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BISHOP MACDONELL.

By W. J. Macdonell, Toronto. Reprinted, by consent, from the Weekly Catholic Review.

As has been already stated, the position of the Church in Lower Canada at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, was, to say the least, very peculiar. A brief historical sketch may give our readers a cruder idea of the relations existing between Church and State in the days of their grandfathers. The ruling power strenuously endeavoured to enforce the Ryal supremacy, they refused to the Bishop of Quebec his prerogative, borne as it had been by his predecessors for more than one hundred years. As the parish priests died out it was intended to replace them by Protestant ministers, in short, to make the Church a mere State machine. So sure were these gentlemen of success that a project for letters patent, drawn up during the administration of Governor Craig, contained the following words: "By these presents We constitute and nominate—Our ecclesiastical superintendent for the affairs of Our Church of Rome, in Our Province of Lower Canada, and we authorize the said— and his successors to exercise spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Our said Province, according to law, and we have given and accorded to Our said ecclesiastical superintendent full power and entire authority to confer the order of Deacon and Priest, to institute by himself or his delegate the Priests and Deacons that We shall present and nominate to benefices in the Province with charge of souls."

Strange as it may appear, the Home Government, though not kindly inclined towards the Catholic faith, was disposed to take a more liberal view of colonial affairs. Lord Castlereagh, though very inimical to the Catholic clergy of Ireland, believed it his duty to follow a more conciliatory policy with regard to the clergy of Canada. Commenting upon the Royal Supremacy as against foreign jurisdiction, he wrote: "The Bishop of Quebec is not a foreigner, his clergy are not foreigners, he is the head of a faithful community, he is freely exercised under the faith of Parliament, and he may claim titles and customary dues and exercise all accustomed rights over Catholics. It would seem, therefore, a very delicate undertaking to interfere with the Catholic religion in Quebec or to force the Titular Bishop to drop his titles and act not as Bishop but only as Superintendent." Lord Bunsford, the Colonial Minister, instructed Governor Sherbrooke that the system adopted by British legislation precluded all possibility of supporting Protestants against Roman Catholics in the Province of Lower Canada, assuring him at the same time that the Home Government would not be disposed to attend to the interests and wishes of the Roman Catholics even though the result might be unfavorable to the Protestants, and right understanding with the Church. To obtain this result Governor Sherbrooke proposed to call the Catholic Bishop to the Legislative Council, and accordingly, by mandamus of the 30th April, 1817, Bishop Pleiss was nominated to the Legislative Council, and by the same instrument he was officially recognized by the Prince Regent as Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. The justices entertained in England against the Catholic hierarchy were all estranged that great caution was necessary on the part of the ministry to avoid compromising themselves. Bishop Pleiss was desirous and had obtained permission to clothe his suffragans with the episcopal character, but the ministry had consented only on the express condition that the new Bishops should not be recognized as Bishops by the Government. As one result of these complex and protracted negotiations, Mr. Macdonell was on the 12th January, 1819, nominated Bishop of Resina, i. p. i., and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada, and was consecrated on the 31st of December, 1820, in the Church of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

In 1825, Bishop Macdonell returned to England for two principal objects,—to obtain assistance in his laborious duties, and to induce the Home Government to withdraw its opposition to the appointment of Bishops in Canada. He succeeded in both instances and returned to Canada in 1826. In this same year the Rev. Wm. Peter Macdonell, for twenty years Vicar-General and well known throughout the Province, came to Canada to take charge of the Bishop's intended seminary for ecclesiastics at St. Raphael's. Mr. Macdonell was born in the parish of Edinburgh, West Lothian, Scotland, on the 25th March, 1771. He was educated at the College of St. Andrew's, where for twelve years he discharged the laborious and humble duties of a missionary priest. About the year 1801, the British Cabinet, having formed the project of conveying Ferdinand VII from Bayona, Mr. Macdonell was recommended as a fit person to be employed in that enterprise, particularly as he had perfect mastery of the French and Spanish languages. He accordingly proceeded on his mission, and cruised off Quebec for some time; but in consequence of information received by the French Directory, the project of the British Government was abandoned. Mr. Macdonell was afterwards employed on the English embassy in Spain for four years, after which he was appointed a chaplain in the regular army. He was a thorough scholar and a polished gentleman. In 1820 he published the "Catholic" newspaper at Kingston, and resumed it at Hamilton from 1841 to 1844. Possessed of a refined poetic taste, he left many pleasing productions of his pious muse, most of which are still in manuscript. Universally respected, he died at St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, on Good Friday, April 26, 1847, and was buried in the cathedral on the Gospel side of the choir. The writer was honored by the special confidence of Mr. W. P. Macdonell, and carefully preserved to this day many letters written by that accomplished gentleman. We may have occasion to refer to him again in the course of this narrative.

very modest affair, but it had the honor to produce some of the most efficient missionaries of the time, among whom may be mentioned Rev. George Hay, of St. Andrew's, Rev. Michael Brennan, of Belleville, and Rev. Edward Gordon of Hamilton. Nature had furnished Father Hay with an extra little finger on each hand, which were amputated prior to his ordination. Orléans, Mr. Lessinier, of Montreal Seminary, is reported to have said of Mr. Hay, "He is a good boy, but he will never sing Mass." Singing was, in fact, a rare accomplishment among our early Scottish and Irish missionaries. Fifty years ago High Mass, unless sung by a French priest, with an extemporized choir, was seldom heard in Upper Canada. Clergy and people contented themselves with the essentials of Divine worship, the accessories being in most cases utterly unobtainable. About the year 1832, a few young people undertook to sing some simple pieces during the celebration of Low Mass in St. Paul's, York. The bishop was much pleased, and thought the music "too short." The bishop himself always said Low Mass, and never attempted to sing, not even the ordinary Epistles and Gospels. "For six months, but after my teacher got his money he discovered I had no voice."

Upper Canada was erected into a bishopric by Leo XII, on the 14th of February, 1826, and Bishop Macdonell appointed first bishop under the title of Regopolis, or Kingston. His diocese comprised the present Province of Ontario, and has since been subdivided into the dioceses of Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Pembroke and Peterborough.

Advancing age and increased responsibility forced the Bishop to apply for a coadjutor, and Mr. Thomas Well, a descendant of one of the oldest Catholic families of England, who, on the death of his wife, had taken orders, was selected and consecrated Bishop of Amyela and coadjutor of Upper Canada on the 6th of August, 1826. By the advice of his friends and medical advisers Bishop Well remained some years in England and afterwards went to Rome, where, in March, 1830, he was nominated Cardinal by Pius VIII. Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C., in his explanation of the ceremonies of the mass, published at Rome in 1833, and dedicated to Cardinal Well, thus apostrophizes his Eminence: "Other circumstances add much to the gratification which I have thus experienced; that, in the Cardinal who to-day labors for the progress of religion in the United States, I recognize the ecclésiote who nearly forty years ago in the chapel of his family castle bore the center of the consecration of the first prelate of the American Hierarchy. Yes, my Lord Cardinal, it is to me a great consolation as a member of the August Seminary of our Church, who, contemplating even as a youth the fidelity of ancestors, that through a desolating persecution of centuries had preserved their faith uncontaminated, himself officiated at the consecration of John Carroll, the Patriot, the Missionary, the Prelate, the Metropolitan, the Sage, and I trust the Saint."

The Presbytery and great church of St. Raphael were built in anticipation of the arrival of Bishop Well, but although always fully intending to go to America, he closed his days at Rome, on the 10th of April, 1837. His funeral discourse was pronounced by D. Uctor, (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, Rector of the English College at Rome. Bishop Macdonell obtained many favours from the Holy Father, through the influence of his intended coadjutor. Desirous of strengthening the bond between the churches of Lower Canada and Upper Canada, Bishop Macdonell obtained from the Holy Father, on the 30th of June, 1837, and consecrated Bishop of Tabarca, 20th October, 1833, with right of succession to Kingston, which title he obtained on the death of Bishop Macdonell. The burden proved too much for his strength and obliged him, after an Episcopate of eight years, to retire to his native Province. He died at St. Pilonne, 28th May, 1857, and was buried in the Cathedral of Kingston, on the 13th of the same month. Bishop Phelan, who had been Administrator for 15 years, succeeded to the title, and retained it only one month. He died on the 6th of June, 1857.

After Bishop Macdonell's last return from Europe, he resided for some years in York, in the house still standing on the South East corner of Jarvis, (then Nelson) and Duchess streets. His private chapel, the renowned "soap kitchen," a large frame building, was near by opposite, and was removed a few years ago. The Bishop went to Kingston about the year 1836, and resided there during the remainder of his stay in Canada.

Colonel W. L. Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, who visited Montreal in 1836 to investigate and exp. as the monstrous fabrications of the notorious Maria Monk, tells us in his report that he was introduced at the Seminary by many of the clergy and some of the dignitaries of the Church, among whom were the Lord Bishop Macdonell of Upper Canada, and the Bishop of Red River (Provencher). Bishop Macdonell is a Scotch gentleman of the old school, affable, intelligent, and, for a Catholic, not intolerant. He allows his people to read the Bible, and gives away all that he can obtain for that object. In passing down the St. Lawrence with him to Quebec I found him to be a most agreeable travelling companion. This trip to Quebec is one of the writer's memorabilia as may appear from the sequel. As regards the Bishop's Bible distributing proclivities the writer cannot speak decisively, but so long ago as 1790, there being then a great demand among the Scottish people for an English version of the Holy Scriptures, Bishop Hay caused a large edition to be printed, several copies of which were brought to Canada by Bishop Macdonell. This edition was contained in four volumes, ending with the Old Testament and including the intention being to print the New Testament at some subsequent time. Sets of this edition are now rare; the writer's copy was printed at Edinburgh in 1805. Colonel Stone says that "for a Catholic, Bishop Macdonell was not intolerant." The writer was in the old house in Kingston built years ago by "Priest Frazer," and subsequently occupied as a convent. Being summer time the window was open just across the street a meeting was being held by some religionists who were evidently believers in the colored brother's version of the Lord's Prayer, "Holla!" he by singing, praying, shouting and preaching going on at the same time. The Bishop sat with his hands clasped and eyes closed, apparently in a daze; presently turning to the writer "Mr. William," said he, "perhaps those people have some merit." "Can't say, my Lord, perhaps they have," was the wise reply. "Ah," rejoined he, "your friend the Vicar-General remarks that a thorough scholar and learned gentleman, and in all social relations the pink of courtesy, but in controversial matters he was a tartar, a living embodiment of the national motto, nemo impune loquitur. In 1834 the Hon. J. J. Emsley became a convert to the Catholic Church, and published a little book giving his reasons. His former pastor, the Ven. Archbishop S. Ratchin, came out openly on the other side with a pamphlet and a second bound copy of his production to his old friend the Bishop. The Vicar General then living at Kingston, lived out once, and in spite of the Bishop's remonstrances published "Remarks on the Eucharist," effectually disposing of his old school fellow, the Rev. Dr. in fact "overthrowing him as completely as a pebble from a catapult down the river from the wall on the bank of the river." The worthy ex-dominé said he had exclaimed, "It's all right, diamond cut diamond, Scotchman against Scotchman." The controversy went no further.

In 1836 the writer was in the office of his brother-in-law, the late Henry Jones, of Brockville, and being granted a holiday, availed himself of the opportunity to make his first visit to Quebec. Passing down the river from Montreal, in the steamer "Canadian Eagle," he noticed an elderly gentleman in the garb of a bishop, sitting on the starboard side of the promenade deck, and whom he recognized as the prelate who had that morning said mass in the parish church of Notre Dame, on which occasion the six big candles on the high altar were lighted, much to the writer's wonderment, being about the first he had seen such a thing done at low mass. At no time remarkable for politeness or civility of manner, the writer walked up and abruptly asked, "Are you Bishop Macdonell?" "My name is Macdonell," was the reply. "Who are you?" The Bishop being well acquainted with the writer's family the introduction was soon effected, and a friendship commenced which lasted during the remainder of our brief acquaintance.

The Bishop was a thorough Highlander, and did not relish remarks which seemed to reflect on the manners and customs of his countrymen. The writer one day gave him an unasked opinion that oatmeal was not wholesome, inasmuch as he had known several young fellows brought up on that diet whose skins were very rough. The Bishop replied rather curtly, "You don't know what you are talking about." On another occasion the writer was reading Bercelet's "History of the Church" and an account of the hardships undergone by the missionaries, sent by St. Vincent de Paul to keep alive the faith in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The historian states that the missionaries frequently passed several days without food, and at the end of that time their only refreshment was oatmeal cakes or barley bread with water or whisky. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Bishop, "I think they fared very well." Although the Bishop "had no voice," he was fond of the national music. A grand dinner was given at the old British American Hotel, Kingston, to Sir James Macdonell, the "hero of Hongkong." The whole town attended. The Bishop was chairman. A regimental piper in the "garb of old Gaul," with his piper in full dress, headed with a bag and former button, and a Scotchman, a bit of a wag, declared that every time the piper passed behind the bishop, the latter inclined his head to one side, that his ears might be tickled by the strings and tassels of the passing pipes.

Ordained priest at Valladolid, on the 16th of February, 1787, Bishop Macdonell kept his jubilee on the 10th of February, 1837. The following interesting account is taken from the papers of the day: "A day to be remembered by the Scotch people of the Parish Church of St. Raphael, Glasgow, which drew a crowd of more than 2000 persons into that sacred edifice. It is a custom of great antiquity in the Catholic Church for a clergyman on completing his 50th year of priesthood, to celebrate a jubilee of thanksgiving to God and renew vows to continue in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties for the remainder of his life. Bishop Macdonell having on this occasion completed the 50th year of his priesthood, came down from Kingston for the purpose of complying with this ancient ordinance of his Church. The Superior and gentlemen of the Seminary of Montreal expressed an earnest desire that the ceremony should be performed in the magnificent parish Church of that city; but the Bishop found it more in accordance with his own feelings, as his country would be most gratified by his countrymen and former flock, among whom he had spent upwards of thirty years in the discharge of the duties of an apostolic missionary, to appear before them on this occasion, which would probably be the last in his life. The Bishop of Montreal and many of the clergy of Lower Canada who wished to be present were prevented by the depth of the snow and the severity of the weather. Nineteen priests, however, attended, and all the Protestant and Catholic gentlemen of the country, besides several from the County of Stormont, the Ottawa district. Many of these latter gentlemen were also Protestants, but their long acquaintance and high respect for Bishop Macdonell induced them to travel more than 50 miles across the country in the most severe season that has been known for many years. The Bishop addressed his countrymen before Mass in Gaelic, their native tongue; he called on their recollection the mission and indeed the whole Province in regard to religion on his arrival in the country in 1804, there being no clergy, no churches, no parishes, no schools; and what rendered

the labour of a missionary more arduous, no roads. His pastoral labours were not confined to the County of Glengarry; they extended from one end of the Province to the other, and for many years he had no fellow-labourer to assist him within a distance of seven hundred miles. Under such overwhelming difficulties, he had much reason to acknowledge and to thank the merciful Providence of Almighty God for making him, although unworthy, the humble instrument of procuring for them the many temporal and spiritual advantages which they at present enjoy. He trusted that they would pay proper respect and submission to his worthy coadjutor, the Bishop of Tabarca, whose ardent zeal to promote the glory of God and the interests of the Catholic religion had induced him to leave a quiet and comfortable position, where he was respected and beloved among his own countrymen, to encounter privations, fatigues and difficulties in this Province, in order that they should have of appearing before them in this world, Bishop Macdonell begged their forgiveness for any bad example he had given them and for any neglect or omission of his duty during his ministry among them for so many years; trusting much to their prayers and supplications to the Throne of Mercy on his behalf, to enable him to prepare his long and fearful account against the great and awful day of reckoning, which, in the course of nature, could not be far distant; and he promised them that he would never cease to offer up his unworthy prayers for their spiritual and temporal welfare. Tesis flowed in abundance from the eyes of both the Bishop and his hearers during his short but affecting discourse. After Mass, the Vicar General Macdonald delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon, and the ceremony being finished, the clergy and many of the gentlemen repaired to the presbytery, where all the clergy and such of the gentlemen as could be prevailed upon to remain had a comfortable dinner prepared for them by the coadjutor.

1837 and 1838, being the years of the so-called "retention," witnessed stirring events in Upper Canada. In April, 1838, the writer removed from Brockville to Kingston, to take charge of the forwarding and commission business of H. & S. Jones, in his time one of the best known firms in Canada. His residence in Kingston brought him in frequent contact with the Bishop; and during that time he learned most of the matters referred to in this imperfect sketch. He well remembers the excitement attending the arrival in Kingston, in November 1838, of the first contingent of the "Sympathizers" at the windmill below Prescott. All the regular troops in garrison were sent off to dislodge the many people thought this a very injudicious measure, it being supposed that the landing below Prescott was simply a feint to draw the troops from Kingston, and thereby facilitate a descent on the latter place. Many a nervous citizen felt his "heart sick into his boots" when, on the following day, he found that garrison duty had been entrusted to the Frontenac Militia, popularly known as the "Bloody Furies," instead of the gallant regulars, who were supposed to be invincible. The excitement became almost consternation when, without a word of explanation, the regular troops were all brought back again. The only way of communication being by water, or by the ordinary land carriage. It soon transpired that the return of the troops was caused by the want of ordnance of sufficient calibre to dislodge from the stronghold the "sympathizers" or "rebels," or "patriots," as the invaders were indiscriminately called. Guns of proper weight having been obtained, the troops returned to the attack and made their way into the empty mill, where the work of the mill was being performed, who were brought prisoners to Kingston, led by torch light along the front street, between nine and ten in the evening, and over Cataragui Bridge to their quarters in the casemates of Fort Henry; all the loose population of the town, as usual on such occasions, roared and shouted at their heels. It was stated at the time that, during the absence of the regulars, Bishop Macdonell had charge of the garrison. However that may be, it is certain the clergy were soon called upon to perform a most painful duty. Some of the invaders, notably their leader, Von Shoultz, were Catholics; others joined the Church after receiving proper instruction; the priests were expected to attend the sheriff in his visits to Fort Henry, to select some of the prisoners as had been doomed to the last penalty. At such times the scene was most heartrending, no one but the Irish could gain anything when the lot would fall. Sheriff Macdonell was obliged to witness in a trying scene he was obliged to witness in the discharge of his duty.

Von Shoultz was hanged on the gallows of Fort Henry, directly opposite the writer's window. The gallows tree was plainly visible, but, having no taste for such sights, the writer took care to be absent at the time of execution. No doubt the "sympathizers" were misled; they expected the Canadians would rise en masse and join them. Their execution seems to many people of the present day a species of wanton cruelty, but had these good folks lived fifty years ago they might, perhaps, have thought differently. TO BE CONTINUED.

A Graveyard Controversy. The short, dry, hacking cough, which announces the approach of consumption, has been aptly termed a graveyard cough. The patient great, and near at hand, but it can be surely averted with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a potent remedy, without a peer for pulmonary troubles and their affections, and for all ailments which, like consumption, have a scrofulous origin, and also for eruptions and rashes, indicating impurity of the blood. Druggists sell it.

Pope & Whiteau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: "We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. We care for you to numbers that have used it for diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success."

HOW LONG!

United Ireland, Oct. 25. The "Irish question" has resolved itself at last into one great query, How long can Coercion last? How long can Home Rule be possibly be delayed? No one doubts now that Coercion has hopelessly and finally broken down or that Home Rule is inevitable. There is very little room for discussion either as to the form of Home Rule. It is now altogether a question of time. The Liberal Unionists no longer count in the controversy. The issue is clear. The battle is between the Liberals and the Tories. The Liberal Unionists are tottering on their last legs. The Coercionists entered on their task with high hopes. They would not be persuaded that it was difficult, far less impossible. Eighty-six previous failures under far more favorable circumstances had no meaning for them. They would not take the word of dignified Dame Victoria on the subject, and so scoured the lesson into them with a tempered rod. We doubt if in the whole world's history there is an instance of more prompt or more ardent failure. From week to week fiasco followed fiasco with such rapidity that the language of ridicule is exhausted. Cromwell came back last week. The "Forger" had dragged him from the seaside to the Castle as a termagant might lead a tramp by the ear to school. We were trotted all sorts of vague terrors when he came. "New vigour," we were told, oraciously, "was to be infused into every branch of the administration." Of course he had to do something for his money. What has he done? He has carried out half a dozen brutal evictions for the Most Vile the Marquis of Clanricarde, and so brought up the English indignation, to which he has imprisoned twelve dozen little girls here and there under the Coercion Act; and he has attempted to privately bully some news-agents through the country into discouraging the National newspapers, which he dare not himself suppress. We can make allowances for "our Private Secretary." His self-love, we have reason to know, was grievously wounded by the cartoon with which we welcomed him to Dublin, and this is the form his revenge takes. But is it not a little bit too shabby even for him? Our cartoons are openly displayed before our own eyes-door in the heart of the city and the police who kindly watch our premises day and night view them with the broad grin of undigested amusement, which proves the sense of humor is still extant in the village ruffian, in an alarm attempt to bully the news-agents to boycott the paper. This is the new Cromwell's notion of thoroughness; this is a fair specimen of the firm and fearless policy that is to reduce Ireland to subjection. We doubt if any two speeches ever excited more universal amusement than Mr. Goschen's extravaganza and Lord Randolph's extravaganza. Lord Randolph's extravaganza we strongly suspect was a deliberate burlesque of the rival Chancellor of the Exchequer. No one took either of these speeches seriously. The praise was set down, not as the extravagance of flattery, but the bitterness of irony. The three kingdoms have recognized by this who, doubtless, chuckle with Dr. Patton over the brutal maltreatment of Lady Anne Blunt by the police. We must remember that with no provocation in the world she was seized by the throat and lung fainting from the platform to the ground. This is the way the editor of the Express congratulates the constables on their civility.

SIR WILFRID BLUNT.

United Ireland, Oct. 29. The Woodford incident is especially embarrassing. It was an English gentleman that was bludgeoned and imprisoned; it was an English lady who was half strangled and stretched fainting on the ground; it was an English clergyman that was treated to the baton; it was the meeting of an English political association that was broken up by that infamous police charge. Their common crime was that they were anxious to hold an orderly meeting to condemn the brutality of the Most Vile the Marquis of Clanricarde, and to express their sympathy with his miserable victims. For this offence they were treated with a reckless savagery that the police would neither desire nor dare to use to the commonest criminals in England. It will be very hard to persuade the dull voter in England that this is not coercion, but merely the mild administration of equal laws. All the common place clap trap of the coercionists falls here. The Irish priests and members of Parliament are, of course, mere mercenary agitators, anxious only to earn American wages by outrage and murder. The tenants are well-to-do rogues. But what about Mr. Wilfred Blunt? What about Lady Anne Blunt? Did the wealthy English gentlemen, did the gentle English lady go to Woodford in quest of American dollars? Even the vilest coercionist will be at a loss to find sordid suggestions to defame the purity of the noble sympathy that led them to the remote Western village, at their own imminent peril, to stand between the oppressor and the oppressed. The sturdy and resolute Englishman and his gentle but undaunted wife are of the stuff of which hero and heroine are made. We can scarcely fancy a nature so vile as to withhold its admiration of their gallantry. It was no slight danger they braved at Woodford. The bloody order of Plunkett, "don't hesitate to shoot," was still in force. It had received the sanction and benediction of Blount. Mr. Blunt showed himself impervious to the danger that threatened; still more marvellous was the heroism of his wife in the sacred cause of pity. She stood by her husband's side with a courage equal to his own, and never for one moment blanched amid that fierce orgie of licensed outrage. It was not for their own people they thus deepened danger and suffered violence. "One touch of nature makes the whole world akin." The voice of suffering humanity in Ireland cried aloud to their noble English sympathy, and met with a fearless and fervid response. Oud most our Irish hearts be and false our tongues when we fail to remember or proclaim our gratitude.

We would wish that for once in a way we could give the Daily Express a circulation beyond the limited circle of brutalized rack renters who read it, and who, doubtless, chuckle with Dr. Patton over the brutal maltreatment of Lady Anne Blunt by the police. We must remember that with no provocation in the world she was seized by the throat and lung fainting from the platform to the ground. This is the way the editor of the Express congratulates the constables on their civility. "Nor is much consideration due to the ladies who accompany them and endeavor to invest with a romantic interest a cause which is stained with guilt. If ladies act in a manner unbecoming their sex and rank, they are not to be pitied if they experience any unpleasant consequences from the risk to which they expose themselves. It is not to be expected that in the excitement and confusion of a violent scene the police can be very discriminating, and it is to be very discriminating as Lady Blunt from any common virago who may boot and stone them." What contemptible curs those Coercionists are to be sure. We have over, and will ever, denounce Moonlight outrages with all the strength left us. But we deny that Moonlighting is one whit more degrading to our common humanity than the conduct of the police at Woodford. Yet this fellow, Patton, who telegraphs his hypocritical horror all over the world as a new kind of line if Moonlighting cut off a woman's hair, chuckles and rabs his hands with unctuous satisfaction when the police ally but murder a gentle hearted English lady who dares show by her presence her compassion for the miserable tenants of Lord Clanricarde. That one paragraph from the Express, scattered broadcast through England, would do more than a thousand denunciations to open the eyes of the English nation to the real character of the cruel and cowardly of the Irish peasants. O second thoughts, we would not have the leader more widely published. For the credit of the country we are willing that the foul phrases should die in foul columns in which they were born.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any attention to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from a torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to the improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to its normal condition.

A Significant Fact.

The worn out, waste and poisonous matter in the system can't escape through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin, or serious disease results. B. B. B. opens these natural outlets to remove disease.

Mr. H. M. Caw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.—Heating, soothing and cleansing for all eruptive diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use.

Babies and children. They are always eating cod in the head. Place a small quantity of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night, also rub well over the bridge of the nose and let us know how they are in the morning.