

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



FATHER BURKE.

THE GREAT DOMINICAN IN LIVERPOOL.

The Church in its Relation to Irish Character.

SPLENDID ORATION.

The Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P., on Tuesday (Oct. 5) delivered a lecture at the League Hall, Liverpool, in aid of All Souls' Schools, Collingwood street. The subject was "the Catholic Church in its relation to the Irish Character." The evening was cold, wet, and dreary, and the streets, owing to the continuous rain, were covered with slush; yet the hall was crowded—a fact which clearly evidences the wonderful popularity of the great Dominican orator in Liverpool. On the motion of the Rev. M. Boggan the chair was taken by Mr. John Yates, and there were also present the Very Rev. Canon Harnett, (Buckingham), the Very Rev. Dean Kelly, the Revs R Caffrey, Francis J Soden, T Finegan, E Scott, J Irish, T Boylan, M Purcell, M Rea, W O'Reilly, Martin Ryan, R O'Kane, D Lyons, J Burke, M Kennedy, R Kennedy, Michael Ryan, J Kelly, P McNamee, B Davison, T Donnelly, S J; J Owens, S J; P Hassan, S J; E D Ross, OSB; J A Worden, OSB; J P Hall, OSB; F B Hutchison, OSB; O Burnis, OSB; Gaughren, O M I; J O'Donnell, J Buckley, D Sommer, D D; J P Wall, E Lynch, J Lennon, F Bonte, O'Callaghan, J Nixon, T Tobin, J Dorran, J Aylward, W Rossett, and L Cosgrave; Captain Burke, Drs Bligh, Clarke and Canavan; Messrs F Kirby, M Hughes, J J Fitzpatrick, L Connolly, J Yates, B Hennin, P D Garton, O Rice, H Fox, J Byrne, F J McAdam, B McPolen, B Kane, J W Swiney and J Waldron.

Mr. Yates, in introducing the lecturer said he felt proud of the honor conferred on him in enabling him to sit beside a gentleman of world-wide renown. He did not intend to say one word in Father Burke's favor, because he felt incompetent to say anything that would adequately describe his merits.

Father Burke, on rising to address the assemblage was received with repeated rounds of the heartiest applause. It was, he said, so long since he had had the privilege, or indeed the strength, to address so large an audience, that he now felt a certain sensation—he did not know what name to give it; he supposed he should not call it modesty because he was an Irishman (laughter and applause). Two things, however, encouraged him to overcome a certain twinge of nervousness to which he was formerly a stranger, but which unfortunately, latterly he sometimes felt. The first thing was that he was addressing an audience of his own kith and kin, flesh and blood (applause), and although it had been his privilege, as a Catholic priest, to speak in foreign lands, and to foreign peoples, yet there was somewhere deep in the recesses of his heart a drop of that heart's blood that was never so moved as when he had the happiness of seeing around him his own people and the children of his own soil (applause). The second reason, or argument—to forget himself or any little nervousness that he might naturally feel after a long sickness and a long and enforced retirement—was the glorious theme which he had come there, no matter how feeble, to discuss with them and to put before them that evening. It was a magnificent theme. It was enough to quicken the pulse of any man who had an idea in his mind or one of love in his heart. It was the character, the national features, the peculiar individuality of a whole people who, by the circumstances of time and fortune, had been developed into more than a nation—into a race, a great race that took its place not merely in this corner or that of the world, but amongst the great peoples, the great races, the mother peoples of the world, and that was the Irish race (applause)—a people who had spread themselves, who had been spread, driven to the farthest ends of the earth, but who yet had carried wherever their foot had trodden those peculiar individualizing characteristics that formed their national character (applause). It was to discuss the leading features of that national character, to try to bring them to their very source, to try to lead them to their very highest source, namely, to the influences of the national religion, that he was before them that evening. As an Irishman he was not ashamed to speak of the national features of the Irish people; as a priest he was happy to be able to trace the most beautiful traits of that national character through the influences of that Divine religion for which Irishmen had lived, and for which Irishmen were known to battle, and to die during fourteen hundred years (applause). He would, perhaps, be met at the outset by the objection, that there were no such things as an Irish Catholic National character, or distinctive national features amongst the Irish race. "It is all both. You are just the same as any other people. Not a bit of difference between you and anybody else" (laughter). He would ask was there a human animal on two feet walking on the face of the earth that was more easily known and more clearly distinguished than an Irishman (loud laughter). "Six and twenty years ago—when he was quite

a youth, he might say—he spent four years—the first years of his priesthood—in England, and no one ever yet saw his face, or heard him open his mouth and speak one word without instantly turning round and saying, either good-naturedly or ill-naturedly, "Sir, you are an Irishman" (laughter). There was no mistaking it, the Almighty had branded it upon his face (laughter). He had put it upon every member of his body; He had, he hoped, imprinted it upon his soul; and certainly He had put it upon his tongue (laughter). Every nation, every great people, every people who deserved the name of a nation had its own national characteristics; and how easily they were known, and how perfectly distinguishable one from the other! For instance, take the ordinary Englishman and Frenchman, and put them side by side, and see how different they were. The Englishman was mainly and undemonstrative; he might feel ever so deeply, but he despised the idea of letting his feelings appear. When you touched a Frenchman he at once showed it. If you made the least joke he burst out laughing as if he never got leave to laugh before (cheers). If you touched him upon what he called susceptibility, it would seem as if you had put the greatest affront on him, whereas you might have simply jested. Again, let them take the Englishman and the Irishman; how different they were! One was so calm, collected, cold—so faithful to his own character; the other so impulsive, so quick of eye, so easily roused to flame with anger, so easily touched with pity and compassion, with a hand so ready to resent a blow or an injury, and a heart so capable the next moment of being cast down into the depths of sorrow for the blow that was given. And so in a thousand points we differed from each other as nation differed from nation. Nor should we despise or dislike those who thus differed from us. There was much that was admirable in the character of each nation; even in the very points in which we differed from one another there was much to admire, and nothing or very little to despise. No one who had studied the history of the world and of its peoples, and no one who had used his eyes with ordinary diligence in the experience of life would deny that there were certain very pronounced peculiar and distinct characteristics about the Irish people in which they differed from other nations, and which stamped upon them their national character. What, then, were these? When they had seen what some of them were, they should endeavour to find out whence they came to them or how they were fostered; how they grew from being mere notions or ideas into principles, from being principles, into habits of life, from being habits of life into the very nature so that they could not, even if they would, put them away from them. He held that one of the first distinguishing features of the Irish character was a certain power of realizing unseen things, of living for things that they had not seen, of making sacrifices for them, and loving them, and of realizing them as if they had seen them with their eyes and touched them with their hands. He found wherever he met an Irishman that he could touch him nearer, to his hearts core and rouse him to greater indignation or sorrow upon an argument regarding something unseen than if he were to lay before him the nearest and dearest instances of material life (applause). No matter how long he may have abandoned his native land and lived amongst strangers, the truth still remained, as told very lately by a distinguished historian, that the Irishman was born to be, not a materialist, but a believer in the unseen (applause). He never yet met a countryman of his that he was not able, for instance, to fall into a conversation with him about the devil (laughter). Neither of them saw the devil, and yet they entered in perfect seriousness into a consideration of him—the unfortunate wretch that was once raised so high—the first of God's angels—and was now so fallen through disobedience. He never met an Irishman that he could not speak to him about God, yet neither of them saw God. "The average Irishman would enter the first Catholic church he met, and kneel down before the altar, realizing as fully and as perfectly as if he had held in his hands the Lord God who was present in the hidden mystery of the Eucharist (applause). Now, this faculty of realizing the unseen, this faculty of Divine faith, was one of the leading features of the Irish character; and he was deeply sorry to say it was becoming every day a more distinctive feature in the Irish character, inasmuch as many more were every day losing, more and more their hold upon the supernatural and the unseen. Materialism, unwillingness, the apparent incapacity, to believe in anything more cannot see, seemed to be one of the growing evils of our age. He remembered reading some time ago how a French chaplain, speaking to a soldier, said to him in kindness, "My son, do you ever say a prayer at all, or do anything for your soul?" "Soul," said the other; "what do you mean?" "Oh! I mean," answered the clergyman, "the image of God that is in you." "Nonsense, man," said the soldier; "I have no soul, I never saw it." "And tell me, my son," replied the priest, "have you a heart?" "Oh, yes, yes," "Did you ever see it?" (laughter). "Have you brains in your head?" "Certainly." "Did you ever see them?" (laughter). "Out of this faculty of realizing the unseen arose two things to which he invited their attention briefly: First the excessiveness, or growth—the over-growth—which came to any people who had this faculty. There was a tendency to grow or rather over-grow, into superstition. When a man was able easily to realise the truth of a thing that he has never seen, he had within him a faculty which might grow into superstition. And hence it was that Ireland, from time immemorial, was full of fables and phloges (laughter). And if a great tuft of grass was seen in a meadow, not only the children who were foolish, but also the old men and women would tell you that "the good people were dancing there" (laughter). If a child

was wasting away under some disease, the mother would be easily persuaded that it was not her child at all that was there (laughter), that her child being a beautiful baby, "the good people" got so fond of him that they took him away and left this sickly child in his place (laughter). He granted that these were superstitions, and that it was a pity they should exist, but what harm was there in them. He did not want to vindicate these customs on theological grounds, but if they led to the violation of no law of God or man, and brought no degradation to those that indulged in them, what harm did they do? When the Irish mother rocked the cradle of her child, and saw her baby smile, as children ordinarily did in such cases, she stooped down and kissed his lips, and was full of joy, because she thought it was the angels who were whispering into the child's ear (applause). Could anything be more beautiful than that superstition, if he could call it a superstition. And why should not God's angels whisper into the ear of that child, who was regenerated by baptism, and as dear to God as any angel that bowed before His throne in Heaven? It was not all superstition because it had underlying it the grand and beautiful realization of an unseen creature of God. Another effect of this faculty—this Irish faculty of realizing the unseen was that everyone, no doubt, admitted to be a glorious, distinctive characteristic of the Irish people, namely, that when they left home, and went thousands of miles away to foreign lands and foreign continents, although mountain ranges and deep oceans might lie between them and the old father and mother that they left behind them at home; although climate might be changed, and language itself different, yet, after years and years of exile and of separation, those whom they had left upon the green sod in Ireland were present to their mind and to their hearts as on the day when they left them waiting at the railway station (applause). He had seen the old man and the old woman in the small towns and villages going into the flour merchant's, or the meat merchant's, or the grocer's, and running up their little accounts a pound or two pounds, without having a farthing in the world. How did they get the credit? The man behind the counter knew that on such a day or in such a month, Patsy's letter was to come home from Brooklyn or New York—Patsy who left Ireland, perhaps, twelve years before—Patsy who married in America and had a household of children. Some time ago an Irish exile wrote to him, "Do you remember me? We were at school together."

[Concluded on third page.]

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN CORK.

Parnell the Leader of the Irish Nation.

TRIBUTES FROM ALL PARTS.

RESOLVE TO OUST THE LANDLORDS.

We abridge as follows the Dublin Freeman correspondent's report of the Cork demonstration of Sunday, 3rd October:—

English and Continental pressmen swarmed in Cork to-day, and their universal verdict was that they never beheld such a torrent of enthusiasm. Before Mr. Parnell arrived at Blarney at one o'clock he travelled from Thurles by the American mail, accompanied by Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P.; and P. Egan. The train pulled up by special arrangement to give Mr. Parnell an opportunity of alighting there. The station and its precincts were crowded with city and country folk, immense processions of cars stretched along the roads, and masses of horsemen covered the neighboring fields. Mr. Parnell's first greeting was the presentation to him of a beautiful bouquet on behalf of the farmers' wives of the county of Cork by half a dozen comely representatives of the class. Outside the station a remarkable and painful incident occurred, Mr. Parnell was conducted to a carriage in which Mr. E. Farrell, the chairman of the Cork branch of the Land League, and Mr. S. R. Heffernan, a prominent member of that body, were to accompany him. Messrs. John O'Brien and Timothy Cronin, the latter the secretary and the former a member of the Land League, all took their seats. No sooner were they seated than a body of young men surrounded the carriage, and while expressing the utmost good will for Mr. Parnell, prominently demanded that Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin should quit the carriage. These gentlemen it appears, were the proposer and seconder of a resolution passed by the Cork Land League (and afterwards rescinded) condemning in rather emphatic terms the recent aid for arms on board the steamship Juno at the Passage docks. After some altercation, the demand was complied with, and the carriage containing Mr. Parnell, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Farrell, Mr. Heffernan, and Mr. O'Hea, solicitor, rolled on amidst cheers towards the village of Blarney. Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin were subsequently compelled to leave several carriages into which they had gotten, the object of their assaults being to compel them to walk. Eventually a compromise was concluded, by which Messrs. O'Brien and Cronin were allowed to proceed by a car. Mr. Cronin stated that he knows most of the men who attacked him, and that he will have them prosecuted. He stated also that the Nationalists were eventually overawed by a gathering of countrymen. At the village of Blarney, Mr. Parnell was met by the members of his election committee in Cork—Messrs. Daniel Ryan, T. C.; Terence McSwiney, T. C.; George Barry, T. C.; Alderman Dwyer, Thomas Tracey, T. C.; Thomas Gaddell, T. C.; John Kin, Paul Madden, Robert Barrington, and John B. Roche, who presented him with an address, of which the following are the more important passages:—

"We believe that we only give expression to the feelings of the vast majority of our fellow-citizens in tendering you our grateful thanks for the high honor conferred on us by your election to sit for Cork. It was with feelings of pride and exultation we learned that you had been selected for the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party. We regret that a section of the Home Rulers, disregarding the decision of the majority, flung themselves on the Government side, thus losing their distinctive character amidst the ranks of the English Liberals. We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the statesmanlike qualities you displayed during the late session. We were glad to see that you did not lose sight of the national question—the right of Ireland to her own Parliament, of which eighty years ago she was barely deprived, and nothing short of the restoration of which can ever make her sons contented and prosperous. We greet you as the regenerator of the Irish people, and we pray God you may be spared to do battle for the rights of our down-trodden country till your efforts shall at length be crowned with a great and glorious victory."

Mr. Parnell, in reply, said he felt deeply touched by their kindness in coming to meet him. He accepted their address as a proof that he still possessed the confidence of Cork. His words were cheered to the echo.

An enormous procession of carriages and cars now stretched away for fully three miles to the city, closed by a magnificent body of a thousand farmers on horseback. The whole country side literally rose and poured themselves around the carriage of their hero. Already, before the city bounds were touched, while the whole beautiful city lay outspread in its woodland cradle underneath Prayer Hill, the crowd and the enthusiasm were marvellous, but this was coldness and solitude compared with what was coming. A monster city procession had been mustering its mighty strength all the morning on the Great Western road. At the borough boundary the Mayor of Cork (the Right Worshipful Patrick Kennedy) and the members of the Corporation, in their red and black robes, were there to welcome Mr. Parnell. The Corporation had agreed by special resolution to pay him this extraordinary mark of honor. In a scene of wild enthusiasm the carriages crushed on

through furling thousands of people until a halt could be called on Wellington-bridge. Here the Mayor, who was surrounded by his officers and the emblems of municipal dignity, and accompanied by Alderman Daly, M. P., and some fifteen aldermen and councillors, in their robes, presented the address of welcome from the Corporation. The following are the more important passages of the address:—

"We feel that words can but inadequately express our gratitude for the ability, earnestness, and untiring devotion you have employed in the performance of your onerous duties in the Parliamentary session just closed. We proffer you our thanks for your herculean exertions in the Irish cause. We congratulate you that owing to your indefatigable zeal the injustice of the laws regulating the sale and tenure of land in Ire and has been dragged before the light of the public opinion of the civilized world, and that a question so vitally bound up with the well-being and contentment of Ireland is, thanks to your exertions, approaching a solution. We trust you may be long spared to continue your noble devotion to our country's cause, and that it shall frequently be our pleasure to welcome you to Cork, in which it is our pride to rank you as an citizen."

Mr. Parnell, who has received with tremendous enthusiasm, and some cheers for the Irish Republic, said he could not venture to express to them the feelings of pride and gratification with which he received the address they had honored him with. The corporations of Ireland maintained the last relics of local government left in Ireland, and he believed that the way in which their municipality, among others, had upheld the right of Irishmen to self-government and had shown the political capacity of Irishmen for self-government would always form a strong argument in favour of the restoration to Ireland of her national rights of self-government (cheers).

A Voice—Three cheers for rebel Cork (cheers). A Voice—The Mayor is no Parnellite. Mr. Parnell again declared he felt very deeply the high honour, almost unprecedented for a member for the city of Cork to receive (cheers).

A Voice—You are an exceptional member. Mr. Parnell—I shall always recollect the honour to the last hour of my life as one of the greatest which I ever have received or ever hope to receive (great cheering).

The city procession then began to defile. It extended for nearly two miles of solid ranks of men under magnificent trade banners, and stirred by the music of some twenty brass bands. The city trades mustered as they had never mustered in Cork within living memory. More wonderful even than the numbers and physique of the men were their admirable order and the steadiness with which they rolled forward through the endless multitudes seething around them. Mr. Parnell's carriage, which fell in after the carriages of the Corporation, was the centre of attraction when it reached the city. He was the object of little short of idolatry. Every window was packed with people, mostly ladies. Young ladies crowded even to the roofs, waving their handkerchiefs. Mr. Parnell for miles of streets had to stand up in the carriage, bowing his thanks for the thousands of marks of favour he received from the windows and roofs of the houses. As for the multitudes in the streets, their enthusiasm was at times perfectly delirious. They offered times innumerable to take the horses from under the carriage; in fact, their enthusiasm would have gone the length of flinging themselves under the horses' feet. Street after street the same wonderful spectacle was repeated. The whole population was plunged in the fever. Mr. Parnell was perfectly overwhelmed by bouquets of flowers presented by fair hands; others flourishing huge Champions potatoes on the top of sticks, in allusion to Mr. Parnell's exertions for the people. The Typographical Society presented him with a beautiful reprint on white satin of Miss Fanny Parnell's Hymn of the Land League. His whole progress, such as no public man that has ever been received in Ireland within this generation. Any computation of numbers must be an exceedingly rough guess, but considering that thousands came by excursion trains from Kerry and Waterford, and many thousands more flocked in by rail and car from every part of the county, and considering that, literally, the entire city population had descended into the streets, it was very sure to mark in saying that a hundred thousand people participated in one way or another in the demonstration.

It was sunset before the huge procession rolled into the Park and swelled tumultuously around the platform. It was too late, and the feeling was too excited, for anything like formal speechmaking. Most of the speakers proposed their resolutions in dumb show, and it was only Mr. Parnell's and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's voices that rang out with any clearness over the enormous mass of men.

The following were the resolutions passed at the meeting:—

That next to the loss of our national independence we believe the cause of the degradation and misery of the Irish people to be the existing system of landlordism. We therefore demand a settlement of the question on a permanent basis which will enable the tiller of the soil to become the owner thereof.

That we pledge ourselves never to take a farm from which another has been unjustly evicted, or which has been surrendered for non-payment of an exorbitant rent.

Cardinal Manning is now so far restored to health that he will immediately resume the active duties of his ecclesiastical office. After a working tour in the Midlands and the North of England, he has returned to London, looking more energetic than ever.

Affairs in Ireland.

STILL MORE REINFORCEMENTS.

MR. FORSTER WAVERING?

Accession of Strength to Land League.

PARNELL BITTERLY HOSTILE

Boucicault's Play of 'O'Dowd.'

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN ENGLAND.

FEARS OF A REBELLION.

(By telegraph to Montreal Gazette.)

London, October 24.—It is said that Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, swore an information to-day charging a number of prominent members of the Land League with conspiracy, and that application for their arrest will be made to the Courts early next week. The following are the gentlemen selected for prosecution:—Chas. Stewart Parnell, Joseph Biggar, Arthur O'Connor, J. J. O'Kelly, Alex. O'Sullivan, T. D. Sullivan, Mr. Egan, treasurer of the Land League; Mr. Brennan, assistant-secretary; James Ledpath, Mr. Kettle, Mr. Boyton, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Daly, journalist; Mr. Harrington, journalist; Mr. Tulley, journalist. In view of the difficulty of obtaining a verdict from an Irish jury, it is said to be the intention to apply to the Queen's Bench for a change of venue, and bring the accused for trial before an English jury. The Government claims to have this power under the new Judicature Act. Its exercise would be remarkable as a legal revolution in Irish politics, and would place the agitators at the mercy of the English Government. The leaders of the Land League think that if they are tried in England they will be certainly convicted. Large reinforcements of troops are being hurried into Ireland. They are to occupy commanding positions in County Leitrim and Munster. It is feared grave trouble may arise on the arrest of the Irish leaders. The British press is unanimous in supporting the measures which the Government propose to check the agitation. Even journals which have hitherto deprecated any extraordinary proceedings admit that some action is absolutely necessary.

The crisis of "No politics" which rose during the presentation of Mr. Boucicault's remodelled drama, "O'Dowd," at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday were disappointed by the majority of the audience. Indeed, since the first night the spectators have given constant and sympathetic applause to the dramatic intentions. Political sentiments are neither unreasonable nor treasonable. Offence is taken by the critics chiefly on the ground of the dramatist's assertion that the over-population of Ireland is the cause of her poverty and misery, says—"A few years ago Ireland had a population of eight million, now she has only five million; let us follow the other three million across the ocean, where a once thrifless people have become prosperous citizens and the backbone of a republic." "What is the reason?" is the demand. "Freedom," answers the candidate who then calls Ireland the "Cinderella of the Isles," and closes with the lines from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" as applied to the present wretched condition of Ireland, which Mr. Boucicault attributes to absenteeism and want of peasant proprietorship. The critics abuse Mr. Boucicault indignantly for bringing politics into the drama, but the piece is likely to run. The veteran playwright was received with enthusiasm.

England's freshly disclosed reluctance to precipitate a crisis abroad results largely from the increasing gravity of the Irish difficulties. The reported intention of the Government to prosecute Irish agitators makes the situation on both sides more acute. The real purpose of the Government is still unknown, both as to whom it will prosecute or whether it will undertake any prosecution at all. Irish Americans engaged in the agitation are exasperated and defiant at the notion of any executive interference whatever. English opinion points steadily in favor of prosecuting the leaders and not the subordinates, but measures against the former become more difficult than ever when such moderates as Mr. McCarthy stand on the same platform with Mr. Parnell. Rumors of an autumn session are scarcely now heard. Mr. Forster believes himself able to deal with the seditious under existing laws, but while almost every day brings news of agrarian murders, English anger and indignation are steadily rising, and may compel the Government to display more energetic action. Meanwhile, the more humane and intelligent Irish landlords, like Lord Lansdowne, in their efforts to ameliorate the tenants' condition, are paralyzed. English landlords are making common cause with Irish ones, regarding the principle of property, which is more than ever imperilled. Again, it is reported that the Duke of Argyll threatens to resign unless the Cabinet takes a definite line.

[Concluded on Eighth Page.]

WAS IT A PLOT.

The answer of the Chief Secretary for Ireland to Sir Stafford Northcote, in reference to the quality of the weapons with which Mr. Boyd's assailants were armed, naturally provoked inquiry as to the object of the late Government in supplying arms indiscriminately to all who chose to buy them. "I believe some of the rifles were sold before we came into office," said Mr. Forster dryly to the leader of Opposition, "but I have stopped the sale since; is there anything unreasonable in the enquiry, why were these rifles scattered broadcast in the first instance, and why, if it was judicious to scatter them, was the sale stopped? Thousands of those rifles and bayonets were sold at Chester at the low price of 2s. 6d. each, and again we naturally ask why? We know that antecedent to the union, not only was every facility afforded, but every provocation was employed to bring about a premature rebellion. Was it in contemplation to renew the scenes of '98 by placing weapons into the hands of a people doomed to desperation by wrong and suffering—who might rise in self-defence to be swept away by a superior and stronger force?"

The constitutional cry of the Irish people for justice was beginning to be heard throughout the civilized world, and the oligarchy of England shrunk from the gaze of a public opinion which was being riveted on the wrongs of Ireland. The legal agitation which is being carried on unabated the bandages from the wounds of the country and exposed them in such a manner that some means should be had recourse to so as to smother the people's demand for justice. No more expeditious way could this be had than by inciting the people to acts of lawlessness. Whether this may be the inference deducible from the fact that arms were sold with the cognizance and at the behest of the Government can be only a matter for conjecture, but that deeper and more desperate plots have been laid, history but too faithfully records. Doubtless the matter will be sifted in the proper quarter, so that we may dismiss the subject for the present.

That the people will carry on the agitation within the strict limits of the law, and avoid anything which could militate against the grand object for which the land war is being waged—the rooting of the people in the soil—we have not the least doubt. Truth and justice are on the side of the people—a promise is in the distance. The hope that brightens the spirits of a famishing people in their hour of trial is brightening into a glorious reality.—Westford People.

The English Government intends completely to evacuate Afghanistan, and totally abandon the country to the Afghans. The British troops will be withdrawn and marched into India. Cabul will be handed over to the Ameer, Abdurrahman, who will be made Governor of the city and of the district surrounding it. The Walf, Sher Ali, will be placed in Candahar as Governor to the town and adjacent country.

Some of the parents of the Ottawa School boys who attend the Normal School are memorializing Bishop Duhamel to reconsider his decision prohibiting them from attending the Normal School. Mr. McCabe, a Catholic, is principal of the Normal School.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR, LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER II. MRS. VAVASOR.

The London express, due at Castleford station at 7.20, rushed in with an unearthly shriek, like Sinbad's black monster, with the one red, fiery eye. There were five passengers for the town—four men and a woman. The train disgorged them and then fled away, shrieking once more, into the black October night.

A wet and gusty autumn evening, a black and starless sky frowning down upon a black and sodden earth. A bitter blast blew up from the sea, and whirled the dead leaves in eddies before it. The station, dreary and isolated, as it is in the nature of stations to be, looked drearier than ever to-night. Far off the lamps of the town glimmered athwart the rain and fog, specks of light in the eerie-gloom.

The four male passengers who had quitted the train hurried with their portmanteaus, buttoned to the chin, and with hats slouched forward over their noses—honest shopkeepers of Castleford, but looking villainously brigandish in the light of the station lamps. Only the female passenger remained, and she came tripping up the platform with a little satchel in her hand, crisp and smiling, to the chief station official.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but can you tell me if the carriage from Scarswood Park is waiting for me?"

She was a beautiful little woman. Two great dark eyes of lustrous light beamed up in the official's face, and a smile that lit up the whole station with its radiance dazzled him. She had feathery black ringlets—she had a brilliant high color—well, a trifle too high, probably, for some fastidious tastes—she had teeth white and more glistening than anything the official had ever seen outside a dentist's show-case—she had the tiniest little figure in the world, and she had—as far as the official could judge, for the glitter of her whole appearance—some three-and-thirty years. With the flash of her white teeth, the sparkle of her black eyes, the glow of the rose-red cheeks, she dazzled you like a sudden burst of sunlight, and you never stopped to think until afterward how sharp and rasping was the voice in which she addressed you.

The carriage from Scarswood? No, it had not—that is to say the official did not know whether it had or not.

Would the lady be pleased to sit down? there was a fire in here, and he would go and ascertain.

"I certainly expected to find it waiting," the little lady said, tripping lightly after him. "Sir John knows I am coming to-night. He is such an old friend of mine—Sir John. It's odd now the carriage isn't waiting—telling them when they do come, Mrs. Vavasor is here."

"The carriage has come," announced the official on the moment. "This way, madame, if you please."

The close carriage, its lamps glowing like two red eyes in the darkness, its horses pawing the ground, its coachman stiff and early on the box, was drawn up at the station door. The official held the door open—she thanked him with a radiant smile, and then Sir John Dangerfield's carriage was flying through the darkness of the wet October night over the muddy high road to Scarswood Park. Little Mrs. Vavasor wiped the blurred glass, and strained her bright black eyes as the vehicle whirled up the avenue, to catch the first glimpse of the house. It loomed up at last, a big black shadow in the darkness. Lights gleamed all along its front windows, and the distant sound of music floated out into the night. Mrs. Vavasor's fascinating face was at its brightest—the sparkle in her eyes sparkled more than ever.

"A party—a ball perhaps. Let me see, the third of October—why la petite's birthday, of course. Miss Dangerfield, heiress of Scarswood, is just seventeen to-night. How stupid of me to forget it!" She laughed in the darkness and solitude, a little low laugh not pleasant to hear. "I wonder how poor dear Sir John will meet me, and what account he will give of me to his daughter? It couldn't have been pleasant for him to receive my note. I dare say by this time he thought me dead."

She stepped out a moment in the rain, then into the lighted vestibule, then into the spacious entrance hall, where Mrs. Harrison, in a gray silk gown and white lace cap, and all the dignity of housekeeper, met her courteously.

"Mrs. Vavasor, I think, ma'am?"

Mrs. Vavasor's enchanting smile answered in the affirmative.

"Sir John's orders are every attention, ma'am, and he was to be told the minute you arrived. This way, if you please, and you're to wait here, ma'am, until he comes to you."

She led the way upstairs, and threw open the door of a half lit, elegant apartment, all bright with upholstery, curtains, and carpet of blue and gold.

"How very nice," Mrs. Vavasor remarked, glancing pleasantly around; "and you are the housekeeper, I suppose, my good soul? And your young lady is having a party on her birthday-night? How pleasant it must be to be only seventeen, and handsome, and rich, and a baroness's daughter."

Mrs. Vavasor laughed that sharp little laugh of hers that rather grated on sensitive ears.

"Miss Dangerfield is handsome, no doubt, Mrs.—"

"Harrison," the housekeeper responded, rather stiffly. "And Miss Katherine is very handsome, indeed, in my eyes. I'll tell Sir John you're here, ma'am, at once, if you'll please sit down."

But it pleased Mrs. Vavasor to stand—she turned up the lamps until the room was flooded with light, then walked over to a full-length mirror and looked at herself steadily and long.

"Fading!" she said; "fading! Rouge, French coflines, enamel, belladonna, and the rest of it are very well; but they can't make over a woman of thirty-seven into a girl of twenty. Still, considering the life I've led—"

"—she set her teeth like a little lion-dog. "Ah, what a bitter fight the battle of life has been for me! If I were wise I would pocket my wrongs, forego my vengeance, keep my secret, and live happy in Scarswood Hall forever after. I wonder if Sir John would marry me if I asked him?"

The door opened and Sir John came in. Little Mrs. Vavasor turned round from the glass, folded her small hands, and stood and looked at him with a smile on her face.

He was very pale, and grim as the grave. So for a moment they stood, like two duellists waiting for the word, in dead silence. Then the lady spoke:

"How do you do, Sir John? When we parted I remember you found me admiring myself in the glass; when we meet again, after fifteen years—Dieu! how old it makes one feel—"

ugly in all those hard fought years. But you—you're not a day older, and just the same handsome stalwart soldier I remember you. Won't you shake hands for the sake of old times, Sir John; and say 'you are welcome to a poor little woman who has traveled all the way from Paris to see you?' He drew away with a gesture of repulsion, and crossing to the chimney-piece leaned upon it, his face hard and set, in the light of the lamps.

"Why have you come here?" he asked. "Ab, Chet! hear him—such a cruel question. And after fifteen years I stand all alone in this big, pitiless world, a poor little friendless woman, and I come, to the gallant gentleman who fifteen years ago stood my friend—such a friend—and he asks me in that cruel voice why I have come!"

"That will do, Mrs. Vavasor—this is not a theatre, nor am I an appreciative audience. Tell me the truth, if you can—let us have plain speaking. Why have you come here? What do you want?"

"That is plain language certainly. I have come here because you are in my power—absolutely and wholly in my power. And I want to stay here as an honored guest just as long as I please. Is that plain enough to satisfy you, or would you like me to put it still plainer?"

Her deriding black eyes mocked him, her incessant smile set his teeth on edge. Hatred—abhorrence—were in his eyes as he looked at her.

"You want money, I suppose? Well, you shall have it, though I paid you your price long ago, and you promised to trouble me no more. But you can't stay here; it is simply impossible."

"It is simply nothing of the kind. I have come to stay—my luggage is down yonder in the hall, and you will tell them presently to fetch it up and show me to my room. I do want money—yes, it is the universal want, and I mean to have it. Eight thousand a year and Scarswood Park, one of the finest seats in Sussex. And such an old family!—baronets created by James the First, and knights centuries and centuries before! How proud your daughter must feel of her ancient name and lineage!" And Mrs. Vavasor laughed aloud, her tinkling laugh that struck shrilly on hypersensitive ears.

"You will leave my daughter's name out of the question, if you please," the baronet retorted haughtily; "such lips as yours sully her name. If you had one spark of womanly feeling, one grain of self-respect left from the life you have led, a woman's heart in your breast, you would never come near her. In Heaven's name go—I will give you anything, anything, only don't insist upon staying here."

For answer she walked back to the mirror, and deliberately began removing her bonnet, gloves, and mantle.

"As I intend going down and joining your party presently, and being introduced to the county families, I think I will go up to my room at once, if you please, Sir John—by the way, is Mr. Peter Dangerfield one of your guests on this happy occasion? It strikes me now I should like to know him. He is your only brother's only son and heir-in-law—after your daughter, of course. How awkward for that young gentleman you should have a daughter at all. And the estate is strictly entailed to the nearest of kin."

There was a gleam of almost dangerous malice in her eyes as she turned from the mirror. "Yes, I am really anxious to make the acquaintance of Mr. Peter Dangerfield."

He turned almost livid—he made a step towards her.

"You would not dare," he said huskily! "you wretch! You would not dare—"

"I would dare anything except being late for Miss Dangerfield's birth-night party. Just seventeen! a charming age, and an heiress, and a beauty, no doubt? Ah! what a contrast to my waning youth. I grow melancholy when I think of it. I was seventeen once, too, Sir John, though to look at me now you might believe it. Ring the bell, please, and let that nice old creature, your housekeeper, show me to my room. And when I'm ready—say—at ten o'clock—you will come for me here, and present me to your guests. No, really, baronet—not another word to-night on that subject. These serious matters are so exhausting; and remember I've been travelling all day. Ring the bell."

He hesitated a moment, then obeyed. The look of a hunted animal was in his eyes, and she stood there mocking him to his face. It seemed about as unequal a contest as a battle between a huge Newfoundland and a little King Charles, and the King Charles had the victory this time.

Mrs. Harrison answered the bell; in the brief interval to word had been spoken.

"You will show Mrs. Vavasor to her room," Sir John said shortly and sternly, turning to go.

"And I will be dressed by ten, and you will call for me here," responded Mrs. Vavasor gaily, over her shoulder. "How fortunate I have been in not missing the opportunity of offering my congratulations to Miss Dangerfield."

And then humming a gay French air, Mrs. Vavasor followed the housekeeper up another broad oaken stairway, along a carpeted corridor and into a velvet-hung chamber, bright with firelight and waxlight, luxurious with cushions, chairs, and lounges, fragrant with hot-house flowers, and rich with pictures.

"Your trunks are in the wardrobe adjoining, ma'am," Mrs. Harrison said; "and if there is anything I can do or if Miss Katherine's maid—"

"You good creature!" Mrs. Vavasor answered. "No, I am my own maid—I haven't eight thousand a year, you know, like your darling Miss Katherine, and can't afford luxuries. Thanks, very much, and—good night!" and then the door closed gently in the housekeeper's face, the key was turned, and Sir John's guest was alone.

She stood and looked round the room with a smile, that incessant smile that grew just a trifle wearisome after the first half hour or so.

In the golden gleam of the light the tall mirrors flashed, the carpet looked like a green bank of June roses, the silken draperies shimmered, and the exotic in their tall glasses perturbed the warm air. Outside the rain beat, and the wind blew, and the blackness of darkness reigned. She listened to the wild beating of the storm in the park with a little delicious shiver.

"Is it like my life?" she said softly. "Have I come out of the rain, and the wind, and the night, to the roses, and the waxlights, and music of existence? Or is the gypsy, vagabond lustful too strong in me, and will the roses fade, and their perfume sicken, and the lights grow dim, and I throw it all up some day, and go back to the old freedom and outlawry once more?" The cedar palace and purple robes of the king look very inviting, but I think I would rather have the tents of Bohemia, with their freedom, and the stars shining through the canvas roof."

An hour later she descended to the long drawing-room a lady—a stranger to all there. She appeared in their midst as suddenly as

though she had dropped from the rainy skies, a charming little vision, in amber silk and Chantilly flounces, and diamonds, and creamy roses in her floating feathery black hair. A little lady whose cheeks outshone all roses, and whose eyes outshined her diamonds, and whom Sir John Dangerfield introduced to his guests as Mrs. Vavasor.

Who was Mrs. Vavasor? Women looked at her askance—the stamp of adventures was on her face and raiment. The rouge was artistic, but it was rouge; the amber silk was shabby; the Chantilly, a very clever imitation, the diamonds Palais Royal beyond doubt. And then Sir John was so pale, so gloomy—the old soldier, not used to society masks, showed his trouble all too plainly in his perturbed face.

"A woman not of their order—and the ladies' bows were frigid and chilling as the baronet presented her."

But the men—what did they know of shabby silks and brownish faces. They saw a brilliant fairy of—well, five-and-twenty summers, perhaps—by lamplight—with the eyes and teeth of a goddess.

"But, Miss Dangerfield, Sir John—Miss Dangerfield! Miss Dangerfield!" Mrs. Vavasor cried, tapping him playfully with her fan; "those people are not the rose, though they have come to-night to do honor to that gorgeous flower. I am dying to behold Miss Dangerfield."

The stormy blue eyes of the Indian officer flashed; he gnawed his mustache, with an oath only heard by the lady on his arm. Her shrill laugh answered it.

"For shame, Sir John! So ill-bred, too! And that face! You look like the Death's-head the Egyptians used to have at their banquets. What will people say? There, I see her—I see her! that is Katherine."

She stopped short, still holding Sir John's arm, and a vivid light came into her black eyes. The baronet's daughter was advancing on the arm of Mr. Gaston Dantree.

"Katherine," her father said, bringing out every word with a husky effort, "this is Mrs. Vavasor, a very old friend—acquaintance." If his life had been at stake, he could not have said "friend." "You have heard me speak of her; she is our guest for the present."

He turned abruptly, and walked away. Katherine Dangerfield held out her hand for the first, the last time—to her father's acquaintance. Their eyes met, and on the only occasion, perhaps, in all her seven-and-thirty years of life, those of the elder woman fell. The bright gray eyes of the girl looked straight through her, and distrusted and disliked her with that first glance.

"My father's friends are always welcome to Scarswood," she said it very briefly and coldly. "May I beg of you to excuse me now, I am engaged for this waltz to Mr. Dantree."

She was looking her best to-night and almost pretty; but then "almost" is a very wide word.

She wore pink tissue, that floated around her like a rose mist, with here and there a touch of priceless old point, and a tiny cluster of fairy roses. She had pearls on her neck, and gleaming through her lovely auburn hair, a rich tea-rose nestling in its silken brown.

She looked graceful; she looked unspokeably patrician; she carried herself like a young princess. And the vivid light in Mrs. Vavasor's black eyes grew brighter as she watched her float away.

"She has her mother's face," she whispered to herself; "she has her mother's voice—and I hate her for her mother's sake! A home in Scarswood forever, the feshpots of Egypt, the purple and fine linen of high life, would be very pleasant things, but revenge is pleasanter still."

One of the gentlemen to whom she had, at her own special request, been introduced, came up, as she stood, and solicited the pleasure of a waltz.

"I am sure you can waltz," he said; "I can always tell, by some sort of Terpsichorean instinct, I suppose, when a lady is, or is not, a waltzer."

Mr. Peter Dangerfield was right at least in this particular instance; Mrs. Vavasor waltzed like a fairy—like a French fairy, at that.

She and the baronet's daughter whirled past each other more than once—Katherine with her brown hair floating in a perfumed cloud, her lips breathless and apart, and her bright eyes laughing in her partner's face.

"Is she in love with that very handsome young man, I wonder?" Mrs. Vavasor thought; "and is he rich, and in love with her? If so, then my plan of vengeance may be frustrated yet."

"Mr. Dangerfield," to her partner, "please tell me the name of that gentleman with whom Miss Dangerfield is dancing? It strikes me I have somewhere seen his face before."

"Not unlikely, he's been everywhere. His name is Gaston Dantree, and he is, I believe, a native of the State of Louisiana."

"An American! He is very rich, then—all those Americans are rich."

"Dantree is not. By his own showing, he is poor as a church-mouse; his only wealth is his Grecian profile and his tenor voice." There was just a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he looked after the handsome Southerner and his partner.

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said," hummed gaily Mrs. Vavasor. "How, then, comes monsieur to be here, and evidently first favorite in regards of Sir John's heiress?"

"His handsome face and musical tenor again. Miss Dangerfield met him at a concert, not three weeks ago, and behold the result! We, poor devils, minus classic noses, arched eyebrows, and the voices of archangels, stand out at the cold and gaze after at him in Paradise."

"Does Sir John like it?"

"Sir John will like whatever his daughter likes. An human creature persistent enough can do what they please with Sir John. For his daughter he is her abject slave."

The bitterness was bitter than ever in Mr. Peter Dangerfield's voice; evidently the heiress of Scarswood and her handsome Southerner were sore subjects.

He was a pale-faced, undersized young man, with very light hair and eyes—so light that he was hopelessly near-sighted—and a weak, querulous voice. It was just a little hard to see Scarswood slipping out of the family before his very eyes through the headstrong whims of a novel-reading, beauty-loving, chit of a girl.

He, too, was poor—poor as Gaston Dantree himself—and at thirty, mamma was the god of his idolatry, and to reign one day at Scarswood, the perpetual longing of his life.

"And Miss Dangerfield is a young lady whose slaves must obey, I think; and Scarswood will go out of the family. Such a pity, Mr. Dangerfield! Now, I should think you might prevent that."

She made this audacious home-thrust looking full in his pale, thin face, with her black, resolute eyes.

"Miss Dangerfield—I am a woman, and may say so—'tis not a handsome girl."

"All the greater reason, why she should worship beauty in others," Gaston Dantree, without a son in his pocket, a foreigner, an adventurer, for all we know to the contrary, will one day reign lord of Scarswood. See them now! Could anything be more love-like than they are, Mrs. Vavasor?"

He spoke to her as though he had known her for years. Some rapport made those two friends at once.

She looked where he pointed, her smile and glance at their brightest.

The waltz had ended; leaning on her handsome partner's arm, the last flutter of Miss Dangerfield's pink dress vanished in the green distance of the conservatory.

"I see; and I spite of appearances, Mr. Dangerfield, I would not mind betting—my diamonds say, against that botanical specimen in your buttonhole—that Mr. Gaston Dantree, Grecian profile, tenor voice, and all, will never reign lord of Scarswood; and for you—why you know the old rhyme:

"He either dreads his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who fears to put it to the touch, To win or lose it all."

She walked away, with her last words, her over-mocking laugh coming back to him where he stood. What did the woman mean? How oddly she looked and spoke. How could she prevent Gaston Dantree marrying Katherine? But the last advice was good—why despair before speaking?

"To win or lose it all!" repeated Peter Dangerfield, stroking his feeble, colorless mustache. "By George! I will try. She can but say so."

There was a call for Mr. Dantree on the instant—Mr. Dantree was wanted to sing.

Mr. Dangerfield stood where he was, and saw the dark-eyed tenor emerge leisurely from the conservatory, and—alone. He sat down at the piano; his slender, shapely hands flew over the keys in a brilliant prelude. Everybody was listening—now was his time. Katherine was in the conservatory yet. He made his way slowly down the long vista of rooms to where, at the extreme end, the green brightness of tropic plants gleamed in the lamplight.

She still stood where her late companion had left her, in the recess of a window, her robe of pink tissue shining rosily, her jeweled glancing softly. Tall tropic plants spread their fan-like leaves about her; the air was rich and soft with exotic odors, and over all the soft abundant light poured down.

Gaston Dantree's song floated in—an Irish song, half gay, half sad, wholly sweet—and a brooding tenderness lay on the girl's face—a great happiness, new and sweet—and made it almost beautiful. The rain lashed the windows, the wind of the October night blew in long, lamentable blasts through the rocking trees; but the storm and darkness without only made the contrast within the more brilliant.

"Katherine!"

She neither saw nor heard him until he was close at her side. She lifted up her dreamy eyes, her trance of bliss over.

"Oh, you, Peter! What an odious habit you have of stealing in upon me like a cat. I never heard you."

"You never heard me, Miss Dangerfield? You need hardly tell me that. You were listening far too intently to Mr. Gaston Dantree to hear anything else."

"Was I?" retorted Katherine. They rarely met, those two, except to quarrel. "Well, all I can say is that Mr. Gaston Dantree is very well worth listening to, which is more than I can say for you, cousin Peter."

"You mean I'm not a singing man, I suppose, Kathie? Well, I admit my brains do not lie in my throat and lungs."

"Nor anywhere else, Mr. Dangerfield."

"And when is it to be, Kathie? Mr. Dangerfield demanded, folding his arms; "when are all to offer our congratulations? Such a flirtation as yours, my dear cousin, with this Apollo Belvedere from the Southern States, can have but one ending."

"And such a flirtation as yours with this pretty Mrs. Vavasor, from nobody knows where, came, but one ending, too, I suppose, responded Katherine, coming up to time bravely. "She is some five or six years your senior, I should think; but, where true love exists, what does a little disparity of years signify? A case of love at eight; was it not, cousin?"

"You might have spared me that taunt, Kathie; you know very well who it is I am so unfortunate as to love."

"Upon my word, I don't. My little cousin Peter, his loves and hates, are subjects that trouble me very slightly. There! Mr. Dantree's song is done, and they are playing the Lancers. Suppose we leave off quarrelling and go and have a cousinly quadrille?"

"Not yet, Kathie. I can't endure this suspense no longer. No, you shall not go; I will be heard! To watch you as I have watched you to-night with that man would simply drive me mad!"

"I don't want to be watched, and I don't do it simply to drive me mad!"

"Suppose Mr. Dantree does, either. You mean Mr. Dantree, don't you? And, Peter, don't put on that tragic face; it isn't your style, dear. You're too fair complexioned. And what business is it of yours, and why should it drive you mad?"

"Little need to ask, Katherine. You know only too well—because I love you. Kathie, don't look like that! I love you, and you know it well. I haven't had thoughts or eyes for any living creature but you since you first came here. Ah, Kathie! Listen to me. Don't laugh, as I see you are going to do. I love you with all my heart—better than ever that fellow can do—and I ask you to be my wife. Katherine, don't laugh at me, for Heaven's sake!"

But the warning came too late. Katherine broke out into a ringing peal of laughter, that the music happily drowned.

Peter Dangerfield looking desperately in earnest, very, very yellow, and, with folded arms, stood glaring at her in an uncommonly savage way for so tender a declaration.

"I beg your pardon, Peter, but I can't help it. The idea of marrying you—only five feet five inches, and an attorney, and my first cousin's first cousin should never marry, you know. What would papa say, you silly little boy, if he could hear this?"

"My uncle knows," the young man answered, with sullen anger; "I spoke to him a month ago."

should like to oblige you in this matter, but you perceive I can't. Come, let us make it up—I'm not angry—and take me back to the drawing-room for my dance. It is a sin to lose such music as that."

"In one moment, Katherine. Will you answer me this, please? Is it for Gaston Dantree I am refused?"

"Cousin Peter, I shall lose my temper if you keep on. If there were no Mr. Dantree in the case I should reject you all the same. You're very well as a first cousin; as a husband—excuse me! I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man left in the world, and the penalty of refusing you to be to go to my grave an old maid. Is that answer decisive enough?"

"Very nearly! Thank you for your plain speaking, Kathie." He was white with suppressed anger. "But lest we should misunderstand each other in the least, won't you tell me whether or no Mr. Dantree is to be the future lord of Scarswood Park? Because in that case, for the honor of the family I should endeavor to discover the gentleman's antecedents. A classic profile and a fine voice for singing may be sufficient virtues in the eyes of a young lady of seventeen, but I'm afraid they will hardly satisfy the world or Sir John."

"For the world I don't care! For Sir John, whatever makes me happy will satisfy him. I am trying to keep my temper, Peter, but don't provoke me too far—it isn't safe. Will you, or will you not, take me out for the dance? I am not accustomed to ask favors twice."

"How queenly she says it—the heiress of Scarswood!" His passion was not to be restrained now. "And it is for this Yankee singing man—this new adventurist—this negro minstrel in his own land, that I am cast off?"

She whirled round upon him in a storm of sudden fury, and made a step toward him. But rage lent him courage; he stood his ground.

"You little wretch!" cried Miss Dangerfield, "how dare you stand there and say such things to me? How dare you call Gaston Dantree an adventurist? You, who would not presume to call your own soul your own in his presence! Negro minstrel, indeed! You wretched little attorney! One should be a gentleman to judge gentlemen. That's why Mr. Dantree's beyond your judgment! Don't ever speak to me again. You're very offer is an insult. To think that I—I would ever marry you, a little rickety dwarf!"

(To be continued.)

Canadian News.

Rev. Father Whalen, chairman of the Separate School Board at Ottawa, left the city recently, and owing to a deadlock, his successor has not been appointed. The French and English-speaking elements cannot be brought together.—Mail.

L'Evénement of last night contains a long and interesting letter from Paris by its editor, Senator Fabre. Speaking of Mr. Wurtel's mission to France, Mr. Fabre says that he was successful in both objects he had in view, viz., the completion of negotiations with the French bankers concerning the new provincial loan and relative to the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadienne. On the last point, Mr. Fabre states that he assisted at a re-union at the Banque de Paris, held to define the objects and the mission of a delegate of the bank to be sent to Canada, and to regulate the last details prior to his departure.

There were present at this re-union M. Joubert, Vice-President of the Bank, Mr. Cohen D'Arvers, M. Sautter, M. de Molinaré, M. Thois, and Mr. Wurtel. It seems that the mission of M. Thois is to ascertain what sort of a field Canada will offer for the operations of the Credit Foncier, and also whether it will be most advisable to leave the capital at 25,000,000 francs, or to increase it to 50,000,000. M. Thois, who sailed from Havre about a fortnight ago, remains in New York until the arrival of M. de Molinaré, who was to have sailed a week later. The latter gentleman, an eminent French publisher, will write in the Journal de Debats a series of letters intended to shed light upon the resources of this country, and the opportunities which it offers for European speculation.

It is stated that the recent seizures of tobacco at Quebec, by the officers of the Collectors of Inland Revenue are more serious than is generally supposed. From the result of enquiries made and calculations estimated, it appears that some four thousand pounds in value of tobacco has been seized, some of it being worth as much as \$2 per pound. The seizures were made in fifteen different establishments, almost all of the retail dealers in the city having thus suffered. The tobacco so seized was confiscated in virtue of the Act last session of the Dominion Parliament, sanctioned on the 7th of May, 1880, which prohibits the sale of any cut tobacco except in stamped packages. This law has not been enforced in Quebec until within the past few days. No instructions have been forwarded to the trade relative to the working of the new law, and consequently our dealers remained in ignorance of its provisions until their large stocks of tobacco were seized in their stores. The trade complains that it has not been instructed what was required of it, and also that the tobacco now seized was a portion of that which was in store when the new law was adopted, and which has already paid duty. It appears that this fact is not sufficient to prevent seizures, that the tobacco in stock when the new law was sanctioned should have been sent back to the manufacturers, according to the authorities of the Inland Revenue Department, to be repacked and stamped. To prevent misunderstandings in the future, proper instructions should at once be communicated to those principally interested in the business.

An interesting page in Canadian history has just been made public here, from which it would appear that for several years after the conquest in 1859 a certain number of the people did not take kindly to the new régime, notwithstanding the efforts to that end of the Bishop of Quebec and his clergy. On one occasion in 1775, in the parish of St. Michael, near this city on the south shore, on the patronal fast of the parish, whilst a priest was preaching on the duty of submission to the church interrupted by exclaiming:—"Monsieur, c'est assez longtemps que vous sur lez enough on the English). This occurrence, as may be supposed, created a considerable sensation, and the matter was reported to the Bishop, Mons. Briand, who thereupon wrote to the cure demanding the name of the offending parishioner in order that he might deal with him as to him might seem proper, at the same time ordering the priest to inform his parishioners, both of St. Michael and Beaumont, that unless the offender was made known he would issue an edict of interdiction. His Lordship declared that in acting as he did the party in question had been guilty of disrespect towards the temple of God and His minister, and had exhibited a spirit of revolt against the ecclesiastical authorities. There is a tradition in the parish that the unfortunate who thus interrupted the preacher, hav-

ing refused to acknowledge his fault, or to be guided by the advice of the cure, who did all in his power to bring about a better state of things, was formally excommunicated, as well as all those who participated in his opinions. It is probable that the great majority became reconciled to the Church, but it is certain that five did not, and were at their deaths especially buried in unconsecrated ground, near the high road. The graves were surrounded with a fence, and a cross was placed there, but notwithstanding that these have long since disappeared, the ground was always respected by the successive owners, and neither plough nor harrow ever touched it. At the instance of the present proprietor an authorization was recently obtained from the Ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and on the 11th of the present month, in presence of a large assemblage of persons, the lot was opened, the bones were taken out of their respective coffins, which were in a good state of preservation, placed in a new one and reinterred in the portion of the cemetery reserved for infants who died before being baptized. A formal entry of the act was made in the parish records.—Toronto Globe.

FATHER BURKE.

THE CHURCH IN ITS RELATION TO IRISH CHARACTER.

[Continued from first page.]

Glory, be to God! you're a priest now, and I've eleven of um" (laughter) Patsy, who had passed through a thousand dangers, and had braved them, and overcome them, who had conquered a thousand difficulties under the weight of which a man without Patsy's pluck would have gone down—Patsy is often perhaps obliged to pinch himself in order to be able to send that letter to his mother; eye, and he had known cases in which Irishmen had borrowed money in order that the old couple at home might not be disappointed at not receiving that letter, and might not fail to get the comfort which it brought (applause). Whence came the fact that the affection and the intelligence of the Irish emigrant were so strong and so vivid that neither length of space nor length of time could deaden in his mind or in his heart the realization of those whom he had left behind him, and had not seen for years (applause). How were they to account for this? Where were they to look for the source of that strange faculty, that strong faith, that magnificent feature or trait of the Irish character—the fact that the Irishman lived more for the things that he had never seen than for the things that lay around him? Fourteen hundred years ago a man came from Rome with the Pope's blessing upon his head, and power from the Pope in his hands; he came with the Divine Gospel; he came to tell the tale of Jesus' love, and Mary's purity; he came to tell the Irish people the glorious things that God had prepared for them if only they would go forth from their darkness into his admirable light. He had nothing to offer them that eye had seen or ear heard; he had only the world of the future—the world in which the realization of the greatest things were God, His angels, His light, His glory, and an eternity of happiness on the one side, and an eternity of woe on the other; but, beyond preaching it, this man—Patrick—had no power to force it upon the Irish people. But he came to a people who were already, though pagans, far advanced in civilization, as the ancient architecture, poetry, music, and history of Ireland proved (applause). He came to a nation whose philosophers discussed by the mere light of reason the widest questions that ever occupied the minds of either Greek or Roman; he came to a people whom the harp gladdened with notes of harmony such as were never heard elsewhere; he came to a people who had already an organized system of law and government, and who had filled the neighboring shores with the terror of their name as warriors and seamen (applause); and when he spoke to them of the Unseen it fitted into their minds as if they were created by Almighty God to realize that Unseen. When he spoke to them of the things of eternity, they grasped these eternal truths as if they no longer belonged to time. They were willing to give themselves over altogether to Patrick's God. The arch-bard rose up, and cried, "O, Patrick's God! I swear that this harp of mine shall never again resound but to your praises" (applause). The faith of which Patrick was the herald, taught mysteries—things not only unseen of the eye, but hard to believe of the intelligence of man—truths surpassing all mere argument, all human reason; that faith taught mysteries that brought home Almighty God, the Unseen and the Eternal, to our very doors, and placed Him upon His altars, in the midst of us; that faith taught that other mystery—the mystery of man's own degradation and sin, and also the corresponding mystery of the infinite mercy that ever awaited him in the Sacraments. These things were unseen, but Irishmen and Irishwomen felt them more deeply than they ever felt anything that happened to them in this world. That was the true secret of that first beautiful characteristic of the Irish people, the faculty of Divine realization, which might grow into superstition—a superstition which was harmless after all, and of which the origin was good. It produced that beautiful natural virtue, the pictured recollection of the absent; all space and time were annihilated before it, and hearts that were covered by the breath of the whole world were united by the magic power of filial devotion and of Catholic love (applause). The next feature of the Irish character was the extraordinary and distinctive sanctity of Irish womanhood, the sanctity which found its expression in the wonderful purity of the Irish maiden and the Irish mother all the world over (applause), and in the veneration and respect which Irish manhood from the earliest days of Ireland's history down to the present time had had for Irish womanhood. On this point he wished to dwell as lovingly as he could. It was a beautiful feature in the Irish character. The great national misfortune that befell the Irish when the throne and royalty of their country were lost for many a sad day, and never recovered, came upon them through the indignation and fury of the Irish people at the sight of a guilty woman. The only woman in Irish history that ever disgraced the people was she who left her husband and went on with McMorrough of Leinster. The guilty partner of this man's unlawful love sought to set herself by his side as a queen in Ireland. But Ireland rose as one man and said: "For the honor of our manhood and religion we will not have an adulteress for king, and for the honor of our womanhood we will banish the adulterous woman" (applause). That false-hearted Irish prince, and that false-hearted Irish woman called in the aid of the stranger, and he came and landed upon the Irish shores, and the only chance for Ireland's nationality was that the Irish should submit to McMorrough and accept Eva for their queen. Rather than do that Ireland sacrificed her nationality. ("More honor to her.") From the day that Patrick preached the Gospel in Ireland, they had in that country alone, amongst all the nations of the earth, the singular phenomenon, that of monasticism—women consecrated to God, virgins, nuns—sprang up under the very hands of the Apostle, and the island was covered with the children of St. Bridget, from which circumstances Ireland received the title of "Island of Saints." Let them remark how wonderful that was. The greatest fruits of mature Christianity were the priest and nun. They were fruits that required time to mature; so that into every country that embraced the Gospel the priests and nuns were for many a long year imported from other lands, as if the native Christianity were not strong enough, ripe enough, to produce such fruits. But in Ireland no sooner did the people embrace the Christian faith than those who had been immediately before pagans became priests, and bishops and nuns. Bridget of Kildare ruled the land as grand abbess, the earliest daughter of St. Patrick. She was the fairest woman of her time. No eye could

behold her without loving her; and when to her natural beauty was added the supernatural beauty of Divine grace, every eye that beheld her loved her still, but rose from her to Divine love. Ever since Bridget's time Irishwomen had a distinctive modesty and purity which made them the glory of their country during so many ages of sorrow and humiliation (applause). He had seldom looked upon a peasant woman in Ireland that he was not reminded of the woman who blended in one the mother and the Virgin (applause). In every country and every land, whatever the Irishwomen might be, they were as firm as a rock, and as cold as ice, in their purity and virgin chastity (applause). And the manhood of Ireland so recognized this that they read in their early history that which Tom Moore, their national poet, embalmed in verse—that ever after the troublous times of the Danish invasion, and after Brian, and his two succeeding generations with him, were killed at Clontarf, he who was the greatest king that Ireland ever had—such was the respect that Irishmen had for women's modesty, purity, and weakness, that a young virgin went from end to end of the land bearing a ring of gold on her hand, and no man ventured to molest her (applause). But perhaps the grandest tribute that ever was paid to Ireland's womanhood was that paid by the English Government when, some years ago, it brought in a divorce law for England, Scotland, and Wales, but did not dare to insult the women of Ireland by proposing such a thing for them. "Where was the source of this Irish purity? They must go back again to Patrick and the Gospel that he preached to their fathers fourteen hundred years ago. Patrick told them of the glories of Mary, until he made the love for Mary second only to the love for her Divine Son, and until the name of the Virgin Mother was upon the lips of every woman in the land (applause). She was the type which Patrick set before the womanhood of Ireland, and from that type they never turned their glance for one moment throughout centuries (applause). Another feature of the Irish character was the care that they had for their dead. He need not tell them that the most sacred spot on earth to every Irish heart was "God's Acre," the little plot where all who were near and dear to them lay sleeping, awaiting the resurrection; the consecration of Heaven was upon that spot; it was holy and the dust that mingled with its dust was also holy, for their fathers went down to their graves with the Unction of the Church upon them, and the Sacramental Presence in their hearts. No wonder, then, that Irishmen should revere and love the spot wherein their fathers lay. And the graves became doubly consecrated to their minds and hearts because their rulers took from them every other strip of land, and left them only the grave (applause). Should an effort be made to bury in an Irish grave yard a person who had committed suicide or denied the existence of God, the place should be filled with soldiers, before the burial could be carried out; and if it took place at night the coffin would be on the highway in the morning (laughter). Whence arose this beautiful trait in the Irish character if not from the Catholic doctrine which taught them to go beyond the grave, and that death need not separate them from their friends. The Irishman wept at the bedside of his friends who died, but in putting them into their coffins he never thought that he was separating from them. He went to the altar of God and prayed for their souls; and he knew that they were aware he was praying for them. If they were in heaven his prayers would give them an additional accidental glory; if they were in Purgatory, his prayers would fall like the dew of heaven upon them, and mitigate their pains. Irish Catholics lived with their dead as much as they did with their living, asking them to pray and obtain favors for them. It was out of this Catholic doctrine that arose Ireland's care, and reverence, and strong veneration for her grave-yards, and her dead. There were many other traits in the national character which could be equally clearly brought home to the same cause, notably—and he was proud to say it—that strong feeling of nationality that had kept them together as a distinct race, wielding a distinct and great power in this country, in America, and Australia, as well as at home in Ireland (applause). It was chance, if they would, but it was for them a most fortunate chance that 300 years ago Harry VIII., of blessed memory (laughter) wanted the Irish not only to become English subjects, but Protestants. Ireland had fought for three centuries for her nationality, and the cause was on the point of being lost when the devil or Ireland's angel-guardian put it into his head to insist that the Irish should not only swear allegiance to him as a temporal monarch, but also as the head of the church. Like lightning Ireland's sword was drawn, it was stretched between the oppressor and the altar, and he was told that as long as a hand in the country was able to grasp a weapon Ireland's religion would never be changed (applause). The Dane came as an enemy to Ireland's religion as well as of her nationality, and she fought and conquered him. The Saxon came not as an enemy of her religion but of her nationality, and she fought with him and was beaten; the moment, however, he became an enemy of her religion, as well as of her nationality, she fought with him once more, and she had triumphed (loud applause). It would be said, "Have Irishmen no faults at all, Father Burke?" His answer was that he did not come there that evening to abuse them (laughter). Of course wherever there were people of the same race gathered together by thousands there must certainly be exceptions. It was not, however, of the exceptions he came to speak but of the characteristics of the entire race. He had lived amongst many peoples, and he had studied them as much as he could, and it was not because he was an Irishman, but because he believed what he should, that he told them there was no people living upon whom Almighty God had lavished greater natural and supernatural gifts than upon the Irish people (applause). He knew that his words, if reported, would provoke smiles from some. But who were these? The men who took the exceptional Irishman and held his virtues up to the world. This should lead his countrymen to make a special war against the exceptional Irishman who brought disgrace upon their glorious nationality (applause); should urge them on to set their faces especially against that besetting vice that destroyed so many fine traits in the Irish character, namely, the vice of drunkenness (loud applause). Any man who was a drunkard was a ruined man. As a priest he asked them for the honor of that Divine faith that was preached to their fathers, for the sake of Ireland's womanhood, for the sake of Ireland's history, and for the sake of the future before them, to be faithful to their holy religion, to vindicate the glory of the Irish race in that city and nation, and to hold their power by the exercise of sobriety, forbearance, prudence, and all those virtues which were taught by the Catholic religion (loud and prolonged applause).

On the motion of the Very Rev. Dean Kelly a warm vote of thanks was accorded to

Father Burke. A similar compliment was paid to the Chairman, after which the meeting separated.

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND. RESOLVE TO OUST THE LANDLORDS

Continued from first page. The Freeman reports Mr. Parnell's speech as follows:— Mr. Parnell spoke in support of the first resolution. He said—Fellow-countrymen, after the first magnificent demonstration with which you have honored me, it would not be proper to detain you at any great length. The people of Ireland are to-day engaged in a great struggle—a struggle for the land of their country, which was wrested from them seven centuries ago by the force of arms (cheers). It is our duty to arouse Ireland upon this question (loud cheers), and to direct the attention of the civilized world to the pressing wrong and grievance which exist to-day in every quarter of Ireland (cheers). And when we are asked for a plan we say that it is not our business to formulate plans (cheers). We are not the Ministers of England who arrogate to themselves the power over the country. It is our part to teach the people of Ireland what their natural rights are in respect of the land of Ireland (cheers). And we will not tamper with landlordism. That institution, created for the purpose of maintaining English rule in Ireland, and for the interest of the few against the many, will have to fall (cheers). A Voice—Lord Montmorres fell. Mr. Parnell—How did it fall in Prussia? The tenants enjoyed what is called "fixity of tenure at valued rents," but the system of fixity of tenure at valued rents was found so intolerable to the Prussian tenants that the State was compelled to come in and put an end to the rights of the landlord over the land (cheers). With a system of land tenure far more just to the tenant than that which we possess—a system which, under the name of fixity of tenure at valued rents, is advocated to-day for Ireland by many able, earnest, devoted, and talented men—it was found necessary in Prussia to go still farther, and to do that for Prussia which we ask may be done for Ireland to-day (cheers). The King of Prussia issued an edict giving the landlords two years in which to transfer the land to their tenants, and he told them in this same edict that if they did not agree with their tenants as to the terms of the transfer within two years, that then the king would step in and transfer it himself (cheers). A Voice—That you may be king of Ireland yet. Another Voice—We will make him President (cheers). Mr. Parnell—The landlords were unable to make terms with their own tenants, and the King of Prussia, at the expiration of the two years fulfilled his promise, and he gave the land to the tenants as their own (cheers). He compensated the Prussian nobles by giving them State paper bearing a 4 per cent. interest on this debt for a certain number of years—forty years, I think it was—and that at the end of that time there should be nothing further to pay (cheers). Now, we ask to-day for a settlement on a somewhat similar basis, and we say that what Prussia was able to pay a few years after the commencement of the century England ought to be able to do tomorrow or in a short while (cheers). I believe, and I should be very sorry to mislead anybody—I should be very sorry to raise the hopes of the tenants of this country—but I am perfectly confident that if they will follow our advice within a very brief period we shall have the transfer of two-thirds of the land of Ireland from the Irish landlords to the tenants (cheers), and the annual payments to be made by the tenants for a period of say thirty-five years will be very much less than the present rackrents that they are obliged to pay (cheers). A Voice—We will give them what Lord Montmorres got. Mr. Parnell—Perhaps during the next session of Parliament the Gladstone Ministry will find itself unable to settle the land question. I think it is exceedingly likely (hear, hear). A Voice—We will have a Parliament in College-green yet. Mr. Parnell—I think that it is very probable that the present Ministry will offer us some worthless concessions not worth our acceptance (cheers). A Voice—Obstruct them. Mr. Parnell—But I feel sure that in that case the longer the settlement of the question is delayed the worse the terms the landlords will get (loud cheer). It would be better for them to come forward now and to offer terms to the Irish tenants, for I tell them that if they do not we shall soon be in the position of victors, and shall be able to dictate our own terms (loud cheers). While, then, some of the old habits of subservience and slavish obedience still remain among the Irish tenantry, it is time for the landlords to come forward and to make their propositions. We have made ours, and we say that, interested as we are in the welfare of the shopkeepers of Ireland, the trading community of Ireland, the merchants, labourers, and every class who earn the right to live in this country by hard work, either physical or mental, we say that, interested as we are in the welfare of those classes, determined to do our very utmost to make Ireland great, glorious, prosperous, and free (loud cheers)—to take the power of governing Ireland out of the hands of the English Parliament and people, and to transfer it to the hands of our own people (loud cheers)—determined as we are to secure these ends, we believe that we can only achieve them by making the land of Ireland as free as it was when the waters of the Flood left it (loud and prolonged cheers).

THE BANQUET. A banquet in honor of Mr. Parnell was given in the evening at the Victoria Hotel. About 200 sat down to dinner. Mr. E. O'Connell, chairman of the Cork Land League, occupied the chair, the guest of the evening being on his right. The first toast was "Charles Stewart Parnell and Prosperity to Ireland." The following is the Irish Times' report of Mr. Parnell's speech in response:— Mr. Parnell, M.P., who was received with great applause, said—Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens and tenant farmers of the county of Cork, I have to thank you for the

kind way in which you have received the toast that the chairman has just proposed. The toast of prosperity to Ireland has been somewhat a familiar one to many of us who have read the public newspapers during the last 20 or 30 years, and we have generally found that this toast has been associated with the names of those who have the power of ruling over us. I feel particularly indebted to the proposer of this toast because he has associated my name with it. Now, if there is one thing that I am determined to use my humble endeavours to bring about, it is the power of the Irish people to govern themselves—(applause)—so that in future, when toasts of this kind are proposed at public meetings in this country, or at public gatherings of this nature, we may not be obliged to associate the name of a ruler sent from England with the toast of prosperity to Ireland (applause). As far as the prosperity of Ireland goes, I am sorry to say it is under a cloud. Prosperity there is not in Ireland, (hear, hear). I don't care what feature you examine, or what industry you inquire into, you will find everything at the lowest ebb of depression. Now, it is useless to say that things are wrong in Ireland because it is Ireland (hear, hear). Our people go to other countries and they succeed in every walk of life. They become lawyers, they found factories, they make railways, they do everything, in fact, in those other countries where industry is free, but they cannot do this in Ireland. A short time ago when I visited the city of Cincinnati, in the United States of America—(applause)—a gentleman came on my platform and at the conclusion of the meeting he presented me with the sum of fifty or one hundred dollars—I don't know which—for the objects of my mission, and he invited me to visit his establishment next day. I went down to see it next day as requested, and I found he had a jeweller's shop, where all kinds of jewellery, and more particularly pencils in gold, &c., were manufactured. He told me he had come out about ten or twelve years ago a poor boy to America, and he said he was employing two hundred hands in this article of manufacture—pencils and pencil cases. He sends them to all parts of the world, London, Paris and everything, but I am afraid if this poor boy, whom I saw after ten years' absence from Ireland, proprietor of an establishment employing two hundred in a business which requires more knowledge and experience than perhaps any other business that I know, might have remained a long time in the city of Cork as a poor boy, and afterwards as a poor man, before he could have risen to such a position (cheers). Ireland is in an anomalous condition in the social and political fabric of Great Britain. We are kept down and under by laws we do not make, and by rulers whom we do not appoint (applause). Nature is prevented and thwarted at every turn, and yet we are told that it is wonderful why Ireland does not prosper. Ireland does not prosper. Ireland never can prosper until right and power over ourselves, over our own land, over our own sea, over our own rivers, over everything in Ireland and that touches Ireland, is given to us (applause). As a sample of the prosperity of Ireland, I should like to give you some figures which my friend Mr. O'Connor, the member for Galway, referred to yesterday. We know that the country is agitated about the solution of a very great question—the land question—on which the prosperity of Ireland most intimately depends; and, of course, we all know that the tenant-farmers of this country are simply going from bad to worse. We have had a good harvest, but the returns of the Registrar-General conclusively show that it takes three or four good harvests to lift Ireland out of the depth of depression in which she now is, and place her in the normal condition of torpidity in which she often exists; and if we allow things to go on as the British Government would like, we would after three good harvests return to the original state of torpidity in which we have existed since the Union. Now, in 1877, referring to this question of the land, I find from Mr. O'Connor's figures that there were 1,200 evictions. In the next year, 1878, there were 1,410 evictions. In 1879, when there was a decrease of half in the value of the potato crop, the evictions increased to 2,950; and in the first six months of the present year I find that there were no less than 2,470 evictions this year (groans). Now, what does an eviction mean? Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech of his during the passage of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill through the House, said that an eviction means a sentence of death, not only for the person evicted, but for his wife and family (hear, hear). Taking the average number in an Irish tenantry family as five, there are no less than 25,000 sentences of death to be pronounced in Ireland before the 1st of January, 1881. (Cries of shame and several voices, "We won't allow it.") Well, I don't know whether we should be able by our action to reduce this number of sentences of death or not. (Cries of "You will.") Recollect, when we hear such feeling and sentimentality about the suffering that has been inflicted by foolish or unreasonable people on the lower animals, and when we hear of the occasional result of appeal to the wild justice of revenge, which has been made in one or two instances during the present year, I think I am bound to point out that if the lives of a few landlords have been taken, on the other side the lives of 25,000 of the people of this country have been taken. I think the attitude and demeanour of the Irish people in this crisis is worthy of every commendation. There has been very little crime or outrage compared with the sufferings of the people, who, in fact, have been as patient as they have always been. I think, however, that the limit of their patience will some day or other be reached with reference to the land question. But let us hope that, addressing as I do an influential assembly, such as I have seldom had the opportunity or the honor of addressing in my own country, I feel and hope that the exertions of each man amongst you will be devoted in the future, and that your lives will be consecrated to the task of obtaining for Ireland the power to govern herself, and of preventing England from perpetuating the series of blunders which have distinguished her in reference to the governing of Ireland (cheers). I would like to say a word on the question of Parliamentary policy (cheers). As you know, in the last Parliament we had the honor of leading a forlorn hope. We had few members, and we had several years of hard struggling by night and day. We had a strain upon our energies and sincerity which very few people can apprehend or understand (hear, hear). But I am glad, and I feel rewarded by the result, that we were able to keep up our pluck (cheers). I always felt that it was due to the constituencies of this country to have an opportunity of pronouncing one way or the other, even in respect to the line of policy which we felt it our duty to adopt. And recollect the circumstances under which we adopted this line. We were members of the Irish Parliamentary party, and we were bound, by the rules which governed the party, to obey the will of the majority, and during the years I have mentioned I cannot recollect one single occasion on which occasion I re-

fused to be bound by the wishes and opinions of the majority of my colleagues (cheers). So, therefore, in the last Parliament, in addition to being few, I remember we were hampered by these considerations, and though we believe such a course of action might be necessary, if our colleagues forbade us and asked us to do something else, we were bound to obey them (hear, hear). This was the condition I have always felt, that above all things it was necessary to obtain the union of the Irish party (hear, hear). The power of a united body of Irish members in the House of Commons is beyond calculation. I have always been convinced of it, and as the result of last session I have been more and more convinced of it. I regret that a small section of the Irish party who were in the majority in the last Parliament, and whose will we obeyed implicitly in the last Parliament, should have thought fit, when their position was reversed by the decision of the constituencies at the last general election, and when they found themselves a minority of the Irish party, I regret that a small section of that party should have thought fit to separate themselves entirely from the party, and that they should have refused to come to its meetings or join the conferences—(hisses)—and that another section, while going to its meetings, and while by argument and the power of votes endeavoring to influence the opinions of the members of the party, should find themselves, before the face of the enemy in the House of Commons, acting without regard to the wishes of the majority of that class, and doing as they thought proper, regardless of the wishes of the majority of the party (rouned hisses). They are, however, few in number, and I believe that before long their number will become still fewer (cheers). It is manifest that if you are to have effective action in any political body you must have obedience to the will of the majority—(hear, hear)—and it is idle, it is perfectly idle, for men to say that they belong to a party, if, after having shared in the deliberations of that party, after questions are discussed in the ordinary way and a decision upon by the majority, they should turn round the next day and do as they please. As in the last Parliament, when we were in the minority, we always rightly obeyed the opinion of the majority, so now the majority expect the minority will be bound by their decision (cheers). Before I sit down, and in conclusion, I should like to read you some words which may truly be said to come from the grave, the words of a very distinguished man, who was my predecessor in the representation of the county Meath, a representation which I gave up when you honored me by returning me for your city (loud cheers). Mr. Frederick Lucas, who is now dead, was, in conjunction with the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, one of the leaders of the Independent Opposition party of 1852, which was broken up—a party which was formed, just as the Home Rule party was formed, while the Conservatives were in power, but which was broken up by the coalition with the Whigs when they got into office, and by the indiscriminate distribution of offices amongst the members of the Irish party. It was broken up when the Whigs came into power, and, as you know history repeats itself, I may say that a determined attempt was made by the Whigs to break up the present Irish party when they came into power. The extract which I am going to read is taken from the Tablet of 12th June, 1852. Mr. Frederick Lucas, speaking at Kells on the subject of Parliamentary policy, at Meath election, said: "In carrying out this policy I have been asked what my views are about opposing the Government. I pledge myself now to oppose every Government that will not make something that is at least equal to Sharman Crawford's bill a Cabinet question. In any opinion there is no good can be obtained except by the most decided, unrelenting, persevering, trouble some opposition to every Government—(applause)—unless they do justice to Ireland. In the constitutional system Ireland is an anomaly, because what the people of this country know to be justice, the people of England are opposed to, and do not wish to have it conceded. Now, if they insist on uniting the English and Irish Parliaments, which in my conscience I believe to be a gross wrong, if they insist upon a Parliamentary union between the countries, my honest conviction is that it is the duty of the Irish part of the representatives to act as a separate party in the legislature, disorganizing and interfering with every business that may be transacted, as far as it is expedient and feasible to do so, and tormenting this unjust and anti-Irish House of Commons until they find it their interest to do justice to us. I'll have nothing to do with any Ministry, no matter what party—except, indeed, to oppose them, which I will do very cordially—until they make concessions of justice to the tenant farmers of Ireland part of their acknowledged policy." This, as I said, was taken from the Tablet of June 1852, and these, gentlemen, are words from the grave which I have read to you. They were spoken by a very distinguished man—an Englishman, it is true, yet a man who was more Irish than the Irish themselves (cheers)—who was hunted to death by the Whigs of this country on account of his devotion to an Independent policy. He was thirty years before his time, but we proceeded upon these lines, although to a very limited extent, and that in the last Parliament. We had not proceeded on the same lines against the present Government, because we want to give the present Government a chance of showing whether they will give justice to Ireland or not. We proceeded upon these lines, but to a very limited extent, in the Parliament, and the principles which I have just read for you are our guiding principles. We had some success because we happened to be younger than Mr. Lucas was when he adopted this policy, and because we had the assistance and support of the good sense of the Irish people. They stood by us and returned us men to support this policy of Mr. Frederick Lucas from time to time. They gave us a man at Ennis and a man at one or two other places, and they helped us and strengthened us from time to time in such a way as to enable us to hold out until we would be able to get other such members for other constituencies. Now we are a party occupying an independent position in the House of Commons, pledged to remain aloof from every English party who will not concede to Ireland the right to home government—pledged, in the words of Mr. Frederick Lucas, to be a separate element in the legislature, and, if necessary, "disorderly, disorganizing, interfering with every business that may be transacted, as far as it is expedient or feasible" (cheers). We can push the policy just as far as we like. We may never trench on it at all. We may let this weapon lie in its scabbard, as we did the last session; but the weapon is there; you have it in your hand, and when all other resources have failed, it is as sharp and as potent and as powerful for a party of forty against the present Whig Ministry as it was for a party of seven against the last Tory Government (loud applause).

We copy from the Cork Herald report the following passages from the observations of

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in response to the toast of "The Cork Land League." The followers of Mr. Parnell are no longer to be considered by the name of sections or groups; they are distinctly the Irish party (bravo and cheers), and they have earned their title to be called distinctly the Irish party both from their treatment by their friends and by their foes. They have a right to be considered the Irish party from their treatment by their friends, because unquestionably they possess the confidence of the Irish people. They have a right to be considered the Irish party from their treatment by their foes, because it is through the action of their foes—through the action of the miserable Whig section in having gone over to the Government—that they are the more strongly entitled to the name (cheers). Now, gentlemen, the members of the Irish party are accustomed, unfortunately, or fortunately, to a large amount of obloquy. It is an extraordinary thing that every Irish party that has existed, and which has endeavored to act honestly by the Irish people, has been subjected to the same obloquy, but as soon as they had passed away the obloquy is changed to praise, and the praise is bestowed upon their predecessors. The men of '98 were called "ruffians and assassins." A Voice—They lied. Mr. O'Connor—When it came to 1848, the men of '98 were described as heroes and martyrs, and to the men of the later period were applied the terms of "ruffians and scoundrels," and again, when the men of '48 had passed away, and when their place was taken by other men, they too were described as heroes and martyrs (cheers). But their successors of to-day have now the high honor of inheriting those titles of obloquy which were given to them in their day. They are denounced to-day as organizers of assassination, as ex-citers of the passions of men to the commission of criminal outrages. But when we have passed away, and have been succeeded by another Irish party, it will be discovered that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, who are described as ruffians and scoundrels to-day (no, no), united the high minded courage of the patriot with the sane moderation of the statesman (applause). But I am perfectly indifferent as to the opinion of either the ruling class in England or the Whig section of Irish society. The future is on our side. The Chairman then gave the toast of "The Democracy of Ireland," coupling with it the name of "Mr. T. D. Sullivan, poet and patriot." The toast was enthusiastically drunk. The following passages are from the Cork Herald report of his speech:— Mr. Sullivan said he claimed to be one of the demagogue, not the people who had been rocked in aristocratic cradles. He had not been born in one of these; he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but he was not born further from with a spoon of Hellas metal in his mouth (applause). The tenant farmers had begun to act themselves, "What was rent, and what was an unfair rent?" and that question they would carry out to its proper solution. A Voice—So what? Mr. Sullivan—The landlords of Ireland and the Government that sustained them had been calling names to them—they called them confiscators, and fomenters of crime and outrage, or at least impellers of life and property in the country. A Voice—Were you not? Mr. Sullivan said it was their oppressors who were the confiscators. Life and property were being sacrificed in this country, but it was not by the people of Ireland, but by their oppressors. (Cheers, and a voice—Mr. Bright—the land thieves.) The bones of their murdered countrymen filled the famine pits in this country, the bones of their murdered countrymen whitened beneath the waters of the Atlantic; and it was not for the men who sent their people to untimely graves to rant them with endangering life and property (cheers). They did not want to keep up a condition of strife—they wanted to have peace; and he hoped God had seen it was time they should have peace. At Venice they had a bridge called the Bridge of Sighs, on account of the number of persons who went over it from the palace to the prison; but with reference to Ireland, he might say that they had a Strait of Tears at the entrance to the noble harbour of Cork, in which the Irish emigrant leaving his country raised tears as salt as the waters beneath (applause). He believed the time had come when they should make an endeavour to end this state of things, and win for themselves not alone the regard of Europe, but of every man in England itself. They would go with the people in this, come what may. The men at the head of the movement were not braggarts, rash, or foolish men; and when aggression was made they would stand by the people, and let the enemy do his worst (cheers). They had heard of prosecutions, but they were not intimidated by them (cheers). They had heard of fines being sent over, and of a discussion taking place as to the relative merits of bullets and buckshot for shooting down innocent Irish people; but if Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster thought they could put fear in the hearts of the people by those things, they were very much mistaken (cheers). They (the Government) might take a lesson from Cork to-day, and in conclusion he hoped that his countrymen in many parts of Ireland would follow their bright example (great cheering). The toast of "The Citizens of Cork" was responded to by Alderman Daly, M.P. Mr. Parnell then left the chair. Father M'Mahon, P.P., Bohorree, was moved there by Mr. Parnell, who proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. It was carried. Then a voice called for three cheers for the Bishop of Cashel, which were heartily responded to, and the proceedings terminated. ARCHBISHOP CROKE ON MR. PARNELL. In reply to an invitation to be present at the banquet to Mr. Parnell in Cork on last Sunday evening (Sept. 26), his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel wrote:— My Dear Sir,—Accept my very sincere thanks for the invitation just received through you from the Land League, to be present as a guest at the grand banquet to Mr. Parnell, on Sunday next, in Cork. It is not necessary for me to say that I believe Mr. Parnell to be eminently worthy of the compliment which the democracy of Cork is about to pay him, but I have to express my regret at not being able to accept the hospitality that has been proffered to me by you in such friendly, and, indeed, flattering terms. I shall not, I think, be in Ireland on Sunday next—I am, my dear sir, your faithful servant, T. W. CROKE. Mr. Timothy Cronin, Hon. Sec.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD. No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other column.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
IS 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.

ADVERTISING RATES;
10 cents per line first insertion.
5 " " for every subsequent insertion.
CONTRACT RATES.
1 Year... \$1.50 per line.
6 Months... 1.00 "
3 Months... 50 "

Births, Marriages and Deaths.
Announcements under these headings will be charged 50c. for the first and 25c. for subsequent insertions.

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

MR. J. B. LANE

Is authorized to collect all accounts for subscriptions, advertisements, &c. due to the "Post Printing and Publishing Company," also, all calls made and due on stock subscribed and remaining unpaid.
JNO. P. WHELAN, Manager.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—ACTIVE LOCAL AGENTS IN every CITY, TOWN and VILLAGE in the DOMINION and UNITED STATES to solicit subscriptions and collect amounts in their respective localities due to the "TRUE WITNESS." To active and trustworthy men a liberal commission will be paid. For further particulars apply to the "TRUE WITNESS" Office, 761 Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For October, 1880.
THURSDAY, 25.—SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
FRIDAY, 26.—Feria.
SATURDAY, 27.—Vigil of All Saints. Fast.
CONG. BPS. Loughlin and De Geesbriand, 1885.
SUNDAY, 31.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. Rom. xiii. 8-11; Gosp. Matt. viii. 23-28.

For November, 1880.
MONDAY, 1.—All Saints. Holyday of Obligation.
TUESDAY, 2.—All Souls.
WEDNESDAY, 3.—Of the Octave.

A Quebec correspondent wants information as to the religion of the late Lord Mountmorres. He belonged to the Church of England.

The LAND AGITATION in Ireland is seizing all classes. A number of the Royal Irish Constabulary, on a late occasion, wanted to hire vehicles to transport them to a land meeting held in the County of Leitrim, but they were refused point blank by the proprietors. It is evident Irishmen are becoming united.

The news from South Africa is alarming. Other tribes have joined the Basutos and the colonial troops are in jeopardy. Meanwhile Lord Beaconsfield, the cause of all the trouble in Afghanistan, South Africa, and we may almost add, in Ireland, reclines at home nursing that most aristocratic of all diseases, the gout. It may be safely assumed that neither Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, nor the African insurgent leader is afflicted with the gout.

We take this opportunity of thanking those of our agents and subscribers, and they are many, who of late have sent in such substantial proofs that they are earnestly working in behalf of the TRUE WITNESS, and of suggesting to the others to place themselves in line with them, for the sake of the contemplated resuscitation of the daily Post. Our friends the farmers are, we find, beginning to come to the front, and now is the time to make a grand effort.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as agents for the TRUE WITNESS in the localities attached to their names, and are hereby empowered to enroll subscribers and receive subscriptions in their respective districts and places adjacent.—Mr. H. C. Patterson, Cornwall, Ont.; Mr. D. T. Cantwell, St. Johns, Newfoundland; Mr. L. Murphy, Seaford, Dublin, and Edmondville, Ont.; Mr. John A. Hickey, Eganville, Ont.; Mr. Thomas F. Hayden, Prescott, Ont.

The DEMOCRATIC PARTY of New York has nominated an Irish Catholic gentleman of the name of Grace for mayor of that city, and now the New York Herald is of the opinion that this nomination takes away General Hancock's last chance of success for the Presidency. If this be true the Democracy richly deserves a severe beating, for it does not deserve to have a President elected from its party. Of course the cause for fear is that the Democrats will not vote for an Irish Catholic mayor of the great city, as they refused to vote for Senator Kiernan as Governor of

the State. We must therefore infer that if a Protestant or an infidel were nominated the Democrats would not "scratch the ticket," and consequently, must believe that a section of the Democrats are miserable bigots. Well, we do better in Montreal, old fogeyish Canadians and all that we are, and free and enlightened Republicans of North America that we are not.

THE GREAT COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, which cost \$10,000,000, was opened last week, and the ancient city was honored by the presence of an emperor and a whole crowd of tributary kings and princes. It is a Catholic institution, but it is remarkable that the archbishop of Cologne was not present. He is an exile banished from his country by the infamous Falk laws. It would seem that in so far as the Catholic religion is concerned it is all the same whether the government of a country be a democratic republic, as in France, or a military despotism, as in Germany; it has to suffer all the same.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC is going from bad to worse. Having expelled the Jesuits it is now turning its attention to the other religious orders. Monsieur Gambetta, the father of this curious Republic, seeks nothing less than to kill the Catholic Church in France. Bismarck made the attempt in Germany and was defeated, and he is now drawing in his horns and making concessions, but Gambetta has not yet gone to the end of his tether. He wants to show the world before he sinks into deserved obscurity that a Republic, his Republic, can be more despotic than an absolute monarchy, and he is pursuing the proper course to bring about a re-acton. The true friends of France are not desirous of seeing the return to power of either the Legitimists, the Orleansists or the Bonapartists, but it things go on as they are likely to go, they must earnestly desire a change of some sort, they must at all events wish for the overthrow of Ferry and Gambetta and the crew which surround them, but which do not represent the great Catholic nation of France.

The excitement about the syndicate still continues unabated, and the rumors as to its doings rather increase than diminish. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the Pacific railroad is one of the most important questions which has ever agitated the mind of Canada. One thing which we must take for granted is that the syndicate has been formed, that the Government is to give it entire possession of the road, and that the bonus will be a gigantic one. Sir John A. Macdonald has given his word that this is so, and we believe him. The details are, however, wanting, and it is to learn what these are the public is so anxious. We know already that the syndicate is composed of second rate financial houses of Canada, England, France, Germany and America, and not of the Darings or Rotschildes; but, then, we need not be sorry for that. It is a good conveyance that takes you to the end of your journey in a given time. It is rumored that Parliament will be called together on the 13th of January to sanction the agreement between Canada and the Syndicate, and if that be true we must not look for definite information until then, though scraps of intelligence may be flung to newspaper correspondents occasionally to satisfy the public mind until the Government makes its statement.

The last volume of Justin McCarthy's "Men of Our Own Time" has been published, and commands an enormous sale both in England and America, and it richly deserves it, for a more impartial history has never yet been written, or a more luminous. In regard to the rescue of Kelly and Deasy in Manchester, England, thirteen years ago, McCarthy says:—"We can easily test the question, if we do not maintain the creed that the moral laws change according as they are applied by different persons. Let us suppose that, instead of the rescue of two Fenians in Manchester, Lord Derby had been talking of the rescue of two Garibaldians in Rome. Let us suppose that the Papal police were carrying off two of the followers of Garibaldi to a Roman prison, and that a few Garibaldians had stopped the van in open day, and, within reach of the whole force of Papal gendarmes, broke the van open and rescued the prisoners, and that in the affray one of the Papal police was killed. Does anybody suppose Lord Derby would have stigmatized the conduct of the rescuing Garibaldians as 'dastardly'? Is it not more likely that even if he yielded so far to official proprieties as to call it misguided, he would have qualified his disapprobation by declaring that it was 'also heroic.'"

The news from Ireland grows more interesting each day, and the latest is the most intensely interesting of all. Frank O'Donnell, M. P. for Dungarven, has declared for the Land League, and Justin McCarthy, whose opinions have great weight in England, approves of Parnell's programme. The Cabinet is divided on the question of prosecution, the Whig element in favor, and the radical section against it. The landlord press is in agonies about murders which are never committed, and Parnell, who is more "violent than ever," pronounces the murders, what they are, vile fabrications. The Irish have now more organs in the three kingdoms than forty years ago, and Dion Bouicault's drama of the "O'Dowd" is producing intense excitement, the aristocrats asking the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit it. Meantime more troops and more buckshot. One singular feature of the game is that the newspapers, whig and tory, are crying out for prosecution, so that it seems the Irish are wrong in rebelling, and are also wrong in constitutional agitation. O'Connell, the great agitator par excellence, was prosecuted and imprisoned for agitation forty years ago, and General Burke suffered no greater penalties in 1807, when he was

tried for high treason under the Insurrection Act, so that it appears an Irishman finds himself on the horns of a dilemma which ever way he turns. It is plain, however, that the landlords are in a fix, and a bad one at that. There must be a change of a more or less sweeping nature, and in one case feudal privileges will be curtailed, in the other abolished. The Pall Mall Gazette ridicules in its most sarcastic vein the complaints of the landlords who formed the late deputation to the Irish Lord Lieutenant, and it is well-known that able journal is in the confidence of Mr. Gladstone.

THE ELECTION COMMISSION sitting in England is bringing curious facts to light. The evidence taken, before the Commission reveals a state of political turpitude awful to behold. Talk about corruption in Canada, even in the States; classic Oxford and Archbishop Canterbury can beat anything in creation in the way of bribery. And the worst of it is that in England it is not called bribery at all: it is merely selling votes in the best market. And the delinquents are not the low political bums we are acquainted with on this side of the Atlantic. College professors, gentlemen high up in the legal profession, even clergymen of standing in the church, come to the surface as the culprits, the bribers, and are not a bit ashamed at being found out, while as for the bribed, they look with innocent amazement at the surprise expressed because they sold their votes. Why, what in the name of Great Britain, who never shall be slaves, were they given the privilege of the franchise for if they could not dispose of it as they thought proper. It is true they condemned the disfranchised boroughs of Sligo and Cashel in Ireland, but that was altogether different. Those corrupt, rotten places voted for rebels, while Oxford and Canterbury sold their votes to the highest bidder among loyal candidates. That should surely make a difference. It seems Oxford received \$20,000 for voting against Sir William Harcourt after his appointment to the ministry, and that most of the money was furnished by the college. The ballot in England is only on its trial and many of the English journals are taking advantage of the developments to call for open voting. They forget that \$20,000 is nothing compared with the millions flying around so lavishly before the ballot was obtained. For ten men who can be purchased at present one hundred could have been purchased formerly.

THE CRISIS IN IRELAND.

We were in hopes that the cablegrams sent across the Atlantic Ocean by the associated press were mere rumors, or that the wish was father to the thought, but we find in yesterday's despatches that it is but too true; the landlords and the Whig section were too powerful for Mr. Gladstone, and the leaders of the Irish nation are to be prosecuted and condemned, as thousands of gallant men have been before them. In the present excited state of the country, this simply means forcing the Irish people into revolt, that they may not be compelled to do them even slight justice. It is the history of ninety-eight repeated, and we shall soon hear of free quarters, martial law and the hanging so eagerly demanded by Mr. Froude and other Irish-hating Englishmen. The masters of Ireland are far more frightened of a united people offering passive resistance than they are of armed revolt. They cannot compel half a million of farmers to pay rackrent according to the old plan, but they can crush the spirit out of them with buckshot and rifle bullets, grape and canister; at least they think they can, and the experiment is worth trying, though sometimes it is the unexpected which happens. The modus operandi is easy, and it is ancient. Let them forbid a land meeting, and then when it assembles blaze away at the crowd. This will madden the famine-stricken peasantry of the west, who will retaliate, and then—why England will cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war. This picture is not overdrawn, the idea has of late been suggested by numbers of leading English journals.

There is then a crisis approaching in Ireland, and whether the Land League chiefs be able to restrain their followers or not, a struggle of some description is impending, a constitutional one let us pray God, in spite of English prayers and exertions to the contrary. In this emergency the Irish people need the sympathy and the material assistance of Irishmen and their descendants throughout the world. We need not go into the merits of the case, their sufferings are as great as their cause is just. On this head we imagine there can be no two opinions among Irishmen, for let it be borne in mind this is no Fenian outbreak preceded by secret conspiracy. At the head of the League are men of substance, landlords, scholars, representatives of the people, working for redemption under the sunlight of Heaven with Government bayonets glistening near and Government reporters taking notes. The League is not condemned by the Church. It has the majority of the hierarchy and clergy endorsing it, for it is the last hope of a people who know not whether it is better to die in the old land or cross the ocean to the new. What, then, is the duty of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen in this supreme crisis? It is simply to assist the Land League with the means to enable the prisoners to defend themselves, and to feed the evicted tenants when the coercion commences. It is pleasant to talk of the glories of Brian the Brave (though the days of that hero are over), to sing of Kathleen Mavourneen (who perhaps died in the ditch in '48), but this is not the time. The men of our kith and kin are in immediate danger, and they require immediate assistance. It may be too late a month

hence. Where now are our leaders, who assemble at election times on the strength of their nationality to demand honors. Let them come forward, for they are required; now or never. In speaking thus we speak to all Canada, not to Montreal alone. Let us sincerely advise them without delay to form branches of the Land League; and let politics intervene, it is not a political question. There is a branch of the League established in Montreal already, and if those who hold aloof like not its complexion let them join and change it according to their good pleasure, although it is not so much leaders it lacks as means. If those who arrogate to themselves leadership do not lead it is necessary others should. We warn those gentlemen that the people are observing their conduct narrowly, and that on their action in this crisis will depend their popularity. But to the people who have no pretensions, we say let them join the Land League, and at once, and set a good example to the Irishmen of Canada.

PROSECUTION OF THE LAND LEAGUE CHIEFS.

It would seem as if the English Government are undecided as to whether they shall prosecute the leaders of the Land League or let them alone. Since the present administration came into power it was composed of two elements, the Whig section under the lead of the Marquis of Hartington and Earl Granville, and the Radical, which recognizes Gladstone and Bright as its chiefs. It is not only on Eastern affairs the Cabinet are divided, but there is an evident difference of opinion between the two sections as to the treatment Ireland should receive at the hands of the Government. If Gladstone, Bright, Fawcett and Forster had their way, the impression is that they would introduce radically healing measures for the good of Ireland, and that the land question would be settled to the contentment at least of the oppressed; as for the landlords there is no satisfying them, except their interests are not touched in the slightest degree. "Hands off" is their cry, "we are the owners of the soil by right of conquest; we shall do with it precisely as we please." The Whig section is composed of landlords altogether, and who knows if they consented to the demand of the Irish leaders but that the agitation would extend to England. Nor are their fears ill-founded, for though the English tenantry are a patient, drudging, servile class, American competition may impel even Hodge to clamor for a change in the system which keeps him as he is, a serf on the soil which he cultivates for the benefit of the great lords. It may therefore be safely inferred that the landlords of the three kingdoms are bringing immense pressure to bear upon the Government in their interests, and that the Whig section is only too willing to stand by its own order, while the Radical is anxious to see justice done for the sake of peace if not of justice per se. This clashing of opinion would explain the extraordinary cablegrams we receive from day to day, one set telling us the Irish leaders will be proceeded against with vigor, the other that the Government has abandoned the prosecution. Or it may be that the Government hesitates before persecuting or prosecuting the leaders of a united nation. It is no longer a faction which demands the settlement of the land question, nor "an ignorant and besotted peasantry," for we hear of boards of guardians, commissioners, city corporations, endorsing the views of Parnell. We hear of a nation placing itself at his back. There are exceptions, but they are not numerous, and for one prelate or priest discountenancing the national idea there are ten in favor of it. The Bishop of Ossory goes so far as to say that not only should the tenants be protected but that restitution should be made them for the frauds of the past twenty years. It would surely be madness to prosecute the leaders of such forces, of such intelligence, of such unanimity.

Perhaps Mr. Gladstone is copying a page of history. Perhaps he is drafting a comprehensive land bill with the sanction of his colleagues by which he will stand or fall, and perhaps, having brought in his bill, he will declare the Land League illegal, just as was done to the Catholic Association fifty years ago when emancipation was granted. But whatever the right honorable gentleman is doing it is plain that the Irish people intend persevering in their just demands, even if the leaders are prosecuted and found guilty, which is altogether improbable. There is the stamp of resolution about the League which no similar movement in Ireland ever bore before. They are bound to advance come what come woe, and the power of landlordism will collapse before them as utterly as a piece of tissue paper before the blaze of an ardent fire. Nothing can save the landlords except disunion among the people, and that disunion it is which at this moment is so eagerly, so anxiously prayed for by landlords and landladies and their sympathizers, from the Queen on her throne down to the poor ballif who lives on the oppression of the poor. It is consoling to those who would see Ireland happy and prosperous that this longed-for disunion seems to be looming further off each day. The Irish people have never in their history, or at least since the English ascendancy began, been so united as they are at present. It is true that there are Nationalists, and Land Leaguers, and perhaps Moderates, who would be satisfied with a compromise, but they are all unanimous in their demands for a change. The almost unparalleled demonstration in the city of Cork is the best proof of our statement. In the capital of the South every man, from the Mayor down to the poorest laborer, turned out to honor Parnell, and as Parnell represents the advanced national idea, and as Cork is the most representative city in Ireland, it must be admitted that the Irish people are

both united and unanimous. It will therefore be hard for a Government calling itself Liberal to prosecute the acknowledged leader of a nation. Speaking of Parnell and his objects, the correspondent of the hostile New York Herald says:—"The greatest achievement of all, however, is the dainty and respectful manner in which he has been treated by the Government. There has been an evident desire to conciliate the agitator, and no effort has been spared by Mr. Forster to get the Cabinet into his good graces. From the Government organ, the Daily News, Mr. Parnell has received the same kid glove treatment, and doubtless many have judged from his grave demeanor during the session that he was conciliated, and that he would become a nice, quiet, meddlesome M. P. But alas! they knew not the man. Firm, unbending, unscrupulous and violent as ever, he laid down the same old programme at Ennis yesterday, and for my part I have no doubt he will continue to lay it down till the end. Such deference paid to their leader gave him increased importance among his followers, and made him more than ever popular with the people, so that to-day he returns to Ireland stronger than ever. Another of Mr. Parnell's aims was to disgust every Englishman with himself and his countrymen. In this he has eminently succeeded, and the sentiment is not infrequently to 'let the beggars go and govern themselves and be hanged to them.' The great aim, however, was to impoverish the landlords, and in this too he has been successful. The landlords of Ireland are virtually bankrupt. Those who depend upon Irish rents are living upon borrowed money, and another year of non-payment would drive thousands from the country, as it last year drove hundreds. The longer a settlement is postponed the heavier will be the reckoning. Who can say that Mr. Parnell has agitated in vain? 'Let the beggars go and govern themselves and be hanged to them.' That is exactly what the beggars are clamoring for, and it seems to us they are in a fair way to attain their object at long and at last.

SPREAD OF AMERICAN IDEAS.

One hundred years ago the American colonies were on the down grade to independence, and although the thinkers of civilized Europe watched the struggle with interest, they were not in a position to realize the exact meaning of the contest with England, for the reason that they could not see into the future, and were not aware of the approach of steam and fast travel. They merely saw a new nation springing up in a new continent, experimenting in a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, but a good many of them doubted of its ultimate success. The experiment of a free democratic republic, established on the basis of universal suffrage, had never before been given a fair trial, and even after independence was won and the federal republic fairly established, there were men who predicted its early collapse and its being superseded by a monarchy. A good many Americans were themselves of the same opinion, and George Washington received the offer of a kingly crown which he refused in a spirit different from that of Caesar. It was the vast influence wielded by such men as Jefferson and Franklin that vanquished the monarchial idea, sincere republicans that they were, but once the republic became an accepted fact, it was loyally supported by the great majority of the people. It is possible that if the country did not prosper the timid and wavering would have clamored for a monarchy, but it did prosper to a marvellous extent, and grew in strength and vigor until 1860, when it received its first rude shock. The question then asked in Europe and America was, "can the republic stand a great civil war?" Some said yes, and some said no, perhaps, according to their wishes, and the eyes had it. The only real danger that threatened what may be considered the hope of mankind is now over, and the republic is advancing with rapid strides to a population of one hundred millions and a moral influence over the world little dreamed of a century ago. Among the oracular sayings of the great Napoleon was one that "in fifty years hence Europe would be either Cossack or republican." If he had said instead that in a hundred years hence Europe would be either Cossack or American, he would have been nearer the truth. American ideas are already beginning to prevail on the European continent, but in twenty years more American influence will be a power, and naturally so. The Americans are now a distinct people; they are a race, so to speak, made up of all the European races, altogether different from the English, with whom they have nothing in common but their language. The Iazzarogani of Sicily and the Cossack of St. Petersburg can tell an American the moment they set eyes upon him. They approach the French in appearance more than they do any other people, for the reason perhaps that the Celtic blood preponderates in both, and it would not be amazing if the French tongue should at some distant day become the language of the Americas, or if the Americans forced theirs on the French.

It is no wonder that the Americans would have a great moral influence on the population of Western Europe. They receive the oppressed from their shores, assimilate them and convert the most pronounced monarchist not only into an American citizen but into a sound republican in ten years. The German goes to Brazil, remains a German all his life, and perhaps transmits his nationality to his son, but after ten years in the States he is a loyal American citizen, and proud to say so. As for the Irishman, he is hardly landed when he enters with enthusiasm into the customs of the country, and votes the Democratic ticket. He at last finds a home and freedom,

things that he reads in history once obtained in Ireland. The refugee from Europe finds in the States peace, plenty and freedom. There is no religious test for office, no established church, no privileged class, and the words of the constitution ring joyously and truly in his heart. "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men were created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." He knows that in Europe one man can be born a king or an emperor and another something so closely resembling a serf that the difference is not worth quarrelling about. There are a hundred ways in which America influences European ideas. They travel a good deal, and to do them justice, are not backward in praising the great republic, and lauding it above anything in all creation. Tens of thousands of American newspapers find their way across the Atlantic every week, and they are eagerly read and digested. But how many millions of letters are sent yearly from immigrants to their friends in the old countries, telling them how much their lot has been changed for the better since their arrival, and impressing upon their minds the superiority of this continent as the poor man's home. Something still more tangible than letters are the millions upon millions of dollars sent home, especially to Ireland, to enable the landlord to receive his rack-rents, or to bring their victim to a country where by a few years industrious toil he can become his own landlord. All these things tell and form an American influence. Who can say what a factor is the moral force of America in the present sapping of European thrones. It was the American revolution brought about the French revolution, and the full effects of the latter on the world are even now manifesting themselves. It may come to pass by and bye that Americans may exercise more than moral influence. When her population reaches 150,000,000 a hint from her to the despots of Europe would not only stop their little warlike games, but induce them to take their hands off the throats of their suffering subjects. Even now we have an enthusiastic American in Ireland in the person of James Redpath, denouncing oppression and landlordism in haughty Yankee tones. It is no exaggeration to say that American ideas are every day becoming more potent factors in Irish politics. "We helped to save you from starving," says Redpath, and now we want to see how these famines are bred in such a land as this. We sent the money and food to you and not to your landlords. If you are men of spirit you will keep the harvests for your selves and children."

THE NEW YORK HERALD AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The New York Herald assumed an anti-Irish attitude last year, and did its best—without success—to stem the tide of public charity flowing towards Ireland from American sources. When it saw the mistake it had made—for the very existence of the Herald depends upon its floating on the waves of the public opinion of the day—it trimmed its sails and opened its own columns to subscriptions on behalf of the Irish sufferers, the proprietor himself donating the large sum of one hundred thousand dollars. We need hardly say that this fit of sudden generosity deceived no one except some very superficial people in Ireland. The Herald of that time was warm in its praises of the Freeman's Journal, and of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Ireland who opposed Parnell and other Irish patriots. It was said at the time by intelligent Americans that the English landlords subscribed the \$100,000 for the Herald, anything to kill the national movement, but that is scarcely probable. It is certain, however, that since then the expenses of the Herald have been cut down, and the wages of the employees reduced, with a view to compensate Mr. Bennett for the donation which answered the purpose of a colossal advertisement for the New York Herald. We understand, however that the thing did not pay. The Irish of New York and vicinity, who were the chief readers of the Herald, have given it up, and its circulation has fallen from ninety to fifty-five thousand, with a corresponding decline in its advertising patronage. The Dublin Freeman's Journal, too, has become more patriotic and Parnellite, and now fiercely denounces its quondam friend and brother-in-arms as a vain braggart and distorter of the truth. The Herald has grown desperate, and in order to recover the circulation it has lost through the defection of one class, strives to pander to the worst prejudices of another, which is the fanatic Protestant element. So that in fact not only has the Herald become anti-Irish, but it has thrown off the mask and become anti-Catholic as well, as the following extract from its editorial columns of the 24th of October will show:—

For when a Catholic Irishman, the leader of an Irish Catholic party, announces and boasts that he will decide political conflicts in this neighborhood as suits his good pleasure by means of the suffrages of thirty thousand Irish Catholic voters upon whom he can count, the people have an opportunity to see just what sort of an institution the Catholic Church is in politics, and to understand what a farce it would be to pretend that free government can continue where it is permitted to turn its hand to politics, or, indeed, to exist, for where it exists it will not leave politics alone. This is a Protestant country and the American people are a Protestant people. They tolerate all religions, even Mohammedanism; but there are some points in all these tolerated religions to which they object and will not permit, and the vice of the Catholic Church, by which it has rotted out the political institutions of all countries where it exists—which has made it like a flight of locusts everywhere—will be properly rebuked here when it fairly shows its purpose. This fierce diatribe has been called forth the nomination of W. E. Grace for Mayor of New York. According to the

Herald a Catholic should not be mayor or governor or president. Fortunately the N. Y. Herald has not half as much political influence in New York as any one of the other dailies...

into a fortid call in the goal at Dorchester, N. B., where I was obliged to support myself, or meet the doom of another old gentleman who died in the same battle for the want of the common necessities of life...

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times of the 7th Oct., writing from Rome, says:—"On his arrival in Rome, whether he is proceeding with a large offering of Peter's Pence from the clergy and laity of his diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Crooke, Archbishop of Oshel, will receive an intimation from the Pope of the intention of his Holiness to elevate him to the cardinalate at an approaching consistory."

This piece of intelligence has not been cabled from this side of the Atlantic; it was too disagreeable a morsel for the Associated Press. The promotion of the illustrious Archbishop will be heard with pleasure by Irish Catholics all over the world...

Letter from Quebec.

ADVENTURES OF MYLES O'REGAN, ESQ

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to explain why it is my present communication is dated Quebec. As I was sitting calmly in my office on the 21st inst. a letter was handed me bearing the Cook postmark. I opened it and read as follows:—

KILMALLOCK, Oct. 9th, 1880. SIR MYLES O'REGAN, BART. OTTAWA, Canada East.

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you of the death of your late uncle Sir Felix O'Regan, and your succession to the estates of Ballina Kilmud, as the next male heir. The property is in some confusion and your presence in Ireland is absolutely necessary.

Your most obedient servant, Peter Murphy Retrack. This was indeed startling news. I was of course aware that my uncle owned a good deal of property in the county of Limerick, but I am at a loss to understand how he managed to get the prefix "Sir" to his name...

THE LATEST BOB ACRES.

The Irish landlords were formerly famous for their personal courage. They furnished half the fire eaters of Europe and ran away from nothing but the father of an heirless. Who has not heard of fighting Fitzgerald, and Fireball Macnamara, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, a creation of Sheridan. But they have degenerated. They are now howling like whipped spaniels and ordering coats of mail to protect them from imaginary assassins...

An Irish landlord, and a captain as well, recently gave vent to his excitement respecting the demands of the peasantry, while walking up and down the portico of the chief hotel in the charming town of Glengriff, his auditors being his companions, who included a noble vicar and several distinguished persons. Speaking loudly, he said he wished there was an Oliver Cromwell who would make a clean sweep of the accursed Land League...

It is rather a remarkable coincidence that within the past few weeks two prominent gentlemen have been assaulted by parties thinking themselves aggrieved by them, one of them a Cabinet Minister and the other an Ex-Cabinet Minister, one of them the Hon. John O'Connor and the other the Hon. R. W. Scott. A Mr. Dolan is alleged to have assaulted the Postmaster-General on account of difference of opinion on Irish politics...

"May I be permitted to ask the public, through your columns, to suspend their judgment in reference to the case of assault reported in your issue of yesterday. With your permission I shall lay a full statement of my sad case in a future issue, and which, owing to my present distressed position, and also to the fact of the hon. gentleman's possession of my valise containing all my valuable papers and memoranda, as well as my clothing, I find great difficulty in embodying; but fortunately I have found a means of proving that the hon. gentleman was fully aware of the circumstances by which I was robbed of my property, deprived of my liberty, and thrown

what it used to be, and if things continue to go on as they are at present, some of us will have to go and work, bo-o-o-o."

I could not help honoring the tears of so sincere a patriot, and expressed my deep sympathy with him and others for the degeneracy of the times.

When he had done crying he asked me if I could do anything for his sons and when I told him I was not connected with the syndicate he felt much disappointed.

"Perhaps Sir, you are an M. P. and will frank this letter for me?"

I did not frank the letter for him but did just as well, I put a postage stamp on the envelope and he departed only half satisfied. I have an idea Mr. Editor, that if I don't like the aspect of things in Ireland, I shall return and settle in Quebec. It is the finest field I know of for the exercise of philanthropy and I am surprised the Nihilists or Socialists do not come here and establish the commune. The people are ripe for it.

In order to escape from office seekers, who take every stranger for a man with influence with the government, I took a stroll through the streets of the ancient capital. I am under the impression that the only level spots in the place are on the heads of the cab-drivers. The citadel will never want cavalry while they are on the scene. Their audacity in charging the enemy, their fares is undoubted. It would be an improvement however, if a transportation bureau was added to the other departments of the government and cabs done away with. The thing is certainly worth a trial. They could run a network of ropes over the city resting on the houses from which elevators could be suspended and then the danger of death from heart disease be prevented and a new industry created, which would absorb the balance of the non-official population. After driving three blocks, I requested the driver to set me down in front of a store, in which parrots, canaries and monkeys were for sale. He did so, and only charged me forty-five cents, proving the report a calumny that Quebec hackmen charge at the rate of twenty-five cents a block.

I regret not having time to visit my machine Canal friends before my departure, but if ever I come to Canada on a visit I shall reverse the order of things and give them a public dinner for the sake of old times. I shall cable you the news from Ireland on my arrival, and write my usual weekly letter afterwards, if I have time, in order that you may have at least one truthful correspondent in the old sod.

And now for the Polynesian, which carries O'Regan and his fortunes across a stream somewhat broader than the Rubicon. Yours respectfully, MYLES O'REGAN.

Quebec, October 23, 1880.

CITY NEWS.

WE call attention to the advertisement in another column of W. P. Bartley & Co. This Company furnishes engines, boilers and heating apparatus generally, to the convents and other institutions throughout Canada, and up to this they have no competitors who can equal them. They give universal satisfaction.

ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.—Among the other ladies whose names we omitted from our report of St. Patrick's Bazaar last week were Miss Tribe, the Misses Egan, Miss McKenna, Miss Magee, the Misses Mullarky, assisting at Mrs. M. P. Ryan's table, Miss Walsh, Miss Quelch, Miss Reilly, Miss O'Connor, Miss Garland, and Miss Emily Murphy.

An Irish witness in Court last week named Patrick Monday, who has lived in Montreal thirty-two years, could not speak a word of English. An interpreter of the Irish language had to be found before the proceedings could be proceeded with. The witness explained through the interpreter that his wife and family as well as his employer here all spoke Irish, and he had no need to learn English.

The Roman Catholic school commissioners of this city have presented a petition to the City Council for a proper adjustment of the school tax between the Protestant and Catholic boards on the basis of the relative proportions of the Protestant and Catholic populations of the city. The petition alleges that the distribution had not been legal for the past ten years, and the commission demand an investigation.

The man who called himself Robert Watt, and who swore that Jones, one of the thieves in the McNamee robbery, had gone home with some ladies, is wanted upon a charge of perjury but cannot be found. He turns out to be Jack Raynor, and was detected as a fraud upon a statement made that he was a reporter. The slackness of the police in letting him slip through their fingers is another episode in this disgraceful robbery for them to be ashamed of. The prisoner Jones was found guilty of receiving stolen goods by the jury to-day, the charge of stealing the \$15,000 not being proven. It was the evidence of Mr. F. B. McNamee that the Judge laid most stress upon, which was that the prisoner, while denying guilt, said: "There was only \$2,800 of your money found on me." This he construed into a direct avowal that the money was that of Mr. McNamee, and that he had received it knowing it had been stolen.

The trial of Jones for complicity in the robbery of \$15,000 from McNamee came to a conclusion on the 10th, after five days had been spent in its consideration. The prisoner was indicted for stealing on one count and of receiving the stolen money on another. The Judge summed up very impartially, but dwelt upon the prisoner's avowal to Mr. McNamee of a portion only of the money being found on him. After a few minutes' deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty on the second count. The second prisoner, whose name is Trainor, will be tried next. The third person accused of the theft died in the hospital here some time since of small-pox. One of the witnesses brought up for the defence, and who gave his name as Robert Watts and Domicile Buffalo, turns out from information obtained by the police, to be a notorious American thief known as Jack Raynor. He has made his escape, or he would have been arraigned for perjury. He swore that he was with Jones on the night of the robbery, and is believed to be one of the gang who divided Mr. McNamee's money.

The plan of Mr. James Shearer, submitted Wednesday to the Board of Trade, causes a good deal of favourable comment upon all sides of the commercial and shipping world. He proposes to obviate the ice blockade and floods in Grifftown. To do this he would have all obstructions removed, leaving a level bottom and clear run for the entire St. Lawrence to pass opposite St. Lambert on the south-east side of St. Helen's Island. With the material taken out for the channel he would build a peninsula from St. Helen's Island to Point St. Charles, 9,000 feet from bank to bank, by 300 feet wide, thus raising the water two feet in the river and lowering it two feet in the harbor, making a still water harbor, removing St. Mary's current, and giving a head of four feet for mills, elevators,

factories, and the transporting of freight. It would give ample accommodation for railways along it to Isle Ronde, a distance of three miles. It would also give a roadway across the river for all coming traffic by bridge from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert, which is 2,700 feet, thus obviating the making of a tunnel at Hochelaga or a bridge at Isle Ronde. It would also make a highway from the city to St. Helen's Island and St. Lambert. This embankment would give a site for water-works with pumping power, and pure water for the city could be obtained from the St. Lawrence. The facilities this enterprise would afford, not only to the city and harbor, but to the whole country, are beyond the comprehension of any one at present. The only difficulties presented to the scheme would be that unless the south channel can be deepened some thirteen feet for several miles in length, which will be cut through a solid plateau of rock that is covered by a few inches of water at low tide, the diverted current would flood St. Lambert and submerge Longueuil village. It would be beneficial in one respect as a winter asylum for vessels in Montreal harbor. A vessel would not dread the St. Mary's current and Isle Ronde so much, but changing the course of the current at Victoria Bridge might be objectionable to the Grand Trunk authorities, who have the piers built to cope with the flow of water and ice from its present direction, and the piers, if assailed by pressure other than against their cut-waters, might be weakened or damaged. Looking at the scheme from the points of benefits to result to Montreal from its consummation, it is an admirable one, and, if practicable, must become a popular one.

PROPOSED SHAMROCK TESTIMONIAL. We copy the following letter from the Daily Witness:—

To the Editor of the Witness:— Sir,—I think you will agree with me that the Shamrock Lacrosse Club deserves some mark of appreciation from the public for the pluck, endurance and fortitude they have displayed during the past decade in the noble game which has become the national sport of Canada. They have been generally successful above all competitors, which is saying a good deal, and they have won their laurels with becoming modesty. The men composing the Shamrock team are, for the most part, mechanics, who can ill afford to sacrifice their time in pleasing an enthusiastic public, but yet they have done so, and their efforts have enriched the many national games of Canada. I am of the opinion that they should be made to feel that their conduct is appreciated, and I believe it is only necessary for some one to begin in order to get up a testimonial as a suitable reward. With this object in view I have the honor to enclose herewith the sum of twenty-five dollars toward a fund, and to suggest that the editors of the Witness, the True Witness and the Shamrock be made joint treasurers and powers conferred upon them to decide the shape which the proposed testimonial will assume, and also that the columns of the three journals named be opened to receive contributions. JOHN P. WHELAN.

Montreal, Oct. 23, 1880.

Personal.

—Cardinal Nina has resigned the Secretaryship of State.

—Hanlan expresses himself confident of beating Frickett.

—The Baroness Burdett Coutts is still resolved on marriage.

—Dr. Kirwan of Quebec, is about to give up the Albion Hotel.

—It is stated that the Czar of Russia is becoming hopelessly blind.

—It is now more than likely that the Sultan of Turkey will be deposed.

—It is said Lord Dufferin will publish his speeches delivered in Canada.

—Lysaght Finegan, M. P. for Ennis, is soon to be married to Miss Manly, of Chester.

—Mr. Grace, the Democratic nominee for Mayor of New York, is an Irish Catholic.

—The Pall Mall Gazette ridicules the deputation of landlords to the Irish vice-King.

—Mr. Parnell is honored with many threatening letters from agents and landlords.

—Mr. Gladstone has reduced the rents on his estates twice since American competition began.

—It is understood that Mr. James Stevenson, of Montreal, has been appointed appraiser at that port.

—The three Irish peers assassinated in this century have been Norbury, Leitrim and Mountmorris.

—The Hon. J. H. Pope has obtained judgment, with \$10 and costs, at Sherbrooke, against Eneas McMaster for libel.

—Lord Montague, late convert to Induleagueism, is the son of Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer fifty years ago.

—Cardinal Howard, at one time an officer in the Guards, paid a visit to his old comrades in a remarkably and was cordially welcomed.

—Mr. Carne and Duval, two Catholic Senators, have been elected Senators for Brittany over two Bonapartists and two radicals.

—Prince Jerome Buonaparte wishes to be Napoleon the Fourth, and rumors are once more revived about Grant's intentions for the Ulisses the First.

—The contemplated match between the Princess Beatrice of England, and the Italian Duke of Austria, is no longer spoken of. The Princess is a very ugly man.

—Lord Spencer, who is in consultation with Earl Cooper and Mr. Forster as to the state of Ireland, is a bitter enemy of that country, and has always advocated extreme measures.

—Serge-Major Cummins, of the Toronto Police Force, is dead. He was a most reckless and resolute man in his time, and had many desperate encounters with contraveners of the law.

—Mr. Myles O'Regan, our esteemed correspondent, has fallen heir to some property in Ireland, and has left Ottawa for that island to take possession. He will, however, continue his correspondence to the True Witness.

CINCINNATI, October 20.—This morning a fire broke out in the shoddy manufactory of Benjamin Hey, cutting off escape from the third story, where a number of women were working. The firemen made heroic but ineffectual attempts to rescue the women. After extinguishing the fire they extricated the dead bodies of five women. There were twenty-eight women and girls in the third story, twenty girls in one room with the forewoman, and eight women in the adjoining room. The forewoman gave the alarm to the girls, and they all passed down the stairway safely. She then went to the room where the eight women were, and gave them the alarm. Two followed her down stairs, but the other six delayed. It is supposed, to change their clothing, until the fire cut off escape by the stairway. Mrs. Barrett jumped out of a window and broke her legs. The other five remained and were burned to death. Three of the victims were widows, and have families who were wholly dependent on the mothers for support.

BY TELEGRAPH.

CAPE TOWN, October 23.—The following are the details of the fight which took place previous to the relief of Mefetang. The announced yeomanry were charged by a large body of Basutos, who descended the hills at full speed. A hand to hand fight ensued. The Basutos were armed with assegais, imitating the Zulus, and killed 24 yeomen. The reinforcements arriving, the rebels were repulsed with considerable loss. The Basutos made a second charge at full speed, which was entirely checked by the well directed fire of the Cape Town rifles. The enemy was estimated to be 8,000 strong. A Cape Town despatch to Reuter's Telegram Co. says the enemy are reported to have occupied the country in rear of the forces which relieved Mefetang.

PARIS, Oct. 19.—The Italian Barnabites in Paris, in a letter to President Grevy against their expulsion, remind him that they came here 23 years ago to evangelize and succor 30,000 poor Italians; that they studiously avoided politics; and that during the siege of Paris their house was an ambulance, and several of their members military chaplains.

A despatch from Vannes gives a detailed account of the result of the attempt of the Government to enforce the decrees in that place yesterday. The Jesuits have a college there, which was the object of official operation. On the receipt of orders from the Minister of Worship, the Prefect of Vannes, at the head of the police, visited the College and demanded its surrender, and that the Jesuits should at once prepare to leave France. They made no forcible resistance, but entered a protest against the attempt to deprive them of their property. A great crowd of people gathered, evidently in sympathy with the Jesuits, and when the police forced their way into the College and forcibly ejected the inmates, the populace attacked the officers and endeavored to rescue the building from them. The assault was resisted, and the multitude speedily swelled to the dimensions of a mob. The Prefect himself was roughly handled, but the military were called out, and finally restored order.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—A Paris despatch says that the Bishop of Montpellier will be prosecuted for his exercise of power in excommunicating the Prefect while the latter was executing the decrees against the religious orders in Montpellier.

LONDON, October 22.—It is believed that the commission of scrutiny in the Oxford contested election case has decided that Oxford shall be disfranchised. The revelations of bribery there made by the Parliamentary enquiry were scandalous in the extreme, and the influential and fashionable circles in which the contestants move have not yet fully recovered from the shock produced by the evidence in the case when this new surprise came upon them. The Conservative agent testified that it cost the party about £8,000 to beat Sir William Harcourt in May, £4,000 having been expended in April without success. At the first election there was a tacit compact between the two parties that expenditures on each side should be limited to £2,000 and no bills should be issued, but when the contest got warm, the bargain was repudiated, and both sides fired bills at each other, as many as five sets of placards being issued in one day. His published accounts, he said, never had been correct, and he "judged" them so as to save himself from a criminal prosecution. On election day he employed about 1,200 people and 1,075 conveyances. His side cast 2,750 votes. He gave the name of a member of the Junior Carlton Club from whom he got money for election purposes, and admitted that the gain of 100 votes which defeated Sir William Harcourt was made by corruption, and that too difference between his published and actual expenditure went for bribes. The returning officers and the magistrate, he added, were corrupt. The Mayor of Oxford testified that the majority of the electors looked to being employed as clerks and messengers on election days, and the Conservative agent finally declared that he had destroyed nearly all of his papers, because they would have disclosed grossly corrupt transactions.

LONDON, October 25.—A despatch received to-day unhappily confirms advices of Saturday in relation to the critical state of affairs in Natal. It is officially announced from the Foreign Office that the natives, who have heretofore sturdily opposed the recent action of the British Government, have at last openly revolted. General Clark, in command of the colonial forces, is known to be short of provisions, and with a force of men so entirely inadequate to cope with such an exigency that the harvest fears are felt for his personal safety and that of his command. Those most acquainted with the country and the present disposition of the troops do not hesitate to express their doubts as to the possibility of his being reached in time by the reinforcements which have been ordered to his relief. The present South African troubles are entirely due to the determination of the Government that only white men shall be allowed to carry firearms. The Basutos had already set the example of open armed defiance, and it had appeared to be a question of time before other disaffected tribes, when up to the present have remained true to their allegiance to the British Colonial Government, would join their forces with the Basutos and unite in a common attack upon the small body of colonial troops to which was committed the enforcement of the order of disarmament. The publication of the news of the revolt, accompanied by the details, has caused great excitement, and further advice are awaited with painful apprehension.

A later despatch from Cape Town says it is reported that a number of Europeans have been massacred beyond Natal.

LONDON, October 21.—It is fully confirmed that Government is preparing indictments against the office-bearers and prominent members of the Land League.

LONDON, October 18.—The Viceroy of India telegraphs that the Kurum Valley was evacuated on Saturday, the 16th inst.

LONDON, October 21.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says:—Though a winter session of Parliament is still a possible contingency, I have good reasons for believing Parliament will not re-assemble before the usual date.

The Press Association says it understands steps are being taken to form an influential committee of Liberals to strengthen the hands of the Government in dealing with disorder in Ireland.

LONDON, October 20.—The Globe says it learns from good authority that the quantity of fire arms imported to Ireland from America and the continent greatly exceeds official estimates.

DUBLIN, October 20.—About a dozen land meetings are preparing for Sunday next, the violent resolutions passed by the Orange lodges in condemnation of the land agitations attract much attention.

LONDON, October 20.—The St. James Gazette, Mr. Greenwood's paper, says the situation in Ireland is passing from bad to worse, and it believes the Government to be now considering the adoption of means more repressive than those which were lately contemplated.

DUBLIN, October 20.—Lund, an agent, was fired at yesterday while returning home from Mohan fair, but escaped without injury. A tenant on the Cusin property at Ennis, capital of Clare county, paid his rent, contrary to the instructions of the Land League, and yesterday a number of disguised men set fire to his fence and destroyed the crops. No arrests were made.

The trial of Callan and Sullivan for alleged connection with the Mountmorris murder has been postponed until November.

Round the World.

—It is reported the Dominion Parliament will meet on the 13th of January.

—Horace Love married his living wife's sister, at Denman, Ga., and goes to prison for bigamy.

—The lacrosse match between the morning and evening papers on Saturday last resulted in a draw.

—The conscription money sent to the Chancellor of the English Exchequer last year amounted to over \$30,000.

—A recent report shows that the increase in the consumption of horse and ass flesh is large and steady in France.

—The death is announced of Pierce Butler, only son of the Hon. and Rev. J. W. Leigh, a grandson of Fanny Kemble.

—An officer at a fair, at Ridgeville, Ind., caught a man climbing over the fence, and deliberately killed him with a pistol.

—The Rev. Rhoda A. Perry, Baptist, is under arrest in Rhode Island on a charge of burning his property to obtain the excessive insurance.

—The Elgin Cowart says that, as usual after a good hearing season, the matrimonial business is extraordinarily active on the coast of Scotland.

—Italian army officers are now exercised in the practical running of railroad trains so that in time of war they may know all about moving troops by rail.

—At the Liverpool Police Court recently a young lady was fined five shillings and costs for refusing to keep to the right in descending one of the approaches to the landing stage.

—The production of gold in New South Wales in 1878 was only £27,161, not a tenth of that produced twenty years ago. The yield from the coal fields shows a steady increase.

—The Spaniards are clamoring fiercely and unitedly for Gibraltar. The newspapers assert Gibraltar is nothing but a British smuggling depot, and faith, they may be right.

—A telegram from Melbourne announcing the opening of the International Exhibition in that city was received in London within twenty-three minutes after the ceremony had taken place.

—The devastation caused by rabbits amounts in Australia to a serious calamity. One large estate, which formerly supported 30,000 sheep, has been abandoned on account of these pests.

—The Rev. J. Benson Hamilton published a letter at Lewistown, Me., denouncing "My Partner" as an immoral play. The theatre manager replied, of course, and the result was a crowded house.

—Two Roman Catholic colleges are to be established, by direction of the Pope, in the island of Malta, under the control of the Bishop of Algiers. They are to educate missionaries for Africa.

—The Live Stock Journal says that in Natal rhinoceroses are found this year in haunts from which they have been absent twenty years, and elephants and buffaloes are unusually plentiful in Zululand.

—Three persons have been encoffined at Bassano, in Italy, by the fumes from a vat of wine in fermentation. The first had descended the vat, and the others perished in endeavouring to rescue him.

—There will be no pheasant shooting this year at Leigh Park, near Fitzwilliam, the seat of Gen. Sir Frederick Fitzwilliam, in the south of England. In one morning 600 dead pheasants were picked up.

—To win a bet that you can name a city in the United States of over 75,000 inhabitants that will not cast 300 votes for one of the other Presidential candidates, choose Washington, which has no vote at all.

—The first Chinese steamer that recently crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, the largest and most elegant craft that ever floated the dragon banner. The Chinese in California were very much elated on its arrival in port.

—Lord Ashdown, who died last month, would not allow any of his tenantry to seek aid from any relief fund last winter. To all who needed help he gave it. About 500 tenants, each wearing a white scarf, followed him to the grave.

—At St. Thomas, Canada, there resides a dog that can tell Sunday from work days. On Sundays he never barks, plays, or fights with other dogs, and regularly attends the Methodist Church. He is much respected in the community.

—On Michaelmas day, Sept. 29, the Count de Chambrun was 60. It was his fiftieth birthday on foreign soil. Last year 1,200 persons on his natal day dined off dishes bearing legitimat names. This year the celebration was more quiet.

—Mr. Mackintosh, Mayor of Ottawa, is an admirer of political virtue. He thinks great intellects should be pensioned in their declining years. He has taken care that one great intellect, at least, shall be pensioned in his ascending years.

—Rose Temple, the pretty burlesque actress, has obtained a divorce from her husband, James H. Jones, an actor at the Boston Museum, and Emma Wilton, the performer of sentimental parts, has been separated from George Metkiff, a favorite Romeo.

—There are at present many opium eaters in literary and artistic circles in Paris, and the practice is said to be gaining ground. In the English literary world there are to-day none. De Quincey remains the champion opium eater of literary England.

—Jim Neal killed Jack Isaacs in a street fight at Williamstown, Ky., and then, shooting the pistol with which he had done the shooting to the dead man's brother, said: "I've murdered Jack, and now you can murder me." The proposition was not accepted.

—Emperor William lately sent by a special messenger as a present to the Sultan 100 of the largest trout out of his imperial fishing pond; small trout and eggs also were forwarded by the field-jagur. The Sultan in return sent the Emperor twelve Arabian horses.

—It is reported that when W. A. H. English, of Indiana, Democratic candidate for Vice-President, learned of the great Democratic defeat in his own State last Tuesday, he brought down his fist and exclaimed: "I would not have had this happen for a dollar."

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY FATHER GRAHAM AT ST. RAFAEL'S CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, GLENAGARY.

(Continued from TRUE WITNESS of October 20.)

He was a man of the people, this Sir William Wallace. But the nobles—ah! the nobles! The exclusives, the "privileged class," the hereditary traitors to God and native land, they, the cowardly do-nothings, grew jealous of the hero, and soon his head blackened and rotted where London's cockney mob might jeer and insult.

Was the cause of Scotland lost when Wallace died? No! Her Catholic era never wanted heroes and patriots.

Robert Bruce came to the front. He was crowned at Scone by Bishop Lamberton, and saluted King of Scotland. Brave old Catholic bishop! to dare the vengeance of the haughty English tyrant, even while he was gathering his legions for the onset. He entered Scotland at the head of 100,000 men, the greatest army that had ever crossed the border. He had divided Scotland into districts; he had named the most cruel and unscrupulous of his courtiers and generals as governors; fire and sword was the watchword, and the land was doomed. But take care, Edward of England; man proposes and God disposes. "By Me Kings reign!"

It was a beautiful June day, in the year of our Lord, 1314, when 30,000 Scottish men, with their clergy and their good King Robert at their head, took up a position near Bannockburn. In the distance the Grampian hills lay soft and indistinct in the morning haze. To right and left the country stretched away, dotted here and there with villages or monasteries, whose Gothic steeples and towers glittered in the morning rays. At different points on the field, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered to the Most High, and from time to time, the grand old hymns, even then consecrated by ages of faith, arose in harmonies that swelled on the air and died away in soft echoes down the neighboring valleys.

Presently a distant murmuring as of many waters falls on the ear of the Scottish host. They stretch forward and gaze anxiously upon the point whence they know the enemy must emerge. They have not to wait long, like a river foaming over the shallows, ere it is lost in the broad bosom of the ocean, rolls out upon the plain the mighty power of Edward. Host after host it moves in solid phalanxes until the green sward and barren summit are covered from sight. It flashes gold and silver, copper and burnished steel, banners, gay plumes, richly caparisoned horses, pennants and spears. There come the Percies, the Howards, De Bohuns, De Wintons, the Salehairs, and the other proud representatives of that Norman nobility—the more skilled the thief the greater the booty—William of Normandy, and supplemented their beagery patches of barren Normandy vineyards with the rich acres and pleasant meadows of England. There impudently plunges and carrels that superb cavalry, whose iron hoofs had tramped down some of the bloodiest fields of Christendom, and victory from the very jaws of defeat. And courtier churchmen were there, with golden mace and brilliant casque, who would have been better employed at home praying Heaven to forgive the felon king who was trying to rob a gallant nation of its freedom. There were sycophant clerics there who flattered the dishonorable monarch, and remotely paved the way for the base, cowardly apostasy of the English hierarchy—glorious Fisher excepted—when another tyrant threatened. And there were gyes and chains too to bind King Robert and his faithful clergy and barons.

Gradually, slowly but surely, the English army rolled, coil upon coil, towards the right and left flanks of the Scottish army. As if by some invisible word of command, the foe stood still. "How now?" cried King Edward. "Look! look! your majesty!—the rebels kneel!" "It's for mercy!" shouts the exulting tyrant. And an old man, bent with age, blind and feeble, who sat upon a mule near the king, uplifted his sightless eyes, and, with impassioned gesture, cried: "No, no, Edward of England—the Scots kneel to their God, but not to you!" It was Wishart, who had been forty years Bishop of Glasgow, who spoke. England had held him a prisoner for years in a damp dungeon, had maltreated the saintly old patriot, and now had brought him back, compelled by the menaces of the Pope only, as they imagined, to learn the ruin of his people before his heart should break forever.

The venerable Maurice, Abbot of Inchappery, the crucifix held aloft in his left hand, moved along the front of the patriot host, exhorting the men, with impassioned eloquence, to fight faithfully that day for God and fatherland.

The gallant King Robert Bruce advances to reconnoitre the foe when the Baron de Bohun dashes forward from the English van straight toward the Scottish monarch. Bruce avoids the furious lance, raises his battle-axe and, in an instant, de Bohun lies, helmet and skull gashed through, dead on the field. Then commenced one of the most desperate battles the sun had ever looked down upon.

Hour after hour the dread conflict went on. The English cavalry fell into confusion amid the spiked cathrops and pits which the foresight of King Robert had prepared for them. They were slaughtered in thousands. Ordering his generals to stand upon the wings and keep the enemy's flank in check, the Scotch monarch sprang upon the English centre. His battle-axe flashed in the front of battle, and his heroic mane made his soldiers heroes. He pierced the army of his foe. His right and left wing charged impetuously upon the enemy's flank. At this critical moment thousands of camp-followers, witnessing the probable fate of the day, poured down from the neighboring hills with frantic cries and fierce gestures. The English, imagining them to be a fresh army, completely lost heart. They threw down their arms and fled from the field. In vain the haughty King Edward called upon them to stand; in vain the proud ohivality of England entreat; in vain did some heroic captain rally a few hundred to his standard, and attempt to stay the torrent of defeat; the English fugitives still kept on. Behind thunders Bruce with his maddened warriors, their axed swords dripping with the blood of their inveterate foes. The sun, ere it sank behind the mountain that day, revealed the thousands of dead and dying and the scattered fugitives of what had been that morning the greatest and most efficient army the English king had ever led.

So Scotland's freedom was won!

Before I conclude I shall introduce you, my friends, to another king and another army. Upon a day, when not only Scotland's liberties

but Scotland's honor was a stake. In witnessing the contrast between this latter army and that which good King Robert Bruce led, you will easily understand with what justification I have said that Scotland was more glorious for national spirit and honor in the old Catholic times than she has been since the introduction of the pretended reformation into the land. PROTESTANT SCOTLAND.

There is a physical agent which, when it appears upon this planet, fills peoples and nations with a great fear. It is but a vapor, but despair goes before and death follows its steps. It is merciless, relentless and sure. The world and its thoughtless millions some day hear that a breath has arisen in the far East where the red, fiery sun is casting his rays down upon dusky races, golden rivers and glittering minarets. The world continues its enjoyments, remote death is merely a shadowy anxiety. But it passes the rivers and plains upon the bosom of the simoon, and behold! its ghastly white ribbed form is seen creeping stealthily along the pleasant shores of the great sea embelmed in classic song and story. By the Pillars of Hercules it glides along the vine-covered coasts of south lands. Over Alps and Apennines it is wafted into the bosom of Europe. Across the ocean in great ships it comes, as well as borne upon the wings of the sultry winds from the East. Across the continent of America the victor marches, until, standing upon that shore which divides the endless calm of the plains from the sublime quiet of the Pacific it sheathes the avenging sword, amid the sobbing of the waters and the world. Its allotted task is done.

But more awful than the pestilence which destroys the body only for a time, is that moral death which the sins of men have brought upon the human race at intervals, ever since the origin of man. The great God gives to man some mighty boon on certain conditions. After a time the conditions are neglected or despised, and Heaven's favors forgotten. A true and ordinary way to happiness in this world and the next was given to man in the Catholic Church. Keeping the commandments, self-denial, humility, chastity mortification of the will, justice, love of God, etc., were and are the conditions of being a real Catholic. From time to time certain men fall away from the Catholic Church, because their lives are out of harmony with her requirements. In order to quiet, in some degree, their troubled consciences, they talk of the vices they saw in the church, forgetting that when they saw such vices they belonged to bad men and unworthy Catholics like themselves. The Catholic church makes saints; sinners are of their own making. As the biggest thief abuses the law most, so your greatest rascal is the noisiest ratter at the church.

A breath of poison arose in Germany from the lips of a blackguard monk. He would have been silenced in one hour had the times been worthy of the Catholic Church. But they were not. Men had gone after their own map, as in the days of Noah. The crowd was mad for pleasure, and princes were ruffians. If any one of you, my friends, wish to learn the causes—besides the ordinary corruption of human nature—which led up to the so-called Reformation, you must read the history of the holy Roman Empire, which, as Voltaire very justly said, was neither holy, nor Roman, nor imperial. It was the old, old Roman, the church strengthening the legitimate authority of Caesar, and Caesar, when consolidated of State and strong of throne, turning the weapon which the Church had placed in his hands against his benefactors. Of course, the people followed; they would follow the devil and cheer him to the skies if his satanic majesty would only promise to loosen the shoe that immediately pinches them. Feudalism was eminently a producer of job-mongers.

The Catholic Church has been from the beginning a divine abolitionist. She will prudently tolerate the relation of master and slave, when any other course would cause greater evils than that which exists. She is for real freedom instinctively. Not that false freedom which is anarchy and which the world applauds, but that freedom which is true, for the truth makes us free.

The rebellion of Luther was based upon spiritual anarchy. All that was vile and corrupt in human nature instantly sympathized with his teaching. No more restraints, no more confession, no more restriction, no more obligation of being present at the holy sacrifice of the new law, no more accountability to any God-appointed authority. The crowd, with their leaders, plunged into the abyss of darkness whence they have never been able to emerge since. Abyss called to abyss, and Calvin appeared. He was a Frenchman who fled from his native land, literally branded on the back for an infamous crime. His leading idea of religion is to hate; his sinister figure of Scotland's miserable apostasy, added to Calvin's hate, that abject cowardice which makes hatred really formidable.

It took forty or fifty years to introduce heresy among the lowlands and part of the highlands of Scotland; three hundred and fifty years have failed to stain your faithful gallant Highlanders of Glenagary! Praise be to God! you can look back to Scotland's most glorious era, and feel every fibre of your hearts in harmony with those holier times; you can gaze upon the perfidy of her betrayers and feel no blush of shame mantle your cheeks that one of your ancestors stood in the ranks of the Judases who sold their faith, their honor and their God!

Before saying one word more, let me, my friends, compare the agents that introduced Catholicity with those who introduced Protestantism into Scotland. What a contrast! Sts. Ninian, Columba, Kentigern, Regulus, Outhbert, and their like; holy, pure, peaceful, meek and humble apostles of all gentleness, charity and faith before the people. They loved God and justice, served the poor, uplifted humanity into the most savage bosoms, and stayed the hand of cruelty and revenge. In short, they were saints because they were true Catholics, imbued with the spirit of God's holy church. Let us look upon the other picture.

Henry VIII, murderer of his wives; Somerset, murderer of his brother; Elizabeth, murderer of her cousin; Hertford, Sir Ralph Sadler, Earl of Angus, Cassilis, Glencairn, Marshall, Sir George Douglas, George Wishart, Crichton, Brunston, Kinkaidy of Grange, Norman Leslie, and James Melville, the murderers of Cardinal Beaton. John Knox, accessory after the fact, and eulogist of the crime—John Knox, who, though a priest, wandered through Scotland, England, and Switzerland with a woman who had fled from her husband with her eldest daughter—John Knox, a galley slave for eighteen months in France; Murray, Argyle, Lennox, Glencairn, Lethington, Grange, Ochiltree, Ruthven and Lindsay, the murderers of David Riccio and Father Black; Bothwell, Murray, Martin, Argyle, Mar, the murderers of Darnley.

Does the Divine Founder of Christianity reform his own work, or could religion, descended from heaven, inspire such champions

as those latter wretches? I leave the answer to impartial reason and common sense.

There is nothing finer in history than the whole manner in which James the Fifth, the father of Mary Queen of Scots, and the last Catholic King of Scotland, withstood the base overtures of his infamous uncle, Henry VIII, tempting him to apostatize. The English king coaxed, intrigued, flattered, promised, calumniated and lied. At last, finding every effort vain, he declared war, and sent an army against Scotland. James, untrifled, collected his troops and hastened to oppose the entry of the enemy into his kingdom. By skillful generalship he drove the English commander into a bad position. Victory for Scotland was assured, when the lordly traitors and villains of Scotland, who had been bought by Henry's gold as the grazier purchases swine on the market, refused to obey him and deserted the standard of their church, their king and country, and the offspring of these miserable poltroons talk to-day of "our privileges" and expect the children of honest men to bow down before an empty title, "My Lord," "His Grace" and the rest. Their day is nearly ended. In every age the "nobles," in general, have been the same. Oppressing their native land in peace; selling it in war.

It is not necessary, my friends, nor would it allow me, to enter into details of the establishment of Protestantism in Scotland. It is sufficient to say, that wherever a noble cathedral stood, frantic, blaspheming mobs, led by fanatics, at whose head was the escaped felon, John Knox, sprang upon the sanctuary of the Most High and levelled it with the ground. Monks and nuns, for ages the benefactors of Scotland, were driven across the seas or brutally murdered within their own gates. The monasteries and convents, which had been refuges of the poor and unhappy for centuries, were burnt or pulled down by mobs the most idiotic and brutal that the world ever heard of. And this was done in the poorest country in Europe, comparatively speaking, which could never hope to be able to rebuild the magnificent piles destroyed. Indeed, since that time, Scotland has not built a church that could compare, for one moment, with the poorest edifice that John Knox and his "rascally multitude" dragged to the earth. Of course, the pure light of the new gospel, ascending to the branded apostle of Geneva, enabled the Scotch apostates to see the "awful scawndaal" of majestic architecture and art.

(To be Continued.)

CHATEAUBRIAND AND ROBESPIERRE OF IRISH DESCENT.—It is a fact, not generally known, remarks an exchange, that Chateaubriand, the eminent French writer and statesman, and Robespierre, the famous revolutionist, were both of Irish origin. The root of the name Chateaubriand is Brian, and the family can be traced back to an Irish source, akin probably to MacMahon's. Dumas, in one of his historical romances, says: "The Robespierres were Irish. Their ancestors, it may be, formed part of those Irish colonies which in the sixteenth century came to people the seminaries and monasteries of our southern coasts."

YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions by doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.

For cleansing the system of all morbid matter and warding off diseases, no medicine possesses such efficacy as Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

FOR INDIGESTION NOTHING IS BETTER THAN BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and family Liniment. It brings up the wind from the stomach, removes the terrible bailing which is experienced by the sufferers, and strengthens the stomach, without implanting an appetite for strong drinks. 11-1

TESTED BY TIME.—FOR THROAT diseases, colds and coughs, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. 11-2

MUCH SICKNESS, UNDOUBTEDLY, with children, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges, although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be absolutely sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children. Sold by all druggists; 25 cents a box. 11-4

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is an excellent article for all diseases of children. It relieves the child from pain, regulates the stomach and bowels, by giving health to the child, comforts and rests the mother. During the process of teething its value is inestimable; cures wind colic and griping in the bowels. 11-4

FOR LIVER COMPLAINT USE DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. Purely vegetable. 11-2

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS combine both sanative and sanative powers in a high degree—by their former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their capability to restore health. With these remedies at hand, no invalid need be at fault to guide himself or herself safely through the many trials to which everyone is subjected during our long and often unclement winters. Coughs, colds, ulcerated throats, diphtheria, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather rheumatic sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inunction of the Ointment, and all tender-hearted persons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

Probably no one article of diet is so generally adulterated as is cocoa. This article in its pure state, scientifically treated, is recommended by the highest medical authority as the most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. Rowntree's prize medal Cocoa is the only article in our markets that has passed the ordeal to which these articles are all submitted by the Government analyst, and is certified by him to be pure, and to contain no starch, farina, arrowroot, or any of the deliterious ingredients commonly used to adulterate Cocoa. When buying be particular and secure "Rowntree's." Other kinds are often substituted for the sake of larger profits. 11-G

—The position of a colonial forces in Beantoland is said to be growing exceedingly precarious.

THE EMPEROR TO THE ARMY.

The following is the full text of the proclamation of Emperor Wilhelm to his army as published in the Army Gazette of the 1st of September.

Soldiers of the German Army.—I deeply feel it to be a necessity to me to unite with you in the celebration of this day, on which, by the Grace of Almighty God, one of the most glorious victories known in history vouchsafed to the German arms. To those who then already formed part of the army I call to mind the great sensations with which we went to war against an army known to us as possessing excellent qualities; as also the general enthusiasm and the exalting feelings, by means of which all German princes and peoples stood united as one for the honour of the German fatherland. I call to remembrance the first days of anxious expectations, the first news of victories, such as Weissenburg, Worth, Spicheren, the days before Metz, Beaumont, and when, finally, the decision before Sedan was cast in a manner far exceeding our most sanguine hopes and our greatest expectations. I call to mind also, mingled with feelings of gratefulness, those highly meritorious men who led you in those times of glory, and I finally call to remembrance the heavy, deeply mourned sacrifices with which we gain our victories. It was a great time indeed through which we passed ten years ago: the remembrance of which makes our hearts beat to the last throbb, and the deeds of their forefathers will in remote after years fill our descendants with pride. To what degree the feelings of deepest gratitude to the benign grace of God, and the highest appreciation—especially as regards those who at that time, distinguished themselves both by counsel and deed—live in me, I have often expressed, and you all appreciate the heart of your Emperor sufficiently to know that those feelings will remain unchanged in me as long as God may permit me to live, and that my last thoughts will be a blessing to the army. May the army, however, whilst conscious of that gratitude and the warm love of the Emperor, and also in the just pride of its great successes ten years ago, at all times bear in mind that it can only accomplish great successes when it retains its reputation as a model in performing all demands for honour and duty: when it adheres under all circumstances to the rules of strict discipline; when the diligence in preparing for war never tires, and when even the minutest part is not disregarded so as to form a sure and safe basis for perfection. May these, my words, be taken to heart at all times—even when I shall be no more—then shall the German army in after-times of strife, which God may long keep away from us, be the firm safeguard of the fatherland as it was ten years ago.

JAMES STEPHENS STARVING

Pitiable Destination of the Founder of Fenianism.

From the New York Truth. News was brought to *Truth* that James Stephens, the founder of Fenianism, and for whose person the English Government offers a reward of £5,000, was in a destitute and starving condition at No. 44 Stuyvesant Place, in this city. It seems incredible that a man who had been so prominent, and who had been so intimately connected with the inception and progress of the Fenian movement, should be now overcome by poverty and want, that a reporter was dispatched to investigate the case.

At No. 44 Stuyvesant Place the reporter was ushered into a square room, the floor of which was covered by untacked strips of carpet, which showed by their various colors that they had come from different looms. Large patches of bare floor peered out brazenly here and there, and matched well the naked walls which stood up in grim ghastliness, and seemed to mock the poor bed and few chairs completing the furniture of the apartment. An empty grate, in which there was no sign of fire, added to the cheerlessness of the place, the dampness and chilliness of which sent an involuntary shiver through the visitor.

Half buried in an arm chair sat the only occupant of these cheerless quarters. His form was bent, and his face, peering out anxiously and haggardly at the stranger, displayed in every line of deep care, if not disappointment. The top of the head was bald, but the edges were fringed with long, white hair, which fell in straggling ringlets upon his neck. The lower part of his face was covered with a bushy, gray beard, while the eyes looked out from hollow sockets and from under furrowed brows with a weariness that was pitiable.

As the reporter entered and introduced himself, the old man arose with evident pain, and, steadying his bent and tottering form by holding to a chair, said, in a voice that wavered with infirmity. "You will excuse me, sir, but I have been very ill, and I—I do not think that I am able to talk. Indeed, sir, my physician has prohibited me from speaking of any public matter."

"Pardon me, sir," said the reporter, "but it seemed so strange that you, the chief organizer of the Fenian movement, should be here in New York alone and in want, that I have called to be assured of your identity and condition." "There is no doubt of my being James Stephens, and I regret to say that I have at present no money."

"Are you still connected with the Fenian movement?" "There is no Fenian movement in this country. It is broken into factions, resolved into parties, of which none have proved worthy of trust. Petty ambitions of insignificant men have killed the movement in America, where the great troubles and drawbacks to the prosperity of Fenianism have always come from. Even the so-called skirmishing fund has become rent with dissension. In Ireland I stand just as well as I ever did, but on this side I have been shelved. But, sir, I beg you to excuse me, I am so weak," and Mr. Stephens' voice was drowned in an attack of coughing.

The reporter saw that the old man was too weak to talk and withdrew, having been assured that infirmity was the only cause of the interview being ended. Reporting the case to the office, the reporter was ordered to go to Mr. Stephens and relieve his immediate wants. On the way back, the reporter called on Dr. Vincent Zolnowski, of No. 33 West Sixteenth street, and, stating the facts, that gentleman volunteered his services, and the two repaired to Mr. Stephens' quarters. When the reporter returned he found that the room had been put in order, and presented a much more comfortable appearance, although it was still far from cheerful. Mr. Stephens said that he had no money, and owed his landlord for twelve weeks' board and lodging. Concerning medical attendance, he stated that he was under the charge of Dr. Barry, of Twenty-first street. Stephens' immediate wants, for which the old gentleman appeared very thankful.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER. Go to S. Carsley's, where you can select from the best choice of Tweeds and Coatings in the Dominion. Real Scotch Tweeds, English Tweeds, Canadian Tweeds, West of England Coatings, West of England Melton Cloths, Real Scotch Coatings, Canadian Ulster Cloths, Heavy Scotch Ulster Cloth, Nap Ulster Cloth, Splendid quality English Fancy Diagonal Overcoating, Fancy Nap Overcoating. IRISH FRIEZE. Call at S. Carsley's for superior quality real Irish Frieze. Mid Gray heavy Irish Frieze. Dark Gray heavy Irish Frieze. Black heavy Irish Frieze. TWEEDS, TWEEDS. Tweeds for Suits. Tweeds for Pants. Go to S. Carsley's and ask for real English Tweeds at the per yard. Go to S. Carsley's and ask for superior quality real English Suitings, only \$1.05 per yard. FOR BOYS. Just received a large variety of all-wool Tweeds, suitable for Boys' wear. Call and see our all-wool 60c Tweeds for Boys' Suits. Call and see our 60c all-wool Tweeds for Boys' Overcoats. Call and see our 60c all-wool Tweeds for Boys' Ulsters. BLACK BROAD CLOTHS. Go to S. Carsley's for the best choice and the cheapest Black Broad Cloths. BLACK DOESKINS. Go to S. Carsley's for superior quality in Black Doeskins for Pants. DIAGONAL COATINGS. Call at S. Carsley's for choice Diagonal Coatings. S. CARSELY'S, 393, 395, 397 AND 399 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1881 HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages SUITED TO BOYS AND GIRLS OF FROM SIX TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE. Volume II. commences November 2, 1880. NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. Within a year of its first appearance, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has secured a leading place among the periodicals designed for juvenile readers. The object of those who have the paper in charge is to provide for boys and girls from the age of six to sixteen a weekly treat both of the way of entertaining stories, poems, historical sketches, and other attractive reading matter, with profuse and beautiful illustrations, and at the same time to make its spirit and influence harmonize with the moral atmosphere which pervades every cultivated Christian household. This important design they endeavor to carry out by combining the best literary and artistic talent, so that fiction shall appear in bright and innocent colors, sober facts assume such a happy dress as to be no longer dry or dull, and mental exercise, in the solution of puzzles, problems, and other devices, become a delight. TERMS: HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE { \$1.50 Per Year, Postage Prepaid, Single Numbers, four cents each. The Bound Volume for 1880, containing the first fifty-two Numbers, will be ready early in November. Price, \$3.00; postage prepaid. COVER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE for 1880, 35 cents; postage, 5 cents additional. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER BROTHERS, Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

JUST OPENED JAMES FOLEY'S New Dry Goods Store, NO. 223 ST. JOSEPH STREET OPPOSITE COLBORNE. With a Complete Stock of Dress Goods, Black Lustres, PRINTS! In Endless Variety. Splendid Value in SHIRTINGS! Together with a Full Assortment of Millinery Goods. THE LOCK-SPRING MATTRESS. The attention of the public is respectfully called to the new Spiral Lock-Spring Mattress which for durability, cleanliness, elasticity and cheapness surpasses anything of the kind now in the market. The Lock-Spring is warranted to be of the best of steel wire, and it requires only a twenty-five pound mattress to make the most comfortable bed in use. Thousands are trying it and all pronounce it great success. The spring is so constructed that a person weighing 300 pounds and a child weighing 50 pounds do not suffer any inconvenience by lying side by side. Unlike other mattresses, the LOCK-SPRING never runs into ridges, but preserves its uniformity, no matter how much or how little pressure it may be subjected to. Its noiseless, and is the only spring in use that possesses that quality. Being so good for Hospitals, Hotels or Ships has never been invented. Springs given on trial to parties residing in the city, and money refunded if the springs are not as represented. Springs made to fit all sizes of beds on short notice, but made for bedsteads not of the ordinary size, the springs cannot be taken back. Agents Wanted in all parts of the Dominion. For particulars apply to JOHN SULLIVAN, Sole Agent and Manufacturer, 122 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL. H. J. BEEMER, PATENTEE, Feb. 9, 77.

THE PRINCESS BAKING POWDER! Absolutely pure; is the best in the world. Try it and be convinced. Patented by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. Send for stamps for sample, and the "Princess" Baker contains letters from Princess Louise, weighing 50 pounds do not suffer any inconvenience by lying side by side. Unlike other mattresses, the LOCK-SPRING never runs into ridges, but preserves its uniformity, no matter how much or how little pressure it may be subjected to. Its noiseless, and is the only spring in use that possesses that quality. Being so good for Hospitals, Hotels or Ships has never been invented. Springs given on trial to parties residing in the city, and money refunded if the springs are not as represented. Springs made to fit all sizes of beds on short notice, but made for bedsteads not of the ordinary size, the springs cannot be taken back. Agents Wanted in all parts of the Dominion. For particulars apply to JOHN SULLIVAN, Sole Agent and Manufacturer, 122 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL. H. J. BEEMER, PATENTEE, Feb. 9, 77.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, sillingia, manna, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative medicine known or available to the public. The science of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sore, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement of the system. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions, promotes energy and strength, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial. It is fully to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents.

GO TO DOLAN'S FOR CARPETS! CARPETS! GO TO DOLAN'S FOR BLACK CASHMERE! GO TO DOLAN'S FOR BLACK SILKS! 458 & 460 Notre Dame St.

ARLINGTON HOUSE A FEW DOORS WEST OF VICTORIA SQUARE Table Board, \$5.00 per week. Seven Dinner Tickets, \$1.00. Transients, \$1.00 per day. Single Meals, 35 cents. \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5.00 free. Address Simpkins & Co., Portland, Maine.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL. If you are a man of business, a professional man, or a student, you will find Hop Bitters a most valuable and reliable remedy. It is a blood-purifier, and cleanses the system of all impurities. It is a tonic, and restores the system to its normal state. It is a cure for all diseases of the blood, and for all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It is a cure for all diseases of the liver, and for all diseases of the spleen. It is a cure for all diseases of the kidneys, and for all diseases of the bladder. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is a cure for all diseases of the lungs, and for all diseases of the pleura. It is a cure for all diseases of the diaphragm, and for all diseases of the pericardium. It is a cure for all diseases of the heart, and for all diseases of the arteries. It is a cure for all diseases of the veins, and for all diseases of the capillaries. It is a cure for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the brain. It is a cure for all diseases of the spinal cord, and for all diseases of the nerves. It is a cure for all diseases of the muscles, and for all diseases of the bones. It is a cure for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments. It is a cure for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages. It is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the hair. It is a cure for all diseases of the eyes, and for all diseases of the ears. It is a cure for all diseases of the nose, and for all diseases of the mouth. It is a cure for all diseases of the teeth, and for all diseases of the gums. It is a cure for all diseases of the tongue, and for all diseases of the throat. It is a cure for all diseases of the larynx, and for all diseases of the pharynx. It is a cure for all diseases of the trachea, and for all diseases of the bronchi. It is

Agricultural.

STORAGE OF FALL CROPS.

How to Keep Fruit and Vegetables in Silos.

Not a bushel of apples should be left to rot on the ground, says the Massachusetts Ploughman. Apples are good for family use, but their use is limited. They are just as good for use as for man. A horse will eat ten apples, if he has an opportunity, where a man eats one, and seemingly with a much better result. The same is true of a cow, a sheep and a hog. We have fed our horses a peck of apples daily for nearly two months, and they never fell or looked better. Their hair is dark and glossy, and they are evidently in good health and heart. The cows have had the same allowance for the same length of time, and while the flow of milk has been unusually large and good, their flesh has increased on this diet. As for the hogs, they have been fed on apples for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and have thrived wonderfully. We propose, therefore, that the apple crop so far as it is not wanted for the home and foreign markets be stored in silos and fed out to the stock in winter, the same as ensilage.

In storing apples in the ground, we have practised putting them in barrels and digging a trench in dry, sandy soil three or four feet deep and just wide enough to admit the barrels placed longitudinally. Cover with the earth dug out of the trench, heaping it up in conical shape so as to shed rain. If the tops of the barrels are a foot below the surface of the ground, the apples will not be injured by the frost, though they may be partially frozen. The expansion by freezing and contraction by thawing are so slow at this depth that the cells of the apples are not burst in the operation, and the fruit comes out in the spring as fresh as when first plucked from the tree. The only objection to this mode of storing apples is that they do not keep long when in the spring they are taken from the winter silos. As barrels are scarce and high this fall, we propose to bury a good stock of apples in trenches without any other covering than dry soil. We have never practised this mode ourselves, but have known of others doing it with good results. The enhanced market price in the spring usually pays well for the increased labor.

Much in the same way may cabbages, beets, turnips, etc., be stored. Cabbages will keep well with very little protection from mother earth, and so will turnips, as both these vegetables are very hardy. Beets require a little more covering, as also do potatoes. Our plan with cabbages is to dig the trench only six inches deep and place the heads down, and we have known them to keep well if the roots extend through the soil into the air, but as this makes a passage for air and moisture we prefer to bury them entirely out of sight, heaping up the earth round shade as in the case of apples. Some recommend leaving an air space for ventilation in the fore part of the trench, when fruit and roots are stored in silos and trenches, but in case the storage is made when the weather is cool—we have not stored in this way till late in the season—we do not wish any air to circulate in the silos. The closer they are the better. This mode of storing is only the canning principle extended, using earth pits for bottling up the fruits and vegetables. Masonry silos may be still better than earth trenches, but they cost more.

FINE FARMING.

WHAT FIFTY ACRES CAN PRODUCE.

What does a man get on fifty acres of land? Fifteen acres in permanent meadow, as it is called, or mowing. This will yield thirty tons of hay. It may seem extravagant, says the New England Farmer, but when it is remembered that on many large farms now that are highly manured in spots, two or even three tons is not an uncommon yield, it is very safe to reckon on this crop. In fact we know of many small farms which cut, on an average, two tons of hay per acre. Put down then thirty tons of hay. Next, twenty acres in pasture. This may be more than is necessary for the stock which a farm of this size will carry; for with a system of soiling, or circular soiling, the area for pasturage could be much reduced. Next, five acres of arable land, two for wheat, one for corn, one for potatoes, and one for early crops, vegetable garden, etc. If the location is one near to a good local market, where what is called "garden truck" or small fruits, find a ready sale, more land may profitably be devoted to these last-named crops, and less to grain or to the broad crops of the field. This must be decided by the circumstances of location, season to market, etc. There are left of our farm of fifty acres, ten acres of a wood-lot, and this, if of good, heavy growth and carefully managed, will be sufficient for the demands of a small family. Or, if near a town, or on a farm where land is too valuable for purposes of growing food, the ten acres may be reserved as a wood-lot may be depended upon, put into other crops, to provide wood or coal for the yearly wants of a family. On this farm of fifty acres may be kept one horse, heavy enough for some farm work, and of good style for family riding; or two horses, if necessary. There may also be kept eight cows, six shoats, and twenty-five hens. This stock will yield sufficient dressing for abundance manuring the twenty-five acres in crops, and mowing once in five years. From the wheat, corn, potatoes, and garden a sufficient amount of crops and fruit may be grown for the wants of an average family. There will be ten tons of hay to be sold annually, which may be carried from the farm without injury so long as plenty of manure is used, and the land well kept up by hort rotation.

SALT ON WHEAT.

Salt has been often tried on Ontario farms, and it is unfortunate that no carefully prepared results have been preserved. It is finding favour in the Western States for wheat-growing. Mr. Jas. McMurray recently made an experiment with salt upon different parts of a field of wheat on his farm in Hendricks county. At that time the wheat had not been threshed, but the appearance of the heads and stalks indicated a considerable advantage in the case of the most heavily salted parts of the field over that upon which no salt was shown. Mr. McMurray made as careful an estimate as was possible of the yield on the different plots of ground, and found that those treated with salt made a yield of about four bushels per acre more than that which was not so treated. The salt was the refuse article bought at pork-houses for 50¢ a sack of 250 pounds. He put an average of 500 pounds of salt, costing \$1, to the acre. The salted wheat matured some ten days earlier than the other, a point that is often of great importance, and increased the value of the crop some \$3 more than the cost of the salt applied. He gives the result of another experiment conducted at the same time which is worthy of record. He sowed the same field in clover about the time the salt was applied, and found that on the portion treated to 250 pounds of salt per acre the clover stands well. On the portion treated to 500 the stand is not good, and on the por-

tion treated to 1,000 pounds there is no clover to a line. The set of clover on the portion of the field not sown with salt, or sown with 250 pounds per acre, is very good, indicating that too much salt is damaging to the young plant.

BEST TIME TO SOW GRAIN.

Among our worst drouths are those that occur early, hurrying and thinning the crop in the start, when it is least capable of resistance, and from which it will never fully recover. Sometimes it is ruined, especially when badly put in on poor ground, making re-sowing necessary, and compelling the plant to run the gauntlet of mildew and summer drouth. The remedy is early sowing, preparing the land in the fall, so that only harrowing is needed in the spring. Much land can thus be sowed in a short time, the soil being drained, thus fitting it all to be put in, and if rich and in good condition, the winter moisture, aided by warm weather, will start it. If cold and dry, the seed will remain in such soil un-hurt, and the first warm rain will put it forward. You cannot well run spring grain in a good soil that has all the necessary requirements. It is better still with winter grain, only however with such a soil. Even should a drouth cause a late start of the grain in the fall, it will maintain itself in the good ground in which it is put, getting the benefit of the winter moisture in the spring, which will establish the crop, cool weather not preventing its covering the ground. This last is of importance, and applies more or less to all crops. Secure a thick covering, which implies a proportionately good soil, and only an unusually severe drouth will materially lessen the yield. —Country Gentleman.

On account of the new measure law, which compels us to sell by the Imperial measure, the price of our Altar Wine will be \$1.80 per Imperial gallon, which is one-fifth larger than the old measure. The price remains the same, as 1-5 colonial gallons, at \$1.50, is equal to one Imperial gallon, at \$1.80. Corru & Co., 245 Notre Dame street. eow17-G

The Empress Eugenie, so the Whitehall Review states, has decided to leave England, being moved to that determination by Parliament's setting itself definitely against the erection of a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey. She will probably go to reside at her Chateau at Arenberg, Switzerland, and her present intention is to erect a mausoleum wherever she fixes her residence, and remove the remains of her husband and son to England.

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 fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y. eow-G

Good Advice. We advise every family to keep Down's Elixir always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "The Wrecking and Salvage Company of Canada." Montreal, 1st September 1880. HATTON & NICOLLS, Solicitors for Applicants.

CANADA, Province of Quebec. District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 660. DAME MARY JANE G. MEIKLE, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of James Douglas Wells, of the same place, Insurance Agent, duly authorized a *cestui en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said JAMES DOUGLAS WELLS, Defendant. An action on separation of *bens* has this day been taken in the above case. Montreal, 22nd September 1880. MACMASTER & GREENSHIELDS, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Marble Working.

S. LAWRENCE MARBLE WORKS 91 BLEURY STREET.

CUNNINGHAM BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Cemetery Work a Specialty.

MANTLES

AND PLUMBERS' SLABS, &c.

MADE TO ORDER.

Vinegars and Spirits.

MICHAEL LEFEBVRE & CO

MANUFACTURERS OF

PURE VINEGARS

—AND—

Methylated Spirits.

Nos. 89, 91 and 93 BONSBOUCS ST., MONTREAL. 129 gmj

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 7-G

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

A Few Live Agents Wanted

TO SELL

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED.

Only First-Class Canvasers Wanted.

Apply to J. R. LANE (Sole Agent), 21 Bleury Street. The Trade supplied.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL VALUABLE FARMS.

AND ALSO

City Properties, to be disposed of on very advantageous terms.

Apply to TRUB & LOAN CO. of Canada, 14 St. James Street.

Railroads.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

CHANGE OF TIME

COMMENCING ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd, '80.

Trains will run as follows:

Table with columns: Mixed, Mail, Expr's. Rows include Live Hochelaga for Hull, Live Hull for Hochelaga, Live Hochelaga for Que., Live Que. for Hochelaga, Live Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Live St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Live Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Live St. Jerome for Hochelaga.

(Local Trains between Hull and Ajmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station Seven Minutes Later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.

All Trains run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICES, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

TICKET OFFICES, 13 Place d'Armes, 262 St. James Street, Montreal, and opposite, St. Louis Hotel, Quebec.

L. A. SENEAL, General Superintendent.



1880 SUMMER SEASON 1880

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

THE ONLY DIRECT AND SHORTEST ROUTE TO

Lake Memphremagog, WHITE MOUNTAINS, PORTLAND

And all the SEA BATHING Resorts of Maine and New Hampshire

Boston and New York

And the Great Pleasure Travel Route to

Boston and New York

Boys to invite the attention of everybody in- suring that a full and complete set of Tourist and Excursion Tickets are now offered for sale at Greatly Reduced Rates.

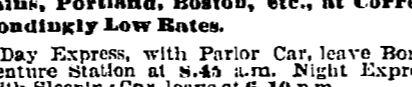
Excursion Tickets to White Moun- tains, Portland, Boston, etc., at Corres- pondingly Low Rates.

Day Express, with Parlor Car, leave Beau- ventur Station at 8.45 a.m. Night Express with Sleeping Car, leave at 10 p.m.

For all Particulars and Tickets, apply to General Office 202 St. James Street, and Windsor Hotel.

H. P. ALDEN, GUSTAVE LEVE, Supt. Traffic, Passenger Agent.

BRADLEY BARLOW, President and General Manager.



Boston and Montreal Air Line

SHORTEST ROUTE VIA CENTRAL VERMONT R.R. LINE

Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 3.15 p.m. for New York, and 7.15 a.m. and 6 p.m. for Boston.

Three Express Trains daily, equipped with Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake Sleeping Cars are attached to Night Trains between Montreal and Boston and Springfield, and New York via Troy, and Parlor Cars to Day Express between Montreal and Boston.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

7.15 a.m., Day Express for Boston, via Lowell or Fitchburg, also for New York via Springfield or Troy.

For Waterloo, 7.15 a.m.

For Waterbury and Magog, 3.15 p.m.

3.15 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, arrives at New York 6.45 a.m. next morning.

6 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell and New York via Springfield.

GOING NORTH

Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., via Fitchburg 8.30 a.m., Troy at 7.40 a.m., arriving at Montreal at 8.20 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 8.35 p.m., via Lowell and 9 p.m., via Fitchburg, and New York at 8 p.m., via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 7 p.m., arriving in Montreal 10 a.m.

For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central Vermont Railroad Office, 138 St. James Street.

W. B. VIAL, Canadian Passenger Agent, Boston Office, 260 Washington Street, New York Office, 417 Broadway.

W. M. Y. SMITH, Genl. Passenger Agent, St. Albans, Vt., April 1, 1880. m 1-g

Advocates, &c.

Francis A. Quinn. John D. Parcell.

QUINN & PURCELL,

Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., &c

NO. 53 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Special attention to Patent and Trade Mark Cases, Parliamentary Business, &c. 40-G

HENRY J. KAVANAGH, B. C. L.

ADVOCATE, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

COYLE & LEBLANC,

ADVOCATES, No 54 ST. JAMES STREET. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p.m.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN, LL.B.,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC

Offices: No-1 Masonic Hall, Toronto street, Toronto, Ont.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY,

ADVOCATES, &c. No. 60 St. James Street, Montreal. T. J. Doherty, B.C.L., C. J. Loherty, A.B., B.C.L.

Knitting Machine.



HEADQUARTERS for the NEW KNITTING MACHINE

Only think of it, A KNITTING MACHINE in perfect order, with full directions, for the small sum of 25 CENTS. This new KNITTING MACHINE is adapted to the production of all the goods for LADIES, GIRLS and BOYS, and is presented to the public as a fascinating, useful and instructive pastime for children, and tends to enlarge the business and promote the industry of the Knitter, being made of a variety of polished iron wood and BRONZE WIRE WORK, is handsome in appearance. SIX or more designs of web can be knitted, which can be made into ties, neckties, handkerchiefs, table mats, and all kinds of goods. Now is the time for Agents to sell this NEW KNITTING MACHINE and GOIN MOWER. Send for Circulars, Sample by Mail, with Full Directions, which are printed in COLOURS, 25c; 3 Samples 50c; 1 Dozen by Mail \$1.50. Montreal 11th St. Cat. 25c; 3 Samples 50c; 1 Dozen by Mail \$1.50. E. H. HANSON & CO. 11th St., N.Y.

Cooking Ranges.

WROUGHT IRON COOKING RANGES.

THE LORNE RANGE!

Handsome Design (Portable). The Best and Most Durable Cooking Range in the Dominion.

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH RANGE!

Broilers, Oyster Ranges, Cake Griddles, Baking Ovens, Etc., Etc.

BURNS & GORMLEY,

MANUFACTURERS, NO. 675 CRAIG STREET.

Spring Bed.

HULL'S COMPENSATING SPRING BED

(Patented in Canada, 13th April, 1880.)

\$1.25

\$1.25

MANUFACTURED BY

DALY & TOMBYLL,

Nos. 426 & 428 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

NOTE—Our Spring Bed is the only one in the Dominion having a Brass Strap, Corner Springs and an Arc Form. We use no Web or Springs, and, therefore, there is no MAJOR FOR VERMIN. We do not talk persons into buying our Spring. We sell it on its own merits. Please call and see. 45 C

L. P. A. GAREAU,

The Cheapest and Best Clothing Store, 246 St. Joseph Street.

Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 50

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 25

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1 00

Men's Spring and Summer Suits.....\$ 1

