

The Catholic Record
Published every Friday morning at 488 Richmond Street, Dublin.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.
London, Ont., May 23, 1879.
DEAR MR. COFFEY:—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to you and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work to change in its own principles; that it will remain, what has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests.

LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARY.
Bishop's Palace, Kingston, 13th Nov., 1882.
DEAR SIR:—I am happy to be asked for a word of commendation to the Rev. Clergy and faithful laity of my diocese in behalf of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London with the warm approval of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. I am a subscriber to the journal and am much pleased with its excellent literary and religious character. Its judicious selection from the best writers supply Catholic families with most useful and interesting matter for Sunday readings, and help the young to acquire a taste for pure literature.

Catholic Record.
LONDON, FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1883.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

The House of Hanover, while spared from many of the evils that befel the unfortunate Stuarts, has nevertheless had its trials and visitations. Amongst these we may reckon the domestic miseries from which so many of its scions have suffered, and the unfortunate tendency to mental aberration that has so frequently shown itself in the royal line. The story of the third George is too well known to need repetition here, especially as its sad peculiarities are not unlikely to be repeated in the case of the present sovereign of Britain herself. Conceal it as her physicians and attacks may, Her Majesty's health is far from being in a satisfactory condition, and there are, we regret to state it, not wanting signs that the royal mind has become so weakened that a relief from the cares of Sovereignty may become necessary to save it from utter wreck. Years ago the Queen's health became so impaired that her abdication was looked upon as one of the probabilities of the near future. In fact a member of the House of Commons actually made in 1867 or 1868, enquiry of ministers why they did not, in view of her Majesty's actual inattention to affairs of state, advise abdication. Abdication might then or since have been advised, and the advice acted on, but for the just fears entertained of a great radical reaction on the assumption of regal power by the Prince of Wales. The Queen has always been very popular with the masses in England, and the friends of monarchy have therefore always looked with apprehension either to her abdication or demise. But now the sad facts of the Sovereign's unhappy condition can no longer be concealed, and it must now be admitted that a regency may at any moment become a necessity. We cannot say that a change of this kind will prove acceptable even to those of her Majesty's subjects who favor a republican form of government. To us in Canada the change may not be immaterial, for it may at any moment give rise to domestic complications in Britain leading to an early severance of the ties binding us to that country.

No good that we can see can come from concealment of the Queen's real condition. Her Majesty is becoming daily more and more incapable of discharging the duties of her position, and the eventualities of the situation are calmly discussed on all sides in Britain.

only a synonyme for insanity. The lurking taint in the Hanoverian blood, the dementia traceable in the line of the Georges, bursting out ever and afresh in some wild or wicked freak, now seems to have unmistakably overtaken the Queen. The more or less harmless manias in which, during a long reign, Queen Victoria has allowed herself to indulge unchallenged and unblamed; the erratic fancies, sudden caprices, unreasoning dislikes, unconquerable obstinacy, of which so many testimonies exist, seem to have culminated at last in a sudden, serious, protracted, undisguisable attack of melancholy, a monomania of seclusion, sadness, and fear, which it is idle not to color with any other motive.

Referring to the sinister rumors in connection with the late accident that befell her majesty, the same journal goes on to say: "The effects of a very slight, almost illusory accident, were magnified into a serious and dangerous sprain, so as to account to the public for the complete withdrawal of the sovereign from all intercourse, and her absolute seclusion from any eye save those of her immediate entourage, and abstention from public duties, except the compulsory and mechanical signing of state papers. The Queen has been conveyed from Windsor to Osborne, thence to Balmoral, and back again to Windsor, in profound and mysterious isolation. Her movements are shrouded in impervious secrecy, all precautions against intrusion of any kind are strictly and jealously taken, and the stringent necessity of a perfect change of scene, air, and surroundings, urgently impressed upon the nation. Indeed, except for the gratuitous conferring of innumerable brevets of knighthood on recipients who have no obvious claim to the honor the sovereign is virtually out of the pale of active public life."

English journals too openly discuss the vagaries of the royal mind after a fashion little calculated to impress the people with due regard for the Sovereign. A late issue of Truth contains the following statement of fact which demonstrates the unsettled state of the royal mind. Mr. Campbell, the minister of Crathie, who is the Queen's "spiritual adviser" in Scotland, would have done well to advise Her Majesty to curtail the extravagant inscription which she has ordered to be engraved on the gravestone of the famous Tom Purdie, in Melrose Abbey; but it is a pity that her Majesty was not content to copy Sir Walter Scott's inscription together a number of texts, which if they mean anything, mean that the Queen has the power to order Brown to "enter into the joy of his Lord," as well as to "make him ruler over many things." A more astounding legend was never composed. The monument is to be inaugurated in the autumn with much solemn state.

We may, in view of these circumstances, very reasonably ask if we are not at the approach of a regency with the heir apparent as Prince Regent. Neither the memory of a former Prince Regent, nor his own unfortunate disregard of Christian propriety, will serve the Prince of Wales if such an important charge is to be thrust upon him.

THE TEWKSBURY HORRORS.

We do not propose to go into the details of the dreadful revelations made during the Tewksbury investigation. We may say, however, that anything more horrible, disgraceful, or disgusting, never has been presented to public gaze than the results of this investigation. People raise their eyes to heaven and hold up their hands when they read of the atrocities of the French Revolution. In the case of Tewksbury there was no revolution, all was peaceful, deliberate inhumanity. At the close of the investigation Governor Butler stated that of seventy-two babies taken to the asylum, seventy-one had died of neglect and maltreatment. Speaking of the disposal of the dead and the tanning of human hides, he said: "I will now show you what they did with the dead. Since 1854 to now, except for the last ten years, there is no pretension to a record of what is done with the dead, and there was only a \$100 bond. All the colleges and everybody else have been supplied. All bodies not called for by friends—and the friends are few—are sent away for dissection after funeral services have been held over them. Up to ten years the dissected remains were thrown where the fish would get them, and they were called 'eel-bait,' and eels and lobsters ate them. No account is made of bodies furnished to private physicians. All this has been done without any pay account. None's account is false. The price he gives is \$14 and some cents. But Harvard gave \$15, and all others gave \$16. All this is undisputed. Dr. Dixwell said nothing to me after he was called before the Grand Jury till this time. He said he fitted up a dissecting-room in his father's house, and there were 200 to 250 children's bodies brought to the institution from Tewksbury. He came against his will, and no man has contradicted. He said he got the infants from Andrews. Two other witnesses testified to substantially the same thing. Every institution has had men. They brought three or four of them to testify that they never had a baby there. Every rascal of them said they never had more than two bodies in the dead-room at a

time, but outside men saw twelve and twenty thrown in together like cord-wood, buggles, pigsties, with the children between their legs. After all the swearing of the runt doctors, the report is put in that there were thirty-six children sent. Good witnesses testify to Dr. Dixwell's good character. Lunacy is the means the old men use when they want to get rid of the old wife and get a new one. I have been battling this idea for forty years. If Dixwell was lying, let Marsh's books be produced, which he is keeping back. Dixwell gave this testimony years ago. Nobody thought he was a lunatic then. In the absence of Marsh's book, Dixwell must be relied upon. "His Excellency" then produced the human skins, which have been exhibited before. In the satanic press this has been called a student's freak—I call it the satanic press because Satan is the father of lies. These pieces came from several taneries, and it had got to be an industry. For there is no other way than to use the dyed passions, made by the vices. If they could put their feet in shoes made from a woman's breast, perhaps their passions could be excited. These shoes went on the feet of the rich aristocrats. The Governor read from Carlyle of the tanning of human skins during the French Revolution of 1789. It is the pauper's skin that is tanned now for the feet of the aristocrats. It was then my lord and my lady's skin that was tanned to make shoes and breeches for the paupers. Let us look out that our turn does not come, for if there is any thing that one side will jaded passions, made by the vices. If they could put their feet in shoes made from a woman's breast, perhaps their passions could be excited. These shoes went on the feet of the rich aristocrats. The Governor read from Carlyle of the tanning of human skins during the French Revolution of 1789. It is the pauper's skin that is tanned now for the feet of the aristocrats. It was then my lord and my lady's skin that was tanned to make shoes and breeches for the paupers. Let us look out that our turn does not come, for if there is any thing that one side will not stand all the time, it is skinning. A Harvard record shows that they had a tanned negro's skin, which was in the library as a curiosity 150 years ago, and they have been at it ever since. It is time they were stopped."

And all this in New England, where the "Ages of Faith" are called the dark ages, all beneath the very shadow of Plymouth Rock and of the Athens of modern times.

SOUND SENTIMENTS.

Mr. Parnell lately delivered at Cork a speech that must have a most beneficial effect on Irish public opinion. This speech was delivered on the occasion of a grand banquet in the main hall of the Cork exhibition building, at which upward of two hundred prominent gentlemen sat down to dinner. The mayor of Cork, Mr. D. J. Galvin, presided. Among the others present were the Earl of Bandon, the Earl of Donoughmore, Sir George St. John Colthurst, Sir George Penrose, Rev. Monsignor Sheehan, the lord mayor of Dublin, the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, Mr. E. D. Gray, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. T. M. Healy and many others.

Almost every shade of Irish public sentiment was represented. Mr. Parnell, in replying to the toast, "prosperity to Ireland and her industries," began by saying that he felt convinced every Irishman, whatever his political faith or whatever his religious creed may be, or in whatever system of education he may be brought up, desires earnestly and heartily the prosperity of his native land, and though they may differ from time to time as to the means of obtaining that prosperity he believed their differences were honest differences.

"Now," continued Mr. Parnell, "having a country with a soil of great fertility, a mild, genial and unequalled climate, having a people who are facile and quick to learn, who have shown in many other countries that they are industrious and laborious, and have not been excelled. Whether in the pursuit of agriculture under the mid-day sun, in the fields or amongst the looms, their works have not been excelled by any country on the face of the earth."

They desired to see manufactures abound and to see the population of the country able to live and thrive. Mr. Parnell then referred at some length to the manufactures that formerly prospered in Ireland. After speaking of the woollen manufactures that once flourished in his native county, Wicklow, he spoke of the city of Cork: "This city of Cork was formerly famed for her manufactures. We have, I am happy to say, some of these manufactures revived now. During the last two or three years manufactures which have long been crushed are cropping up their heads, and opportunities have been afforded to persons of many trades who formerly felt the effect of discouragement and want of hope. In reference to the glass manufacture, I may say there were formerly in Cork two large houses famed for flint glass which was of superior quality.

"Large paper mills used to exist at Dripsey and Portlaoise, but these are now in ruins. One used to see these paper factories in full work and making a cheap, useful description of paper, but now probably all the newspapers and books, and lithographing and accounts are printed on paper not manufactured in Ireland. (Hear, hear). Here in the ancient city of Cork there used to exist a class known as cottoners, but

at present no cottoners are to be found in Cork. The cottoners in question manufactured stockings by means of handlooms, and the Cork stockings were celebrated, as Limerick laces are at present, and as Limerick gloves in former days were. At Bandon a large manufactory of hand-woven linen formerly flourished, but it is now no longer in existence. Brick, porcelain and other clay industries also flourished in this county, but we hear nothing of them at the present moment. Now, I would ask you why, if these industries existed in the past, they should not exist in the future?"

Mr. Parnell then strongly urged that all should put their shoulders to the wheel, and whether in their individual or corporate capacity, assist in supporting Irish manufactures. The result, he held, would be that they would enable manufacturers of this country to compete with English manufacturers and spread their factories throughout the length and breadth of the land. He confessed he should like to give Ireland the power of protecting her own manufactures, but if that were not possible they could all clothe themselves in good Blarney tweed. He of course admitted that there were difficulties, and great difficulties, in the way. Americans, French and Belgians had got the start of them and it was only by the good will of all the members of the community, as shown by the Cork exhibition, that they could achieve the revival of Irish manufactures. Mr. Parnell concluded by stating that they could at all events create a native market in Ireland, and he thought also in America a market of Irish manufactures.

"In this way," he said, "taking advantage of the good will which throughout Ireland has been rendered evident on behalf of the restoration of Irish industries, we can do much to revive the ancient fame of our nation in these matters, and which have rendered great those nations by the side of which we live. I trust that before many years have gone by we shall have the pleasure of meeting in even more places than this, and see that the quick-witted genius of the Irish race has proved what this great place has taught—a great lesson, which, I hope, will lead to our nation's happiness, prosperity and freedom."

Mr. Parnell does not, we believe, count in vain upon assistance from America in the matter of Irish manufactures. The Irish in this country will not only hail their revival with pleasure, but give them every support within their power.

A GOOD LANDLORD.

We have during the past five years dealt so many blows at landlords and landlordism that we feel really relieved to be enabled to offer a feeble tribute of praise to one man, and he a landlord. This gentleman is Mr. Jonathan Pim, who for several years represented the city of Dublin in the British Commons. Mr. Pim proved a good representative, and never flagged in the discharge of his duty to the people of Ireland. We are therefore glad to place on record his noble course towards his Mayo tenantry, who recently gave public expression to their gratitude in terms creditable to themselves and their landlord. They speak in these terms: "Sir—We, the tenants of the Rosnagh estate, beg to express our most sincere gratitude to Jonathan Pim, Esq., 22 William street, Dublin, for all the good things he has bestowed on us during his term as landlord, for the last twenty-eight or twenty-nine years.

"First—As a good employer during the above period. "Second—For building every tenant a good dwelling and office, and fencing and draining all our lands, without raising any man's rent since we had the good fortune of becoming his tenants. "Third—For the reductions he has given us for the years '79 and '80—from 50 per cent. downwards to 6s 8d in the pound. "Fourth—For his kind consideration in advancing us one-fourth of the purchase money to purchase our holdings, and the way he carried it out, perfectly to the satisfaction of all his tenants. "Fifth—For the noble gift of a year's rent to us for the year '82 to enable us to be in a position to meet the demands of the Government. "Sixth—For his liberality in supplying us with seed potatoes to enable us to crop our land during the adverse season. "We beg most respectfully that he will accept this acknowledgment of our gratitude, and trust that the same kindly sentiments may long continue between him and his tenants. We also beg to return our best thanks to his efficient and considerate agent, Mr. Henry Rose, who was always ready to give a good advice when required. "Signed on behalf of the tenants, "ANDREW AITKEN, "SAMUEL WILSON, Mr. Pim's noble and Christian

mode of dealing with the tenantry deserves recognition at home and abroad. He proves himself the genuine patriot by his generous course of action. Few indeed are the landlords who, like Mr. Pim, have the welfare of their tenants at heart. He sets his fellow-landowners an example that they unfortunately refuse to follow. None the less, however, should he be honored. And we feel we do not in the least exaggerate when we affirm that the name of Jonathan Pim will be as dearly remembered by his fellow-countrymen as that of any other patriot who has made sacrifices in other ways for motherland.

ST. BONIFACE.

Monday, July 16th, was the sixtieth anniversary of the arrival of the Catholic missionaries, Bishop Provencher and Father Dumoulin, at Red River. Le Manitoba lately published an interesting article comparing the state of things at St. Boniface at the date of their arrival with the present: "The site of the actual town of St. Boniface is stated to have been then covered with trees of oak, elm, ash, maple, etc. There were no houses, the hunters who camped at Fort Douglas lodging in tents exclusively. The names of the first two permanent settlers are given as Belhumeur and Jolicoeur (French Canadian). Belhumeur's hut, which was of unburnt logs, had neither floor nor windows, and was situated in front of the convent of the Grey Nuns on the bank of the Red River. It was abandoned by the owner a year after it was built, in 1816, and afterwards taken possession of by Madame Jean Baptiste Lagimoniere, who lodged in it with her children for three months. In August, 1818, three weeks after the arrival of the missionaries, the hut became the residence of one Francois Lalonde with his family of twelve children. Jolicoeur's hut was, we are told, situated near the present approach to the St. Boniface bridge, and was of a very primitive style of construction. The third building erected was a dwelling for the missionaries, the site of which has since disappeared by the annual caving in of the river bank. It was in front of the corner of the restoration of the river. Between 1818 and 1826 several houses were built along the river bank, among which was that of Simon Provencher, brother of the bishop, which stood on the present site of the Grand Vatel. Other residents were Regis Larance, one of the sons of Francois Lalonde, a Swiss named Soubraine, one Francois Aly, and one McDonald, who dwelt near the mouth of the Seine River. In 1826, all these houses were carried away by the flood, and the inhabitants, discouraged by a succession of misfortunes, abandoned the Red River and returned some to the United States and others to Canada. The flood of 1826 left standing only the chapel and the residence of Bishop Provencher. The water then rose to the height of 40 feet above the summer level.

Times have indeed changed at Red River since 1818. St. Boniface is now a large and prosperous town, while on the other river bank has, as if by magic, grown the city of Winnipeg. Religion has since that time made marvellous progress in the North West, thanks to the enlightened and unflagging zeal of the Provenchers, Taches, Grandins, Farands, Lacombe, and other apostolic men who have borne the standard of redemption to the furthest West and North. St. Boniface was the first episcopal See established in the North West, and is therefore dear in all its memories and associations to every Catholic heart.

AN ADDRESS TO DR. CROKE.

The city of Limerick did itself honor by presenting His Grace of Cashel with an address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new church of St. Brigid, Sarsfield Rock, Ballyneety, County Limerick. The address, which bears the city seal and the signature of the Mayor and Town Clerk, conveys sentiments held by Irishmen all over the world. The address begins by recalling the days when the heroic Sarsfield by his gallant achievement on the spot where they were assembled formed relations between it and Limerick which are fondly cherished and must last forever with the people of that city. It also touchingly alludes to the time when the struggle for national existence was maintained within their walls, and the Bishop of Limerick and the Bishop of Emly stood side by side in the contest for Faith and Fatherland—as they do to-day—and suffered evils and death for the cause they held sacred.

The address then proceeds: "We deem this opportunity, therefore, suitable to the expression of our deepest interest in the holy ceremony with which your Grace inaugurates the church that will assist in perpetuating the glorious memories of these bygone eras, and for saying also with what sincerity we offer you our love and devotion in congratulating you on the universal approval which hails your noble fulfillment of the mission of our National Faith amongst our countrymen. "The condition of your great Diocese in its comparative freedom from crime is the highest testimony that can be proffered as to the wisdom of your beneficent rule; but, besides, from every part of the globe, wherever a Catholic people are, have come tributes of admiration for the unfinishing patriotism which you have shown in sustaining the efforts of our race to emancipate themselves from the agrarian serfdom under which they so long suffered." His Grace the Archbishop was profoundly moved by this mark of respect from the "City of the violated Treaty," and replied in terms of hearty earnestness. Amongst other things His Grace said: "The last Bishop of Emly fought behind your beleaguered walls side by side with His Lordship of Limerick, just as he who now addresses you, and who claims to be in some sense the successor, however unworthy, of the martyred O'Brien, is to-day fighting the constitutional fight for Faith and Fatherland in line with the gifted, much-loved, and patriotic prelate who, with equal grace and usefulness, now happily presides over the ancient See of St. Munchin. For the kind words spoken by you of myself, and for the public endorsement you are pleased to give to the course which I have pursued in the field of national politics, I am grateful. I desire nothing for this country but peace and harmony. I desire to see many reasons respecting the authority of construction. The third building erected was a dwelling for the missionaries, the site of which has since disappeared by the annual caving in of the river bank. It was in front of the corner of the restoration of the river. Between 1818 and 1826 several houses were built along the river bank, among which was that of Simon Provencher, brother of the bishop, which stood on the present site of the Grand Vatel. Other residents were Regis Larance, one of the sons of Francois Lalonde, a Swiss named Soubraine, one Francois Aly, and one McDonald, who dwelt near the mouth of the Seine River. In 1826, all these houses were carried away by the flood, and the inhabitants, discouraged by a succession of misfortunes, abandoned the Red River and returned some to the United States and others to Canada. The flood of 1826 left standing only the chapel and the residence of Bishop Provencher. The water then rose to the height of 40 feet above the summer level.

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In a previous discourse delivered at the laying of the corner stone Dr. Croke delivered himself of sentiments that deserve remembrance in every Irish heart.

We shall live and die, please God, in the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, ever true to the Apostolic faith and ennobling traditions of our fathers. Attempts, no doubt, have of late been made to make strangers believe that the Irish people are fast falling away from their primitive faith, and that the bond which bound them to the Church of Peter was likely to be loosened ere long, if not entirely dissolved. But, far from that being the fact, it is plainly demonstrable, and, indeed, notoriously true, that at no period in the modern, or perhaps, ancient history of Ireland, were the Irish people more thoroughly and intelligently religious than they are, thank God, to-day. There are more persons approaching the Sacraments in our times in Ireland than at any past period in her annals. Religious communities are being multiplied, confraternities abound, missions are being held for the first time in almost every parish, the feuds and factions which gave an evil notoriety to certain localities have completely ceased, a neighborly spirit has taken the place of these unholy contentions; of secret societies we have absolutely no trace in this extensive Diocese; while crime and outrage were of daily occurrence elsewhere, we altogether exempt from them; and so we are in a position to fling back into the face of our calumniators the false and injurious assertion that we are on the high road to infidelity and soon to make utter shipwreck of the faith. Our forefathers stood many a rude test, and were not found wanting. The confiscations of James and Elizabeth, the sword of Cromwell, the ruthless rapacity of his followers, and the savage legislation of later times were tried on them in vain. We, too, of this generation have had our own burden of affliction to bear. But, though bowed by the weight that oppressed us, we were not disheartened, much less subdued. We struggled manfully for our emancipation both in Church and State, and the whole world knows by this time that we have come out of the contest with credit, and, I might say, with victory. Apostacy, at any rate, has never stained the ecclesiastical annals of Ireland; and I can answer for it that in the Church of St. Brigid, of which the corner-stone was laid to-day, the practice of the ancient faith planted here by St. Patrick shall be none the less fully and fervently carried out."

No man in Ireland is in a better position or has more solid claims to speak on behalf of the Irish race. In the words we have just cited, Dr. Croke portrays the true condition of Ireland in a religious sense. Ireland was never more profoundly Catholic than to-day, nor its people more devotedly attached to the See of Peter. Their attachment to the Apostolic See their enemies would efface, but neither threat nor machination on their part can bring about such a result. The faith of St. Patrick is too lively to be extinguished by the sly devices of heartless minions and selfish calculating politicians.

EDITO... Another in... effects of intemp... Philadelphia. On... a well known citi... hanging himself... about 5 o'clock... work he knocked... failed to awaken... attempted to ope... that the door wa... ricked on the ins... he burst the doo... father hanging... from the bedpost... been dead for tw... the rash act is... — The manage... for boys at Feesh... are completing... United States Gove... about fifty Indis... now on some of... and, as soon as th... fected, will be br... and education... ducted by the... object is to instr... religion, and tea... gauge, and at the... for the Indians in... that there cou... Indian schools if... be had. — The Rev. F... St. Mary's Ch... and the Catho... lic Church at... formed the Sund... congregations the... be allowed to we... attending divine... will be sent hom... lecture to the... fashion of wearin... and said no you... to become a lady... ing her hair. I... ular has been... all the clergy of... attention to the... — France is a... tions! While the... well as the great... there have not b... of a strong rep... Frenchmen for th... sent. It is not l... frequent the c... found there in a... any other coun... comes from all... celebration of th... Sacrament prov... Never have the... by such immens... been the case... Anarchist dist... demeanor of th... ing. — A good sto... American diplom... ing upon the... time ago, she e... calling upon "... novelist. Her... suade her, sayin... lent prejudice a... terred, the fem... the novelist's... "Ouida," who s... I exceedingly di... very much surp... the reply, "for... who read your... — A gratifyin... the Drogheda... 20th. The tra... Nulty, Bishop... from Belfast... precisely as the... from Dublin to... Mr. Parnell ali... to the good Dis... he began his... career. The g... illustrious perso... character. T... until the bell w... his charge, whi... tie Prelate w... mission to... is evidently n... political cour... since he ceased... AN... We beg to... the able paper... from the N... written by M... the British p... depopulation... of Ireland a... charges leve... Goldwin Smi... to our mind... quirements s... such advanta... duction whic... week to subm... We were pl... Saturday from... of P. O'Keefe... who has return... of St. Sulpice... tion.