

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—"Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Our *Celtidh* this week must begin with a little word of expostulation to a compositor of the Record, and of explanation to the readers thereof. Why the first named autocrat of the printing office should have taken upon himself to say that in Heatherton church it is "impossible to pray without distractions," I do not know, but I do know that what I wrote was: "A devotional place, wherein it is almost possible to pray without distractions." Then, may the shades of Mrs. Fraser of Kilbocky forgive him for dubbing her plain Mr. Fraser. We contributors have to practice the virtue of forgiveness for such blunders. It is to be hoped that our readers are charitable enough to sometimes give us the "benefit of a doubt."

A friend has sent notes of another Highland emigration to Pictou. In 1801 the ship *Nora* arrived from Fort William with five-hundred emigrants. The *Nora* was sixteen weeks on the passage, ship fever broke out and sixty-five children died of it. She was kept in quarantine for six weeks, after which her unfortunate passengers were landed in a sorry plight. They eventually scattered over Nova Scotia, some settling in Truro, some in the county of Sydney, while others crossed over to Prince Edward Island.

The earliest settlement of French in the county of Antigonish took place in the year 1776, when a number of Acadians arrived from Chazetook. Some of these settled at Tracadie, others at Pomquet, a place which takes its name from the Indian *Pogumek*, meaning *dry sand*. The first settlers in Pomquet were Louis La Mas, (?) Cyprian Duot, Charles Melancon and Joseph Doiron. Then came immigrants from Quebec. Havre Boudier was settled by the Le Blancs and De Costes.

The most prominent figure in the early settlement of Antigonish was one Major Hierlihy, who retired from the service in or about 1774, and took up a grant of land in Antigonish. He had barely commenced farming operations when the united colonies declared war against England, and feeling his military instincts revive, he went back to New York and took up arms on the side of the British. His regiment was sent to Halifax and afterwards to Prince Edward Island. In the autumn of 1783 it was called to Halifax and disbanded. A grant of 26,000 acres was made to Colonel Hierlihy and eighty-eight others. This land lay on both sides of the harbor of Antigonish, and has ever since been known as "The Soldier's Grant."

Government further gave agricultural implements, and a sufficient quantity of provisions to last for three years. Each soldier received one hundred acres of country land besides a quarter of an acre in the town lot. The officers received land according to their rank. A vessel was sent by government to carry the settlers to their destination. A storm arose when they were near Beaver Harbor, and as it was very late in the season, and they were well supplied with provisions they decided to winter there. They accordingly disembarked, and made the best arrangements they could for a temporary settlement. In the spring they resumed their voyage, and on the 12th of May, 1784, arrived at Antigonish Harbour. These ex-soldiers proved wretched farmers, and after many unsuccessive attempts, gave up in despair, and left the country.

Some of them sold their clearings, while others went off leaving their farms for any one who might care to take them, and they were not unfrequently sold to pay the taxes. In 1800, two hundred and fifty acres of land were sold for £2 11s 7d. One farm was sold for a suit of clothes. The principal purchasers were Captain Hierlihy, a son of the old colonel, Edward Irish, Hugh Macdonald, Alexander Macdonald, Andrew Baxter, Richard Cunningham, Donald Macdonald and Benjamin Ogden.

After the Hierlihy regiment came some more military settlers. In a battle fought in South Carolina, a number of prisoners were taken by the British, among others Nathan Pughes, General Washington's trumpeter. These men were urged to enlist in the army of their captors, but refused. They at last agreed

to take the "hilling," but, with the proviso, that they should not be asked to fight against their own countrymen. They were sent to the West Indies—and ultimately disbanded. Many of the soldiers came to Nova Scotia and took up land in Monchester, at that time a part of the county of Sydney, or Antigonish. After a few years they removed to the south side of Antigonish Harbour. Close upon them followed a band of U. E. Loyalists, who made much better farmers than their predecessors, and became fairly prosperous, and here comes in the inevitable tradition, one of the Loyalists, a man named Wright, went back to the States, and was never heard of. The popular belief was that he had buried his treasure before setting out, and from that day to this many a search has been organized for his hidden dollars.

On a part of the Town Point of Antigonish now covered with trees, there dwelt in early days two men named Murphy, and Arbuckle. They were the *Herbets*, of Eastern Nova Scotia, the first to introduce wheat into that country. They obtained a handful of the precious cereal and sowed it near their house. When it was ripe they gathered it, and took it to one of the U. E. Loyalists, named Lyphe Williams. With his assistance, they dried it, and ground it in a coffee mill. They then baked a cake and gave a party, after which wheat soon came into general use. For a long time the settlers had no mill; then one was put up at Guysborough, to which they had to carry their sacks on their backs through the forest, or else coast round the shore in open boats. One man went to Pictou and there bought a bushel of potatoes. He cut the eyes out with his penknife, put them in his pocket and walked home over Browie's Mountain. He planted his precious eyes and in the fall they yielded him eighty bushels. It was not until many years after the settlement of the country that cattle were introduced. The first were brought from Prince Edward Island by one McGrath.

As for roads, they were unknown. A story is told of a Mrs. Williams, probably the wife of the aforementioned Lyphe, who, anxious for the education of her little son, took him to Truro to place him under the care of an uncle who resided there. She and her boy made the entire journey on foot, through the woods, and round the cape, with nothing to guide them but a pocket compass and a blaze upon the trees. With equal bravery a Mrs. McKinnon in Cape Breton, walked all the way from Cape d'Or to Arisaig to make her confession. Verily those were the days of faith and devotion.

For most of the foregoing notes I am indebted to the perusal of an unpublished history of the county written by Dr. MacDonald, which if given to the public will form a valuable addition to the libraries of Canada.

Those who have read the accounts given by the various journals of the "Jubilee-tide in Rome," will remember that the Right Reverend Bishop of Antigonish was among the pilgrims to the Eternal City and that His Lordship was accompanied by his Vicar-General, the Very Rev. Monsignor McLeod, parish priest of East Bay, Cape Breton. The Vicar-General of Antigonish is in his eighty-third year, but is so hale and hearty that he is able to minister unassisted to his large mission, which is, by the bye, the one first confided to him after his ordination, and which he has uninterruptedly served. Monsignor McLeod received Holy Orders on New Year's Day, 1837, exactly one year before the ordination of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., who gave the venerable priest a most cordial reception. Very much beloved is this fine old Scottish gentleman. Besides being devoted to the mission work of his own parish he is deeply desirous of promoting the interests of religion throughout the diocese upon which he has recently bestowed the munificent gift of four thousand dollars to be used in educating ecclesiastical students.

Greatness of Soul.

If God were to say to you: What gift do you wish? as you are bound in justice to ask only for that which in you will be most useful to others, reply fearlessly, *Lord, greatness of soul!* Greatness of soul will make you overlook small offences, and teach you to pardon great wrongs; greatness of soul will bring to your lips kind words, and render your good works frequent and easy to you, particularly the best and most difficult, which is bearing with the faults of others and even being blind to them—*Golden Sands*.

Words often deceive, but deeds show the reality of love.—St. Catherine of Siena.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. HOLY THURSDAY AT LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO.

FLORAL PROCESSION.
The beautiful chapel at Loretto Abbey was on Thursday last the scene of a service never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it, for not only was the conception original, but its execution was most imposing.

Holy Thursday is always celebrated in a specially devotional manner by Roman Catholics; it commemorates the first day of Azyne, or feast of the Unleavened Bread; it is the day upon which our Lord partook of the Last Supper, with his disciples, and instituted that great Sacrament of the Catholic Church, the Holy Eucharist.

The reconciliation of penitents also took place upon Maundy Thursday, when the penitents were publicly forgiven and permitted to re-enter the church; this reconciliation gave rise to that magnificent ceremony of the Papal Benediction, which takes place at Rome yearly upon this day.

The service is supposed to anticipate the burial of Christ, and in a most religious and most impressive manner was it conducted at the Abbey. The high altar was denuded of all ornaments—the tabernacle door stood wide open. All looked sorrowful and desolate, excepting a side altar, to which the consecrated host had been temporarily removed, and it was magnificently and tastefully draped in white more antique embroidered with gold; a rich canopy of silk and lace festooned with flowers covered this temporary abode of the God-man.

A solemn silence reigned, while unexpectedly the sweet, pure, young voices of the pupils were heard, singing appropriate hymns and chants, as they slowly marched through the corridors, making a truly floral procession to the chapel. At their head was a young lady who bore a cross six feet in height, and wholly composed of calla lilies. She was followed by a cortege of her companions, each bearing exquisite plants in full bloom. Many carried the calla lily, others the gorgeous Easter lily, whilst some had ferns, carnations, primroses, and heliotropes.

The young ladies, to the number of some two hundred, were all attired in their becoming dark uniforms, relieved only by pure white veils, and by the smaller figures in white, which every now and then appeared amongst the long train carrying the crucifix, a heart, a star, a basket of lilies, a lyre, a harp, etc.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY AND CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION.

Winnipeg Review, March 22.
As intimated in the week's issue of the Record, St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Winnipeg has entered actively upon the work of settling the vacant lands about the city by appointing Mr. P. J. Doherty, the energetic and indefatigable President of Branch 52 of the C. M. B. A., to co-operate with the city and immigration authorities in the good cause. On the evening of the 14th inst., a special meeting of the Society was held in the hall of Mr. N. Bawlf, who is President of the Conference—Father Cloutier, of St. Boniface, and Father Cherrier, of the Immaculate Conception, being present by invitation—at which the question was discussed in all its bearings, resulting in the unanimous selection of Mr. Doherty as the representative of the Society, with instructions to enter upon his duties on the following day.

Heretofore Catholic immigrants on their arrival know little or nothing of the country, especially of the localities where churches and schools were established, in consequence of which many of them settled at such remote distances from the Catholic missions that it was impossible for them to attend their religious duties, or have their children properly instructed, or even baptised. To mitigate that evil, at least partially, Father Cloutier has been devoting much of his time to the task of settling Catholic immigrants in the neighborhood of churches, convents and schools, but it was impossible for him to attend to all who came, or will come, and it is with the view of assisting him that the St. Vincent de Paul Society has taken the matter up. Mr. Doherty's duty will be to meet the trains at the station, or somewhere between the city and Port Arthur, and should Catholic immigrants be on board, he is to direct them to Father Cloutier, who will look after their interests in every way. He has a large quantity of land of the best quality at his disposal, for sale or to rent, in parcels to suit the wants of every one, on easy—almost nominal—terms—he will also find employment for those seeking it, as farm laborers, domestic servants, or some other useful occupation. In this way the immigrant is protected, and has the assurance of a speedy settlement on land in a desirable neighborhood, or employment in some other way. It would be well for farmers and others in need of hired help to communicate with Father Cloutier. Mr. Doherty will act in conjunction with the other immigration agents, and see to the wants of immigrants of other denominations as well as

Catholics. In taking this step the Society is carrying out the wishes of His Grace Archbishop Tache, who is ever solicitous about the welfare of our people. Although it is the special object of our society to settle the waste lands about Winnipeg, yet every attention will be paid to Catholics going to other parts of Manitoba or to the Territories, and it would be advisable for them before proceeding to their destination, to call at Father Cloutier's office, where every information will be given them about churches, &c., in any part of the country.

A. MCGILLIS,
Vice Pres't St. Mary's Conference.
March 17, 1888.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. BISHOP DOWLING'S SERMON ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The following letter from an esteemed correspondent in Peterboro, was, we regret to say, received too late to be inserted in last week's CATHOLIC RECORD:

EDITOR RECORD.—The Bishop of Peterboro, Dr. Dowling, preached an eloquent sermon to his congregation on St. Patrick's Day. The cathedral on St. Patrick's day, and the choir poured forth strains responsive to the feelings of most of the congregation. His Lordship's sermon was about equally divided between Faith and Fatherland. After recounting the trials and vicissitudes of Ireland's patron saint, and eulogizing his zeal and fidelity, His Lordship extolled the tenacity with which the Irish had clung to the teachings of St. Patrick amidst trials and temptations and persecutions which no pen could describe, poet depict or tongue adequately tell. England and Scotland gave up the faith almost without a struggle, but Ireland kept it burning amidst gloom and disaster, and carried its gens to every land and clime. And to day Ireland was rewarded for that fidelity by the greater Ireland, which had grown up beyond the seas, and which were her props in her trying hour. The virtue of the Irishwoman preserved by the faith had conquered; and her healthy and vigorous progeny were the ruling power in many lands, and the day was not far distant when they would be ruling in their own green isle. "They took away our lands," said His Lordship, "and then they called us heathens, they deprived us of our schools, and as we were ignorant, they abolished our legislature and accused us of not being able to govern ourselves. But we have triumphed over all. In this broad land of freedom, with a fair field and no favor, we have shown that we are peers of any in the land." At the close of his splendid address, his Lordship appealed to his audience, as a special favor to him, to sustain religiously from even tasting alcoholic drink that day. It had been the bane of the Irish race. Now that the eyes of the world were on their struggles, and especially on that day it behooved every true Irishman to so conduct himself as to reflect credit on the old land. Indulging in strong drink was not the way to do that.

The congregation were deeply impressed with His Lordship's sermon, and each one went forth from the edifice with bowed head and bated breath, conscious that a great light was among them. His Lordship has a pleasing, impressive presence, a resonant voice, and clear utterance, which add additional charms to his preaching, and which are well rounded periods in which it is couched. The one great desire that went up from the vast audience as they filed homewards was that His Lordship might long be spared to them, which is the very sincere wish of
Yours,
CATHOLICS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN DUNDAS.

Saturday morning, the day set apart in honor of Ireland's patron saint, was one of the brightest. The sons and daughters of the Green Isle, whose local habitation is Dundas and surrounding country, were consequently in glad spirits. The celebration here, took the form of a concert and lecture in the town hall. Dr. McMahon, M. P., acted as chairman, and spoke briefly but forcibly on the present condition of Ireland. Mr. M. J. Shepherd performed the duties of master of ceremonies. The hall was crowded, and the audience was in full sympathy with the performers in their various parts. An appropriate quartette, "Hail Smiling Morn'g," opened the proceedings, and it was excellently rendered by Messrs Duggan and Tomney and Messrs McDonald and Cahill. The programme was then carried out as follows, the respective performers doing their parts well: Song, *Midnight, Mr. Whitecombe*; song, *Kathleen Mavourneen, Miss Levans*; song, *I'm Proud I'm an Irishman, Mr. Sullivan*; recitation, *Exile of War's Man, Mr. Whittember*; quagga, *Sleep, Gentle Lady, Misses Duggan and Tomney* and Messrs McDonald and Cahill. The songs of Miss Maddygan and Mr. McDonald's Scotch songs were thoroughly appreciated, and were rendered in a style much above the average of amateurs. Of the lecture nothing but hearing would convey its excellence. It was an impassioned address of an enthusiastic and well read lover of the Green Isle, and the whole effort, bristling as it did with the storied deeds of greatness by the sons of Ireland, was an excellent incentive to the highest patriotism. The Dundas celebration was a good one, as was the ob-

ject to which the funds were devoted, the cause of education in St. Augustine's school.

THE REV. DR. DIX.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.
The Lenten sermons preached by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, in Trinity Chapel, have excited much discussion. The daily papers say that he talks with too much frankness. The *Evening Post* declares that even to mention impure things is at once to excite impure imaginations; therefore the sins which Dr. Dix points out as corrupting society should be silently ignored. And the press in general unites in agreeing that he exaggerates the evils of the time, particularly in his sermon on "Lust."

Dr. Dix's sermons are remarkable for the Catholic view he takes of the vocation of the preacher. He does not talk in order to flatter, to soothe, to show that he is in the current of popular feeling; but to excite contrition, to suggest noble aspirations, to cast the glamour from the hideousness of sin. He must at times feel how inadequate the remedies offered by the Protestant Episcopal Church are for the sins he describes. But he does not alter; he calls certain sins and temptations to sin by their right names, and he offers the few remedies the English Reformers left, when they established a Sacramentless and Sacrificelless sect. Dr. Dix is one of the few logical preachers which Protestantism still possesses. We all know how most Protestant preachers would hesitate to mention a belief in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. But observe how near Dr. Morgan Dix comes to it:

"Come," he says, "let us leave these horrible paths and look for a road whereon to walk clean and free. The counterpart of last is purity, the crowning grace of the Gospel. Come away from the haunts of sinners against their own souls, from those who are dead while they live, and let us refresh ourselves in the company of the pure in heart. First, it is, Our Blessed Lord was born of a pure virgin. Thus it is written and in those expressive words is His nativity commemorated in the Church. The purity of Mary was no doubt absolute as that of those of whom it is written that they were without fault before the Throne of God (Rev. xiv. 5), for thus it behooved her to be of whom Christ came in the substance of our flesh. Then, second, the Lord was pure, a lamb without blemish and without spot, unlike us in that one thing, that He was 'holy, undefiled and separate from sinners' (Heb. vii. 26). And, third, being born of a pure virgin, and being free from all sin, he was pure from the morning of the driven snow, He made that virtue of purity a law in His Kingdom, and gave it in grace as a gift in our regeneration."

Dr. Dix recognizes, too, a truth which so many Protestant preachers gloss over, that men and women do sin in thought. In the majority of sermons preached from Protestant pulpits, one finds allusions to sinful acts, but generally only to those acts which human law can touch or which make the actor less respectable in the eyes of the public. Dr. Dix says plainly that the attractions of modern society are addressed to that spirit of Lust to which the Pagans gave the name of Priapus. The women are worn out, after the charm of the evening, after the champagne and the little more than a spray of flowers. In fact, most ladies of the "best" sets are generally dressed, as to the upper parts of their body—in a fan. Dr. Morgan Dix asserts that this mode of dressing is an incitement to impure thoughts. In the radiance of soft light, to the sound of the music of the popper, the champagne, the half-naked women and girls join in the romp of the cotillon; and society, which whispers that Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith are on the eve of an elopement, and Mr. Robinson has a violent flirtation with Mrs. Jones which may end in a divorce court, serenely addresses its daughters for public exhibition at the opera and says: "To the pure, all things are pure."

Dr. Morgan Dix recognizes that the fight of Christianity against the spirit of Paganism is the same old fight which St. Paul fought. He is not blind to the fact that Avarice and Lust are evils which exist as strongly in the human race to-day as they did when the Greek poets sang of lust in the name of love, and the Pagan State on great festivals catered for the lusts of the people.

Admirable as his discourses are, Catholic as the one on impurity is, sincere as his preacher undoubtedly is, they lead up to none of those remedies which Our Lord left with His Church. Dr. Dix can only say to the sinner: "Go away, meditate and pray." He cannot say: "Be sorry, kneel at my feet and confess your sins of thought and act, and then receive from my hand the Sacrament of the Altar." He can preach, and he has preached well. But he can only preach. Unhappy must be the position of this gifted man, who sees the evils so plainly but who, as a preacher, not a priest, cannot name their true remedies.

SPECIAL TO THE RECORD. DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

RECEPTION OF NUNS.
The neat little chapel of St. Joseph's convent was beautifully decorated Monday morning on the occasion of one of the most solemn and interesting ceremonies of the Catholic church, the reception of the following young ladies, who have pledged their term of novitiate: Sister Mary Ann, Miss L. K. Hamilton; Sister Mary Cath'rt, Miss M. T. Foster, Hamilton; Sister Mary Louise, Miss M. Malone, Hamilton; Sister Mary

Bonaventure, Miss S. Holleran, Hamilton; Sister Mary Bride, Miss E. Cleary, Hamilton; Sister Mary St. Thomas, Miss Flanagan, Dundas.

Mass was celebrated by Vicar-General Heenan. Rev. Father Carr preached an eloquent and impressive sermon on the duties and obligations of the nuns. The reverend gentleman feelingly referred to the spirit of religion and love of God which sustained them in severing the ties of natural affection in parting with the mothers who watched over their infancy with care and solicitude, the fathers who struggled to maintain them and who took pride in them, the brothers and sisters who so tenderly loved them, and the regret of friends and relations to whom they were all so dear.

At the conclusion the Vicar-General ascended to the altar, and after asking the usual questions and being satisfactorily answered, desired them to advance and be received into the Community of the order of St. Joseph.

The novices then advanced singly to the altar steps, each with a lighted taper in her hand, and after repeating in a clear and distinct voice her final vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, the very Rev. Father, after blessing the crosses, gave one to each to kiss and then placed it on her neck. At the conclusion of the service all the nuns formed a procession, bearing lighted tapers, and, preceded by one of their number who bore aloft the cross, marched slowly along the aisle to the entrance to the convent, the organ pealing forth a solemn dirge. There were present in the sanctuary Very Rev. Vicar-General Heenan, Rev. Fathers Carr, Cherrier and Craeran.

The little chapel was densely crowded with the relatives and friends of the novices; a large number of whom remained in the reception room to congratulate the Sisters on the glorious event. A number of specially invited guests remained to partake of the hospitality of Rev. Mother Vincent and her noble community of Sisters.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

After the disturbance between the police and people at Youghal, owing to the attack of the police upon a peaceful meeting, Mr. Wm. O'Brien addressed a meeting and said the people had won as great a victory for Irish freedom as had ever been inscribed on their banners. Mr. Balfour's agents had feared to arrest him, because they knew they were in the wrong, and he was in the right.

Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, M. P., proprietor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, died on Tuesday, 27th ult., of heart disease. Mr. Gray was son of the late Sir John Gray. He was a staunch friend of Ireland, his paper being one of the foremost Nationalist papers of Dublin. He was born in 1845. He was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1880, and was chairman of the Mansion House committee which collected £180,000 for the relief of the distress in Ireland during that sad year. He was member for Stephen's Green Division of Dublin up to the time of his death. During his life he was member for Tipperary and Carlow West on the Nationalist side. He also spent two months in prison in 1882 for the sake of Ireland. He was at the same time fined heavily, but the fine was paid by public subscription.

The Coercionists are rejected at what they call a "reversé," for Mr. Gladstone. The Gladstonian candidate was elected in Gower Division of Glamorganshire by 3964 against 3358—a majority of 606. Where is the reversal for Mr. Gladstone? It lies in this that at last election Mr. Yeo, whose death caused the vacancy, was unopposed. At this election, however, there was a split between the miners and the middle classes, which caused the regular Liberal candidate to withdraw, and leave the field to Mr. David Randall, another Gladstonian, the miners' candidate, who not receiving the middle class vote, was, however, elected by a respectable majority. The circumstances undoubtedly show a certain amount of disorganization in the case, but Wales is all right for Home Rule.

The Conservatives have decided to contest the seat in Dublin made vacant by the death of E. Dwyer Gray.

An extraordinary demonstration on behalf of the 11 prisoners sentenced to two months under the Coercion Act took place in Miltown, Malpas, on Feb. 23. Two hundred and sixty carts of turf and a similar number of cart loads of potatoes were sent to the families of the prisoners from the surrounding parishes. The procession formed a most imposing sight, headed by bands and banners. Five or six thousand persons gathered to give assistance, and one hundred tons of potatoes were piled. When the band of music was passing through the square after wards, the police were ordered to draw their truncheons, and the head constable drew his revolver and called on the crowd to disperse. Through the influence of the Catholic priest a people dispersed quietly.

Mr. Gilhooly has been roughly handled by the police for refusing to dress in prison garb when ordered to do so, that he might be escorted to Cork. The police threw him down and put the dress on him. Thus the Government are endeavoring themselves to be Irish people.

Under the Coercion Act, one of the most unpardonable of crimes is that of "laughing at the police." Our readers will remember that a little girl, Maggie Lalor, was imprisoned for tooting a tin horn; and now, John Kern, a named born of Ennis, was, on Feb. 18, sent to jail for a month by the magistrates sitting at petty sessions for laughing at the police while they were conveying coercion prisoners to Limerick. A case of similar nature, in which Mr. Edward Bennett, chairman of the Ennis Board of Guardians, is defendant, has been adjourned in the absence of the defendant.