

LAYS OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

MURTY HYNES.

Some, all true sons Erin, I hope you will draw near, A new and true narration I mean to let you hear.

The place that Murty lives in is handy to Longhairs, The man is good and dacent, but he was led astray;

For when upon the roadside poor Bermingham was slain, Because with all his strivin' he could not pay the rent;

And then he wrote a letter and sent it to the League, Sayin' 'From the cause of Ireland I never will be sear.

And never more, I promise, white Heaven above me shines, Will I for land go gabbin', says honest Murty Hynes.

Oh, when the people heard it they gathered in a crowd, The boys brought out their banners, and bade their drums sound.

Now, all true sons of Erin, wherever you may be, Come join in celebratin' this glorious victory, And Columbia's rivers, and 'midst Canadian bays.

Redpath on Irish Mathematics.

Mr. William Geoghegan's letters to the Sunday Democrat from Ireland are very interesting. Mr. Geoghegan had the pleasure of having Mr. James Redpath as a fellow-passenger on board the Galois Liner, Wisconsin, and had many a pleasant and interesting talk with the famous famine correspondent.

I found him to be very affable during our voyage over. Mr. Redpath had a large valise full of books on Irish history with him, which he read all day long, only varying his employment by smoking.

"Well, they never learned Arithmetic. They always acted if 1 was equal to 2, or 1 to 3, or 1 to 9, and your Fenians went so far as to insist that 1 was equal to 18. As long as the unit was an Irishman they did not seem to think it made any difference whether the odds were 2 or 18, as long as the odds were Englishmen. Now that's patriotism, but it isn't Arithmetic. 'C'est magnifique,' as the French said about the English charge at Balaklava, mais cent pas la guerre."

"That's the old Irish," said Mr. Redpath, "for that's plucky, but it isn't according to Holyo. In the long run it always takes two ones to make two. One against eighteen always steps down and out. He may step down heroically, as Wolfe 'One and Emperor did, but he has to step down sooner or later. Now the history of Ireland is one long story of heroic blunders in arithmetic. Ireland is the L'epousin of the Nations. The arrows of her few brave men are shot in the shade! But she has already given proofs enough of her valor. She ought now to show that she can calculate. Re-coming is a very commonplace accomplishment, but it is the open 'sesame' of success."

"The only leader of the Irish, as far as I can see, who ever succeeded was Daniel O'Connell, and yet I hear his oftener denounced by Irishmen than any other Irish chief. There is only one ultimate test of capacity for leadership is a practical movement—success. Of all your great leaders, Daniel O'Connell, and he only can stand this test."

"He didn't repeal the Union," I answered. "No," replied Mr. Redpath, "because he died, but he succeeded as far as he went. Mitchell, O'Brien, Meagher and the rest of the Young Ireland leaders were brilliant and brave fellows, but they failed—and that's the end of it. So did the Fenians. Fenianism was founded on the theory that one Fenian was equal to eighteen anti-Fenians."

"Now, in agitation, in the field of morals, one man in the right is a majority; but in rebellion, in the field of battle, one against two is a minority."

"How do you make it out, that the Fenians counted one against eighteen?" I inquired. "I deciphered it out once," said Mr. Redpath, "and wrote an editorial article in the Tribunes about it, at the time when Fenianism was in a blime of glory. Poor old Greeley got roundly abused for it—as he was supposed to be the author of it. I first took the population of Ireland deducted the Orangemen, clergy, Tories and all the classes who opposed Fenianism, and who took the population of England, Scotland and Wales and thus showed the first and self-apparent disproportion."

"That made a striking contrast. But I then multiplied the British available force by six, I think—at any rate, by Napoleon's estimate of the power added to a nation's fighting capacity by wealth, material of war and machinery. I made no guess of my own; I took the hard facts that Napoleon's rule, and the result showed that it would have required each and every Irishman in Ireland who had not openly pronounced against Fenianism to have defeated eighteen British soldiers, in order to have succeeded. Now, I

have the highest opinion of Irish courage. I would back it any time and anywhere against considerable odds—but one against eighteen is too much even for Irish valor. A bull may make a stand against a locomotive, but the result will not be to drive the engine back. The result will be fresh beef every time. Horns against steam are—well, let's say inadequate. There have been too many horns and not enough steam in Irish patriotic movements."

"Do you think, then," I asked, "that Ireland will always be under the rule of England?" "Devil a bit," said Mr. Redpath; "she will succeed if she will only do as I did just now—throw down her history, and look at the facts of to-day. Irish history is playing the part of Alexander to Diogenes to the Irish—it stands between them and the sun. Her precedents mislead. I honor the Irish for honoring their dead heroes; but I wish they would remember that they are dead, and that the man who follows a ghost is always landed in a graveyard."

"Between the Past and Present, Steam and Machinery have dug an impassable gulf. The most lonely parish of Conamara is nearer London to-day than Liverpool was a century ago. It would not take a week to concentrate 50,000 disciplined British troops in any county in Ireland—troops with rifled cannon, repeating rifles, and other modern warfare—where could the patriots get a force to oppose such an army? No, the day for fighting the English Government in Ireland is past. So is the time for seeking foreign alliances. The Irish movement that can succeed must unite all Ireland, except the ultra royalist faction—all the people, without distinction of creed, as Wolfe Tone's movement did, and as O'Connell did, and as the Land League movement is doing. Then it should invite every class who hate the English Government in England, in America and in the English colonies, and bring their power to bear in such a way that the English Government will feel it. If ever I get influence enough with the Irish Americans, I will urge them to cut loose from all political parties, and in each Congressional district offer a support to the candidate who will agree to 'abstract' in Congress on one policy only—to slap England's face in the presence of the world by keeping France and Germany first class missions and making England a third-rate mission with a low salary. That would teach England that by driving the Irish out of their native country she was only building up a hostile power, and that she must give ample, exact and equal justice to Ireland, and be quick about it if she did not want to intensify their hatred."

"Irishmen in the colonies of Canada and Australia could help Ireland more by clamoring for independence than by any other policy. In England the Irish should join with the Republican element. As the English and the Scotch people are educated in American ideas they will see that they and the Irish have a common foe—the ruling class of England—the monarchy and the landed interest. This abuse of the English is all rubbish. The English people and the Scotch people must unite with the Irish people, or none of them will ever get their rights in our day. The Irish patriots are only playing in the hands of the English Government by keeping alive old Irish prejudices against the people of England and Scotland. The cool-headed English aristocracy will be invincible until the three peoples make common cause."

"But," I said, "the prejudice of the English and Scotch people too deep rooted, I think to make such a policy succeed. It's in their very blood."

"Well," said Mr. Redpath, "I'm a better judge of that than you can be. Haven't I shown that I can sympathize with the Irish?" "Of course," I answered. "Well, now," continued Mr. Redpath, "I am an incarnation of every historical antipathy to the Irish. I just scooped in all the anti-Irish elements. My father was a Scotchman, and a Scotch Presbyterian at that; my mother was an English woman, and I was born in Berwick-on-Tweed, that belongs to neither nation, although its inhabitants inherit the prejudices of both peoples. Intuitional ideas into the Scotch and English people, and you'll have the same result—a Scotch or English Republican will be as good as Irishmen as any of you, my Hibernian warbler! It would be vastly better for Ireland to be a self-governed Republican commonwealth in a union, not a forced but free union—with England and Scotland republics—than for Ireland to be independent and isolated."

"Your leaders will see that by and by; but, in the meantime, they have got on the right track—anti-landlordism is anti-monarchy; and this Land League movement in England and Scotland that will necessarily bring the people together. Then, unless 'God Save the Queen,' she will have to step down and out—either in her own person or in the person of 'the first Libertine of Europe,' her eldest son."

IRISH ILLS.

Mr. Froude, the English historian, has been giving the public his views on that most perplexing of questions—the Irish question. In the last issue of the Nineteenth Century he has an article on Ireland, which points out some of the ills of that country, and indicates their origin, but, unfortunately, gives little assistance to those who seek a remedy. The only remedy that Mr. Froude can advocate is that of force, forgetful of the fact that it was force that brought Ireland's ills upon her, and that a repetition of that treatment—even in a modified form—does not promise to be very satisfactory.

English supremacy in Ireland has now existed for seven hundred years. For that length of time the people of the larger island have been trying to govern those of the smaller, and without success. The policy adopted by the ruling race has been very consistent—consistent, that is, in its inconsistency. It has been a continued series of alterations between force and favor. First force would be tried till the people would no longer submit, then they would be coaxed and flattered, and compromised with—the only result being to encourage them in expecting more favors by continuing rebellions. And then, when they would persist in their rebellion, force would be tried again; and for a period they would be kept quiet by the superior power of their rulers, only to break out afresh when opportunity offered.

In trying to govern Ireland the English people have always acted on the assumption that their supremacy would necessarily be for the benefit of Ireland, and that whatever was good for England must be good for Ireland too. The first assumption might be true, but you have no right to force a man to do what you think is for his own good against his own desire, and the same rule holds good for nations as for men. And the second assumption was evidently a wrong one, for, by no means follows that what is good for England is good for Ireland or any other country. Then above all was the crowning evil—that however much the English might think or say that their policy was for the good of Ire-

land, it was certain to be for the pecuniary benefit of the ruling race. It might be good for Ireland to have English rulers, or it might not; but there was no question that centering the lands and estates of the Irish upon English settlers was not at all bad for the latter. From Henry to William, English Governments always tried to settle the Irish question by confiscating the Irish lands for the benefit of English settlers. That might be good for Ireland; but then it was scarcely natural to expect the Irish to see it. And there is no doubt that an unending cause of discontent, underlying the ills of poverty and famine, has been the sense of injustice felt by Irishmen at the alienation of the property, the persecution of their religion, and the destruction of their trade for the benefit of England. —London (Ont.) Advertiser.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR ON THE DOOM OF LORDS AND LANDLORDS.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., was the principal speaker at a meeting held on Sunday, three miles from Longhairs. He said—I have been called back here to-day while on my way to London by two voices, neither of which I could dare disobey. One was the voice of the English Government threatening coercion. (Groans.) I came to obey the other. (Cheers.) I have to rejoice at being the witness of this magnificent demonstration—(cheers)—with Congressmen from Gurben, Baulane, K'ullula, Ballnagilly, Atheryn, the City of the Kings, and from my own home the City of the Tribes. It has been announced by one of the speakers that our Protestant countrymen in this district have been among the leaders of this great movement. (Great cheering.) I have to rejoice that we are willing to accept their aid—(cheers)—and the Protestants that still remain apart from us will grow weary of their hostility before we grow weary in our generosity. We are standing on ground possessed by no less than five lords, and I suppose the reason I have been invited is that I am notorious for my friendship towards them. (Laughter.) I hope, before I have done my political work, that the very same of Lord shall be swept from the constitution of England. (Loud cheers.) I came here to give practical advice to the tenants of Ireland. Your choice lies between two courses. Will you depend on England or Ireland or will you depend on the friendliness of English Ministers, or on the English Parliament, or on the strength and manhood of the Irish people? Will you depend on others, or on yourselves? (Loud cries of "Ourselves.") We have met here on ground historical, because of the remote past, and because of the present. I see around me the broken forces of Ireland, fled after the great defeat of Aughrim. It was to those hills the troops retired after a crushing—as it appeared—defeat of the Irish race; but it was also close by here that the tenant cause was won. A magnificent triumph. Within the last few days the defeat of Aughrim has been avenged by the victory of Riverville. If you stand together and be true to each other, if you be in your own interests true to your country, the victory at Riverville will mark as glorious a manifestation of final triumph as Aughrim marked the battle of a great struggle. (Loud cheers.) It is said that no man is a hero to his own valet, and sometimes I think that we who live in these times and work in this great movement don't grasp the magnitude of its importance. I tell you the oldest man amongst us has never seen the movement with bigger promise for the future of our race. How are you to work out your salvation? The way is very plain and simple, and the means are. Stand by each other, organize, combine. (Loud cheers.) For a long time the tenants of Ireland crouched and crawled before the landlords of Ireland. (A Voice—"We'll do it no more.") Try and show by your demeanor the change of spirit that has come over you; don't diff your hat to the landlords—(cheers)—and when you meet them, hold up your heads and put forward your chests like men. (Loud cheers.) I repeat what I have said in the House of Commons and elsewhere—the tenants that were a race of abject, cowering, and helpless slaves are to-day independent, self-reliant, and defiant freemen. Landlordism is doomed!—It is in its last gasp. When I was entering Longhairs to-day I saw a coffin, which I thought was intended for its disowned remains. Landlordism is strong in appearance, but weak in reality. It has a body of brass, but its feet are clay. It rears its head to heaven, but its foundations are on sand, and has no longer the armies and navies of England behind it. I have spent ten years of my life in England. I like the English people, and I tell you that the sympathies of the working classes of England are with you in this great struggle. The middle classes of England are with you. Even the advisers of the Queen dare not disobey their own interests to go against you. (Cheers.) Landlordism is, I say, doomed for its best friends have deserted it, for the hearts of the English people will not allow the forces of England to be employed in propping up the accursed system—(loud cheers)—and Ireland stands face to face with its enemy. (Loud cheers.) There is a bottle-holder, there is no ally, there is a fair field and no favor, and are you afraid of the struggle? You have your heels on the serpent's head, do not take them off until you crush its life out. (Loud Cheers.)—Freeman October 2nd.

RELIABLE—NO REMEDY HAS BEEN MORE earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the medical profession throughout the world, than a reliable, efficient and at the same time safe and certain purgative. Dr. Harvey's ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS supply this want. 9-2

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY.—EACH year finds a Brown's Bronchial Troches in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, the Troches have been proved reliable. 9-2

THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY IN THE world for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind, colic, and, by giving quiet sleep to the child, gives rest to the mother. 7-4

MANY PEOPLE SUFFER TERRIBLY by cramps in the limbs. A plentiful application of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment will give instant relief. Cramps come on suddenly, and it is not well to wait until the attack goes and buy a bottle at once and have it ready, waiting for the dolorous wretch. 7-4

PALE CHEEKS IN CHILDREN OFTEN result from the presence of worms in the stomach, but a few of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, or Worm Lozenges, will expel the intruders, and restore the bloom of health to the countenance. Mothers with pale face children should try these Comfits. 7-4

As a Liniment for horses Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is unequalled. It cures Sprains, Bruises, and Lameness, at once.

MURDER OF LORD MOUNTMORRES. THE FULL PARTICULARS. REFUSAL TO COFFIN THE BODY.

We take the following from the Cork Herald, of October 2nd. Oxo, Wednesday Night.

Cong has to-day been the scene of some considerable excitement in connection with the murder of Lord Mountmorres. As early as five o'clock in the morning the hearse and mourning coach from Galway, in charge of which was Mr. Alfred, undertaker, of Donnellstreet, Dublin, arrived on their way from Galway to remove the corpse from Ebor Hall to Dublin. Later on came the tenants of his Lordship, who, with the people of the neighbourhood generally, were proceeding to a fair held about four miles distant. At nine o'clock I proceeded in a car, on which I had jaunted from Tuam to Ebor Hall, for the purpose of making more enquiries respecting the deceased and his relations with his tenantry. The road was lined at certain points with men evidently of the labouring class, whose attention to one as he passed was particularly striking. Just before reaching the scene of the murder I was overtaken by the Rev. Father Conway, curate of Clonlaur, the parish in which the deceased lived. The priest who made himself very conspicuous among those who are agitating for a reform of the land laws, very willingly dismounted at the spot where the deceased fell, and gave his opinion freely as to the cause of the crime. He utterly repudiated any idea that the man Sweeney, who is in custody on suspicion of the murder, was in the least degree associated with the crime. He told me Sweeney had rented some land from Lord Mountmorres, and had paid his rent by his labour as herd. Recently, however, there had been a difference between his lordship and the man which resulted in Lord Mountmorres desiring the person to quit his service. Directly this order was issued, Sweeney set up a claim to a tenancy on the estate, and at once claimed under the Land Act compensation for his notice to quit. Lord Mountmorres, however, asserted that he was no tenant, and the claim of the man for compensation came before a local court in July last, when it was decided that the noble owner of the property had established his case. Not content with this decision, Sweeney, supported by the funds of the Land League, applied to a superior court, and here again Lord Mountmorres was successful in resisting the right of the man to be called a tenant, and a decree of eviction was immediately granted. His Lordship, however, forbore from putting his instrument of the law into operation, and apparently would have retained Sweeney as a tenant, although at the same time he expressed some fear for his life at the hands of this man. Father Conway assured me that he perceived Sweeney's innocence in the actual perpetration of the crime to be well established, and attributed the outrage to a well-organized scheme on the part of professional agitators. Said he, "I believe that Sweeney would have been capable of murdering him with a stick; but, poor man, I know he is in no way versed in the use of a rifle, and, without a doubt, a rifle was used in this case. Then, again, he is a simple-minded man, while the spot selected for the commission of this crime indicates a well-learned lesson. You will see from the pool of blood that the deceased fell at the brow of a steep hill. His horse, whatever its powers, must necessarily have walked this hill, thus the murder must have been planned to be perpetrated while the horse was going at a walking pace, and, without doubt, while the deceased was 'in his guard.' Father Conway says from his knowledge of accused, and indeed the whole of the parishioners, he cannot for a moment believe that any local resident has committed so diabolical a crime. At the same time, however, he made no disguise of the fact that his sympathies were entirely with the would-be tenant, or, on the other hand, as Lord Mountmorres contended, his herd. He went so far as to say that he had personally appealed to the deceased nobleman not to enforce his decree of eviction, 'but,' he said, 'my efforts in this respect had no avail.' At the same time, however, it should be mentioned that although vested with power to turn the man out two months ago, Lord Mountmorres up to the day of his death had in no way attempted to enforce the decree. Here, too, a curious misconception may well be corrected. The finding of the lantern and a bottle of whiskey near the spot was supposed in some way to lead to the identity of the murderer, but to-day I have heard from Mr. M. Donnelly, Resident magistrate of Oughterard, who has been specially directed by the Government to attend at Cong and assist the police with his advice, that this lantern belonged to a member of the constabulary, and that the bottle of whiskey was found to have been purchased by the deceased himself; therefore it is expected the examination of Sweeney on Friday next at Clonlaur will be of short duration and that he will be liberated in want of proof of any complicity in the crime. Mr. Donnelly informs me that he has been instructed by the Government to remain on the spot, and he is in constant communication with the police who are scouring the country in all directions with a view to ascertaining the perpetrators of the outrage. Proceeding from the scene of the murder to Ebor Hall, the residence of the late nobleman, the widow and four children of the deceased, and a member of the medical profession, in a conversation he stated that together with the condition of things at Clonlaur had been found by them to result amount to a reign of terror. He related how the cook in his late brother's employment had to leave because of threats sent to her of personal violence should she continue in the service; how a boy in the family was never allowed to leave the house because of threats to take his life; how after a day's work of two tenants on the estate a sheep was killed and another left in dying condition; how it was impossible to obtain a messenger to convey telegrams respecting the private affairs of the family to the nearest telegraph office, in consequence of which the members of the family had to go themselves; and, finally, the startling statement that the murder of his brother had, from information received, been known to be in plan for the last week." During the time that this information had been imparted a considerable amount of excitement had been apparent among the two men who had driven the hearse and mourning coach employed to take the body and mourners to Galway for conveyance to Dublin. These men were asked by one of deceased's relatives to assist in placing the corpse in the coffin. Without the least reason being assigned they flatly refused to do so. Placed in this dilemma the Hon. Masters of Mountmorres, together with

Major Brotherick, a brother of the Viscount Mountmorres, expressed his opinion that they knew not what to do, whereupon the driver of my car, who had come with me from Tuam, expressed his willingness to assist, and with the points laid the body first in a zinc and then an oak coffin and helped to screw the latter down. For this act the man was publicly thanked by Major Brotherick, who said that without his aid an additional burden to the heavy lot now cast on the family must have been entailed, but this did not end the difficulty with the Galway drivers. From information received, it was advised that the corpse should not be taken through the place where the fair previously alluded to was being held. It was, therefore, suggested that another route for Galway should be pursued, but to this the drivers persistently refused acquiescence. They said that they would go no other route than that which they had come in returning, and it was only after threats of personal violence from my driver that they suggested a compromise which would enable us to avoid the fair. Soon after eleven o'clock the undertaker, pointing out that in a journey of thirty miles to Galway minutes really meant hours, still that the corpse must be at once removed, I, with the others around, assisted in carrying the body to the hearse. The coffin, of polished oak, had on the breast-plate the following inscription:—William Brown de Mountmorres, 5th Viscount Mountmorres, born 21st April, 1822, assassinated in county Galway 25th of September, 1880." Following the hearse came a mourning coach, in which were two brothers of the deceased. Neither the mother nor children left the house, but remained under the care of Lady Mountmorres's brother, Major Brotherick. At the gate leading from the park Father Lavello, the P. F. of Cong, who had been a personal friend of the deceased, and who last met him at a social party at Lord Ardill's was present as a mark of respect to the family. One of the small body of tenants of the deceased nobleman put in an appearance, the majority of them having gone to the fair. Mr. Donnelly, M. P., has been desired, by telegram from Dublin, to remain on the spot. The police, having regard to the difference in the bullet extracted from deceased's body, are of opinion that more than one person was engaged in the outrage. Up to the present time no reward for the capture of the assassins has been issued, but I am credibly informed that Mr. Forster has directed that a promise of £1,000 shall be made to any one affording information as to the perpetrators of the outrage. Meanwhile the district is in a very excited state, constabulary are patrolling it in all directions, and old residents, independent of strangers, are not anxious to be on the highway after dark. As indication of the condition of the district through which we passed, it may be mentioned that all the information as to the locality of the murder and the road to Ebor Hall was absolutely refused by those whom we passed. The officials here believe that Parliament will soon be called together, and that the promise of Mr. Forster that the Coercion Act would be re-enacted should the state of the state of the country require it would be carried out.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

On Sunday, 10th of October last commenced, at High Mass in Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal the *Tridium* in celebration of the Order of the Christian Brothers, and Monday Morning Mass was chanted and benediction given in the churches of St. Ann, St. James and St. Joseph, as well as in the first mentioned edifice. Sunday was the actual anniversary, and therefore the event was celebrated with unusual solemnity. At Pontifical High Mass in the morning his Lordship Bishop Fabre was the celebrant, being assisted by the deacon, sub-deacon and by an honorary deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Legare. In the afternoon at four o'clock benediction was pronounced by Bishop Fabre, when over four thousand boys from the different schools presided over by the Christian Brothers were present. The schools represented were those of St. Lawrence, St. Patrick, the Bishop's Acadomp of Montreal, St. James, St. Ann, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, St. Bridget, Cote des Neiges, Longueuil and Chambly. There were also present the priests from all the parishes in Montreal. The singing was very fine, the choir being composed of 150 voices under the leadership of Rev. Father Durocher. After benediction, Master Edward Martineau approached the altar railing and read the following address, in French, to His Lordship Bishop Fabre:— My Lord,—The twelfth of October is a day doubly dear to our hearts—it is the feast of our well-beloved masters, and it is the feast of the holy patron of your Lordship. To-day the institution founded by the Venerable De La Salle celebrates the second centenary of its existence, and you have been anxious, your Lordship, to give to this family holiday an exceptional solemnity. You have prepared it by a *Tridium*, enriched by its favors the most precious, and ceasing momentarily the labors of your pastoral charge, you are come to increase the *clat* of the occasion by your presence. In the name of all our reverend fathers, in the name of all my fellow-pupils, permit me, your Lordship, to lay at your feet the common tribute of filial love and of our respectful gratitude. Your paternal heart beats warmly for the welfare of the Holy Church, which we call, to-day, by the just title of "Mother of the Suffering," and for those who at present are so lovingly giving their lives to us, and whom we love to call by the sweet name of "dear brothers." Believe, your Lordship, that the four thousand children of Montreal here present, will always honor and be true and devoted sons of the Church, and the faithful disciples of the children of the Venerable De La Salle. To-morrow your Lordship, we will celebrate the feast of your own glorious patron, and will find ourselves assembled at the feet of the bly altar. One in heart and soul we conjure him to call the angel of the heart to bless, defend, and preserve the angel of the Diocese. But, for a moment, your Lordship, deign to agree to the wishes of all your children, and permit my heart, feebly interpreting all our hearts, to say and to repeat—*ad vultus annos*. His Lordship then ascended the pulpit and delivered a very instructive sermon to the children, taking as his subject the sending of the seventy-two disciples throughout the world, whom he compared to the Society of the Christian Brothers, who had spread throughout the world teaching religious truths, combined with the elements of a sound general education. STRANGE STORY OF AN OUTRAGE. A queer story comes from Batavia of an outrage committed by a half-drunk man near Batavia station on a woman. Her cowardly husband ran for a short distance, and when he returned with help his wife was not to be found. Immediate search was commenced by the neighbours with lanterns, and in a short time she was found in a bush, bound, gagged, and nearly dead. Though the excitement was great the man was not arrested until the women vowed they would not leave their houses unless he was captured. He was arrested by a party of residents, and lodged in Three Rivers' goal. "The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best, and this is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Compound," and that is mustard mixed with turpentine, etc., and does not possess the pungent aromatic flavor of Colman's with the Bull's Head on every tin. 11-3

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The total number of Catholic dioceses in the world is about 1,100. Of the Catholic priests in China, 500 are natives of the country. The New York Catholic Protectors is doing noble work for the orphan, it having found homes for 1,500 boys in Iowa. The Archbishop of Cashel was entertained at dinner by the clergy of Thurles and neighborhood, at the Presbytery. This, on the occasion of his intended departure for Rome. His Grace, it is said, will be accompanied to Rome by the Very Rev. Canon Cahill, P. P., of Lattin. The monks of the order of St. Benedict, who keep watch over the tombs of the founders of the Savoy dynasty at Hantecombe, on Lake Bourget, in Savoy, are not to be disturbed by the recent decree on religious corporations in France. The treaty of 1860 between Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III. expressly exempted them from all French interference. On Friday morning at seven o'clock the following young ladies made their last vow at the Convent of Jesus-Maria, Sillery, Quebec:—Miss O'Leary, of St. Colombs; Miss A. Girard, daughter of Mr. Edouard Girard, and Miss M. Blais, daughter of E. H. Blais, Esq., of Montmagny. His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec presided at the ceremony. After which His Grace administered the sacrament of Confirmation to the young pupils of the Convent who had not yet received it.

The sum voted yearly for the Catholic clergy in France is 51,000,000 francs. Of this sum 45,000 francs goes to the Archbishop of Paris and 20,000 francs to the Archbishop of Albi. Sixteen other Archbishops get 15,000 francs each, and six bishops 10,000 francs. Toward the expenses of diocesan visitations 97,000 francs are contributed. The Year-General of Paris receives 4,500 francs, eighteen metropolitan vicars-general each 3,500 francs, and 167 canons, curés, and other members of the ecclesiastical body. Pensions and aid to infirm and aged priests amount to a total of 887,000 francs. The Kingston News says:—After the first good-bye Sunday morning, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Rev. Father Toney stated that they were no longer without a head, a chief pastor, that the Holy See had been pleased to appoint as Bishop of Kingston the Rev. Dr. Cleary, parish priest of Donagrove, County Waterford, Ireland. For fourteen months a feeling of gloom continually hung over those who entered the cathedral and observed that the seat of authority was vacant. He alluded to the address which followed the death of their lamented Bishop O'Brien, and that this feeling would be now removed, that they should soon have a ruler to guide them and pastor to bless them. The reverend speaker compared the life of the Christian to the call of the Gentiles. The latter were guided from the promised land by a star until they came to the city of Jerusalem, and then it ceased to mark their course. They surmised that they had arrived at the place where their Saviour was to appear as foretold by the prophet. But they heard no talk of a Saviour, and people seemed to be engaged in the transaction of worldly business. They did not despair, however, but equirred immediately for the seat of authority, for the person who occupied the chair of Moses, and were pointed to the Saviour, who was born in the Bethlehem of Judah. The men hesitated not a moment. They did not ask "Who is this man? Is he a man of science or genius?" But obedient to authority, went their way and found the Saviour whom they sought. Christians were called by baptism from the distant land of paganism; the star which guides them through the innocency of youth gradually disappears, and when the city of manhood is reached all is found in confusion, and thoughts of the world rather than of God prevail. If people wish to be successful they must do as

did the Gentiles—go to the seat of authority, to those placed in the Church to guide and direct them. He commended confidence to those whose place it was to point the way to heaven. In conclusion, he remarked that he knew the new bishop would be received in a manner worthy of the diocese, its cathedral and people. Nothing is yet known respecting the time of the bishop's departure from Ireland and arrival here, nor is it definitely known whether his consecration will take place on this side or on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

On Sunday, 10th of October last commenced, at High Mass in Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal the *Tridium* in celebration of the Order of the Christian Brothers, and Monday Morning Mass was chanted and benediction given in the churches of St. Ann, St. James and St. Joseph, as well as in the first mentioned edifice. Sunday was the actual anniversary, and therefore the event was celebrated with unusual solemnity. At Pontifical High Mass in the morning his Lordship Bishop Fabre was the celebrant, being assisted by the deacon, sub-deacon and by an honorary deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Legare. In the afternoon at four o'clock benediction was pronounced by Bishop Fabre, when over four thousand boys from the different schools presided over by the Christian Brothers were present. The schools represented were those of St. Lawrence, St. Patrick, the Bishop's Acadomp of Montreal, St. James, St. Ann, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, St. Bridget, Cote des Neiges, Longueuil and Chambly. There were also present the priests from all the parishes in Montreal. The singing was very fine, the choir being composed of 150 voices under the leadership of Rev. Father Durocher. After benediction, Master Edward Martineau approached the altar railing and read the following address, in French, to His Lordship Bishop Fabre:— My Lord,—The twelfth of October is a day doubly dear to our hearts—it is the feast of our well-beloved masters, and it is the feast of the holy patron of your Lordship. To-day the institution founded by the Venerable De La Salle celebrates the second centenary of its existence, and you have been anxious, your Lordship, to give to this family holiday an exceptional solemnity. You have prepared it by a *Tridium*, enriched by its favors the most precious, and ceasing momentarily the labors of your pastoral charge, you are come to increase the *clat* of the occasion by your presence. In the name of all our reverend fathers, in the name of all my fellow-pupils, permit me, your Lordship, to lay at your feet the common tribute of filial love and of our respectful gratitude. Your paternal heart beats warmly for the welfare of the Holy Church, which we call, to-day, by the just title of "Mother of the Suffering," and for those who at present are so lovingly giving their lives to us, and whom we love to call by the sweet name of "dear brothers." Believe, your Lordship, that the four thousand children of Montreal here present, will always honor and be true and devoted sons of the Church, and the faithful disciples of the children of the Venerable De La Salle. To-morrow your Lordship, we will celebrate the feast of your own glorious patron, and will find ourselves assembled at the feet of the bly altar. One in heart and soul we conjure him to call the angel of the heart to bless, defend, and preserve the angel of the Diocese. But, for a moment, your Lordship, deign to agree to the wishes of all your children, and permit my heart, feebly interpreting all our hearts, to say and to repeat—*ad vultus annos*. His Lordship then ascended the pulpit and delivered a very instructive sermon to the children, taking as his subject the sending of the seventy-two disciples throughout the world, whom he compared to the Society of the Christian Brothers, who had spread throughout the world teaching religious truths, combined with the elements of a sound general education. STRANGE STORY OF AN OUTRAGE. A queer story comes from Batavia of an outrage committed by a half-drunk man near Batavia station on a woman. Her cowardly husband ran for a short distance, and when he returned with help his wife was not to be found. Immediate search was commenced by the neighbours with lanterns, and in a short time she was found in a bush, bound, gagged, and nearly dead. Though the excitement was great the man was not arrested until the women vowed they would not leave their houses unless he was captured. He was arrested by a party of residents, and lodged in Three Rivers' goal. "The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best, and this is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Compound," and that is mustard mixed with turpentine, etc., and does not possess the pungent aromatic flavor of Colman's with the Bull's Head on every tin. 11-3

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