think it worth while to expend in establishing his

allegations the amount of time he must have con-

THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the dazzling effect of the sudden transition from the dimness without into a strong light had passed and allowed him to see around, Fergus perceived that he was in the shop, drinking, and cooking apartment of a house of entertainment, such as it was at the time. A ponderous iron lamp, fed with oil, and hanging from the ceiling, threw out a strong light which played upon the whitened wall. A heap of turf and of bogwood, nearly reduced to one bright burning mass, and of sufficient power to roast an ox, diffused its heat and light. Around it lay, in ordered confusion, cauldrons and pots, sauces pans of iron and of copper. It was a double blessing to have them there. Some, in their simmering and in their delicious steam, gave hope to our travellers of the enjoyment of the savoury contents; and the others served in lieu of a rampart against the heat-in this, rendering tolerable the penance which their wilful mistress enjoined upon all her guests; averring that, "whilst she was alive, and mistress of the 'Salmon', whose good fame no person could gainsay, blessed be Providence! and whilst she was able, even to the cutting of the his companion. "I fear, just now, you have a dull wood and turf with her own hands, she would keep chance of their recovery. up the old custom of her family, which was to have a good fire, and a warm one on hearth, every hour of every day in the year." Benches of oak with seats for the accommodation of her guests, ran along the walls, which were wainscoted, to their height of three feet, with the same material. A fourth of the apartment was sacred to the priestess of this temple of good cheer, where, enthroned in her sanctuary-a square wooden inclosure, with an open front and counter-she dispensed her favours in forms most acceptable to her hungry and thirsty visitors, A half-dozen steps of stone, in the farthest | go?" corner, led to a flagged vestibule, from which opened on the same level, some two or three rooms, where guests who could afford it were waited on with the due attendance and decorum" proportioned to their means of payment. From the same vestibule a broad staircase lead up to the sleeping apartments of the 'Salmon.' If we say the house was notable for its comforts; that it was graced at eating hours, not only by gentlemen of the sea, its most numerous patrons, but even by civic gentlemen of undoubted fortunes; that its boards were heaped with plenty -aye, even, not to the exclusion of delicacies; that the beds were well-sited and clean; that the attendants were agreeable; and, above all, that the hostess herself (setting apart her prorogative of lecturing ou the follies of her household, among whom were comprehended her poorer guests, and which perogative never went into abeyance) was the most kind-hearted, obliging hostess in the worldwe will say more in its commendation than can be said with truth of many of its most celebrated Lindred in these enlightened days of gastronomic It was evident that late hours of worship at fanes

dedicated to good living, was not in fashion at the time. Esther Moran, or the Widow Moran, or Mrs. Esther, her common appelative among her better visitors, held an ordinary three hours after noon, for gentlemen of every profession and trade who preferred regular hours with short accounts, and substantial fare to their contraries. After the turmoil of preparation which attended these daily festive meetings, it was her custom to indulge herself in giving forth her orders to her handmaidens from a high-backed carved chair of oak, a family inheritance. At these times of ease, when the whole activity of the good dame's spirits could evaporate through the medium of a member the most restless of man as well as woman, it was fortunate for her girls of service if some gossip's, patron's, or chance guest's entrance engaged her attention. It was pendthe usefulness of the usefulness of being employed every minute of the day, enforced by precedents of many "who lived to be mistresses of their own houses, by their industry and care," that Murrogh and his fellow-travellers entered. The hostess' examination of her visitors was a short, but keen though he wished not, for obvious reasons, to companion. If he manifests his thoughts to his companion. them in a courteous manner what was their wish. O'Reilly, pulling off his cap and unbuttoning the

jacket from his neck. "On my good life, it is Mr. Frank himself !" said the hostess, with eyes of welcome. "And where have you been, sir, these weeks? You have been been badly missed in the 'Salmon,' and all your friends and well-wishers praying for your speedy return. Give down seats to the gentlemen-they are cold, you sluts! And Mr. D'Arcy himself was

seemed solely vexed that there was no account of you here. And your father-

"Did D'Arcy and my father make inquiries?" in-

quiries?" interrepted O'Reilly. "No. I was not going to say your father was here; but Mr. D'Arcy did, with his own mouth. Your nurse came here yesterday, just as the clock struck noon. I found out from her that the old gentleman was anxious about you. You see that, Mr. Frank; I always told you his heart would turn to you at last, I knew him since I was a child, and I guessed rightly that his heart was in the right place. But you must give up some acquaintances Well, I see you don't like I should speak on this subject before strangers. You will take something though, and you will lodge here for the night. We have rooms enough thank heaven! However, it is not every night-visitor we receive. Bessy, slut, light a fire in the gentlemen's rooms."

Do we stop here for the night?" Frank inquired of his guide. "You are at your own will, sir," Murrogh auswer-

ed. "Mr. Fergus does."

"It seems we have liberty to sup with you. Mrs-Esther," said O'Reilly, in a tone of mock submission, to whose mind the cold and stern reply of Murrogh brought back the rough treatment he suffered from him before the West Gate.

What will you, Mr. Frank? Some of your favourite hash, with mulled ale and toasted apple? It is light, and good after cold and fatigue."

"The hash, by all means, the hash, Mistress Esther; but the ale—faugh! My stomach is drenched with it for these last days. You won't grudge, for old friendship's sake, to go out of of rule this once -some of your good old wine, the mild old port of Galway, and of the 'Salmon' especially, Mrs. Mo-

ran."

"There is no coming up to you, Mr. Frank; you would flatter the Saints in heaven, themselves, to do you a service: and what can a poor lone widow like me do against you? But your pockets must be heavy to ask for the wine. You know, when you get the taste of it, a small quantity will not serve

your tura." "Not a doit in my pocket, mistress of mine!" said Frank. "Put it to the old score; and by Jove! For- him." tune cannot be such a jilt that I will not be able to

clear all some duy of the year." " Hear you that now!" replied the hostess; "and the gentleman well knows he cannot expect nothing from a soul living, except the old man, his father. He takes little pains, God belp him! to gain any-

thing from that quarter." "But the wine, Mrs. Esther, the wine and hash! but the man could not know that, I'm sure." When the wants of the outer man are satisfied, we will listen with more comfort of soul and of body | Fergus.

to your your goodly advice-and may profit by it,

Fergus, who had stood from his entrance in the middle of the floor, without speaking, thought that his interference was now necessary. He offered his purse to the landlady of the "Salmon," saying to her that Mr. O'Reilly's entertainment should be at his expense.

"Mercy of heaven on me! what have I to do with your bag of silver, sir?" exclaimed the hostess, rejecting the purse. "Ah! young man, I fear easily got easily spent. You must be more cautious in exposing the thing those days. You may thank heaven you came to an honest house; for I know many who would give you but a short time of prayer for the sake of the gold or the silver, as it may be, which that holds. Will you go to the room, or will you be served here? I must have my way with Mr. Frank, sir; but I would not grudge the oldest and the best in my house to his father's son, and to his friends into the bargain."

As no interruption was expected, the young men preferred taking their refreshment where they

"Ha! where is our good guide, Fergus?" said O'Reilly, when O'Keane had seated himself near

Fergus started and looked around. Murrogh had

disappeared without his notice. "Where has the man gone?" cried Fergus, leaping from his seat. "He has in his possession papers

of importance belonging to me." "You should have looked to that before," said

"The Saints defend us!" exclaimed Mrs. Esther. "My own hands bolted the door, and it remains so The man stood here just, when I entered to bring the wine. Pray heaven, he was nothing bad in man's shape! Have any of you seen him, sluts?" "You know, mistress, I could only see his feet

employed in her nightly occupation of scouring the iron and copper ware of the household. "Hold your tongue, Miny! you speak nonsense," said her mistress. "Bessy, have you seen the man

and his big coat," answered a tall, strapping girl,

"Is it I, ma'am ? 'exclaimed a tidy-looking wench raising an arch pair of eyes from some darning "Lord, ma'am, I only looked at the man once, and I thought then he was something, for his eyes looked fire when he saw the young gentleman beyond hand you his purse."

"Yes, you both have eyes when and where they are not wanting," said the discomfited matron. "Where is Tom?"

"In the cellar, mistress; I will go for him," said

the more lively girl. "No, hussy, mind your work! Well, gentlemen that beats out anything I know of. You must know him: he came in your company."

"He is a three hours' acquaintance of mine, good dame," replied O'Reilly; "and during the time I believed him more knave than ghost. I can take the measure of a man, I think, at his first going off, as well as if I was an age his comrade. My friend here, on whose trust I took him, may answer for his own

opinions of him." . "By my honest word," Fergus said, I have not seen him before this night. I had directions to meet him He was at the place, and at the time. He answered to the name with which I was directed to hail him. I gave him my faith; and up to this he has done fairly by us, you must allow. I cannot yet believe him false."

"Did he show you his face, Fergus?" whispered O'Reilly to his friend.

"No, in truth," said young O'Keane; I recollect he was anxious to conceal it. But when then? He knew the purport of our journey, and he has brought us safe."

"Ah, yes, he had good reasons, I suspect, for conducting me safely. I have a notion, too, that his voice was feigned; I caught the natural tone upon the bridge It sounded like to a poor friend's of mine, who is now in trouble. By Jove! their shape and size was not unlike, but there was a great dif-ference in their manners. You should look to him, ing a zealous recommendation of the merit and of if you care aught about the papers; for my part, I can the usefulness of the usefulness of being employed have no confidence in a churl who had no confidence

were questioned, he could not exactly give a rea-"You and I are old friends, Mrs. Esther, said son for his misgivings. The guide's desire for the concenlment of his features might arise, he thought, from his ignorance of the change in O'Reilly's disposition, who was so well known as the companion of D'Arcy. His continued silence on the journey might have the same motive; and his deviation from the more frequented paths naturally appeared the conduct of a man engaged in a business requiring secrecy and caution. Fergus reasoned thus with himself in favour of Murrogh, when any circum. stance of the journey brought back his doubts. Yet here to-day at dinner. He inquired for you, and he was not at ease in his company There was something about Murrogh he could not fathom. His age was only a guess between twenty-five and twice that number of years. His gait was at one time the firm and light tread of a strong young man; and, again, he flitted before the young men with an unearthly, rapid stride; his arms now perfectly motionless, now dangling by his side, whilst his head and neck were bent forward with the weakness of an age beyond his prime. From these recollections came Fergus' sudden question concerning the disappearance of the guide. The conversation which followed gave him leisure to judge of the impropriety of expressing his fears: he, therefore, shough still anxious, proposed to his companion, in a tone of jest, but with an earnestness of purpose, a search for the guide.

"Mistress, give me your assistance," said Fergus. "This door from the steps leads to other rooms in your house: we will see if the ghost has disap-

peared from them too." "Well, you see now," said Mrs. Esther, " the Lord help my wits! I never thought of the rooms. Ah! girls, your eyes are dull, and your tongues silent, when you should speak and see. Oh, millea murder, sir! if the man be a thief, and steals my old silver tankard, or the bra-new coverlets, or any of the loose furniture! Well, if there be justice for of time that such things ever existed." any body in Galway. I will have the villain flogged from gate to gate, and twenty lashes to boot, as sure as my name is Esther Moran! Unhook the lamp hussies: we will seek for the vil-

lain." "Have patience, good Mistress Esther! The robber is a desperate and strong man; he might inflict some injury on you: what then would the ordinary of the 'Salmon'?" said O'Reilly, unwilling to be disturbed before he discussed the merits of the hash and of the wine. "You will go, Mr. Fergus! Here is to your success, though I opine

the toast will not gain the fruit of its prayer." The sleeping-rooms, the dining-apartments, were examined in vain. No trace of Murrogh's visit to them appeared, much to the consolation of the landlady, who declared "that yet he was an honest villain, though she was heartily glad to get rid of

"Have you no other door by which the man could leave the house, Mrs. Moran? He might have business in the town before rest," said Fergus, earnestly, though he was still unwilling to entertain his companion's notion of the guide's treach-

ery.
"We have a passage which leads into the yard: "We will examine it, then, Mrs. Esther," replied

The hostess undrew a hanging screen along the upon him. It was for your protection I have vendoor, discovering, when opened, a flight of stone steps descending to a narrow and low paved passage. At the end of this, another door communicated with the yard, which was found to he open. The girls and the man-servant, who had joined them, were and the man-servant, who had joined them, were questioned by their mistress on this neglect of the trade, which rose to the grand door of a masthat she had secured the door with bolt and chain."

The yard was searched with the same success as the interior of the house. It was enclosed by a high wall, and the only possible egress, without scaling assistance, was by a clump of turf, whose top was distant ten feet from the coping of the wall. The feat of escaping by this means required the greatest agility and exertion. There was no other way to account for the disappearance of the guide; and Fergus returned more thoughtful to O'Reilly. believing that the attempt would not be made unless under the influence of some desperate motive. His surprise was then only equalled by that of the hostess, when, on entering the kitchen, he saw the guide seated near O'Reilly, with the utmost coolness His back was turned towards the board from which Frank eat, either from a wish to avoid the gaze of the young man, or from an indifference to his presence. The ease of O'Reilly was as much a matter of wonder to Fergus as the appearance of Murrogh. The former did not even lift his eyes from the dish with which he was engaged at the entrance of O'Keane. The guide was the first to which was muffled to the eyes in the cape of his great coat.

"Mrs. Morav, the hospitality of your house will suffer in its character some day if you practise drawgentleman here for admittance, else I suppose I should take my chance of rest on a cold fing in this raw night."

The influence of the supernatural light in which she viewed the sudden disappearance of the speaker, and which prevented her from at first addressing him, was immediately destroyed by hearing him speak with accents of real flesh and blood. Like some lax Christians-observers of the letter rather than of the spirit of Catholic discipline-who believe that an indulgence to excess, at Easter or Christmas, in good cheer, is compensated for by their previous fast and abstinence, the good hostess deemed she had a right to open upon the guide in the plenitude of her torgue's power for the silence and fright which he note her endure so long. Moreover, the insinuation, derogative of the hospitality of the "Salmon"—a quality to whose defence the feelings of an Irish hostess are more alive than

those of any other hostess in the world—roused her

name of her house, which—praised be Providence, better for Galway—have sprung up, some con-and no thanks to others!—kept its character, nected by name, but scarcely any by blood, with through thick and thin, among the gentle folk as well as the poor, during her own life-the Lord be praised, who gave her health and strength !- and during her father's-the heavens be his bed !should now be run down by one whom nobody knew, and who, without leave or licence, came into her house, and refused to show his face to the light like a Christian man, and then skulked away by ways and means which no honest man would use. Whilst she was mistress of her own she would bolt her doors when she pleased-and who dare say no?

She would tell him-The arms of the excited matron-who had advanced within a step or two of the guide, emboldened by his silence, which she fancied to be the result of his fear or of his deference to her-fell from their menacing posture to her side. Without ano. ther word she slunk from the neighborhood of Murrogh.

"Mrs. Moran," said the guide, who quickly perceived the wonder of all at the conduct of the hostess. He spoke in a tone so plaintive that even the severe thoughts with which O'Reilly had regarded him yielded somewhat to the mild influence of his voice. "Mrs. Moran, judge not an unjust judgment. I am a harmless man. I have chosen your house because I believed you honest and faithful to

pect your fidelity," replied O'Keane; "but I would wish some circumstances explained." est Regent and the three Estates of the realm," and it was likewise enacted that the bearer or the pro-

some word into Fergus' ear.

"I will be guided by you," said Fergus, aloud. But why leave the house so late?"

general cold and stern manner. " On this very night we leave, or we are traitors to our cause. Fear not this household," he continued, seeing Fergus looking doubtfully arround him; " we are safe in their knowledge."

"God forbid that me or mine, would be treacherous to you!" said the crestfallen mistress of the

" I will go," said Fergus. "In St. Nicholas' name, come on then!" said the

guide.
"I'll be the party, come with will!" said O'Reilly, to whose spirit, as a reader is aware, an against Popery." adventure which promised interest was as meat and drink to the hungered. "But, by Jove! or by Pluto himself! you shall not stir, wherever your buisness be, until you eat and drink. Remember, it is provided that no King or Queen of England we have had a long journey, and the night is yet should be King or Queen of Scotland unless security cold."

"He says well, young man-eat: your young strength is not inured to fatigue. You must take refreshment; but disgrace befall you if you taste forbidden food on the eve of the blessed Sabbath!" "What how? Mrs. Esther, what now?" cried O'Reilly. "You have caused me to break the abstinence of the Church. Well, it was my own doing. You served me as I always wished to be served, without notice of day or time. I have lived so long with those who hold no fast or abstinence, that it has passed out of my reckoning

Fergus ate some of a sweet cake, offered by the hostess, drank a goblet of wine, and prepared to follow Murrogh, who refused even to taste anything. Mrs. Esther promised to remain up for the return of her guests; and the party left the house with more confidence in each other than when they had entered it.

A keen, freezing wind saluted the adventurers as they reappeared upon the square, contrasting strongly with the warmth and comforts which they had left. They drew their garments about them. and followed their guide, who was advancing with the same rapid strides which distinguished his walking on the journey from Portarah. O'Reilly came closer to his companion as they turned up Flood-street, through which their guide appeared to fly, so light was his footfall, and quick the movement of his figure.

"By the law Harry, Fergus!" said Frank, "it's a cold night. It is just one to which this pace is behind, by Jove! unless we move quicker. But your obedient servant, what think you now of your guide?"

"Why I have more confidence in him than ever," replied Fergus. "I cannot say so much," said O Reilly, "though

my notion of him is changed. After all I think the fellow is friendly to us; but, whether he be or not, I depend more upon a firm heart and stout arm than | many people there are in Scotland who would

wall of the dining room, which exposed a small tured out again. See! he stops. Have you any door, discovering, when onened, a flight of stops knowledge whither he leads us?" "Not the least," said Fergus. "He signs to us to

make haste."

When the companions came up to him Murrogh safety of her house. One of them declared that sive stone building. His position commanded a she had been in the yard only an hour back, and view of Back street to the right, and of the street which they had traversed to the left hand. Before him, as far as its intersection by Middle street, lay open the lower diviquarter of the town, especially Middle street and Back-street, was then inhabited by the welthiest and most respectable citizens. It is in vain we now look-in the modern corn stores, which raise their bizarre structure in these deserted streets, or in the tolerable repair—for the princely residence of the proud merchants, in whose halls power and business, joy and revelry, held alternate sway; or almost for relique of the architecture, which, among the cities and towns of the kingdom, stamped singularity upon Galway. The stranger, in passing through those streets, may observe, sometimes, the marks of many instances, the architrave, full of fancy, which break the silence, but without averting his face, crowned them, is discovered, though whitewashed or plastered. But the interior! Here is a sad reverse! The halls, once vocal with the symphony of sweetest music, now echo to the sound of the smith's hammer; the courtyards with their ing bolts upon your guests. I may thank this worthy polished flagging or parament in design, are the receptacles of manure; the vast cellarage, to which the grapes of Spain, and of Portugal, and of France, sent their produce direct, are new filled with rubbage; the stately and extensive buildings around those courts are roofless, their windows shattered, their ornaments effaced, their arches ruited: the only sign of that which they had been is the skeletons of their greatness, the remnants of their firm masonry, scattered here and there in large, unbroken pieces. We speak here of a few buildings in the rear of the streets, which we have seen with interest, some years back. No vertige of many others, which once existed, remains. They have long since given a site and materials for the erection of dwelling houses, stables, stores, and yards. The descendants of their former possessors have become the aristocracy of this and of the neighboring counties; though it has been more than once the case that an indigent relative pined in disease and want in the lofty rooms, where, in times gone spirit to its most angry mood.

by, the commands of his wealthy forefather were obeyed. A new race of power and of wealth—the by, the commands of his wealthy forefather were the old tribes of the ancient city. New ideas of comfort and of grandeur have arisen with them; and it is remarked that the new streets and buildings, even outside the walls, occupy more space than those of the old town in its palmiest days. But our present story has no connexion with the modern times of Galway.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## THE NEW HIERARCHY IN SCOTLAND.

The following letter appeared in the Times re-

Sin,-We are indebted to your able foreign correspondents for various announcements as to the establishment of a Papal hierarchy in Scotland, and vesterday morning your Paris correspondent intimated that it is rumoured "the Pope has written an autograph letter to Queen Victoria to thank her for the freedom of action she gives him as to the re-establishment" of the hierarchy in Scotland. Will you allow me to state one or two historical facts to show that her Masjesty, as a Commutational Sovereign, could not possibly "give any such freedom of

The Constitution and legislat'on of Scotland on this matter are peculiar to itself. On the 24th of August, 1560, the Parliament of Scotland, held at Edinburgh, abolished the "jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome," and all his territorial titles. This Act was, on the 15th of December, 1567. notrbed "I have no reason—I mean strong reason—to sus- and confirmed by the King, with " advice of his dear-"Ha! Do you, too, doubt me?" exclaimed the guide, passionately. "You were not taught this caution, when your father"——and he uttered cended the throne one of the grievances against him by the Estates of Scotland was that he assumed the "Regal power as King," being "a professed Papist," and had not sworn fealty to the Constitution "Time waits for no man," said the guide, in his and the laws of the country, ablotishing the jurisdiction of the Pope, and establishing the Protestant Reformed religion. This grievance is dewlt upon in the "Claim of Right" presented to William and Mary, and was one of the considerations on which the Crown of Scotland was offered and accepted, and on which William and Mary were proclaimed "King and Queen of Scotland." This was on the 11th of April, 1639, and on the 7th of June, 1690 an Act of Parliament was passed ratifying the former Acts of Parliament of Scotland, establishing "the Protestant Reformed religion," and confirming "all laws, statutes, and Acts of Parliament made

On the death of William and the accession of Queen Anne, the Scottish Parliament passed what is called the "Act of Security," where by at her death were given for the Protestant religion as established by law. This raised the possibility that there might be again seperate monarchs for the respective countries. To avoid this contingency the "Act of Union" was brought about. In all the negotiations for securing the passing of this measure the utmost auxiety and "Scotch caution" were manifested, in order that the Protestant religion might be secored and the maintenance of the Acts abolishing the "jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome" and the assumption of territorial titles. The Queen in her Spech to the Parliament assured both countries that this condition as expressed in the Act of Parliament is an essential and fundamental condition of the Union, on which alone they were henceforth to be one kingdom. I need not refer to the limitation of the Protestant dynasty, nor to subsequent Acts of Parliament relating to the same subject. The establishment of the Church of Scotland as a national church rests, among other declarations, on one that the "Pope of Rome hath no power or jurisdiction within this realm." The people of Scotland are bound by the Act of Union to uphold the Church of England as established by law, and the people of England are bound by the same Act to uphold the Church of Scotland. The threatened Papal hierarchy is inconsistent with each of these obligations.

I maintain, therefore, that "no freedom of action" can be given to the Pope, but that, on the contrary, the bearer and the furnisher of such territorial titles is violating the laws and constitution of the United Kingdom, and rendering himself liable to the penalfitted. See the fellow how he flies! We are left ties enacted by the laws of Scotland.-I am, sir,

G. R. BADENOOR. 1 Whitehall Gardens, Dec. 4.

In a leader on the subject the Times says :-

We are much inclined to agree with Mr. Budenoch; but we should be curious to know bow

sumed in writing this short letter. Scotland is a country with very marked characteristics, and among these are twe special aversions—one from bishops in general, the other from Roman Catholic bishops and all other Popery in particular. More than one archbishop has been murdered among them, and even their women, according to history, have resorted to very irregular proceedings in churches in order to put down what they deemed relics of Popery. John Knox was a fervid person, and his fervor did but represent that of his whole sion of Cross street, with its high houses, arched doorways, and stone multioned windows. This Popery or anything approaching to it. Their whole national existence has been based upon a violent revulsion from it, and this revulsion has been intensified by each successive incident in their history. The Scottish people are at once the most vehement Protestants and Presbyterians in the world; and a hierarchy of any kind among them is one of the oldest anachronisms in modern life. There are some very excellent persons who believe themselves to represent the real legitimate spiritual organization of ancient Scotland. There is, in other words, an Episcopalian sect in Scotthe accient and ornamental arched entrance, not land who look upon the Presbyterians very much entirely obliterated by the oblong piece of wood as the partisans of the Old Pretender looked upon which usurps its place. He may see some part of the adherents of the House of Hanover. They the stone-shafted windows displaced by the modern are equally venerable and equally absolute. If are equally venerable and equally absolute. If sash of timber, which it yet binds and protects. In the mass of the Scottish people take the matter as seriously as Mr. Badenoch, the spectacle will be an amusing one. There is not the least doubt that any number of Acts of Parliament could be adduced declaring the Pope and all his works utterly intolerable in the Northern parts of these islands. But Acts of Parliament are only worth citing in order to guard against real dangers. The dangers were real at the time the Acts were passed. The Papal party was a formidable power in Europe, and had many secret adherents in every Protestant country. Our English and Scotch forefathers were fighting a real battle at that time, and prudently excluded from their camps any allies of the hostile force. But at the present time to bring Acts of Parliament to bear against Roman Catholics in Scotland would be like appealing to law against the introduction of Turks into Roumania. We should, indeed, be disposed to advise Mr. Badenoch and his friends, before discussing so gravely the alleged consent given by her Majesty, to inquire a little more closely into the truth of the report It reads to much like the happy invention of some humourist at Rome. The Pope, very probably, if he ever thinks of Queen Victoria's religion, is chocked at the idea of her attending Presbyterian worship one side of the Tweed and Episcopal worship the other, and would like to provide her with a more uniform faith. But her Majesty's answer to a Papal epistle requesting permission for this purpose to establish a new hierarchy in Scotland would be a shorter document than Mr. Banenoch's letter. The Pope, in a word, may do just what he likes in this matter. He may provide Scotland, which already has far more bishops than it wants, with another set from Rome, and he may pretend to any autho-rity he pleases. The day is long past when such authority could occasion the slightest anxiety, and Scotland will best treat the new invasion by taking no notice of it whatever. The new hierarchy will, we dare say, make a few converts among a people who are already more than half Roman Catholics and never were fit for anything else. But in other respects the attempt to establish so mere an exotic on Scottish soil will be more amusing than

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