining Gretchen's side, routs the old lady near her—glancing reminiscences and all, with great slaughter, driving her from the field with small delay.

"You have just come," says Gretchen. "I have been looking for you for half an hour."

"Yes; I had to go to inquire for Aunt Maud before I came here. She is better. Are you enjoying yourself?"

"The music is lovely; and some of the women are lovelier. Mrs. Charteris is, I think, the prettiest creature I ever saw."

"She is very fast. And the very lowest form," says Kitty, strangely.

"Is she?" returns Gretchen, surprised. "But I don't think she looks like that, does she?"

"It does," says Cyclamen with grave emphasis. "You disapprove?" says Fanny quickly. "Well, you would, you know, and of course you wouldn't do it on your own; but I don't think you would either; if she could help it. But money makes the man; and what of the fellow? Nevertheless she grins under it, and to hear her abuse the Townleighs is simply delicious."

"Very disgraceful, and very mean," says Cyclamen with a curl of her short upper lip. "It must be bad, though, to want money," says the more tolerant Fanny. "See that red-haired girl; how she gushes, how her body moves with every word she utters."

"She certainly does not possess the repose that marks the Vere de Vere," quotes Cyclamen, with a smile. "Ah! there is Kitty Blunden. How handsome she is! quite lovely when she smiles!"

"Is she?"

"Isn't she?"

"I don't know, really. I have had no opportunity of judging. She never smiles on me."

"My good child, under the circumstances I don't see how you could expect it."

"I don't know what you mean. If you imagine I ever flirt with Sir John you are immensely mistaken. We are quite too old friends for that."

"Oh!" says Cyclamen, unfurling her fan, "I had no idea there was a new name for it."

"Don't be absurd. I assure you the world might with pleasure hear every word I ever said to Sir John or to me."

"Quite so. I am sure to hear it would afford the world exquisite pleasure."

"If you won't believe me,"—with a faint movement—"I can't help it. It may look like it, but I certainly never flirt with him."

"Then permit me to say your manner is a very perfect imitation of it," says Cyclamen, with an impressive laugh.

"I don't I'm getting a bad name. Classy, when you go against me," says her companion, plaintively.

The crowd grows ever thicker. The afternoon is quite a success, the evening excellent. The Duchess has lost her temper only twice, and Lady Jane has distributed, carefully, six tracts and ten wounding remarks. The duke has made his escape, and is at this moment nterly happy, with his nose flattened against the club window staring at the flags of Pall Mall.

Young Dimont and Arthur Blunden—the latter of whom has dropped in for five minutes—are threading their way through the rooms in the lazy, indolent fashion common to those who have little or nothing to do in this world of a day. After twenty minutes pleasantly, they find themselves snugly, if closely, stowed away in a window-recess behind an ottoman, on which, just before them, two women are sitting apparently lost in a serious tete-a-tete.

Only their backs can be seen to Blunden and his companion, but it occurs to Arthur that the hair belonging to the smaller of the two is very good to look at. It is soft and lovely and bright gold, with here and there a touch of brown. She is dressed in some marvelous costume, and on the small, shapely head a perfect bignon of bonnet, all white feathers, rests lightly. He is beginning to wonder vaguely what face is beneath this bonnet, when Dandy breaks silence.

"Crowded, isn't it?" he says, with all the air of one who has made an original remark. Mr. Dimont is looking his best to-day, and has got himself up regardless of expense. His face is bright with expectation and bonhomie, his step is elastic; his garments are something "more exquisite still"—they are so quiet, so unassuming, yet so replete with taste of the most correct.

Mr. Dimont flatters himself that, young as he is, he can give lessons to "bigger fellows" in the art of dressing, and never regards his trim young figure in a passing mirror without a throb of honest pride.

There are no wrinkles about Mr. Dimont, no streak, no "knees." From the crown of his sleek, closely-cropped head to the soles of his boots (that induce the envious beholder to believe they must have grown to his feet, so well-fitting are they) he is quite perfect. His manners are most engaging, and to-day in particular he is affable in the extreme.

"Very," returns Blunden, slowly, wishing the owner of the two little shell-pink ears before him would turn round. "Now tell me who is everybody, will you, as I feel rather out in the cold, having been away from England for so long."

"You mean to tell me you know nobody?"

"Far from it. Such blissful ignorance is not for me; I know most. But I suppose some young stars have presented themselves during my absence, and it is well to know who is to be admired and who isn't. Not that I see much beauty going," says Arthur, sadly, adjusting his glass in his left eye and treating the room to a liberal stare; "very meagre assortment indeed. Makes one sigh for Old England. I hardly notice anybody fit to look at except Kitty Blunden, and she is exquisite. So well bred, you know, and that."

"Oh, all that," says Dandy; "she is the acknowledged belle of the season."

"Of course, without telling. Such color, such finish. She rather puts the others in the shade."

"Not every one,"—warmly, "She is the handsomest woman in London, we all know, but there is still some beauty left. There is Miss Charteris for instance." (The low-toned chatter on the ottoman dies abruptly.) "I haven't seen her here to-day,"—in an aggrieved tone—"but I wish you could see her. I want to introduce you to her. She is awfully pretty and awfully charming."

"And awfully fast, as I'm told"—with an ill-disguised yawn. "Yes, I know all about it; have seen lots of 'em in my time. And—Thanks, old man, but I think I'll defer the introduction until some other day. One gets tired of it, you know, and—er—I can't endure that sort of person to myself."

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physician or medicine did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again; although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family. A lady in Providence, R. I.—Journal.

LAND LEAGUE FUND.

To the Editor of THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR.—Enclosed please find the sum of two dollars as a trifling contribution to the Land League fund.

Yours very truly,

JAMES MARTIN.

Low, P. Q., Nov. 1, 1881.

The following old intercolonial claims are now before Frank Shanly for adjudication:—D. L. McDonnell, \$300,000; Alex. McDonnell, \$130,000; A. F. McDonald, \$250,000; John J. McDonald, \$120,000.

"QUEER STORY."

SOME EXTRACTS FROM A SATIRE WHICH IS EXCITING LONDON.—ADVENTURES OF MISS CARRY LOO IN HER PASSAGE FROM THE CROWN AND SCEPTRE HOTEL AT WINDSOR TO THE GRAND CONFEDERATION HOTEL IN AMERICA.

Some scandal has been caused in London by the publication of a social satire in Mr. Labouchere's paper. Gossip connects it with personages in high station. "Who those personages are may be gathered by the ingenious from the following extract:—

Miss Carry Loo was the prettiest among the daughters of the widowed landlady who kept the Crown and Sceptre Hotel, Windsor, but she gave her good mother much cause for concern by falling in love with a curate named Duckie. It was not that the landlady objected to curates in a general way. She rather liked them in their proper places—pulpits and tea tables—and she admitted that Mr. Duckie had a kind, pleasant voice and dangerously soft eyes. But Duckie was not rich in this world's goods. He had to see more closely after his washing-bills than was compatible with the wearing of fine linen, and as to sumptuous fare, why he looked, said the landlady, "as if he would go down on his bended knees and thank his stars if you asked him to step in and eat a slice of the Sunday joint." Under these perplexing circumstances the landlady consulted her man of business, Mr. Bill, and a long-headed Scotchman named Mr. Mull, who supplied her with her whiskies. Now Bill and Mull were cronies, and Mull had a son called Johnnie, who was a well favored young traveller in the whiskey trade. Mull had heard that Carry Loo had a few hundred pounds of her own, and would inherit a trifle more at her mother's death. Such money would not have lasted long in the hands of an improvident curate, but it would make a nice little capital for a pushing young man of business like Johnnie. Mull thought him that his son might do worse than marry Carry Loo, and he communicated his idea to Mr. Bill, who agreed. Mrs. Loo was then sounded, and declared that the arrangement was the nicest one imaginable. She had often seen Johnnie Mull, and thought him a comely, respectable lad. There are two ways of looking at marriage, and Johnnie and his wife soon placed themselves on opposite standpoints for viewing that institution. Johnnie wanted a wife who could keep house for him and enter actively into his business plans. Carry had married to get her liberty, and her favorite occupation lay in encouraging the assiduties of the lesser clergy. She had received a good education, could sing, and paint cows and trees a little, and chatter a good deal. Her refinement was great, and she had some notions of high art in connection with tea cups and hairdressing. She despised old Mull and the entire family of Mull.

THE CONFEDERATION HOTEL.

One day Johnny Mull received a very good business offer. He was invited to go and act as manager to a prosperous hotel in America. Salary high and everything good. As Carry was the daughter of hotel proprietors, Johnnie thought this would be just the thing for her. And Carry did condescend to cross the Atlantic, but she carefully disabused her husband's mind of the idea that he had become her equal because he was going to lord it over a hotel. It was one thing to have a hotel of one's own and quite another thing to manage other people's property. Johnnie, who had grown to be very much afraid of his wife, acknowledged the justice of this axiom and felt very proud when he had at last got his wife on board the Atlantic steamer. Carry, of course, had a first class cabin, while Johnnie, from economical motives travelled as a steerage passenger. He used to attend her with rings and books when she took her airings on deck, and it was generally supposed that he was her servant. So he was, and very obedient. The Grand Confederation Hotel, which Johnnie Mull went to manage, was a much larger house than the Crown and Sceptre of Windsor, but of course, in point of antiquity and prestige, it could not compare with the latter house; and Carry Mull, once installed in her functions as landlady, lost no time in letting her customers know that she came from a great land, a great hotel and a great family, and would not suffer herself to be treated with familiarity. It is not the custom of Americans to treat ladies with deficient respect, but much as the gentlemen who resorted to the Confederation Hotel endeavored to please the English landlady she was disgusted with their manners, and plainly showed it. She thought the Americans insufferably vulgar, and their women still worse. She had a haughty way of receiving the lady customers of the house, as though she did them a great honor in pocketing their money; and she made a great many vexatious little rules about wiping one's boots on the doormat, dining at table d'hotel in black coats and not smoking in the passages, which ruffled old habits of the hotel and made them grumble about taking their custom elsewhere. But impudence pays sometimes, and by dint of her domineering Carry Mull certainly did earn for the Confederation Hotel the reputation of a very decorously conducted establishment. Nor did gay and rich young men avoid it, for the good looking and sentimental landlady was fond enough of being made love to. She waived rules of etiquette in favor of admirers who squeezed her hand and chucked her under the chin in dark corners. To do these things was perfect ton, according to her judgment.

HOME AGAIN.

So it came to pass that Johnnie Mull, who worked like a head negro under his wife's supervision, amassed some money in the hotel and handed it over to Carry, who announced her intention of spending it on a trip to England. Johnnie was not prepared for this; but his wife cut short his expostulations by stamping her foot. The American climate did not suit her health; she was subject to neuralgia, and a dry country like England, where it never rains, is notoriously propitious to complaints of this class. Besides, she wanted to see her family, and there was an end of it. Johnnie Mull had nothing to say. He meekly accompanied his wife to the steambat, engaged for the best cabin, and having recommended her to the respectful attentions of the captain, returned to his hotel, where some windings were foolish enough to chaff him, saying:—"Where's your fine wife, Johnnie? Has she stepped off? What did this mean? Why were you continually bantering him about his fine wife? Johnnie Mull could not understand it. The hotel customers relapsed into their old easy going ways after Madam's departure, and though there was a good deal of talk about this lady, nobody seemed particularly anxious to see her return. As for Johnnie, he wrote to her sometimes, but got scanty answers. At last old Mull put his hand to paper, and wrote a grievous letter to his son John. He had heard strange things of Carry's goings on, he said. She was going about the country like a fine lady; living upon the best, and dressing as if silks and satins cost sixpence a yard. She was often to be seen with Mr. Duckie, whom she invited to

afternoon tea; but she had quite a string of other admirers, chiefly military, who smoked big cigars and did not scruple to wink at her in public places instead of lifting their hats. All this, remarked old Mull, did not tally with his views of matrimonial proprieties; and he wound up by asking his son John what the latter meant to do? Do? Why, first of all, Johnnie said his wife some more money, because he had just received a note asking imperiously for a remittance. Afterward he sat down to think, but could make nothing of his reflections beyond this—that it was of not the slightest use for his wife to flirt with Mr. Duckie and with the winking officers, seeing that she was married, and could not consequently espouse these gallants. This thought put him into a proper philosophical mood, so that he rubbed his hand. "If she were not married it would be a different thing," he said to himself; "but all the working in the world won't prevent her from being still my wife. And as my wife she owes me obedience, of course. Everybody knows that."

Thereupon Johnnie posted his remittance; and he has been posting the same kind of things at regular intervals ever since.

IN CASES OF CHRONIC DISEASE which doctors have failed to cure, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS has achieved its greatest triumph. All diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Piles, Female Complaints and all forms of lost Vitality are promptly cured by this great renovating Tonic. Trial Bottles only cost 10 Cents.

THE PREMIER'S RESIGNATION.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—The discussion of the rumor of Mr. Gladstone's proposed retirement continues. The Standard reasserts the truth of the rumor, and says: "We had ample grounds for the intimation we published yesterday, and which our readers may be assured is as authentic as it is correct." The Standard has unusually good sources of information on news even from the Liberal camp, and there can be no doubt that this rumor has some basis of truth. But much as Mr. Gladstone might enjoy the repose, his final retirement would be fatal to the prospects of the Liberal party. The Liberal party, under its present leadership, is fast losing ground.

"THE SPECTATOR."

The first issue of a college journal under the above title will be issued the coming week. It will be a semi-monthly and conducted by the students of St. Laurent College, under the editorial management of Rev. Jas. Martin White, C. C., an alumnus of the institution and Professor of Mathematics and Greek in the Faculty. St. Laurent has been remarkable for the many sent from its enclosure who now hold extensive sway in the markets of commerce. Its "classique" is none the less praiseworthy, no fewer than twenty-five of its graduates being at present under the training of the Sulpicians for the Priesthood. Vice le Spectateur.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Mr. Fortin is at the Capital.

Adelina Patti arrived in New York yesterday.

The King and Queen of Spain are to visit Vienna in January.

Col. Stuart will, it is said, succeed Captain Kidd as chief clerk in the Governor-General's office.

Hon. Lionel Sackville West, the new British Minister to Washington, has arrived at the Capital.

A movement is on foot to present the Marquis of Lorne with an address from the Clan Campbell in Canada.

Professor Robertson Smith, late of Aberdeen University, has been presented with books valued at £1,000.

Sir S. L. Tilley leaves Ottawa to-day for Washington, it is understood, on business connected with the copyright question.

S. M. Bopert has been expelled from the New York Stock Exchange, forfeiting his seat, worth \$30,000, for violation of the commission laws.

Col. A. Audet, chief of the French Zouaves staff, has been entrusted with the translation of the evidence taken before the Pacific Railway Committee.

Lady Frances Evelyn Bertie, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Abingdon and a relative of Sir William Harcourt, has entered a Catholic Sisterhood.

Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Collingwood Schreiber will leave to-day on a tour of inspection of the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways.

Mr. Macdonald, Prothonotary at Winnipeg, Man., has resigned, and Mr. G. H. Walker, son of the Attorney General, has been appointed his successor.

The name of Mr. Van Hume, Assistant Manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, is rumored, will be General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Dr. Bell, Medical Superintendent at the Hospital, who was for some time laid up with a slight attack of typhoid fever, is convalescent, and has gone westward for a change.

Hugh Law, Attorney-General for Ireland, has been appointed to succeed Lord O'Hagan as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Wm. M. Johnson, Solicitor-General for Ireland, will succeed Mr. Law.

Miss Johanna Archibald, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Archibald, is to be married on the 11th inst. to F. D. Laurie, Superintendent of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and Princess Grisiela will in the month of May next return the visit of the King and Queen of Italy.

Rev. Addison Blanchard, of St. John, N. B., is likely to accept a call to the missionary field of the Congregational Church, extending over Colorado, Rocky Mountains, and a portion of Mexico.

Mr. Charles F. Washburn, Vice-President of the Washburn and Moen Manufacturing Company; Hon. Senator Price, Quebec, and Hon. W. W. Sullivan, Premier of Prince Edward Island, are stopping at the Windsor Hotel.

Follows Hypophosphites makes an old person look years younger. "This witness is true." Would that I could more widely make it known for its many virtues. Long may its inventor live to see the happy fruits of his invention.

ALEXANDER CLARKE, D.D.,
106-2 Ws
Amherst, N.S.

The night watchman, when his employer invited him to drink a cup of coffee, said: "No, thank you. Coffee kept me awake all night." And he saw his blunder and looked very embarrassed and tried to explain it, but it was no use.

IRELAND

The Land War.

SEXTON RELEASED

No Hunting in Co. Kilkenny

THE CASTLE AT ITS WITS' END.

Tenant-Farmers of Co. Limerick Resolve to Pay No Rent.

The Municipal Elections in England.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—The following proposition for meeting the defects of the "No Rent" proclamation appears in a Times editorial this morning:—"It would be too much to hope that an attempt to force the 'no rent' policy will not be made, possibly on a considerable scale. But non-payment of rent must be followed by evictions unless the infection of any daring refusal is to run through a whole district. The Government has pledged itself in a recent proclamation to use all the resources at its disposal in enforcing legal rights, but it is not for the Government to initiate evictions or to follow them up. The landlords must combine and subscribe to carry into effect measures on the success of which their property depends. The agitators are now telling the tenants that the landlords are bankrupt and that the Property Defence Association and Emergency Committees must fall to the ground if the tenants only hold out a little longer. It is for the landlords to show that this counsel rests on a misapprehension. If necessary they will not appeal in vain, we are sure, to the liberality of those of our own class in England. When the tenants who persist in refusing payment, in pursuance of Mr. Parnell's orders, are evicted, there ought to be some arrangements for getting the lands at once under some cultivation, or if other agents cannot be found, if necessary, tenants could probably be brought from the North into Munster and Connaught. The Government would be bound to give them protection, and the utmost give of its power, and to punish by every means attempts to intimidate them. We do not believe that when once the breaking up of the Land League had begun by the extortion of the comfortable tenants, the rest would be able to resist the temptation of securing their rights in their own farms, and of competing for those vacated by their neighbors. Those who were foolish enough to face eviction would find they had irrevocably lost their privileges as present tenants and that the sale of their interests had handed over the property the Land Act gave them to landlords or emergency men."

DUBLIN, Oct. 31.—Considerable commotion was caused by Mr. Parnell's letter printed in the Freeman's Journal on Saturday. There is much curiosity regarding the parts of the letter which the Journal suppresses as, it says, "on account of the proclamation of the Government." The following is the concluding portion of the suppressed portions: "Permit me to express, in conclusion, the unanimous feeling of every man in the jail that they are willing to remain here for any number of months that may be necessary, so long as the Irish people, whom it is impossible to imprison, stand by the lessons we taught them during two years."

The Government is concerned about the manner in which political documents make their way out of Kilmalham, first, the "no rent" manifesto; second, an interview with a journalist, and third, Parnell's letter.

New York, Oct. 31.—The World's London cable says:—"In 1843, the year of the great repeal meetings, when O'Connell was crowned with the Irish National Cap at the Rath of Mullaghmast, the Government of the day suddenly interfered, and on the eve of a master demonstration at Clontarf proclaimed the repeal gatherings illegal. Their plea was the ancient one that the safety of the State is the supreme law, and this will be Mr. Gladstone's defence when he is brought to book in the House for the vigorous measures he is now enforcing in Ireland. The country may be said to be under martial law. Crowds are dispersed by police batons or sword bayonets, the innocent of course suffering more than the guilty, and the military is caged up in all the garrison towns, ready to be let slip on the first appearance of a riot. The public houses frequented by Leaguers are marked, and will be deprived of licenses, and private dwellings where secret meetings are held are almost besieged. Newspapers are once more under the rigid censorship of the Castle, and the railways are cumbered with specials carrying soldiers and constabulary in all directions, as though the island had been invaded. A great deal of unnecessary force has been used."

Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Liverpool the other day, made a very damaging admission when he said if the League had been broken up six months ago the Government would not have been able to get the Land Bill through Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, in speaking to a deputation that waited upon him while he was visiting Lord Derby at Knowsley Park, tried to explain this away by declaring that the agitation so long carried on by Parnell had not induced the Ministry to bring down the Land Bill, but it is quite clear that the Government permitted the League to exist so that they might be able to use it to frighten their timid followers who hesitated to vote for a measure of confiscation, and that measure safe they then pounced upon Parnell in order to insure a fair trial of the Act. This may be defensible on political grounds, but morally it appears a shabby, unclean business.

DUBLIN, Nov. 1.—The Freeman's Journal says Parnell was suddenly seized with violent spasms on Sunday, and had great suffering for several hours.

The Freeman's Journal predicts that the Land Court will fail because of the overwhelming mass of business.

The Town Council of Waterford have conferred the freedom of the city upon Dillon.

Parnell has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Cork Chamber of Commerce.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a letter, dated Kilmalham jail, from Wm. O'Brien, subscribing to a fund for Dr. Kenny. A letter from T. D. Sullivan is published recommending Dr. Kenny as a parliamentary candidate for Meath.

New York, Nov. 1.—The Treasurer of the National Land League of America reports that up to date he has sent \$90,000 to Egan at Paris.

Paris, Nov. 1.—Egan states that substantial support continues to be received from America and Australia. The Land League, he says, does not intend to establish a permanent centre in any part of France.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2.—The tenant whose case was first decided under the Land Act is Patrick McAulvey, of Coolatta, County Monaghan, on the estate of Henry Bond, an absentee landlord. The holding is 10 acres and the rent £8 16s. The Government valuation is £7 8s. The rent was reduced to £5 6s, and the landlord was obliged to pay half of the County Cess, saving the tenant an additional 5s. McAulvey is 28 years old, and lived at Albany, U.S., for four years. The decision is regarded as a serious defeat for the landlords, and proves Parnell's cleverness and wisdom in selecting for test cases those in which the rents have not been exorbitant but moderate. So the decision which was at first only necessary to the success of the act would be a precedent for further decisions. It is thought the landlord will appeal to the Chief Commissioner. Another important judgment in connection with the case was the decision of both parties to pay their own costs.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Mr. Sexton, M.P., has been given to understand he is to go to France as a condition of his release from prison.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2.—Disturbances continue at Belmullet. Thus far, four persons wounded in the affray on Thursday have died. Six more deaths are expected. Two hundred military and two hundred police are on the spot. The roads leading to Aglow are blocked with stones and the bridge has been broken for the purpose of impeding the movements of the military.

Gilhooley, Secretary of the Bantry Branch of the Land League was arrested last evening under the Coercion Act.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—Sexton, released from Kilmalham on account of illness, is unable to travel.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—The Secretary of the Liverpool Branch of the Land League telegraphed to Glasgow: "The elections yesterday show how your resources of civilization are appreciated by one hundred and fifty thousand of Irish citizens here."

Two thousand tenant farmers of the County Limerick have resolved to pay no rents.

DUBLIN, Nov. 2.—Application has been made to the Land Court to fix the rent of a holding in Cork, where the value is £27 and the rent £113. Justice O'Hagan said the figures were very startling.

It is stated that the Land League leaders have changed front, and directed tenant farmers to send in claims under the Land Act, with a view to swamping the Commission—when these bills, taken in accordance with their accompanying directions, would not only have checked, but conquered the incipient disorder. Patients daily forward details of the most remarkable and instructive cases in which timely attention to Holloway's advice has undoubtedly saved them from severe illness. The Pills act primarily on the digestive organs, which they stimulate when slow and imperfect; and, secondly, upon the blood, which is thoroughly purified by them, whence is derived the general tone they impart, and their power of subjugating hypochondriacism, dyspepsia and nervous complaints.

Englishwoman who had the smallest respect for constitutional liberty, was morally bound to enter the strongest protest against the iniquities which were disgracing England in Ireland. She almost felt as if to those who were born in Ireland, the name Englishman must be just ground for hatred and contempt. She could assure them that there were thousands of people in England, and there would be long before millions, who would make their voices heard unanswerably against these iniquities. She hoped that punishment would soon fall on those who were oppressing Ireland. She did not speak of political oppression, but of the state of things in which young girls, old women and blind boys were put to death by the bayonet thrusts of police without a shadow of excuse. There was no power in England to put individuals into prison for denouncing Mr. Gladstone as a wicked, unscrupulous and cruel man. Miss Taylor had the honor of being appointed a member of Miss Parnell's new organization, the Political Prisoners' Aid Society, which devotes itself to the care of the families of prisoners arrested for political reasons under the Coercion Act, and which caters for the prisoners themselves.

A good deal of jubilation exists in League quarters at the result of the municipal elections in the great Irish centres of England on Tuesday.

When the Kilkenny hounds met at Kilkenny yesterday a party of farmers assembled and told the hunting party that they would not allow them to pursue the sport over their farms. Many gentlemen left the field and the hounds were taken back to their kennels.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—An Armagh correspondent discussing the fears entertained in some quarters in regard to the block in the working of the Land Act, says it is obviously absurd to suppose that because so many thousand notices have been served, they will all, or even a decimal proportion of them, ever come to trial. As soon as a few decisions have been given, and as soon as the tendency to decision begins, they will be grasped by the landlord and tenant, and an amicable arrangement will take place in an overwhelming proportion of the cases.

Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, replying to an address of a branch Land League, advised the tenants to tender fair rent. He stated, the fault would not be theirs. It would show that the Irish care for their country's sake endure insult and injuries. He declared the Government had established a reign of terror.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Hour of Danger.—Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which, when neglected, increase in extent, and gradually grow dangerous—a condition which betrays the gross remission—when these Pills, taken in accordance with their accompanying directions, would not only have checked, but conquered the incipient disorder. Patients daily forward details of the most remarkable and instructive cases in which timely attention to Holloway's advice has undoubtedly saved them from severe illness. The Pills act primarily on the digestive organs, which they stimulate when slow and imperfect; and, secondly, upon the blood, which is thoroughly purified by them, whence is derived the general tone they impart, and their power of subjugating hypochondriacism, dyspepsia and nervous complaints.

EDUCATIONAL.

QUEBEC, Nov. 2.—The quarterly meeting of the Board of Public Instruction met in the Educational Department of the Parliament House this morning. There were present Col. Stevenson, president; C. A. Carrier, vice-president, and the following Council:—Rev. Father Audet, Sillery; Messrs. Henry Bulmer, J. B. Rolland, Montreal; Hon. Mr. Oulmet, Board of Provincial Education; Messrs. L. I. Boivin, Montreal; L. N. Carrier, Luviv; James Carrol, city of Quebec. It was announced that the Meteorological Institution had offered to send weather reports to the Mechanics' Institutes of this Province. St. Johns, P. Q. has decided to open a mechanics' class in the industrial arts, and a letter to that effect was read from a leading manufacturer there. The Board decided to assist the school, and a request to organize a local board with municipal co-operation was ordered. New schools are to be established at St. Jerome and Riviere du Loup.

COUNTY OF ARGENTEUIL.

NOMINATION OF MR. WILLIAM OWENS.

LACHUTE, Nov. 2.—At a large and influential meeting of voters from different parts of the county, called to nominate a candidate for the Liberal-Conservative party to represent them in the Local Legislature at the approaching elections, the names of Alexander Fritham, Esq, warden of the county, F. C. Ireland, Esq, of Lachute, John Taylor, Esq, of Montreal, George Simpson, Esq, Mayor of St. Andrews, and William Owens, Esq, of Stonefield, were proposed and seconded, the result being the four former gentlemen retired in favor of Mr. Owens, who then received the unanimous vote of the party. Mr. Owens, being present, accepted nomination, and took occasion while thanking those present for their confidence in him to exhort them to organize and work—at the same time cautioning all not to allow their zeal to overrun their discretion and in no way to contravene the Act.

BISMARCK'S INTRIGUES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 2.—The Imperial Council met on the 30th of October for the first time since the interview between King Humbert and the Emperor of Austria. The Herald correspondent states that in the opinion of the Russian Government, the interview is entirely the result of Prince Bismarck's intrigues and that at least for the present its significance is threatening only to France. Austria will not have cause to regret the engagement it has just taken till lately. These engagements will probably lead to hot losing part of her German territory. They imply Italy free to act as she pleases so long as her action does not clash with the interests of the three Emperors with whom it is now concluded a moral alliance through the intermediary of Austria. What ever Italy may do in regard to matters, neither Russian nor German, she may count on the neutrality of Austria. Italy, on the other hand, has pledged herself not to hinder Austria from acting as the latter may think fit in the direction of Greece and in dealing with the question of the extension of Greek territory. The Imperial Council, which was presided over by the Grand Duke Michael, is unanimously of opinion that as Russia has her hands full in attending to her domestic troubles, and Austria is likely to be ere long embroiled with Greece, if not indeed eventually with Russia, neither nation will be able to interfere in other European affairs for a long time to come.

Cesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and Louis, of course, Mustapha Bey.—Lowell Citizen.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company, AT THEIR OFFICES, 761 CRAIG STREET, - - MONTREAL.

TERMS: By Mail, \$1.50 per annum in advance. Delivered in City, \$2.00 " " " Single copies, 5 cents.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

All subscriptions outside of Montreal will be acknowledged by change of date on address-label attached to paper.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

- For November, 1881. THURSDAY, 10.—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor. SS. Tryphon and Companions, Martyrs. FRIDAY, 11.—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor. St. Menas, Martyr.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We do not like being obliged to call so frequently upon our subscribers to pay up their subscriptions, but we sometimes find it necessary. Hence it is not our fault, but the forgetfulness or the neglect of those of our friends and patrons who do not seem to realize what a number of names the TRUE WITNESS bears on its subscription rolls; what an immense sum they owe us in the aggregate, though small to each individual, and what good its possession would enable the proprietors to do in the field of Catholic journalism.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents in their respective localities for THE POST and TRUE WITNESS, and are empowered to collect subscriptions and enroll subscribers:—Michael Barry, Kinmount, Ont.; Edward Clement, Dunbar, Ont.; William Ellison, Bowmanville, Ont.; Jeremiah Curtis, Escott, Ont.; James O'Riley, Hastings, Ont.; M. J. Costello, Hawkesbury, Ont.; M. J. Hamlin, P. M., Allamans, Ont.

As many friends of John O'Farrell, O. C. of Quebec, are glad to see that his old forensic vigor and eloquence have returned to him in full force with his health, and that he is once more taking that leading part at the Bar and in public affairs which his talents entitle him to.

The Land League has just life enough left to prevent hounds and foxes and idle vagrants called "the local aristocracy" from hunting over and destroying their lands. They have done this in Kilkenny, and now the Whig and Tory organs will set up a whine and say "there is another fifty thousand pounds left this country." But it will not be so except the farmers pay rents.

The French seem to have triumphed over their enemies in Tunis. The capture of Kirovan discouraged the insurgents, who are surrendering in large numbers, and if reports, mostly from French sources, are correct, the war is all over. The French had certainly enough men in the field to conquer all Africa, but the Africans, north and south, are pretty tough subjects to conquer.

The Toronto Globe does not take much stock in the mutual interchange of courtesies now going on between the United States and the "Mother Country." This sentimental waving of flags or contemporary irreverent terms "flapoodle," whatever that singular word may mean. Perhaps it means the flapping of the wings of the celebrated bird of freedom owned by our Cousin Yankee Doodle, who once upon a time came into town riding on a pony.

We are told by the cable that the authorities of Dublin Castle are at their wits' ends as to how they shall deal with the Ladies' Land League. Surely they are laughing at our beards. What! is it possible Dublin Castle has any scruples left? Shall Forster, who up to this expelled Irish members from Parliament, kept them in bastilles without trial, caused men, women and children by the hundred to be shot and bayoneted, filled the prisons with suspects—shall this able statesman now hesitate in front of the Ladies' Land League? Away with them, off with their heads, clap them in jail, scatter them with buckshot.

We look around Europe and except a few Kings here and there, or more properly Kinglets, can discover none who have not wept and slobbered on the bosoms of one another. The Kaiser hugged the Czar and wept, the Austrian Emperor also kissed the old Kaiser and is now anxious to repeat the same process on the Czar; Don Luis, of Portugal, and Don Alfonso, of Spain, met and embraced. Humbert, of Italy, has now gone through the mill, and in fact those who have not, are but small fry indeed, whose Dominions should be annexed if it were only to save the trouble of travelling to kiss them. But when all the tears are gone? Is it possible they are lost forever, washed away with other sootings on royal pocket handkerchiefs, and finally mingled with the common ocean? Was there no ultra loyalist there to save such diamonds and pearls, and place them in a museum where in time they may be crystallized? Alas, no, they are gone forever, and may the Kings' go soon and sudden to join their company.

BROTHER ARNOLD'S grand lottery for the La Salle Institute has, as our readers are aware, been postponed until the 22nd of this present month. We hope this lottery or bazaar, inaugurated for such a laudable purpose, will be a grand success. Brother Arnold deserves it, and the institution for which he has done so much, and for which he proposes to do more, also deserves it. The education of Catholic youth is a matter of the profoundest importance in Canada as well as all over the world, and it is for this Brother Arnold has sacrificed so much time and expended so much labor, not without result. Every Catholic in Canada should assist the whole-souled, self-sacrificing Brother Director by every means in his power, and it should not be forgotten in his behalf that if he has ever for one moment deviated from his darling object it was that he might help on the cause of Irish nationality, which he always seeks to identify with religion. Purchase his tickets then, give him donations, encourage him in his heroic efforts, and the reward will be in proportion.

Every Monday the cable sends us on a budget of news which it takes the whole week after to correct. We are told that the rush to the Land Courts is something tremendous, and on account of the repetition of this news we are inclined to believe either that it is true or that the Government is intensely anxious it should be accepted as truth. It is also not impossible that the issuers of the manifesto may endorse this movement as a compromise, but knowing their caution and tact it is doubtful. It does not by any means follow that because the Land Court is giving judgments favorable to the tenants at first they may continue doing so. Courts in Ireland under the influence of the Government are not above strategy. It is pretty clear, however, that no matter what happens the landlords are in a desperate condition. If one portion of the people refuse to pay the rents, another to block the courts, and a third to act upon Archbishop Croke's suggestion and pay what they consider a fair rent, the land will become so useless to the lords that they will be glad to part with it on the easiest terms. For this happy state of things credit is due, not to Messrs. Gladstone and Forster—not to the landlords or Land Courts, but to the men in Kilmalham and other jails belonging to Her Majesty in Ireland. Another healthy sign of the times is that English politicians have become tired of calumniating the Irish, and instead, have taken to calling each other

John names. John Bright calls the Tories a lot of idiots, Lord Randolph Churchill calls Bright "a Gladstone traitor," Salisbury calls them chattering fools and so on. What worse names could they bestow upon Parnell?

A COMMUNICATION from Toronto over the signature of "T. D. O'N." appeared last week's TRUE WITNESS which is objectionable to a gentleman for whom we have the highest respect. The communication we refer to had for its subject His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel. Our correspondent is an enthusiastic Irishman and a devout Catholic, but it seems to us that he has not studied the philosophical theology of St. Thomas Aquinas or St. Augustine, or other standard Catholic writers or fathers of the Church endorsed by the Church, or he would not have allowed his national enthusiasm to outrun his religious principles. In times like the present, however, when Irishmen are shot down like dogs at Bellmullet and in Limerick, for daring to act as if they had a right to life and freedom, the principles put forward by their brethren and sympathizers may not be too closely scanned for purposes of criticism. Our correspondent is wrong in Catholic theology, right in Irish nationality. Few Irishmen approve of Archbishop McCabe's stand, many do not agree with Archbishop Croke's protest against the Land League manifesto, but no one who reasons logically can connect their utterance with the Holy See. The Pope has not yet condemned the Land League, though Archbishop McCabe has, but then the Archbishop is not infallible. It is an axiom recognized in journalistic ethics that the editor of a paper is not responsible for the opinion of his correspondents, and THE POST's columns have been so freely thrown open to almost all comers that it would be absurd to suppose it in our case. We have even inserted bitter attacks on THE POST itself, sooner than have it said that we did not, in so far as in us lay, allow perfect freedom of the press. Having said this much, we may further add that the mission of THE POST is neither to teach Catholic theology nor to defend it; it was established simply to defend Irish Catholic temporal interests, though, as a matter of course, always happy to give its space to expounders or defenders of Catholic things spiritual. The editor of THE POST does not presume to touch upon matters on which none but clergymen can be well informed enough to speak with authority. Our duty is confined to defending the political and national rights of our country and our countrymen; the duties of the Catholic clergy they know best themselves but we presume that one of them is to expound purely Catholic principles as connected with Catholic theology.

IRISHMEN the world all over will receive the news sent abroad on Monday with the most poignant sorrow. Archbishop McHale, John of Tuam, the Lion of the Fold of Judah, the great friend of the great O'Connell, is DEAD! It is true that he has been gathered to his fathers in the fullness of age and honors. The illustrious prelate was in his ninety-second year. He was a boy when Humbert landed at Killala and the Irish of the west flocked to his standard, among them perhaps some of his own relatives. He was a student when Robert Emmet swung from the scaffold, but he was a man full of vigor and intellect when he assisted O'Connell to gain emancipation, and earned from him that proud title the Lion of the Fold of Judah. He was old enough to feel the gyves of the penal laws on his limbs, and young enough to see the new Irish nation rising up around him indignantly tearing their fetters to pieces. The life of the great prelate has been an active one. Whether upholding their religion, or the freedom of his country, his place was always in the front ranks, for he was a leader among men. His multifarious duties as Archbishop of the West did not prevent him from attending the councils of the Vatican, and giving his opinions in Rome, which were recognized and appreciated as valuable, even among Ecumenical Councils composed of some of the most illustrious theologians and scholars in the world. The dead Archbishop was intensely Irish; he was one of the few real Irish scholars of this century, and, as such, he has left a name behind him which will live as long as the Irish language is read. He compiled an Irish dictionary, he edited an Irish grammar and he translated Moore's Irish Melodies with such grace an dexterity as to win for himself the highest praise from the literateurs of Europe. He was a grand old man, that John of Tuam, whom the Irish people loved well, and whose name will not be forgotten by the Irish race so long as a spark of gratitude exists in their bosom. Requiescat in pace.

As the passions of the English people cool they become ashamed of themselves for the unmanly panic they exhibited and rabid utterances they gave vent to after the arrest of the Irish leaders. It would be well for them if the past year's record could be blotted out altogether from the pages of current history, or if all the world entered into a conspiracy to forget facts which are so humiliating to England and to Englishmen. There was almost a universal cry for blood, and so fiercely was it given that it needed only the slightest excuse from the Irish people for Dublin Castle to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war, when the land, for the second time in a century, would be deluged in blood. But the people were firm, they were more—they were stoical—and they preserved the calmness engendered by a union of despair and hope while the police ran amuck through Irish cities, towns and villages and slew men, women and children by the score. What between Dublin, Limerick, Kilkenny, Bellmullet and other places, no less

than four hundred people were wounded, and twenty-two killed. And the police, and military, how did they suffer? We have not heard of a single case of death amongst them except one, that of a Dublin policeman slain by a butcher while engaged in single combat and boiling with passion. One landlord has been shot in Ireland since the agitation commenced, and one agent; and these two—and, perhaps, others—would have been murdered if the Land League had no existence. It is only now that the truth is showing itself, and the truth is, that notwithstanding the most terrible provocation that could be given them, the Irish people have stood firm with their pale faces turned towards the foe, but their hands behind their backs lest they might be tempted to use them and lose the victory which is beginning to perch on their banners—the victory which attends passive resistance in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. Who shall say they do not deserve it?—who shall assert that such a people are not capable in the highest degree of self-government? We repeat the English are now ashamed of themselves; they regret the fierce cheers at Leeds when Gladstone vilified Parnell—his superior—at Leeds, and the yells of triumphant rage which greeted him in the Guildhall when he announced the arrest of his rival. They do not like the sound of the ugly echo of those yells which are now conveying on them from all quarters of the civilized globe. They even talk of releasing the suspects, even though a no rent manifesto has been issued. The suspects were arrested at the request of the landlords; they now find their mistake and want them released. The landlords have made some terrible mistakes lately, but according to present indications they will have little opportunity of making any more.

PUBLIC OPINION.

While British correspondents on this side are constantly sending despatches to England, which they know to be false, to the effect that public opinion in America is dead against Ireland in her struggle, British correspondents on the other side are favoring America with similar despatches, stating that public opinion in Europe is also pro-British. Extracts from the New York papers have been given in THE POST, showing that Gladstone's coercive policy is universally condemned, even the New York Herald not daring to swim against the current, and now we give extracts also from the Paris journals, the mouthpieces of France, and, we may add, the European Continent. Out of all the Paris papers the Republique Francaise alone—Gambetta's infidel organ—gives a half-hearted support to tyranny, but this support is easily accounted for on looking over this morning's cablegrams and noticing that the Prince of Wales lunched with Sir Charles Dilke and Leon Gambetta. That is quite enough—a lunch with the Prince of Wales is worth something to the aristocratic stomach of the democratic Gambetta. The subjoined extracts from leading Parisian papers will give some idea of how enthusiastically Mr. Gladstone's coercion policy is supported in France.

The Parlement fears that after encouraging the progress of anarchy he will now excite riots by deeming measures of terror the best means of reverting to legality. The Monde feels a painful anxiety. The English Government seems resolved to neglect none of the repressive measures in its power, while the Irish, so far from being cowed, are already in open resistance. If this violent antagonism persists, serious troubles seem certain. "It is a fresh phase in the long struggle of St. Patrick's sons against the Saxon invaders, and it is to be feared, alas! that the former will still have to bear the consequences."

The Univers says: "It will be easier to imprison the whole Irish nation than to force it to admire and relish the sweets of English rule in Ireland." The Union likewise twits Mr. Gladstone with practising despotism while encouraging revolution in Italy and elsewhere. It comments on the uniform hypocrisy of English policy, on the selfishness and cruelty of a people professing sympathy for all European revolutions on humanitarian grounds. It speaks of England as inventing unheard-of punishments for the sepoys in order to protect her opium, tea, or cotton trade, yet as shedding tears over the repression of the Commune, as if the Versailles army was ever guilty of the monstrous cruelties of the British army in India. "When we evoke all these recollections, we cannot avoid feeling pity for unhappy Ireland, though her complaints are too often mingled with revolutionary passions, and we dread an abominable repression declaiming her whole population."

The Standard's Paris correspondent says:—"The news from Ireland has caused great sensation in political circles, not only in Paris, but all over the Continent, and though the comments of the press are guarded, it is easy to see that the sympathies of the majority are with the rebels rather than with England, whose efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement of the Irish question, but at the same time not to entail the disruption of the empire, are neither understood nor appreciated. M. Gambetta's papers, which are generally conspicuous for their support of the present English Cabinet, regard the situation as most serious."

The Petite Republique notes, as especially significant, that at Leeds, where Mr. Gladstone only the other day met with such a triumphant reception, English Radicals should have joined the Irish in condemning the strict enforcement of the Coercion Act. In conclusion M. Gambetta's paper says that "Mr. Gladstone had announced solemnly that the Queen's Government would carry the day over the occult but absolute government of the League. If he intends to achieve that result by main force, he may have some little time to wait; and in any case it will not be attained without difficulty."

The Figaro anticipates the success of the Land League on the ground that it is supported by the women of Ireland:—"What is going on in Ireland shows the power of women. The Whig Cabinet, by an unprecedented stroke of authority, has just had Mr. Parnell arrested. The chief of the Land League, whom his title as member of the aristocracy should have saved from such treatment, has been seized like any common malefactor and flung into prison. Five of his colleagues have experienced the same fate, and the so-called Liberal Cabinet flatters itself

that by such measures it will pacify the wister Island. But fortunately the blow has been anticipated." And so on, each of the leading dailies, giving the ally of France little stabs here and there, which do not add to its comfort. In Berlin the news was received with joy, but as the Boston Patriot sarcastically says, Constantinople and Dahomey are yet to be heard from.

How to invest a dollar, and make five: Buy a bottle of Kendall's Spain, Oure. See advt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Sir,—I am very much surprised at the letter which appeared in last week's TRUE WITNESS from a Toronto correspondent. I have never seen fasher conclusions than he comes to, nor can I understand whence he derives his information, and the collusion between Dublin Castle and Archbishop McCabe. Does it follow that because Archbishop McCabe is hostile to the Land League that he is ruled by officialism? As well might it be said that the Government exercised pressure upon Archbishop Croke to protest against the manifesto. And that reminds me that Rome is also dictated to by England. Why it is so absurd as not to require notice? I am perfectly willing to believe that England would use His Holiness the Pope or any other means to kill national aspirations in Ireland, but the Pope has never compromised, and the best proof of this is that he has not up to this issued a rescript against the League. When he does it will be for other reasons than because he was instigated by England. If T. D. O'N. has read Irish history he must remember that in the only struggle which seemed likely to drive the English from Ireland the Papal Delegate Riccioanni was the head while Owen Roe O'Neill was the sword of the Confederates. Most of us would like to see Archbishop McCabe taking a more patriotic stand, but after all, he is the best judge of his own actions. It does seem to me the basest of ingratitude to see an Irish Catholic abusing Archbishop Croke; he, at all events, must be considered an Irish patriot, and I regret that he should be allowed to do so in such a patriotic and Catholic journal as the Montreal TRUE WITNESS. Not that I would prohibit freedom of the press, but I think such an utterly illogical letter must be capable of doing great harm. I trust there are not many Irish Catholics entertaining the same views as "T. D. O'N."

Yours truly, Quebec, Nov. 4th, 1881. F.R.E.E.E.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S LAST SUNDAY IN ST. PETER'S, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Your correspondent had the privilege of being present at the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's Church, New York, on Sunday last, celebrated by the late pastor of the church, a few days ago consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of Trenton, in New Jersey State, Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, so well known and fondly remembered in your city. Apart from the pomp and splendor of a Pontifical High Mass, there were features in this grand solemnity which are eminently deserving of attention. As assistant pastor, and subsequently pastor of St. Peter's Parish, Bishop O'Farrell had endeared himself in no common degree to his people. He had labored in season and out of season for their spiritual advancement, and, above all, he had devoted all his fine talents, all his wonderful energies, to the great work of Christian education, the creation and support of parochial schools that are now pre-eminent amongst the Catholic schools of New York. In this respect, the zealous pastor had accomplished wonders that would seem hardly creditable were they not patent to the whole city. St. Peter's has always been a good Catholic Parish, Catholic in the best sense of the word, and since the advent of Bishop O'Farrell as its pastor, religion seemed to have taken a new start, the impetus chiefly borrowed, no doubt, from the magnitude of the parochial schools he had assumed and their influence on the general population. Then the people of St. Peter's were proud of their pastor, of his eloquence as a gifted and popular preacher and lecturer, and they loved him for his genial, kindly nature, for his noble qualities of head and heart. His removal from amongst them, then, was naturally an occasion of deep and sincere sorrow, even while they rejoiced on his own account that the Divine Master had called him to labor in a more exalted station in another portion of His vineyard. For these, and still other reasons, Bishop O'Farrell's farewell Mass in the venerable Church, which was the cradle of Catholicity in New York, was an occasion of solemn and touching interest.

Many as grand and imposing sight has been witnessed in the lapse of years within those venerable walls, round which so many hallowed memories cluster, but never one more beautiful, more touching, or more impressive than that of Sunday last. The beautiful altar, rich in tasteful adornment, was ablaze with lights, studded, at intervals, with bouquets of rare flowers; the music was unspeakably grand, filling the church with its magnificent and sublime harmony; but the people, the multitude that crowded every part of the ancient edifice, the sorrowing, sympathetic multitude, every one of whom was a living witness to the great things done amongst them by him whom they were losing for the gain of others—this was the grandest feature of all. And truly when the new Bishop appeared before them in his gorgeous pontifical robes, with mitre on head and crozier in hand, his fine countenance bespeaking the emotion that filled his heart, it was no wonder that the people regarded him with mingled sorrow and admiration. Perchance there was but one present amongst that vast assemblage whose memory connected the dignified and portly prelate who stood there amid that blaze of light with a fair slender youth who came fresh from the austere walls of St. Sulpice, in Paris, thirty years ago, or dated at twenty-two by dispensation, to labor amongst his own Irish people in Montreal as one of the Sulpician priests of St. Patrick's. Yet, even then, many a bright prophecy was ventured upon by the warm-hearted people amongst whom he labored with regard to the young priest whose subsequent career has justified them all.

After the first Gospel the Bishop addressed the flock whom he had governed so wisely and so well in his own felicitous manner. He spoke with visible emotion of the sorrow he felt in leaving St. Peter's parish and the people with whom he had been connected as assistant pastor and as pastor for over fourteen years; of the kindly welcome they gave him when he first came amongst them; of the generous support they had given him in the various works he had undertaken, and especially the schools, which eight years ago he had commenced, that, owing to the generous support and co-operation of theirs, he had been enabled to reduce the original debt of the schools from over \$160,000 to \$40,000,

and that, for a very hard time, he said he had looked forward to celebrating with them the centenary of St. Peter's Church, four years hence, and then presenting their church and their children to him and to Almighty God, free of all debt, a happiness of which he would now be deprived by his nomination as Bishop of Trenton, a nomination which he felt "his duty to accept in obedience to the command of the Holy Father." He hoped, however, to still have the pleasure of assisting on that grand occasion, though another pastor should preside. The Bishop took occasion, in connection with the approaching centenary, to touch briefly, yet impressively, on the astonishing growth of Catholicity in New York during those ninety-six years. When the old St. Peter's was erected there were but 200 Catholics in all the New York of that day and Brooklyn, while all along the Jersey coast there were none. Now, when the St. Peter's Church is to celebrate her first centenary, nearly half of the population of the great city of New York is Catholic. Bishop O'Farrell then expressed his gratitude to his brother priests of St. Peter's Church, in whom he had ever found zealous and devoted co-operators in all the works he had undertaken for the benefit of his parishioners. He also returned thanks to the Sisters of Charity and the Brother's conducting the parochial schools. He further remarked that, in leaving St. Peter's, one of the things that rejoiced him most was, that he had been enabled not only to secure the Brothers of the Christian Schools as teachers, but as resident teachers in the parish. In concluding, the Bishop assured the people of St. Peter's Parish that, where he might, he would never forget them, their generosity, their devotion, and the affection they had ever manifested for himself, never more so than on the occasion of his elevation to the episcopacy. He introduced his successor, Rev. J. H. McGuey, for whom he bespoke the same kind and cordial support he had himself received from them. And then, as his parting word, he begged them most earnestly to keep up the schools he had established in the parish, reminding them that, after all, the Christian education of their children is the most important of all the duties of parents. "Save the little children!" he repeated; "above all things, save the little children, and that you can only do by sending them to Catholic schools, and supporting your pastor in maintaining the schools you now have, and in providing yet others if they are found necessary in the future."

A WORTHY INTERCEDER.

A highly respectable lady arrived in Montreal recently from Brooklyn, N.Y., bringing with her letters of introduction to Mr. O. J. Devlin from prominent citizens in Brooklyn. It appears her son, a comely lad of some seven years of age, ran away from home several months ago, stopping at Montreal, and having supplied himself with the "sinews of war" from his father's exchequer, he soon made the acquaintance of boys of his own years. After a residence of a week seeing the sights in Montreal he managed to get into the hands of the minions of the law, and his pleasure trip was suddenly brought to a close by being sent to the Reformatory School for four years. Mr. Devlin, who is a brother of the late Bernard Devlin, M.P., of Montreal, and highly respected in that community, after examining the case advised the lady, who is both cultured and refined, to go and see the Honorable the Attorney General herself, adding that she would meet a kind hearted gentleman who would listen to her patiently, and who would, if the interests of justice did not suffer, recommend her son to the clemency of the Crown. The lady accordingly went to Quebec and, as Mr. Devlin assured her, she was received with courtesy and kindness by the Attorney General. A difficulty, however, arose in the way of granting the pardon, a recommendation of the Governor, etc., from the Reformatory Warden having been necessary before the Attorney General could act in the matter, and the Warden did not seem to see his way clear to grant such a recommendation. But Mr. Devlin took the case in hand himself and succeeded in inducing the Attorney General to open his heart and investigate the case, and the happy result was that the half-broken hearted mother and son left on the 2.30 train last Tuesday afternoon for New York. Our representative, who was present at the time of her departure, said to her, "Well, Madam, you seem to be satisfied with your visit to Montreal." "Oh, yes," said she, "perfectly, and my God bless Attorney General Loranger and Mr. Devlin. Dear Mr. Devlin when I first called on him I offered him a fee for any services he would be pleased to render in my behalf. And I could well afford to do so. But, he said wait till I see if I can be of any service to you, and after he handed me over my boy, for it was he that got him out, I insisted upon him taking something for my services, but he declined, saying that my letters of introduction were a sufficient fee, namely, that he would simply accept nothing." The look of gratitude the mother gave the distinguished Attorney, for Mr. Devlin is a Notary and an excellent real estate owner, as the train started out of the depot, no doubt compensated the generous and worthy interceder a thousand fold for his valuable services, for Mr. Devlin is one of those who is always glad and willing and ready to do a stranger a good act.

By this generous, as well as pleasing stroke of policy, Mr. Devlin has saved the Province of Quebec \$600, for that was to be the cost of the Province of detaining this young lad in prison during the term of his sentence.—Glenagarry Times.

IT SAVED MY LIFE.

"The value of human life" is so supremely important that anything which tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Speaking to us recently on this subject, Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, observed: "I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life." It has also cured my wife.—Port Huron, (Mich.) Commercial.

THE MURDERER LEFROY SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

MANITOWA, Nov. 8.—The trial of Lefroy for the murder of Gold closed to-day. The Court room was densely crowded. A remarkable number of women were present. Lefroy appeared dejected. The Lord Chief Justice's summing-up for the prosecution, which lasted from three to four hours, was strongly against the prisoner, and tended to throw discredit on the point on which the defence relied, that Lefroy had not pawned the pistol, and showed the entire belief in the prisoner's assertion that a third person was in the car at the time of the murder. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. After sentence was passed, Lefroy protested his innocence.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

The new cotton mill at St. Henri is expected to go into operation by the 15th of December. It is expected that Lachine will be the place selected by Hanlan and Ross for the coming racing match. On Friday last Mr. D. Roy, of Hochelaga, was fined by the local Justices \$30 and costs or two months imprisonment for selling liquor on Sunday. The old toll-gate at Hochelaga is being demolished. Ex-Mayor Bivard and Mr. G. Bovin, intend erecting a block of splendid stone houses in the vicinity. Somebody stole a valuable Ayrshire cow on Friday morning, from Mr. Drummond's farm at Petite Cote. No trace as yet of the thieves or the missing animal. The Rev. Father Ducharme, curate to Rev. Father Salmon, of St. Gabriel's Church, was recipient of three addresses and two valuable gifts from the English and French pupils of St. Gabriel's Academy on Friday afternoon. The delegates to the Yorktown celebration sent over by France, intend visiting Montreal after their trip to San Francisco is accomplished. Mr. O. O. Perrault, who was present at Yorktown, has just returned to the city. Joseph Baio, a Longue Pointe farmer, fell from the bridge spanning the Q. M., O. and O. Railroad on St. Mary street on last Monday week, receiving such severe injuries that doubts are entertained of his recovery. The Reverend Jean Baptiste Labelle formerly Parish Priest of Repentigny, died on Sunday at the College in Assomption. The deceased was a member of the Society of Three Masses, and also belonged to the Society of One Mass. The funeral will take place on Wednesday. After a short illness, the Rev. Mr. Lavale, curate of St. Vincent de Paul, died on Sunday afternoon. The deceased was universally beloved by those under his spiritual guidance and he was held in high esteem by those who knew him. He was an able clergyman and his death will be a loss to the whole diocese. Mr. Edward O'Reilly, who held the position of clerk in the Viger Market, died on Sunday afternoon. The deceased was respected and esteemed by all those with whom he had to deal, and the news of his death will be received with regret by all. He was but 39 years of age when he bade adieu to this world. On the 3rd inst., at the residence of the bridegroom, Miss Mary Newton, a young lady of nineteen, became the blushing bride of Mr. Alexander S. McRobie, formerly of the fire brigade here, and now an employee of the Post office department. The happy young couple were the recipients of many substantial tokens of the good wishes of their acquaintances, a number of the friends of the contracting parties presenting them with a handsome and costly silver dinner service. The fourth annual election of "Le Canadien" Snow Shoe Club was held on 2nd inst. The following gentlemen were elected for the season 1881 and 1882: F. T. Goulette, Esq., Hon. President; I. A. Beauvais, Esq., President; O. Bourdon, 1st Vice-President; E. Marquette, 2nd Vice-President; J. H. Donnet, re-elected, Treasurer; A. Giboux, Secretary. Committee—W. Pilote, J. A. Belanger, E. Ritchot, J. E. Robson; they also decided that the first tramp to Lumpkin's will take place on Thursday night, 10th inst. The following gentlemen were elected officers of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society for the ensuing year, at the annual meeting, held in St. Patrick's Hall on Friday evening: President, Denis Murney; 1st Vice-President, Jeremiah Byrne; 2nd Vice-President, Peter Brown; Secretary, James Connolly; Treasurer, John Ryan; Col-Treasurer, P. O'Donoghue; Asst-Col-Treasurer, James McMillan; Grand Marshal, Thos Clark; Asst-Marshal, J. O. Doyle and Samuel Greer. Mr. W. C. McDonald, a well-known citizen of Montreal, has just handed over \$25,000 to the Faculty of McGill University. This gentleman during the last twelve years has contributed annual sums of \$1,250 for ten Arts Scholarships of \$125 each, in all amounting to \$15,000; in 1871 he subscribed \$5,000 towards the Endowment Fund, and he has now responded in the most liberal manner to the recent appeal for aid, by the magnificent gift of \$25,000, making a grand total of \$45,000 received from him by the Faculty. A French nobleman, Count Ferdinand de Lajonde, has returned to the city from Manitoba where he had been inspecting lands with a view to taking them up for a private Immigration Company which has lately been formed with a view of assisting a stream of emigration from Belgium and England to turn in this direction. The Company is in Toronto, but includes several French capitalists. It is not as yet fully organized, much depending on the price the Government is willing to sell the land for. If it can be got at the desired figure the enterprise is a certainty. PRESENTATION. On Thursday evening, the 3rd inst. Mr. P. Rafferty, foreman of the Export Lumber Company, at Hochelaga, was presented with a full size oil painting of himself by the employees of the department, accompanied with the following address: DEAR SIR.—As we did not want to let this season pass without offering you a tribute of our gratitude and remembrance for your way of acting towards us during the present season, you will please accept this gift as a proof of our friendship and gratitude towards you, and believe, dear sir, that our best hopes are that you may live long and enjoy good health, also wishing the same to your family, and that you will continue on with the same business with still greater success than ever. Mr. Rafferty warmly replied to the address, and after a couple of hours of enjoyment every one went home satisfied and pleased. A FOWL DEED. A rather practical joke was played on Monday night (Oct. 31) on several of the residents of Longueuil. It appears a number of young men, as it is usual on Halloween, sallied forth for the express purpose of committing all manner of practical jokes on their neighbors. Mr. Fred Hawley, was the happy possessor of a splendid coop of game-fowls numbering nineteen in all. On Tuesday morning he missed their merry cackle under his bedroom window, and on descending to the yard he was surprised to find that every one of his pets were lying mangled corpses on the ground. The practical jokers the night previous had performed the very pleasing operation of wringing their necks. Mr. Hawley is naturally very indignant over the affair, and has taken measures, with the co-operation of the police, to bring the perpetrators to justice. The fowls of five other residents of Longueuil were served in a like manner, and much indignation prevails in the town in consequence.

THE WILL OF THE LATE THOMAS TIFFIN.

A deed is now prepared at the office of Messrs. Papineau, Papineau and Dandurand naming Joseph Duhamel, advocate, Mr. Drake, city assessor, and Mr. Hout, N.P., as attorneys to make the inventory of the property left by the late Thomas Tiffin, Esq., and to settle up the accounts, and the estate generally, and to make a division of the shares of the various heirs to the property. The estate is thought to be worth, in real property, \$300,000, and in moveable property something like \$500,000. The real property only is effected by the will, Mr. Tiffin having by a curious forgetfulness not mentioned his moveable property. In consequence it all goes to his natural heirs in two parts, those on the maternal side of the family taking one half, and those on the paternal receiving the other half. This makes a very unequal division, as there are only two heirs on the maternal side who take one half, while the other half is divided between sixteen or twenty persons, being Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Tiffin and the Thompson family, sons of William Thompson, late of Hochelaga. There is said to be no probability of any contest or trouble in the matter, as the law wisely provides for all contingencies Mr. James Skelly, who has been bequeathed the real estate by the will, will have to pay some \$7,000 in legacies. Under the law heirs may accept a succession devolving to them purely and simply or else under the benefit of inventory. In the latter event becoming responsible for the debts of the estate only to the extent of the benefit they have derived from it, it would appear that Mr. Skelly and other parties concerned are likely to accept under benefit of inventory.

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY.

At the regular monthly meeting of the society, held in the hall, 223 McGill street, on Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., the following gentlemen were elected officers-bearers for the ensuing six months:—President, Mr. John Power (re-elected); 1st Vice-President, Mr. Martin Newell; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Jas Toland; Secretary, Mr. Joseph McCann (re-elected); Asst. Secretary, Mr. Joseph Doherty; Treasurer, Mr. Patrick Reynolds (re-elected); Collecting-Treasurer, Mr. Loughlin Coughlin (re-elected) Asst. Collecting-Treas., Mr. P. Murray (re-elected); Grand-Marshal, Mr. Wm. Burns (re-elected); Asst.-Marshals, Messrs. Patrick Harrington and Robert McQuade. The Auditor's report showed the Secretary's finances to be steadily increasing, and the handsome sum of \$1,798 to its credit in bank.

IS IT A MURDER?

DISAPPEARANCE OF A LADY UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

High Constable Bissonnette visited the town of St. Julien on Saturday October 29th, for the purpose of tracing up the very mysterious disappearance of Miss Caroline Gauthier, a lady of thirty, who, after the 18th of this month, has never been seen or heard from. It appears that the missing lady resides in the rear of St. Julien, in the woods, and all alone. Her sister lives on an adjoining farm, and she was the last person who is reported having seen Miss Gauthier, which was on the evening of the 17th, when she had in her possession the sum of \$41.50. The High Constable suspects a young man living near here, and who was supposed to be engaged to the missing girl, with having foully murdered her and hid her body. He bases his suspicions on the strange behavior of the young man of late, and his sudden possession of a considerable sum of money. The night before the disappearance this young man went to the grocery store in the village and asked for a loaf of bread, but being two cents short of the price of it, he was refused the article. Strange to say, next morning he was in an adjoining town buying a horse and spending money freely. All the missing girl's clothes were found in her house, the door of which was found tied with a thin piece of woollen string, although before the night of the disappearance it was always fastened with a padlock. These and many other suspicious events leads the High Constable to fear foul play. The necessary papers have been forwarded to the Government asking for an enquete.

ADDRESS TO FATHER HOGAN.

On Monday week the Sarsfield school, Grand Trunk street, Point St. Charles, was honored by a visit from the beloved Pastor of St. Ann's, the Rev. Father Hogan, accompanied by Father Knox. This being the first visit paid to this school by Father Hogan since his return, the opportunity was not lost sight of by the pupils to tender him a right hearty "Cae mille Failthe," which they did by making their much venerated pastor the recipient of two addresses—one in French, which was read by Master Wilfrid Gignas, and the other in English, given by Master William Brennan, and of which the following is a copy:— The Rev. Father Hogan, Pastor of St. Ann's Parish, Montreal, P. Q.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

On this, the occasion of your first visit to the Sarsfield school, after an absence of a few months in visiting your native land and the Eternal City, it affords us, in union with our Principal and Professors, the greatest joy to bid you welcome. To the pleasure-seeking tourist a visit to foreign lands is always desirable. To visit the Emerald Isle, pass through its vales, ascend its mountains, or sail on the bosom of its glassy lakes, to tarry for a while in France—

THE LAND LEAGUE.

THE QUESTION OF "NO RENT" DISCUSSED—ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.

The usual weekly meeting of the Montreal branch of the Irish National Land League was held on Sunday afternoon in St. Patrick's Hall, Mr. C. J. Doherty, the president, occupying the chair. After the minutes a communication from Mr. Patrick Ford, of the Irish World, was read, and on motion of Mr. Conroy the Secretary was instructed to communicate with him for definite information as to the date upon which Rev. Father Sheehy and Mr. Healy might be expected to arrive in Montreal. Mr. J. C. Doyne, seconded by Mr. D. Tracy, moved that a new set of collectors be appointed, which was carried. At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Doherty asked the meeting to allow him to vacate the chair in favor of Vice-President, Mr. B. Connaughton, as he had a very pressing engagement. In answer to the call of the chairman and the meeting, Mr. F. A. Quinn made a few remarks, suggesting that it would add greatly to the interest and instruction of the meeting if somebody deliver a prepared lecture every week. There were many orators to pick from, and he felt assured that if the suggestion was acted upon, the result would be much to the benefit of the League. As far as he himself was concerned he would volunteer for a lecture on the land question two weeks hence. (Applause.) The Land League question was rapidly assuming a new aspect. The Irish people were now face to face with an issue upon which the movement depends. From certain gentlemen holding high positions and from whom better was expected, an adverse view had been taken of the manifesto of "no rent." The result, however, had not the damaging effect upon the movement that it might have had one hundred years ago. It was true many tenants had paid rent; many had applied to the Land Commission, but with the great mass of the Irish people, the manifesto emanating from Kilmaham goal was observed and obeyed (applause). It is considered in certain quarters that the "no rent" cry has a communistic ring about it, but the impression is a false one. The action taken by the Irish National Land League was but an expedient—a legitimate expedient which our race were employing to score a victory over those who had oppressed them for centuries. (Applause.) The speaker concluded a truly patriotic speech, by stating that if the League desired it he would, two weeks hence, discuss the question as to where there is any immorality in the letter from Kilmaham Jail; he would discuss it from a moral, legal,

and historical standpoint, and he was sure the unanimous verdict would be that it was not. (Great applause.)

Mr. J. P. WHELAN, was next called on for a speech. He said that with respect to the remarks of Mr. Quinn he would suggest that the subjects of the weekly lectures should be the events which were daily developing themselves in Ireland from day to day. Continuing, he said: The past we know and I hope profit by its teachings, and from the Land Bill of 1870 we are able to predict the results if the country had settled down and accepted it, without first testing what was in the Bill—good or evil. Everyone who desires to misrepresent Ireland from personal or other motives, whether through dislike to the people or to please the English Government, say or pretend to believe that the "no rent" manifesto is communistic. They say the manifesto denies the rights of property; that it is a doctrine that the common sense of civilization rejects. Certain persons go further and say that it "assails the eternal law of good and struck at the foundation on which society rests." These charges are very unjust, unjust, and even Ireland's worst enemy could not say more. The "no rent" doctrine is not communistic because it is not intended to be permanent, only temporary. It is the only and last resort of a people brutally attacked by a tyrannical Government. The manifesto says: "The executive of the League advise the tenant farmers of Ireland from this day forth to pay no rent, under any consideration to the landlord, until the Government relinquish the existing system of terrorism and restore the constitutional rights of the people." There is no communism in this advice, the attack on the foundation of society was made by Forster and Gladstone—and why should the people continue to pay tribute to their oppressors? The landlords are in a great measure to blame for the action of the English Cabinet; they have bounded them on. Well, so long as the landlords are in prison and they are deprived of every liberty, they would be craven if they did not use the only course they have left. While some pretended friends condemn the League they have not a word of condemnation for the wholesale arrest of the leaders of the Irish people. Even were the land question settled to the satisfaction of the people, there is a more important question behind it—the real question—the object of the agitation—Home Rule. Ireland must have a Government, she cannot exist as a prisoner, she is the weak spot of the Empire. It is very important for England that this matter be settled, and that very soon. She cannot quarrel with any power stronger than the Zulus. Gladstone, at Guildhall, admitted that he would be glad to see a measure of Home Rule granted; it would not impair the supremacy of the empire. Give Ireland Home Rule and it would be her interest to promote the welfare of the Empire. Ireland has, I think, convinced England that she cannot and will not be ruled except by her own people, and nothing less will ever satisfy them. The state of Europe to-day clearly demonstrates to England that it is their advantage to have Ireland at peace. I firmly believe that a firm and intelligent dominion or federation of Great Britain and Ireland on the plan of Canada or the United States will win the support of every honest Englishman, and will be supported by all classes of men and by public opinion everywhere.

being weakened and her bonds loosened, "she will take her place among the nations of the earth." Nor can we be unmindful of the great gift of gratitude which we owe to the Rev. Fathers Fahey, Knox and Whittaker, under whose spiritual guidance you so wisely placed us at your departure. Like our Divine Master, you chose those worthy gentlemen, renowned alike for their wisdom, talent and indefatigable zeal, to minister to the spiritual wants of your devoted parishioners. They have fully fulfilled the obligations undertaken by them. For our own part, we can testify to this by their frequent visits to our Institution and by the wise counsels which they have unhesitatingly endeavored to instill into our youthful minds. We wish them, like yourself, Rev. Father, a long continuance in our midst to encourage and direct our feeble footsteps towards the goal at which we all hope one day to arrive, "to receive the reward promised to good and dutiful children." In conclusion, rev. and dear father, we beg to thank you for your kind visit and the interest you take in our welfare. Words fail to express the joy we felt when we heard of your return home. Our prayers were offered daily for you when absent, and together with our parents and friends we looked forward to that happy day when you would be again amongst us. We expect the honor of your frequent visits, and that you may long be spared to watch over our spiritual interests, and encourage our progress in our studies, is the ardent wish of the pupils in whose behalf I have the honor of addressing you. At the conclusion of the delivery of the address Father Hogan expressed himself as much gratified at the sentiments contained therein, and said that were anything else wanting the tender solicitude with which they had during his absence remembered him in their prayers, and the great gladness which seemed to fill their young hearts now that he had come back to their midst, were themselves sufficient proofs that his past labors in their behalf were not without a fair return. He then congratulated Principal Anderson and his staff of teachers on the marked improvement which the pupils exhibited by regularly attending the Catechism classes on Sundays, and also on the unusual large number of boys this year attending to their monthly religious duties, expressing a hope that this would always continue. He spoke of his recent travels—dwelling more particularly, and with a lingering fondness, on the visit which he paid to Ireland—his native home—and many of whose natural beauties he vividly described, to the evident delight of his listeners. After bestowing his benediction, the Rev. Pastor concluded the proceedings by granting the pupils a half holiday, a feature on the programme evidently relished by them, to judge by the rounds of applause which followed.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Mgr. Fabre, Montreal, held his monthly reception Monday evening at the Bishop's Palace.

The Theological Faculty of Morrin College, Quebec, was formally opened last Wednesday night.

A solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Thursday morning, for the late Bishop Power and the deceased priests of the Diocese.

At a secret consistory, the Pope strongly blamed the Emperor Francis Joseph for receiving King Humbert. He said something must be done to shake the yoke from Christendom.

The Revs. P. Francois D'Anne and P. Michel, Trappist Brothers, recently arrived from France on business connected with the monastery at Oka, are at the Canada Hotel.

Rev. Father Alban, of the Trappist Order, arrived in this city yesterday from Gethsemane, Palestine, and proceeds today to the new establishment of the order at Oka.

News was received in the city on Friday of the death of the Rev. Mr. Kerack, parish priest of St. Guillaume, which occurred in that place on Thursday night. The rev. gentleman had been ill for some time past, and his death was not unexpected. He is one of the best known priests in the Diocese of Montreal, and his death will be deeply regretted by all who knew him. The funeral will take place at St. Guillaume on Tuesday.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint Messrs. Joseph Simard, Joseph Cyrille Auger, Napoleon Dumouchel, Honorables Jeannotte and Henry P. Pepla, all notaries public, of the city of Montreal, to the office of commissioners for the purpose of imposing and levying a tax for the building of the parish church of the parish of St. Jean Baptiste de Montreal, under the authority of the 4th section of chapter 18 of the consolidated statutes of Lower Canada.

PRESENTATION TO BISHOP O'FARRELL

The affection of Bishop O'Farrell's late parishioners of St. Peter's Church was shown on Tuesday evening when a committee of the parish, headed by Judge Quinn, visited the pastoral residence and presented the Bishop with a purse of \$2,000 and the following address:— NEW YORK, Nov. 1, 1881. To Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton. YOUR REVEREND SIR: We have been deputized by the congregation of St. Peter's to wait upon you and express to you their sentiments of joy and gladness at the event which took place to-day in the grand and imposing cathedral of this city. While, by this event, we will be separated from you as our esteemed friend, pastor and guide, we must nevertheless express to you the satisfaction it gives us to see you elevated to the Episcopacy. The honor conferred upon you by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York greatly enhances the pleasure which we feel on this occasion. We need not say that the ceremonies of to-day, so impressive, imposing and grand as they were, will ever be remembered in the history of this parish. We therefore beg to offer you, on the part of the congregation of St. Peter's, our sincere congratulations. When we recall, Right Reverend sir, the number of years you have labored among us and been our pastor and friend, and the invaluable service you have been able to render to the cause of religion and the advancement of Catholic education in this parish, we cannot help giving expression to our feelings of regard at the loss which the parish will sustain by your removal from it; but, at the same time we must admire the profound wisdom and discernment of the Holy See in electing the learned, eloquent and zealous pastor of St. Peter's as the first Bishop of Trenton. We will remember gratefully your unselfish devotion to the flock committed to your pastoral care, more especially your great devotion to the welfare of the children, doing everything in your power to train them up in religion and virtue, furnish them with Catholic books, and, in fine, give them withal a

good solid education. By these acts you have inspired and earned the love and affection of all. It is with feelings of the most profound respect and affection, therefore, that we ask you on the part of the parishioners of St. Peter's to accept this feeble expression of our feelings and sentiments for you, together with the testimonial which we now have the pleasure of tendering to you, at the same time wishing that you may live long to enjoy the honors of the episcopacy. On behalf of the congregation— Denis Quinn, Chairman; William J. O'Kelly, Treasurer; John Gleason, Secretary; Daniel Sweeney, James Loughran, James Kehoe, John Callahan, Henry J. O'Farrell, John McKoon, Patrick McKeon, Andrew Clark.

Bishop O'Farrell responded at length, and in a voice that shook with emotion. He reviewed his connection with the parish, spoke in a happy way of various incidents thereof, and testified his great appreciation of this parting act of kindness which came as a crown to all the many he had experienced at their hands. To separation from them he was reconciled by the fact that he was not going far away, and that he would be able occasionally to revisit old scenes and renew old acquaintances.

LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Nov. 4, 1881.

We are now in the full enjoyment of rain and slush, and any pedestrian in St. Peter street can acquire real estate enough to qualify him for parliamentary honors, as every Jehu driving through the Quebec Wall street scatters mud enough to reclaim the Bog of Allen. The elections are now at hand. I have not been "officially informed," but the portents of the periodical visitation are visible to all. Cabinet Ministers forget their usual "stuck-upness," and condescend to drink with common folks. Jules Mumm has given place to John de Kuyper, and ronly I believe the Cabinet Ministers are all the happier. Old times and old associations crowd upon them, and they see the old familiar faces of those they used to meet at the bar of the third class restaurant, while yet the bar of the House of Commons was below the horizon of their ambition. They think of the Jolly days, when together with Jack, and Pat, and Jules, and Gustave, etc., they drank to college memories, and sang: "We won't go home till morning," and would not have got home then, only they fell in with a decent policeman. And now they are Cabinet ministers, and one set of men will proclaim them the ablest men of the age, and another party will scream at every busting they are the greatest vagabonds unking. Now is the time when the political vice puller never wears a glove. He visits all his friends and they are all old ladies in the street he won't let her pass until he bears the history of her family from Genesis to Revelations. He is anxious about all the *bonnes femmes* and *lans hommes* in the country. This is the time when the bumper feels happy. His harvest has come. He borrows enough money to buy a clean collar, and he hies to a favorite restaurant to air his eloquence, while he awaits the advent of some political almoner with the cheery cry of "What'll you have boys?" He will have a "little brandy,"—that is about a half pint at a time. He does not mind gin, rye, or highwines now, make buy while the sunshines is his motto, and he goes in for "Mardi" and "Hennessey." The bumper has one virtue; he is a devoted admirer of free constitutional governments.

FROM GASPE, QUE.

GASPE, Que., Nov. 7.—The steamer "Larlington," Captain Hunter, of London, is stranded nine miles east of Southwest Point, Anticosti. All the crew were saved. The ship is full of water. The vessel is supposed to be a total wreck.

FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Nov. 7.—Hon Mr Mousseau has returned to city.

Rev. Thomas Galle has been appointed parish priest of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Whelan's health interfering with the performance of the duties.

The candidates in Ottawa County for the Local Legislature have not as yet been selected on the Conservative side. The names mentioned are the present member, Dr. Duhamel, Dr. Graham, E. B. Eddy and ex-Mayor Leduc, of Hull. The only opposition candidate mentioned is Mr. T. P. Foran.

FROM QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, Nov. 7.—Mr. L. G. Desjardins proceeded to the Isle of Orleans on Sunday evening and Mr. Chas. Langleier yesterday morning by steamer "Victoria." Both of them addressed the electors yesterday after Mass.

Mr. A. Bules is mentioned as a possible candidate for Chicoutimi. On the other hand, it is said, that those interested in the success of the Lake St. John Railroad will make a strong effort to induce Mr. James G. Ross, of this city, to stand for the constituency.

Mr. T. Baillien has been offered, and has declined, the Liberal nomination for Lewis County.

DEAN BRADLEY'S INAUGURAL SERMON

LONDON, Nov. 7.—Bradley, the new Dean, in his inaugural sermon in Westminster Abbey yesterday, laid great stress on the common inheritance in the Abbey, which the citizens hoped the Republic across the seas might claim could they forget the divided counsels of unhappy memories. America had twice this year, he said, been drawn to the mother country by common griefs. There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about Dr. Thomas' Eucosmia Oil. The ingredients of this incomparable anti-rheumatic and throat and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed pure and imperishable. Pain, lameness and stiffness are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally.

ROUND THE WORLD.

It is estimated that the recent terrible storms cost the Yarmouth, England, fishers \$50,000 in nets alone. There were 2,361 cases of desertion from the United States army last year; 318 more than for the year previous. At Catania University in Sicily a rejected candidate for a degree drew out a revolver and fired at Prof. Ceppola, but missed. The Pope is now enjoying his one yearly sport, bird catching, in the Vatican Garden. Half the catch is sent to the hospitals. Wendell Phillips, having been urgently requested to go to Ireland to advocate "No rent," has declined on account of the state of his health. The number of patents issued in the Dominion during the month of October was 109 and the amount of fees, &c., therefor, \$3,810.81. The Customs collections at Wintipeg, Man., for the month of October were \$62,603, an increase of \$37,372.84 over the corresponding month last year. Gladstone is in no danger from assassins, but his conscience tells him he should be. Foster has no conscience; therefore, he swaggers about Dublin unprotected. The new Star Loan Company, of St. Thomas, Ont., have sold all their first issue of stock at par, viz., \$200,000, and opened a savings bank in connection with the Society. Alexander Macdonald (Liberal), M.P. for Stafford, England, is dead. Mr. Macdonald was one of the first two "Workingmen's" candidates elected to the British Parliament. The fashion in men's hats changes far more often in England, France, and America than in other countries. The sombrero worn in Don Quixote's time is in fashion in Spain today. The Spanish Government are about to submit a bill authorizing negotiations with France for a tunnel through the Pyrenees, near Somport, at the joint expense of the two countries. The assets of the Mechanics' Bank, Newark, N. J., are \$2,045,000, liabilities \$3,346,000. The deficiency will be made up by assessments on stockholders and losses by depositors. The examiner says the deficiency in the account of the Mechanics' Bank, Newark, N. J., will reach two and a half millions. From present indications he believes depositors will lose \$900,000. The Italian Brigand, Esposito, now in jail at Palermo, through counsel, sues, under his true name of Raudozzo, a fruit dealer in New Orleans named Casimiro, for \$10,000 damages, on account of a former partnership. "In fact, my lord, he's quite a St. Paul," said a gentleman interceding with Bishop Bloomfield of London for an able but impetuous divine, not unfamiliar with the inside of debtors' prisons. "Ah," rejoined the prelate "in prisons oft."

The Ontario Commercial Traveller says that drummers have now a craze for wearing skull caps, and they often, when staying at hotels, don a red woollen nightcap, such as their grandfathers slept in, on arrival and wear it throughout the evening. The study of the Russian language is said to be gaining ground in Germany. A series of reprints of the masterpieces of Russian fiction and poetry, especially intended for the use of students, the accent of each word being carefully marked, is being printed in Leipzig. McPherson of Toledo had been a hard drinker for many years when his wife, on her deathbed, made him solemnly pledge himself to total abstinence. After three days without alcohol he gave up the struggle; yet he would not break his vow, and suicide became his desperate resort. One intoxicated man said it was a bundle of rags that lay on a window sill 200 yards away, at Austin, Texas, and his companion said it was a woman's head. They made a bet, and decided it by shooting at the object; but neither won, for it was a boy's head which the bullet grazed. Sardou's new comedy, "Odette," is in a prototype and three acts. It will be produced at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris in December. "The Moral" points to the risks of a husband's name being disgraced when he has concluded a final separation from his spouse. There are twenty-three characters. Among the curious historical objects exhibited at the Venetian Geographical Congress this autumn, was the linen Cap worn by Louis Manin, last Doge of Venice, on the last day of the Republic. When he doffed it he gave it to his Chamberlain, with the words: "Take this, I shall require it no more." There is a story current in Paris that when "La Biche au Bois," now so popular in Paris, was first produced at the Porte St. Martin, a beautiful and popular actress, who was to act it, having discussed salary, &c., with the manager satisfactorily, said, "And now as to the costumes." "Costumes, Madame," was his reply, "why, there are none."

In the old Museum of Bale there is a cannon over three hundred years old, with a calibre of 13 1/2 inches, which has an interior closely resembling that of one of the modern systems for rifling ordnance. The nature of the bore is such that it is quite evident an attempt had been made to give increased effect to the shot by a rude species of rifling. Prof. Gulliver, of the Andover Theological Seminary, has been carefully studying the leading orthodox doctrines as they are held in New England to-day, and his conclusion is that the theology of that part of the country is as sound now as it was in the time of Jonathan Edwards. He finds no change at all in the orthodox views of the trinity, regeneration, miracles, the soul's immortality, and future punishment. The English colonists of the Transvaal are much exasperated over the treaty of their Government with the Boers. At Pretoria they got up a funeral of the flag of Great Britain. The flag was put into a coffin and buried. One of the assistants made a funeral oration, in which he said that the grand old banner had no longer any existence, since the treaty put an end to the possibility of avenging the defeat of the British arms. Eeta Williams took the prize at a fair at Ottumwa, Iowa, as the most beautiful girl in the county. She subsequently married John Carahan, who lived for seven years very happily with his distinguished wife. Then he was overwhelmed by her elopement without warning with his own father, who took with him about \$30,000, leaving his wife (John's mother) with nothing but a small farm. The runaway pair were traced as far as St. Joseph, Mo., but not caught.

O. E. Comstock, Caledonia, Minn., writes: "I was suffering the most excruciating pain from inflammatory rheumatism. One application of Dr. Thomas' Eucosmia Oil afforded almost instant relief and two bottles effected a permanent cure."

GLADSTONE'S LAND COURT.

A Review of the First Decision

INVENTORY OF A WESTERN PARISH

LETTER FROM JAMES REDPATH.

To the Editor of The Post and True Witness:

On Monday, (according to the Herald's cable dispatches,) the Irish Land Court, established by Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, made its first decision and the result is described as a sweeping reduction of the rental and a defeat of the landlords.

The Ulster custom originally included the "three F's"—fair rents, fixity of tenure and free sale. The other three Provinces do not enjoy and never have enjoyed the "three F's."

Sometimes he had the right to sell to any tenant, without consulting his landlord; but recently (and especially since 1847, the great famine year), the landlord has generally asserted his right to be consulted.

In every other province of Ireland the outgoing tenant lost all his improvements; that is to say, the landlord confiscated them; for it is essential to a just verdict on Irish agrarian politics, to remember that in Ireland it is the tenant who makes all the improvements, and always at his own expense.

Even in Ulster, as this case shows, the landlords, in violation of what the English press call "free contracts," have compelled their tenants to sign leases by which they agreed to waive all the rights conferred on them by the "Ulster custom" and the law of 1870.

In the case just decided the rent was reduced from £8 15s to £6 1s. The Government valuation was £6.

And this is called a "sweeping reduction of rent!" There are very few landlords in Ireland, since the League became powerful, who would not have been willing to have made that reduction voluntarily if the tenant had agreed (as he has to agree in going into the Land Court), to see no further reduction for fifteen years.

The Government or "Griffith's valuation," is a rack-rent of the most extortionate or "Communist" character. No such rent is demanded or paid in any other country.

It is made for the purpose of taxation. But the same estimate may be fair for one purpose and unjust for a different purpose. It was not the business of the Government Assessor to inquire who drained the farm, he assessed, or who built the fences and the farm house, or who made the land, originally worth and assessed at five cents an acre, so productive that it now rents for from £7 5s to \$20 an acre.

Now, when a tenant pays a rent Griffith's valuation, he is paying a high rent not for the land as the landlord gave it to him, but for his own permanent improvements! Yet, until the Land League, like an angel of the Lord, appeared with flaming sword to protect the tenant, there were very few landlords in Ireland who did not charge at least fifty per cent. over Griffith's valuation! In many instances they charged from twice to five times that valuation.

In England, where, as in the United States and other civilized lands, the permanent improvements are made by the landlords, the American competition has reduced the rents more than 25 per cent., and there are hundreds of farms lying idle that no farmer will take at even fifty per cent. reduction.

Instead of the rents having decreased in Ireland, as they have done by the voluntary action of the landlords in England, they have constantly been increased. The neighboring county of Donegal, for instance, paid as rent (mostly to absentee proprietors) in 1881, £237,681, whereas in 1880 the rental amounted to only £47,000. In 1880, the rental of Ulster amounted to five millions sterling. In 1881, the rental amounted to nearly twenty millions.

Who paid for the improvements that made it possible to exact this increase? Let a partizan of Mr. Gladstone and an enemy of the Land League, Mr. Kinnear, M.P., reply:

"In Ireland the tenant makes all the improvements. He tills on, going daily to his work amid surroundings of self-denial and insecurity and pinching poverty."

"But any moment all may be swept from him by landlord rapacity. . . . In all Ulster, in the past 30 years, the people's improvements, to the value of fifteen millions sterling (\$75,000,000) have been absorbed by landlord cupidity; and in my own county of Donegal, in the same time, the poor peasants' improvements have been confiscated by landlord irresponsible power, to the extent of over £320,000 sterling. And who," he asks, "after sermonizing, for he is a Protestant clergyman, who is capacitated to gauge the multitudinous clouds of sorrow, and suffering, and wailing, that in all these years have been he concomitants of such confiscations?"

The first effect, therefore, of this decision is to legalize these confiscations and to recognize the landlord's right to tax, as rent, the improvements made by the tenant. This is a sweeping act of confiscation—not a "sweeping reduction" of rental.

But it is also an abrogation—a judicial repeal—of the only clause in the Land Bill that would have made the Act a blessing to the Irish tenant. That clause is known as the Healy clause, from the fact that it was introduced by Mr. Healy. It reads:

"No rent shall be allowed or made payable in any proceedings under this Act in respect of improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors in title, and for which in the opinion of the Court, the tenant or his predecessors in title shall not have been paid or otherwise compensated by the landlord or his predecessors in title.

The proceedings in this case have two other features that only those who have studied Irish landlordism on the scenes of its crimes can properly estimate. The first, and the most important, decision was that "both parties shall pay their own costs, which property costs," says the Herald's correspondent, "will doubtless be followed in all commitments."

The other feature was the announcement that the landlord will appeal to the chief commissioner.

The meaning of these facts is, that the landlords can defeat this Land Bill as they completely defeated the Land Bill of 1870, by the decisions of a partisan judiciary and by appeals which involve expensive litigation beyond the means of all tenants, excepting only the well-to-do large farmers of the east and north of Ireland, who are as comfortable, as a class, as the farmers of England, and who also, as a class, treat their laborers as badly as the great landlords of the west of Ireland treat their peasantry.

The landlords can afford to pay the expenses of litigation, because most of them are rich, and because their organizations—their land leagues, the "Emergency Committee," and the "Property Defence Association"—have not been suppressed, but, on the contrary, are in full vigor. Not only have the landlords assessed themselves to support these leagues, but the London Times has issued an appeal, on their behalf, to the landed interests of England. It is only the poor man's league—it is only the organization that could have secured justice in the Land Courts to the peasantry by engaging able counsel—that has been forbidden to come to their assistance.

The Herald's correspondent says that the reduction by the court of this man's rental to the government valuation is a "serious defeat to the landlords." It is not a defeat; it is a triumph; because, land act or no land act, it has become impossible to pay the present rents in any of the British Islands. The rents of Ireland must be reduced at least one half before there is even an approximation to justice done to the tenants, or before they can successfully meet our American competition in the English markets.

I have given very faint pictures of the poverty of the peasantry of Ireland. I have hesitated to tell of all the misery I have seen, because I do not think that I would have believed on any human testimony, that such misery and such tyranny could exist in a land professing to be a civilized country. I described the parish of Gweedore in part.

Let me refer to it once more to show how impossible it is for these impoverished peasantry to follow up the landlords in the Land Courts. I did not tell all that I know about the parish. It has not changed for the better for the last fifty years.

In 1837 there was one of the periodical famines, with which all that coast of Ireland is so often visited. A schoolmaster, named Patrick McKye, whose son I met at the house of Father McFadden of Falcarron, made an appeal to the Lord Lieutenant for help to the suffering people; and, in order to authenticate his sad story he made an inventory of the parish of Gweedore, or West Tullaghobegley, as it is sometimes called. At that time it had a population of 9,049, according to the census.

"The parishioners in this parish," he writes, "are in the most needy, hungry and naked condition of any people that ever came within the precincts of my knowledge. They are all Catholics and as poor as I shall describe; having among them, no more than:

- 1 cart,
No Wheel car,
No Coach or any other vehicle,
1 Plough,
16 Harrows,
8 Saddles,
2 Pillions,
11 Bridles,
20 Shovels,
32 Rakes,
7 Table Forks,
93 Chairs,
213 Stools,
10 Iron grates,
No swine, hogs or pigs,
37 Geese,
3 Turkeys,
2 Feather Beds,
8 Chaff beds,
2 Stables,
6 Cow houses,
1 National school,
No other school,
1 Priest,
No other resident gentleman,
No Bonnet,
No Clock,
3 Watches,
8 Brass candlesticks,
No Looking-glass above 3d in price,
No Boots,
No Spurs,
No Fruit trees,
No Turnips,
No Parsnips,
No Carrots,
No Clover,

Or any other vegetable but potatoes and cabbage, and not more than 10 square feet of glass in windows in the whole, with the exception of the chapel, the school house, Mr. Dombrahn's house, and the constabulary barracks."

"None of their either married or unmarried women can afford more than one shift, and the fewest number have any, and more than one-half of both men and women cannot afford shoes to fit their feet, nor can many of them afford a second bed."

I must omit one passage as its too realistic description of peasant privations would shock American readers:

"Mr. McKye, continues: 'Their beds are either coarse sheets or no sheets and ragged filthy garments. . . . They have no means of harrowing their land but with meadow rakes. Their farms are so small that from four to ten farms can be harrowed in a day with one rake.'"

What chance have people who have been reduced to so sad a condition of poverty to contest their rights with the rich landlords from court to court?

No representative of the tenant's interest has been appointed to place on the Bench. Every Commissioner is a landlord or a partizan of the landlords. And now, while the landlords are ready to fight their tenants in the courts, with ample means, it is made a criminal offence for a representative of the Land League to appear in their behalf! For, as an enemy of Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Donnell has shown, "the attorney or barrister who should take a single brief for the very poorest and most miserable tenant in all Ireland would be cast into Kilmasham Jail within twenty-four hours, to contribute to and enhance the majestic spectacle of ministerial vigor."

Monaghan, by the way, is not regarded as a rack-rented county. At the time of the trials of the traversers there was not a Land League in the county, and not a single case of eviction was reported to their counsel.

The case reported by the Herald, of this morning, instead of being a "case of typical

hardship," as its correspondent asserts, is one of the least distressful cases I ever heard of in Ireland.

Let me give a single illustration of greater hardship from this same county. My authority is Rev. Thomas Cummins, Catholic curate of Scotstown. The landlord is Hamilton, of Tonnacassa. The tenant is Pat McCardle, of Tonnacassa, near Scotstown.

The land of this estate is wretchedly poor. Professor Baldwin and Dr. Hepworth visited it, and said; that it was "little short of the worst destitution of the west." This estate comprises the townlands of Bantilly and Tonnacassa. "About four years ago," writes Father Cummins, "the following transaction took place between Mr. Hamilton and his tenants."

"The farms were let as a whole—that is, each occupier took bog and arable by the bulk at so much rent. Mr. Hamilton let £20 a year to the bog to himself, and let it at £20 an acre and upwards to strangers from other estates; and when the bog was cut, or partly cut, he demanded a rent of 7s. 6d. per acre, for the spant bog. The people refused to pay it, as they considered it useless, and, having no guarantee, if they improved it, but the rent would be raised on them, they refused to take it. But by process of law they were compelled to take it, and in the struggle to keep it, failing to pay the rent, they were forced to leave it."

"To be more specific," writes Father Cummins, "let me state the case of one of the tenants, Pat McCardle. He held a quantity of land by bulk at the yearly rental of £8 8s. It was comprised of arable land and bog, both of which he used to his advantage. The landlord said to him, 'Give me up seven acres of that bog, or I will send you an ejectment process.' The tenant would not give it up, and the landlord sent him an ejectment process."

The case was brought into court; the lawyer made a mere sham defence of his client—as has been the case for generations and will always be the case in Ireland as long as all the power of preferment is in the hands of the landlord class. The result was that the court of landlords justified the robbery practiced by one of their class, and that the tenant was deprived of his seven acres of bog."

"The landlord," writes Father Cummins, "made £28 sterling per annum, by the transaction. But he was not content with this victory. He raised the rent of the tenant for his reduced farm and also forbade him to use five acres of bog that still remained in his possession."

This is a very mild specimen of landlord greed and tyranny in Ireland.

NEW YORK, NOV. 2, 1881.

FOR SCALDS AND BURNS.—Keep the parts wet with Perry Davis' Pain Killer till the pain ceases. It won't take long.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

Rafaeli Rubattino, the Italian steamship owner, is dead.

Lord Lorne sails for England, per the "Parisian," on Saturday next.

The annexation of Canada is one of the favorite ideas of Secretary Blaine.

Train up a child in the way you should have gone yourself.—Plainfield Bulletin.

Philadelphia has the politest man. He apologized to a locomotive for stepping on its train.—Mining Exchange.

It is rumored that Earl Cowper is sick of his position as Chief Turnkey of Ireland and will be released by Lord Spencer.

If a dime with a hole in it is worth five cents, a dime with two holes in it ought to be worth ten cents.—Kentucky State Journal.

A chancery case on the docket in Pike County, Ala., for eleven years, was last week decided, the plaintiff being awarded \$1.50.

There are said to be 263 styles of corsets and yet different young ladies' waists feel very much alike—the girls say.—Lowell Citizen.

An English critic, speaking of the Southern States of the Union, prophesies that their future development is to be one of the wonders of the century.

The principal belts in Burrell's axe factory, Belleville, Ont., were cut last night, with the effect of stopping the factory all day to-day.

The production of ale and beer at Cincinnati, Covington and Newport for the year was 739,000 barrels, an increase of 29,000 barrels; tax paid \$989,000.

The Egypt, a French newspaper at Alexandria, has been suppressed for the publication that Osman, founder of the Ottoman Empire, was the son of a false prophet.

At a meeting of the Irish Protestants of Toronto one of the speakers said the only cure for Ireland was an open Bible. What about an open prison?

Great Britain is ruled by a widow, the United States by a widower. Why don't Arthur and Victoria pool their losses and give us a cheaper government?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Alice Atherton is said to have had a dress stolen from her worth \$250 which was subsequently returned. Bet a half dollar nobody ever saw \$250 worth of clothes on her on the stage.—Philadelphia Sunday World.

An Iowa lawyer of some years' practice is now serving as locomotive fireman on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and a physician of twelve years practice is acting as freight conductor on the same road.

The strange practice prevails among some classes of London pawnbrokers of taking Bank of England notes in pledge. A London pawnbroker's manager recently admitted having taken in pledge from one individual two notes for £100 each, besides one for £50, and four for £5 each, advancing upon the whole £1 only. The explanation given was that the customer had volunteered the statement that he merely desired to place them temporarily in safe keeping. As a fact, these notes were the produce of a robbery.

Hanlan and Plaisted met Trickett and Kelly yesterday afternoon in Toronto. Trickett asked Hanlan to row him for \$2,000 a side at St. Louis, but the champion refused point blank to do so this fall. He said that he would accommodate Trickett with a race on home waters. The latter, after repeatedly asking Hanlan for a race, and as often being refused, became very warm and made use of some uncomplimentary language. He said that he had come 17,000 miles to receive satisfaction, and that Hanlan was not the man to give it to him. Hanlan puts forward as an excuse that he has postponed his race with Ross until next spring, and therefore it would not be fair to get on another race till the present one was off. When Trickett left the office he did not deign to bid Hanlan farewell. He leaves for St. Louis in a few days, and will probably return home to Australia next month. Hanlan's course is severely criticised by his friends in Toronto.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

LECTURE ON THE SUBJECT BY WILLIAM CLARKE, M.A.—THE QUESTION REVIEWED AND DISCUSSED FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

(From a Boston paper of the 6th.)

An audience that nearly filled Horticultural Hall assembled last evening, the occasion being a lecture upon the "Irish Question," by William Clarke, M.A., of the University of Cambridge, England. Mr. Clarke was introduced by His Honor Mayor Prince, who, after warmly welcoming the lecturer to the platform in this country, and presenting some general views on the importance of the subject for the evening, gave place to that gentleman. Mr. Clarke spoke without notes, and appeared thoroughly familiar with the question in all its phases in which it is usually discussed. Following is the substance of his lecture:

In opening the speaker remarked that one has to leave one's country in order to make discoveries about one's self. He now learned that he was a distinguished man. He said no claims to that, and neither the work he had done nor the principles he had espoused warranted his carrying off the title.

The Irish question has been before the world for centuries, and is yet very far from settled. It involves various considerations of creeds, policies, nationalities, &c., and is a question of the highest political importance, and is of interest even to the American republic herself, on account of the intimate relations between Great Britain and the United States, and the vast number of citizens of the latter which have resulted from immigration to this country. He proposed a calm and candid view of the question, not from any distinctively English or Irish standpoint, but from that of an English Republican. He had been long interested in Republican Government, and felt that the interests of Great Britain lay in the same direction as those of the United States.

It is a most remarkable fact that in England, at the close of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, the Irish question was found the question of the hour, as at present. English rule in Ireland is said to have begun at the conquest of Henry II. The present is the outcome of the past; and Ireland cannot be understood unless her past history is considered.

The insurrection which broke out during Queen Elizabeth's reign was crushed by a cruelly heavy hand in previous history. The next rebellion, in 1641, was crushed by English Puritanism, under Cromwell. What ever may be said of Cromwell otherwise, his treatment of Ireland will always remain a blot upon his fair fame. At the close of the 11 years' continuance of the rebellion of 1641 no less than 616,000 out of a population of 1,466,000 had been killed, and Ireland was reduced to a desert, her estates confiscated and given to English aristocrats and corporations.

The third rebellion was at the close of the last century, during the reign of George III., of whom Americans are particularly proud. The rebellion of 1798 was crushed even more brutally than its predecessors had been. The first rebellion was the age of Bacon and Shakespeare; the second of Milton; the third, of Byron, Shelley and Scott.

It is hard to tell the real opinions of Americans upon the Irish question. In dealing with the condition of Ireland two objections must be met, now frequently brought forward: First, with reference to the Land League members in the House of Commons; second, to the reforms demanded in land tenure, and to the reforms granted. Many people are of opinion that the movements of the Land League are founded upon outrages and barbarism. This is irrational and absurd, and is not true. The Land League had its origin in a just, sound and patriotic feeling. The speaker had no defence for outrages, and was no believer in the blessed gospel of dynamite. The English people are as much open to conviction as any in the world, and when they understand the Irish situation they will respond. But the Land League has not conducted itself in such manner as to gain the confidence of the English people. But what could the Land League do other than that it has done?

There are Whigs and Radicals in England, and whenever a Liberal Government has to be formed there is no compromise. The present English Cabinet is mainly Whig, led by Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone had to settle the Irish question himself he would settle it fairly and justly. He is only one out of 14. It was impossible that the Irish people should trust this Government.

THE IRISH STAKE IN THE PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons represents the people in a very singular way. There is no similarity between it and the United States House of Representatives. Rotten boroughs have just as much power in the House of Commons as the great constituencies of London, Manchester or Liverpool, and a little borough of three hundred electors, where the member is nominated and elected by the landlord, as the great centre numbering electors by thousands. One-sixth of the House are members of the aristocracy in some relationship. It is not the people's house, as in the United States, or as the Deputies in France. It is a house of conflicting interests, composed of rich men, identified with great landed interests, who will keep these interests intact. Another curious institution is the House of Lords. Its members sit there because their fathers sat there before them. Austria and other European countries long since gave up their hereditary houses, but England keeps hers, as old china and furniture are kept. The speaker was very sarcastic and pungent in his criticism of this feature in English governmental machinery.

Yet this House of Lords has a very large control of English politics. It is a great deal more than on old curiosity shop. It is often able to reject, and always to mutilate, any reform bill which comes to it from the other house.

These are the elements with which an Irish reformer has to contend in England. Under the circumstances the leaders of the Irish party could not have been expected to trust in the good intentions of the English Government. They knew it was idle and futile to do so, and English statesmen have justified the position taken by the Irish people. Earl Russell was for many years the Nestor of the English Liberals. He was one of the most conservative and moderate of men. Giving his testimony he said "In 1780, in 1793 and in 1829, that which had been denied to reason, granted to force. Ireland triumphed, not because the justice of her claims was apparent, but because the threat of insurrection overcame prejudice, made fear superior to bigotry, and concession triumph over proscution."

OTHER TESTIMONY.

Disraeli said, in a speech made Feb. 16, 1859, "What would gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position.

They would say at once "the remedy is revolution." But the Irish could not have a revolution. Why? Because Ireland was connected with another and a more powerful country. Then, what was the consequence? The connection with England thus became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevented a revolution, and a revolution was the only remedy, England, logically, was in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland. What, then, was the duty of an English minister? To effect by his policy all these changes which a revolution would do by force. That was the Irish question in its integrity."

Mr. John Bright said, in 1856: "All history teaches us that it is not in human nature that men should be content under any system of legislation, and institutions such as exist in Ireland. You may pass this bill; you may put the home secretary's 500 men into gaol; you may do more than this; you may suppress the conspiracy and put down the insurrection; but the moment it is suppressed there will still remain the germs of this malady, and from these germs will grow up, as heretofore, another crop of insurrection and another harvest of misfortunes. And it may be that those who sit here in 18 years after this movement will find another ministry and another secretary of state ready to promise to you another administration of the same never failing and ever poisonous medicine."

It may be objected that the reforms called for were of a revolutionary nature, bordering upon socialism. In England, if you want to stop any reform, give it an ugly name. Socialism has an ugly name in England, and that is a complete answer to all presentation of the Irish question. The institutions of America are so different from those of Ireland, and things here are so different from things in any part of Europe or Ireland, that people of the United States cannot judge by comparison between the two countries.

THE CASE FURTHER STATED.

There is no freedom of contract when all the power is on one side and all the weakness on the other. The landlord has the whole government to assist him in evicting tenants; the tenant, therefore, requires the protection of the government. That is the condition of things in Ireland. The tenants who have expended their all are liable to be evicted at five minutes' notice and all their goods and improvements confiscated. Indeed, there is "spoliation" on the part of the landlords as well as that of the tenants. There are two sides to the question.

Many people in England regard Mr. Gladstone's measure as a final settlement of the question. This view is erroneous. Lord Derby truly says: "The Irish question is still open," and that Mr. Gladstone's measure has not settled it. There are many deficiencies in the bill Mr. Gladstone has succeeded in passing. The whole of the cares of the state weigh upon the shoulders of the Atlas, and it may well be that his work is not all complete. Mr. Gladstone scarcely fully understands this Irish question. He was never in Ireland until four years ago. There are only three or four men in England who have grasped this question, and Mr. Gladstone is not one of them.

Ireland will never be contented or prosperous or happy until she has just laws all round; until she has either separation from England, or equality with England in all respects. There are some who look with favor upon an Irish republic, but I believe it utterly impossible that a separate government could be established.

The Irish municipal franchise is different from that of England. Nine-tenths of the Irish have no part in the government, and in Parliament no representation. Leeds and Dublin are about the same population, yet the former has 49,000 electors to 13,000 for the latter.

This state of things cannot stand in the 19th century. It is doomed. It must fall by a union between the English and the Irish democracy. America has struck the first great blow at English aristocracy and English landlords. The wrongs of Ireland have been inflicted by a few. Up to within a few years the people of England have had little or no part in the government. Even now the Irish emigrants in America have far greater part in government than the people of Great Britain. When popular government gets into the House of Commons, justice will be done Ireland.

The views of the democratic party in England are favorable to the people in Ireland, and their overtures were toward them; and the day is surely drawing nigh when these parties will prevail. The lecturer stated at some length the feeling in England, sympathetic with the people of the United States when their President was assassinated, and argued that the democracy of the two countries were substantially in unity and harmony.

The lecture was well received, and frequent applause interrupted the speaker.

THE LATE MR. TIFFIN AND THE PARISH OF ST. PATRICK'S OF RAWDON.

On Sunday, the 30th October, the Parish Priest of the Parish of St. Patrick's of Rawdon, having announced to his congregation that the late Mr. Thomas Tiffin had bequeathed to the parish a large amount to assist them in building a new church, a very influential meeting took place in the vestry after Mass.

Rev. J. O. Dubois, Parish Priest, was chosen to preside, and William Whittaker, Jr., having been called upon to act as Secretary for the meeting, it was moved by Mr. James Daly, seconded by Mr. William Whittaker, Sr., and resolved:

That as the late Mr. Tiffin was a native of this parish, and, apart from his kind, able and timely beneficence, we owe always, as Christians and Catholics, a duty towards our departed brethren, but, in the case of our late benefactor, we have a two-fold duty to perform, and we therefore propose that we, the inhabitants of this parish, do immediately take the best and most available means of manufacturing our deepest and most heartfelt respect and gratitude towards the memory of one who was so good and kind to us.

Moved by Mr. Hugh Green and seconded by Mr. Peter Skelly:

That we avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity to have celebrated in our Parish Church a solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of our late friend and benefactor.

Moved by Mr. Timothy Coffey, seconded by Mr. John Woods:

That the inhabitants of this parish do offer to his beloved wife and friends their deepest sympathy and condolence in the loss of a kind husband and good friend.

Moved by Mr. Alex. Daly, and seconded by Mr. P. O. Morin:

That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Thomas Tiffin, and that a copy be sent to the Montreal True Witness and The Post newspapers for publication.

(Signed), J. O. DUBOIS, P.P., Secretary.

IRELAND'S DAY OF TRIAL.

A test-hour that will be memorable and historical has come to Ireland. She is passing to-day, before the eyes of the world, through a crucial storm of tremendous significance.

Gold and unconditioned critics are everywhere considering the wisdom or folly of the "No Rent" policy. As usual they are apt to take sides with the apparently strong. Even former friends of the Land League, like Archbishop Croke, adopt this hurried and short-sighted view.

They forget for the moment the power that lies in the Right. They forget that in every struggle between right and wrong, truth and error, freedom and tyranny, the right and true, and the free have ever been apparently the weaker side, but nevertheless the forces arrayed against them have always been defeated.

At first view, it must have appeared to many that the "No Rent" manifesto was precipitate and mistaken. It would seem to be an utter refusal to recognize the rights of property. But it is not so. It simply means that, until the Government returns to constitutional practices, the Irish farmers refuse to move in any way. They do not rebel; they stand with folded arms. Leaping to the first conclusion, even the Prelate who had taken the first place in Irish affection, without one hour's consideration, issued a condemnation of the manifesto. This action, we believe, Archbishop Croke will profoundly regret in the near future. The leaders were in prison. The great organization, perfect and unbroken was resting and waiting. The only officer at liberty, of its old command, was one whose head was known to be unequal in ability to the impulsive dictators of his heart.

No matter whether or not the mandate is obeyed by the farmers of the whole country, those who disobey yield only to fear. Tens of thousands will stand firm, suffer eviction and remain on the soil. They will be supported in their passive resistance. They can outlast the landlords.

The policy of the League has heretofore been to buy out, not to drive out the landlords. The Government has introduced the new issue, which means ruin for those aristocrats who depend on their Irish rentals. If the tenants refuse to pay rent for one year the landlords will be compelled to sell their estates.

The position of Archbishop Croke as a nationalist and political leader is pitiable. Had he waited even one decent week for consideration his action would at least have the respectable consideration of intelligent people. But simultaneously with the proclamation of the Government, a few hours after the issue of the Manifesto of the Land League, the prelate hastily delivered his unfriendly and unmerited blow.

The instincts of the Irish people are truer than the wisdom of any one leader. They allow themselves to be swayed while moving forward; but when they are asked or ordered to turn back, they silently surge past and over the opposition.

There can be no doubt that the priests of Ireland are at one with the people in the land movement. Their fidelity will be proved now as it has never been before. The Land League passes into their hands as a sacred trust. If they reject or are untrue to it, they will drive it out of sight, perhaps; but they will cover the country with a secret organization that neither they nor the police can guide or subdue.

The strain now is no longer between the Irish leaders and the Government. The leaders have disappeared, and in going have transferred the burden to the six hundred thousand tenant-farmers of Ireland. Beware these men! For the Government the issue directly lies. And the present leaders are not actually necessary; the Government is effectively doing their work.

If the farmers are true to themselves they will win. They cannot all be evicted. No one else will work the farms from which the evicted are driven. As Mr. Healy, M.P., said last week: "If the rent and the poor rates and county cess are refused and have to be collected with the bayonet, with no bidders for goods at forced sales, the Government will have a pretty job on hand." The London Echo calls to mind the passive resistance of the people which won the tithe war 50 years ago against police and soldiers and coercion. The Echo asks: "How is the English Government to meet the new difficulty? Is the answer grapeshot, eviction? . . . It would take a larger army than England has to spare to put half of Ireland on the roadside." While the struggle lasts the whole Irish people will support the families of the evicted, who will remain on the spot to re-enter their homes when the storm is over.

There shall be no failure. The "transplanting" process of Cromwell would be the only successful way for England; but she dare not resort to that in the nineteenth century.

Never in all their history were the Irish people so thoroughly united as they are now. They feel that a supreme hour is upon them as a race; a test of their moral courage and tenacity of purpose. Their victory will be even more significant in its results, more honorable and satisfactory, than the oft-repeated proof of their physical bravery on the battlefields of the world.—Boston Pilot.

Nathan Strauss, the owner of the well known American trotting horse "Defendum," started with him on Wednesday, from Paris, France, for Heidelberg, Germany, which he intends to reach in six days, a distance of 375 miles. "Defendum" is a finely-formed bay gelding, with a record of 2.35.

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