

THE WELL'S SECRET.

BY JOHN ROYCE O'NEILL.

I knew it all my boyhood: in a jonesome valley meadow, like a dry-draw mirror, hidden by the wood's dim arches...

More Alleged Apparitions.

MANIFESTATIONS AT BALLYRAGGET, KNOCKMORE AND KILMALLOCK.

Extraordinary Testimony of Witnesses

ALLEGED MIRACULOUS CURES.

BOG CHAPEL, KILMALLOCK.

The following is an abridgement of a report furnished by a correspondent of the Cork Herald, under date of Kilmallock, Thursday night—

Strange apparitions and lights are said to have been seen in the little country chapel about three miles from here on the Knocking road. The little edifice is a plain square building, devoid of architectural beauty.

Mr. John Hennessy, assistant National School teacher, stated on Friday night I was in the chapel when I heard an uproar. I hastened up through the centre of the aisle.

Mr. James O'Brien, a respectable shopkeeper at Kilmallock, states—About eleven o'clock on Sunday I was quite near the altar rails, and saw three distinct stars near the tabernacle.

Several other persons could, I was assured, verify the truth of these statements. We take the following regarding the Bog Chapel manifestations from the Cork Herald of Monday—

been cut off with hatchets and saws and taken away by the people visiting the place.

KNOCKMORE.

A special telegram to the Freeman, dated Ballina, Friday, says:— Since Sunday last people have been flocking in thousands to the chapel of Knockmore, within five miles of Ballina, where, it is alleged, the most wonderful spiritual manifestations have taken place, and are nightly recurring.

Another Freeman correspondent, writing from Ballina, on Monday, with reference to the reported apparitions at Knockmore says:— Nightly numbers of persons present protest that they see the strangest things, and will when questioned give a most minute description of the figures.

A correspondent of the Freeman writes as follows concerning apparitions reported to have been seen at the church of Ballyragget, county Wick:— Since the Feast of the Nativity on Wednesday last the holy manifestations in this church have assumed a most wonderful form.

For cleansing the system of all morbid matter and warding off disease, no medicine possesses such efficacy as Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. A woman accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy.

nated to the cross, and His persecutors were going away when one of them returned, grinning in a horrid way, and drove his spear through the Saviour's side. On Saturday night, in addition to the foregoing, they saw His persecutors nail Him to the cross, and soon after they saw two men removing the nails that held His hands, and when they did so the sacred body fell into the arms of a female figure (supposed from their description of it to be Mary Magdalen), where it remained until the nail which held His feet was removed; and afterwards they saw the Sacred Body lying in the Blessed Virgin's arms.

THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.

A writer in the Canadian Spectator throws discredit on the exhibition of musical instruments at Montreal, ridicules the judges, sneers at the stately Weber piano for appearing in such company, and sarcastically asks why the piano of Decker, Steinway and Chickering did not put in an appearance, whereupon an "exhibitor" goes for him and the pianos, whose absence he deplures, in the following lively style.

"EXHIBITION NOTES."

To the Musical Editor of the Canadian Spectator:— Under the above heading a very severe, and to my mind, unjust criticism on the musical portion of our exhibition appears in the musical column of last week's Spectator. In this article an attempt is made, evidently by a non-exhibitor, to throw contempt and ridicule upon those of our Canadian manufacturers and dealers in musical instruments, who, at great personal expense and sacrifice of time, did what they could to further the success of our national exhibition.

It is well known to the piano trade that two of the piano makers whose absence is thought to be so unfortunate for our exhibition, have, up to a few years ago, been the most constant and inveterate exhibitors, not only in this country, but in Europe. For the Decker piano it does not make much difference. Its agency was held here for many years without our ever having heard of its superlative qualities, and had Mr. Nordheimer not resumed the control of the Steinway and Chickering, we would not have heard of it today.

Some four years ago was held in the city of Philadelphia an exhibition, at which all the giants of the piano trade met in competition, and there for the first time in the history of exhibitions appeared Albert Weber, of New York. Hitherto his instruments had been known only as the Artistic Pianos, the favorite instrument of the leading musicians and vocalists, and of the New York aristocracy. He did not go to Philadelphia to contend with the pianos of Decker; he (Decker) was not even thought of, nor Chickering, nor Knabe, nor any other of that class.

The above are some of the reasons which may explain the absence of these once leading pianos, not only from exhibitions, but also from the concert-halls and music conservatories—for years past the leading musicians, as a rule, use only the Weber Pianos.

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland

Continued from first page.

The first invasion of Caledonia by the Romans took place one hundred years after their descent upon Southern Britain, and fifty years after the commencement of the Christian era. Of course, there were Christians among the Roman soldiery, who introduced some knowledge of Christianity into Caledonia. Tacitus mentions a noble lady, Pomponia, who lived in Britain and was devoted to what he calls the "Foreign Superstition." But, all statements which bear upon an active propagandism must be considered somewhat legendary, not furnishing sufficient data for historical disquisition.

In the fourth century, St. Regulus, a bishop of Achaia, left his native land, Greece, with a few companions, in consequence of a supernatural direction he received, to go to the extreme limit of the known world and preach the Gospel. He carried with him important relics of St. Andrew, over which a noble church was built, where the present city of St. Andrews stands. The shrine became so famous that St. Andrew was chosen Patron Saint of Scotland, and the city itself became the ecclesiastical capital of the country.

The next great figure that appears in the dawn of Christianity in Scotland is St. Ninian. He was of the Scots of Galloway, born in 360. For thirty-five years as missionary and bishop he exercised an immense influence upon his time. He brought thousands to a knowledge of Catholic truth, and built up the kingdom of Jesus Christ in many a darkened soul. His episcopal see was Galloway, and there he built a monastery, called Candida Casa, or Whitehouse, which became the centre of an admirable missionary system for his fellow-countrymen and a large portion of the Southern Picts.

During all the Catholic ages of Scotland the name of St. Ninian was held in veneration by the Scottish people. Poetry enshrined him in the hearts of the nation, while eloquent tongues spoke his praise. His chapel, shrines and wells have long been a hillside and sacred to the people. The influence of his transcendent virtue was felt centuries after the holy benefactor of his people had passed from earth, and the prayers of grateful hearts clustered upon the tomb which held the sacred dust of a true lover of the souls of men!

St. Kentigern, or Mungo, did great things for the cause of God and His holy Church in his day. He erected churches and monasteries, travelled far and wide on foot, baptised multitudes, and added his portion to those Christian elements which the illustrious monastic hero of the west was to gather together into a solid and compact church which should never more entirely disappear from Scotland.

The queen Gadyan received from her royal husband a beautiful ring as a token of affection. Unfortunately her majesty, and it is the only instance we have ever read or heard of in which ladies were guilty of such a thing, was given to gadding abroad and to gossip. Whether she morally wandered or not I won't say. Montalembert's version of the story is not over-charitable, and her remote majesty, let us be charitable, and stand by the story which says, the queen dropped her ring into the Clyde. I suppose her husband had fitted the ornament to his own uncouth finger before he presented it to his wife, which will reasonably account for the facility with which it slipped from the lady's digit into the river.

Several other holy men, St. Servanus, St. Fergus, etc., labored in the good cause in former days, and saved innumerable souls from heavy damnation. But still the great impulse of Scotland's conversion was to come from a stranger to the land, an exile from his father's house.

Columba, called by posterity Columbkille, that is, the Dove of the Cells, was born at Gartan, county of Donegal, on the 7th of December, 521. He was one of the illustrious Hy-Niall race, and has descended from one of the eight sons of the great monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages.

born 7th December, 521. St. Columbanus was born the year the admirable Patriarch of Monasticon in the western church, St. Benedict, died. Beautiful legends hover over the youth of St. Columbkille, as if the supernatural became part of his ordinary life, to prophesy the sublime career of that chosen soul. Before his birth his mother dreamt that an angel came to her bringing a veil covered with exquisite flowers and charming variety of colors. Immediately after she saw the veil carried away and spreading as it went, covered mountain, forest and vale. Then the angel said:—"Thou art about to become the mother of a son, who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be numbered among the prophets of God, and who shall load innumerable souls to the celestial kingdom."

(To be Continued.)

IRISH POLITICAL LEADERS.

Continued from first page.

"Well, in the first place," he answered, "I suppose because nobody else did, and next because I hold that there cannot be a real National life in a country whose chief class are kept little better than serfs."

"Then a political idea underlies your advocacy of the land measure?"

"Social and political measures," said Mr. Parnell, "are often closely allied. We cut the rope nearest the throat."

"Do the priests and Nationalists, as a class, although they so widely differ in other respects, unite in opposing the Land League?" I have read that statement, but I have never yet happened to meet a priest, and only two Nationalists, who opposed the movement. But do they as a rule?"

"Indeed they do not," replied Mr. Parnell. "I should despair of Ireland if the two most active forces of the country arrayed themselves against a movement like ours. Individual priests may have condemned chance indiscretions, and individual Nationalists have protested that we should lie by while preparations are being made to cope with the English by physical force, but that is all. Every one is welcome to his opinion about the movement, and to express it."

"Well," I repeated, "active efforts have certainly been made to spread the opinions I referred to."

"Well," replied Mr. Parnell, "a question that couples the priests and the Nationalists is, to say the least, inconvenient. Let me first explain the position of the clergy. Politics is not their concern, but they must be interested in anything that affects the welfare of their flocks. In one place they support the movement actively, in another passively, and perhaps in a third quarter apostasy has been due mainly to local misunderstandings, and I think it is passing away. We have to thank the Archbishop of Cashel for a great deal. A rebuke from him to the cry of Nihilism and Communism, raised by two of his brethren of lesser standing, will not soon be forgotten by the people."

"Is it true that the British ambassador at Rome endeavors to have influence brought to bear on the Irish hierarchy?"

"I do not know. It has often been charged and might explain some of the pronouncements we have had. I thought myself that O'Connell had crushed that out, but while I was in America one of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries told me that the pressure of British diplomacy had been unceasingly used to influence the American bishops against us."

"The English Government," I remarked, "mistake their men when they imagined that they could make English tools out of American Republicans. I don't think England has one friend among the Catholic hierarchy or priesthood of America. Certainly, I never heard of one."

"They won't find Irish ecclesiastics more pliable," said Mr. Parnell. "The attitude of a man of Dr. Croke's eminence and experience is a tower of strength to our cause."

"Then, Mr. Parnell, have you opposed the priests?"

"I am afraid we are getting on delicate ground," said Mr. Parnell. "There can be no principle of opposition between the Irish people and a patriotic body of men like the clergy of Ireland. I cannot better illustrate this than by mentioning that at my last election for Meath, his lordship, Dr. Nulty, instituted a collection at all the churches to defray the expenses of my contest. It is true that in two or three constituencies in all Ireland the supporters of my policy at the late elections had not their countenance, and we fought the issue out and are none the worse friends."

"I suppose," interrupted a gentleman present at this interview, "you consider yourself a better judge of the kind of man most likely to make a good member than even the priests are?"

"Well," said Mr. Parnell, "it has not come within the province of some of the distinguished persons who opposed us often to spend their nights in the House of Commons, and of course, difference will arise. When, however, it happens that there is a matter in which an opinion which circumstances render weightier than that of a mere layman, I have gladly surrendered my own views on a question of policy."

"I didn't quite understand this answer, and I asked Mr. Parnell—'How have you done so?'"

"Well, in the recess of last year, for instance, the Tory Government led people to believe that they intended to give us a Catholic University for Ireland. I placed no confidence in these rumors. The session opened, and then we were blandly told that there was no such intention. At once Biggar and myself began to interest ourselves in Government business. We blocked and hampered them seriously, and after some time a private Irish member having introduced a University Bill of his own, the Government, to buy us off again, spread reports that they would accept this bill. I did not believe them; but understanding that Dr. McCabe, the Archbishop of Dublin, and other members, favored it, I determined to suspend our labors in order not to give the Government any excuse until their intentions were proven. To resist temptation I actually went quietly home to Wicklow for several weeks, giving up our entire policy, relinquishing the advantage we had secured by previous action that session for the sake of a deceptive ministerial engagement which I never trust."

"The politicians humbugged the churchman, I suppose?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Parnell, "the Tories were only laughing in their sleeves at us, and politely refused to accept our little Bill when it came on. They had got a big pull over us in advancing business during our long absence; but we set to work once more and pressed them so hard that, towards the end of the session, they actually ate their own words and brought in a University measure themselves."

"That was quite a triumph for you!"

the Catholics of Ireland who had been claiming an endowment for themselves for a generation should tamely accept it. I protested, and endeavored to get the leader of the party Mr. Shaw, and the wretched set of members then composing it, to insist on something better; but the word was passed that the hierarchy was satisfied to have a long-vested question settled on that basis and though I felt certain that a little firmness would have extracted numberless concessions, I let the business slide."

"You think the Catholics should not have allowed the question to be settled in that way?"

"Why," said Mr. Parnell, "if they had held out six months longer they would at least have had a liberal government in office to deal with it. After maintaining a No-Surrender policy for a quarter of a century, I don't think they chose the 'psychological moment' to close the fight—that's all."

"You claim, then, Mr. Parnell, to be in general harmony with the clergy, but hold that on questions affecting Parliamentary practice, and the type of representatives to work out a policy, you are a better judge?" asked an English gentleman who was with us.

"I think," answered Mr. Parnell, "that any earnest member who knows the House of Commons can arrive at a better decision on political matters affecting it than those who have not had the same experience."

"Well—as to the Nationalists?"

"They are a body of men," said Mr. Parnell, "whose earnestness and readiness for sacrifice I have always respected. There is no conflict between us, and we travel on different roads. Some interested persons may, it is true, try to spread the idea that there should be no other popular movement in Ireland except theirs, but I feel sure that the vast majority of the party would prefer to use their energies fighting England instead of quarrelling with us."

"Had you their support at the elections?"

"I should not suppose," said Mr. Parnell, "that, officially, as an organization, any action was taken, but individual Nationalists would naturally join in against the landlords and the Whigs."

"I believe you were elected for three places—one in each Province; by the way, why did you prefer to sit for Cork?"

"It would be the largest seat to hold," said Mr. Parnell, "for our party if I gave it up, Mayo, for which I was also returned, is one of the stoniest constituencies. Meath was the place which first returned me and gave me an opportunity of doing something in public life, and it was with the greatest reluctance that I severed an association which I should always desire to retain. An extended franchise in Cork would enable any one to hold that seat and my friends in Meath have urged me not to close my connection with the county altogether."

Here the ringing of the division bell called Mr. Parnell away.

JAMES REDPATH.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., PUBLISHERS, 10 SPRING STREET, New York.—We have received a copy of this excellent work. The volume is of great value not only to all connected with newspapers but to the advertising public. Evidently, very great care has been taken in its compilation and the result is an immense amount of thoroughly reliable information given in so concise and intelligible a form, as to be comprehensible at the first glance. The book, which is admirably printed and bound, may fairly take rank as a standard work of its kind.

Some men may have little coin in their purse, but this is made up in abundance of brass in the countenance.

"Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a general meeting?" asked John of his sister Bella. "Because there is a gathering there," she replied. "Yes," he added "and often a great deal of bustle!"

DRUNKEN STUFF.

How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed, by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drunken stuff called medicine, that no one knows what it is made of, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Burch, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., which is so pure, simple and harmless that the most frail woman, weakest invalid, or smallest child can trust in them. Will you be saved by them? See other columns.

Good Advice. We advise every family to keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always on hand. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds ever offered to the public.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate "The Wrecking and Salvage Company of Canada."

HATTON & NICOLLS, Solicitors for Applicants. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF Montreal, Superior Court, No. 48, DAME HONORABLE GEORGETTE GAUDRY, wife of WILLIAM WISEMAN, Trader, of Montreal, said District, hereby gives notice that she has instituted against her said husband an action for separation as to property.

J. D. & BRANCH AID, Attorneys for Plaintiff. Montreal, 11th September, 1880. 515, 22, 28, 08, 14.

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