

A WINTER TRIP TO MONTREAL. From the Special Commissioner of the London Telegraph.

MONTREAL, C.E., Dec. 26, 1863.

The presence of style in the Tremont House, St. Alban's, however perfect it may be, fails, perhaps, to compensate for the absence of suppers. There was, on the occasion described in my last letter, a powerfully meaty smell in the refectory, recalling the odour of an engine factory next door to a cookshop, but for a long time nothing else. At last one attendant Hebe appeared with cheese and crackers—stylish to look at, but unpalatably nubby. The Hebe was Irish; she was a stout but uncombed young person. Soon afterwards another waitress entered. This nymph was tall and gaunt and American. She bore a huge pitcher of iced water—a most wholesome beverage, but somewhat cold comfort for Christmas. I should have preferred egg-hot. I thought when I saw the Vermontese nymph's apron and bib, and her hair screwed off her temples in butterfly bows with a high comb behind, that I beheld the versatile Mrs. Barney Williams in her admired impersonation of the "Yankee gal." For the nonce I elected to be "Pesky like," and expected every moment to be addressed as "Keemo Kimo," and asked whether I would have "my high, my low," or "my right foot iddle diddle" for supper. The female Vermont was a Phillis, but not neat-handed. In a nasal contralto, to which the grossest caricature of the American dialect I ever heard on the English stage was perfectly tame, she asked me if I would have "steak or trayaipe. A taste for trayaipe is among the few human vices to which I am not addicted; and my brief experience of American beef had not led me to look upon steak as a very dainty viand. I asked, failing off, if I could have anything else. "No," curtly replied Mrs. Barney Williams, "you kyan't; ain't that enough?" I bowed, and said I would take steak. She brought me, on a cold plate, a curled up flap of something hard and greasy and cartilaginous, which looked unpleasantly like a piece of an Ethiop's ear, fried. I asked if I could have anything to drink with my supper—some beer, some cider or some wine. "This is not a bar," said Mrs. Barney Williams severely; "guess there's water and tea, and that's all." Upon which I made some uncomplimentary allusions to Mr. Niel Dow and the Maine Liquor Law. This brought in the landlord, who, with sedate affability, whispered that he could "get me anything I wanted quietly." I declined, however, to be supplied surreptitiously, and as a favor, with that to which I conceived that, as a respectable bona fide traveller, I had a right; and as I couldn't get on with the fried Ethiop's ear after the first mouthful, I retired from the "hall" sulky and sullenly. I did not care to bandy words with the Phillis who was not neat-handed. She did not like me evidently, and I reciprocated the sentiment. But, for anything I knew to the contrary, she might be the sheriff's daughter or the mayor's sister-in-law, and accustomed to go out on Sundays with a "mag-nificent" parasol and a "spanglorious" crinoline. An American "help" is no menial. She is spoken of, not satirically, but in simple good faith, as "the young lady" who "picks up the house and fixes the cleaner table. Before she goes to enter a family, she cross-examines her mistress as to whether the house is provided with Hecker's flour, and Berbe's range, brass polish, oil cloth on the stairs, and hot and cold water laid on. Then she staves the domestic "platform" on which she is prepared to act. "Monday I bakes; and nobody speaks to me. Tuesday I washes; I'm to be let alone. Wednesday I iron, you'd best let me be that day. Thursday I picks up the house; I'm awful ugly that day in temper, but affectionate. Friday I bakes again. Saturday my bean comes. And Sunday I has to myself." The "help," I repeat, is a young lady. She dotes with avidity the romances, all about love and murder, in the New York Ledger. She attends lectures, and may some day deliver lectures herself, or become a member of a Woman's Rights' Convention; and it is because she is a young lady, and the persons who require her assistance do not choose to run the risk of her being ravaged and by her perversity and her impertinence, that so many married couples in the United States never venture on housekeeping for themselves, but live from year's end to year's end in apartments and comfortless hotels.

You have doubtless heard by this time all about the terrible young lady at Cincinnati, the Sunday school teacher, who, having been calumniated by Mr. Mack Barritz, a Methodist class-leader, went to a seditious store and purchased a trochant cowhide to chastise him withal. "Guess you'd better not whip children with that cowhide," hinted the dealer who sold her the horrible flagellum. "This for big ones," responded the terrible young lady, whereupon she proceeded to complete her marketing by the purchase of a quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper. Next Sunday morning she went to church, sat in the same pew with Mack Barritz, uprose suddenly at the end of a hymn, apostrophised Mack as a liar, and a villain, cowed him within an inch of his life, and then "washed his face all over" with the cayenne pepper. The elders and deacons wrestled with her, and they also did she pepper. She would have peppered the parson had his reverence been imprudent enough to approach her while she was "ugly." I reflected seriously upon this story as I retired from the presence of the Vermont Phillis, and, observing that there was a pepper castor among the "fixings" of the supper-table, I trembled.

I was too hungry to go to bed, so I wandered about moodily till one in the morning, and from one stove-heating apartment to another. Fortunately, I had a cigar-case with me. I know the Americans to be a nation of commendably early risers, and I attribute much of their material prosperity to this habit; but I don't know when they go to bed. There always seems, in an American house, to be somebody up. At the Tremont House, St. Alban's, the waiters were numerous. Two of my fellow passengers per train, who had been reading newspapers all day, had settled themselves comfortably down with their feet resting on the ledge of the stove, apparently with the purpose of reading newspapers all night. In the middle room there was a recruiting officer in a Tyrolese hat and tarnished shoulder-straps. He was hard at work at a round table covered with papers, and occasionally received deputations of one, who approached, muttered, spat, hawked, and withdrew. The recruiting placard, of which he had seemingly just corrected the proof, lay before him. I timidly approached and read it. I was quite welcome to its perusal, and indeed I darseny the officer would have willingly coliated me, or any other two-legged, two-armed, man on the spot. Vermont is not behind New York in the fervency of recruiting rhetoric. The appeal I read was quite equal to the "Follow the drum," "March, march, New York and Rhode Island," and "Go where glory waits thee, broadsides of the Atlantic cities." The "Green Mountain Boys," as the Vermonters are pleased to call themselves, were noticed to emulate the "glory of Allen and of Warner." They were informed that a few "smart young men," veterans or otherwise, were needed for an artillery

corps, just to "finish up" the rebellion, which was already trampled under foot. Their duties were to be light—their reward prodigious. "You have no picket duty," the placard went on to state; "you have no forced marches. While others plod their weary way on foot, you ride." I thought upon our own recruiting bait for "smart young men" during the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; the chromolithographic allurements held out; their irresistible inducements of "coffee and hot rolls on the march," and, surmising that the world was, as nearly as possible, the same world all the world over, I went, hungry but pacified, to bed. There was no chamber candles in the Tremont House. There was no gas in the sleeping apartments; but, on application to the lofty little landlord, I was supplied with a species of cruet filled with Kerosene oil, and garnished with cotton-wool. It smelt hideously on being extinguished, and filled the room with a fatty smoke which nearly choked me. I fortunately went to sleep, and woke up alive; still, in cases of opphyria or any other casualty, there was medical aid close at hand. I was in room seventeen, and in room fourteen Mrs. Doctress Lavess Smith had set up her abode. Mrs. Doctress Lavess Smith was to be consulted at all hours. She cured everything; she promised all things, including serenity. For all that ended in "is," for all that ended in "ism," and for all that ended in "ia," she was infallible. "See what a woman can do!" were freely stuck upon the wall of the Tremont. Testimonials, signed "Cynthia Pike," "Betsey Vose," with many others, proclaimed her pills to be "purely vegetable." I slept and dreamt that Mrs. Doctress Smith was attending me for chronic elephantiasis, and that Cynthia Pike had inveigled me, by promises of unlimited greenbacks and Drake's Plantation-bitters, to enlist in the Green Mountain Boys.

In the raw cold morning we rose, swallowed some scalding coffee, were charged a dollar and a half a piece for the accommodation we had not enjoyed, and were jolted in the Tremont coach to the station. Soon after six a train started for Rouse's Point. They had forgotten to kindle the fuel in the stove, and the cold was almost unbearable; but we were consoled by the thought that at Rouse's Point we should "make connections," and be landed by breakfast time, say, by half-past nine, at Montreal. Please to observe that we had been already twenty-four hours on the road, and that fifteen hours was to have been, according to Appleton, the duration of our journey. A very intelligent young mechanical engineer, an American, who sat over against us in the cars, told us that the machine shop at St. Alban's was a very extensive and highly important one. Let me notice, for the benefit of comparative philologists that what we call "a shop"—a place where articles are sold by retail—our curious consens call "store," and that what we designate a factory—a place where articles are made by wholesale—they term "a shop." Their nomenclature may perhaps be justified by some old English precedent with us nearly obsolete. In English builders' yards and manufactories, the by-laws governing the workpeople are called, I think, "shop rules."

The intelligent engineer first dashed our hopes in respect to breakfasting at Montreal by telling us that "he didn't think it likely," and that we might deem ourselves fortunate if we arrived by noon. He then entered into general conversation, informed us that he was going to Toronto, that there were a good many Liverpool "chaps" and London "chaps" working in the St. Alban's shop, and that on the whole he approved of the old country. I happened to mention my supper misadventure of the previous night, whereat a sardoniac grin stole over his countenance, and he remarked that liquor laws notwithstanding, he would buck Vermont for a show of drunken men against any other State in the Union. "You get the stuff on the sly," he said. I had heard of the so-called show of the "striped pig" as one illicit method of obtaining alcohol in Maine; but in Vermont it would seem that when you have the "obdue" given you, and enter the "right place," you ask "how the baby is?" The keeper of the drug, or fruit, or grocery store, whichever it may be, winks, and says "Bully." You go down stairs into a cellar or a back yard, and find, in a remote corner, a cupboard full of whiskey, brandy, or rum bottles. You fill for yourself, drink, replace the bottle, and on going out present the proprietor of the "baby" with ten or fifteen cents, wherewith to purchase, I presume, a coral for the infant. The health of "the baby" in Vermont is asked after with unceasing solicitude.

Now it may have struck you that in grumbling because I could not obtain anything stronger than tea to wash down a meal after a long and fatiguing journey I was unjust and unreasonable. In Rome you must live with the Romans. Being in Vermont, I was perhaps bound to do, without complaining, as the Vermonters do. If the legislature of that State or of Maine, or elsewhere, discovering that hotels and railway refreshment room keepers could not vend beer, wine, or spirits without their customers getting mad drunk and shooting or stabbing one another, and that a licensed tavern was a chronic cause of delirium tremens, robbery, and profligacy among the community—if in this embarrassing conjuncture, they determined in their wisdom utterly to abolish and prohibit the liquor traffic within their boundaries, I, as a foreigner, could have apparently no possible right to grumble. Being a stranger in the land, I am certainly under a tacit obligation to conform to that land's manners, customs, and enactments. But I conceive it to be hard, if not cruel, to be absurd, if not preposterous, to deny a traveller who does not wish to get drunk, but only to take a little fermented something at his meals for his stomach's sake—a glass of wine or a mug of beer; when, at the same time, it is patent and notorious that the people who do want to get drunk can so intoxicant themselves on the sly at any hour of the day or night, and that the Liquor Law in Maine, Vermont, and elsewhere, is a sham and a lie. I don't think it tells much in favor of the morality or the honor of a commonwealth when its citizens chuckle over a consistent although clandestine violation of its laws. I think an honest man would rather go thirsty than become an accomplice in a cynical fraud and imposture. Perhaps it is better to drink cold water than to rush to the exhibition of the "striped pig," or dive into the cellar where the "baby" is on view. I am informed there are grocers in the State of Vermont who will sell you convivial catnap and Worcestershire sauce one bottle of which is warranted to produce inebriety. Druggists dispense—apert medicines which—excuse the paradox—make their makers "light." Half the "bitters" and "cordials" advertised are only alcohol in disguise; and decoctions of quassia and gentian are mingled with a fiery kind of rum, called, from the labyrinthine gait to which its consumption leads, "tangle-leg." Hypocriety, however, surpasses itself in the vendition of tin cubes, neatly painted and lettered to represent Bibles and Testaments, but which are in reality case-bottles of whiskey. I need scarcely say that, in carrying on the liquor traffic "on the sly," the vilest poison is sold at extortionate rates, and that the rich people who can afford to keep a "baby" for themselves import wines and liquors of the best quality, and get drunk behind their own window-shutters with great alacrity and contentment. The whole of which I commend to the notice of Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and the beautiful sages of the United Kingdom Alliance.

We were very glad, at half-past seven in the blue-grey morning, to reach Rouse's Point. We were within a mile and a half of the British frontier, and a two hours' ride would bring us to Montreal. Judge of our amazement, our fury, our agony, and our despair when on arriving at the point, we were coolly informed that the train for Montreal had just left, and that it would be half-past seven in the evening, exactly twelve hours thence, before another train took its departure. This was too much. Somebody, I think, swore. I know I did. There were at least twenty of us—men, women, and chil-

dren—shut out on the slippery ice, on a bitter morning, with no other prospect than that of "laying over." Some of our companions had seemingly already experienced the tender mercies of Rouse's Point. An infuriated gentleman with a large beard, a seal-skin cap, ditto gloves, and cunningly-embroidered moccasins, who had charge of one of the prettiest young widows and one of the prettiest young widow's sisters I ever travelled with, said he would be something if he stood this, and that he would "have it out of Myers." Suddenly there arose a cry for Myers. Rumor took up Myers's name, and bore it on the morning breeze. People who had never seen him, nor five minutes before ever heard of him, cried "Onwards to Myers!" More experienced voyagers mentioned him with grim disparagement as "old Myers." I felt my finger crisp, my cheek tingle, my teeth grow firm-set—I felt that I must see Myers or die.

Myers was simply the traffic manager of the Montreal and Champlain Railway. We found him, after ten minutes' sliding and stumbling about the rambling station, in a vast timber counting-house, the principal ornaments of which were any number of mendacious time-bills, a high stool, like that which goal-warden's sit upon to see that the prisoners do not talk, and a gigantic stove—whilst I can compare to nothing but the Foul Fiend himself, for it was nearly red hot, and had two pipes branching from its lateral walls like horns. In front of this diabolical arrangement stood Myers, warming his spine. He evidently knew what was coming. He had had to do with infuriated travellers, probably, five hundred times before. He was ready for anything. When Mr. Artemus Ward, journeying over the plains to California, was seized and plundered by predatory Indians, the Sackem who stripped him made him a speech, and said he hoped to add Mr. Ward, in his account of the transaction, "there will be fire." But Myers was ready for any number of "fires." He was in fighting trim. He wore a very close-fitting vest or jerkin or polka jacket of knitted woolen stuff, so that you had no chance of laying hold of the skirts of his garment, and his spiky grey hair was cut close to his head, so that you could grasp no lockets of his, and procure no purchase if, with tentative thumbs, you strove to gouge him. He was a little man who wore spectacles, and was probably sixty years of age; but he was emphatically all there—lively, agile, vivacious, defiant—full of resource, fertile, of expedient, and as hard as nails.

A chorus of complaints, of maledictions, indignant requests to know what our detention meant, greeted Myers on our entrance. He was not dismayed. From the front of the stove he leapt with cat-like agility to the top of the high stool, laid the foot of one leg across the thigh of the other, looked through his bright spectacles at me, and shaking his forefinger said, "You've asked me one question. Let me ask you another. Why wasn't the Vermont central operator at his post?" As, up to this moment, I had been wholly unaware of the existence of the Vermont central operator, I was naturally unable to answer this question, and Myers consequently had me on the hip. In answer to subsequent inquiries, he replied that he could do nothing. We must lay over till half past seven at night. There was, to be sure, a freight or luggage train which left Rouse's Point for Montreal at half past two in the afternoon, but he had no power to permit us to go by this, which, as a rule, did not carry passengers. If the Vermont central operator had been at his post all this—pace Myers—would not have happened. It was the duty of that remiss official to have telegraphed the previous night that we had arrived at St. Alban's several hours overdue. Then—according to Myers—the Montreal and Champlain people would not have started their train from Rouse's Point until ours had arrived to "make connections." As it was, they had heard nothing of us, and caring nothing for us, I suppose, had let us "slide."

To Myers's surprise, however, we declined to enter into his sordid scheme of "laying over" quietly. We determined to telegraph the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal for a special train or at least for permission to have a passenger car attached to the freight train of half past two. Myers allowed us to communicate with the Montreal authorities; but he did not hold out the faintest hope of our wishes being acquiesced in. He didn't think it could be done, he said. We might telegraph. I must admit that Rouse's Point was very liberal in the matter of telegrams. We might have flashed epic poems or heroic tragedies along the wires all day long had we possessed a taste that way.

As it was absolutely necessary for some time to elapse before an answer could be received to our message which we concocted in an urgent and almost impassioned style—we asked Myers where we could obtain some breakfast. He grinned like a grebe-headed little fiend. "I musn't tell you," quoth he. "I live in a glass house. I musn't recommend any hotel." Being pressed, however, he informed us that there were two superior hotels in the place—the Massachusetts House and the Webster House. We threw up a greenback for choice, and it fluttered down with Mr. Lincoln's portrait uppermost, the which we agreed to denote Massachusetts—for Mr. Lincoln is very unlike Webster, especially that Webster whose Christian name was Daniel. The inevitable hackney-coach was in waiting to jolt us off to the usual overheated teumet, with its gigantic spittoons in every corner, its naked dining hall, and its breakfast of beef-steaks, pork-kettles, eggs, salt butter, and scalding tea. At the Massachusetts House, however, there was a bar, where all kinds of liquors were retailed at the rate of ten cents a glass. In explanation of this cheering fact we were informed that we were no longer in Vermont, but in the more cosmopolitan State of New York, a corner of which, at two days' and nearly four hundred miles distance, pokes its nose into Canada.

Not readily shall I forget the philosophical equanimity with which two of our belated companions bore this, to me, scandalous and intolerable delay. While the handsome traveller in the seal-skin cap, who had charge of the pretty widow and her sister, was raging up and down like a lion at feeding time who fails to discern the keeper's wheelbarrow with the shibbons of beef coming round the corner—while the pretty widow herself was yowling, and her prettier sister whimpering with vexation—while our head-headed French Canadian, losing all patience, rushed off to hire a waggon and team and drive to St. John's, twenty miles distant, and a more cautious statesman availed himself of a train to Ogdensburg, whence he could cross to Prescott, on the Canadian side, and so by a circuitous route reach Montreal some time between Christmas and New Year's Day—the two philosophers ever murmured, never desponded. They calmly alighted from the coach at the Massachusetts House, carrying between them a valise. This they opened, and produced what seemed to be a carboy of chemicals, but which was in reality a bottle containing some two quarts of whiskey. They were hardy, horry, Calvinistic, Scottish men. It was just eight in the morning. They ordered tumblers, hot water, and sugar. They sat down calmly, with the whiskey bottle between them, as though about to listen to the lecture of some good book, and, brewing themselves two steaming tumblers of toddy, were speedily rapt in the contemplation and absorption thereof, and allowed Myers, and Rouse's Point, and a vain and giddy world, to go by.

It was twelve at noon, and the toddy tumblers of the philosophers had been replenished more than once ere a courteous reply arrived to our message. Myers was brought to confusion, and humbled in an exemplary manner. A passenger car was attached to the freight train, which conveyed us as far as St. Lambert, at the wonderful Victoria Bridge which spans the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and there the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway had kindly provided an engine to take us across the bridge. Otherwise, there being no footway, and the half-

frozen river being practicable neither for sleighs nor for canoes, we should have been forced to remain many more weary hours at St. Lambert. As it was, when at half-past seven on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December we were landed at the Grand Trunk Depot in Bonaventure street, Montreal, we found that it had taken us just thirty-six hours to accomplish a railway journey of four hundred and one miles.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP LEAHY ON TEMPERANCE.—The following letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy to Dr. Harvey, of Youghall, will be read with much interest by those who have watched the progress of the reform accomplished by that distinguished prelate. He has succeeded in doing that by his own influence and with the aid of his clergy which an act of Parliament could scarcely accomplish. Not only has he greatly checked the vice of drunkenness during the six working days of the week, but he altogether suppressed the Sunday traffic. So great and salutary have been the results of the reformation—so visible and tangible to all classes—that it has the sanction of public opinion; and no man could wish to see the blessed work undone. The Archbishop, with all his zeal, is moderate and temperate in his advocacy and in his policy, and if he cannot do all that he would desire, he endeavors to do as much as he can, and to go that effectively. The letter explains itself sufficiently to render any further notice of ours unnecessary at present:—

"Dear Dr. Harvey—It is a great pleasure to me, and I esteem it a privilege, to form the acquaintance of one who has labored so long in the cause of temperance, and, what is better, has sought to advance it by his own example. Seeing that intemperance is the besetting sin of our people, the great obstacle to their temporal and eternal happiness, I have been doing my best (now for some years) to promote temperance among the people committed to my care, under the solemn conviction that it is the very best thing I could do for them; because, so long as the people are given to habits of intemperance the labors of the minister of religion are in a manner utterly lost upon them, but once they are weaned from their bad habits and come to practice the contrary, they can be got, with God's grace, to do anything and everything that is good. I have tried all the ways and means within my reach that seemed to be practical in their nature, and so to promise success under God, both for the reclamation of individuals and for that of the bulk and body of the people—two objects very distinct each from the other, though ultimately connected, and acting and reacting upon one another. Whatever measures tend to introduce temperance among the bulk of the community must beneficially affect individuals, and vice versa, whatever tends to improve individuals in this respect must contribute to impress the virtue of temperance upon the community at large. I have endeavored in my humble way to keep both objects in view—the good of all individuals and the good of the community. In making the visitation of the diocese, going from chapel to chapel, I have sought out and generally found those of intemperate habits, the confirmed drunkards, and those who are in scarcely a less pitiable condition, who seldom or never go to fair or market without wasting much of their substance in the public-house, to the injury, oftentimes the ruin of soul and body, of health, of purse, of everything dear to them. Convinced that nothing but total abstinence will reclaim the drunkard, I have always bound him to total abstinence. Of others I have not required total abstinence, except in the public house, allowing them something at home, and when travelling, if need were. The young I have endeavored to bind over to total abstinence, at least for some years, until they acquired habits of temperance when, without a pledge, I reckoned they would continue to practise abstinence from the love of it and the experience of its blessed effects. Females, too, I have been very anxious and sought to pledge, that their example might encourage the men of their family to keep the pledge of temperance.

As to the community at large, apart from the influence brought to bear upon it by the reclamation of individuals, nothing has done so much good amongst us—everything else is dwarfed in comparison with—what we call our "Sunday temperance law," which you will find in a pastoral letter I send you. This law is, thank God, most scrupulously observed by the people throughout these dioceses. It is wonderful how they observe it. And never was anything more wanted. The scenes in our towns all about here on the Lord's day were disgraceful to a Christian nation, inasmuch that one would think he was not living in a Christian but a heathen land, and that the one day in the week set apart for the worship of God was really not the Lord's day, but the devil's day. You had no such scenes in the county Cork, nor anywhere else that I know. These scenes are now at an end. Walking through any of our towns now on a Sunday such quiet reigns all around you cannot but feel it is the Lord's day. Judging of our Sunday temperance law by its fruits, it must be pronounced to be a blessed law—and so every one thinks, gentle and simple, high and low, Protestant and Catholic. (I am sorry I cannot add "Friend" or "Quaker," for we have, I regret, none of your excellent community here). Since the introduction of this law (so to call it) I have, year after year, made out tabular returns of the committals to our bridewells for drunkenness, and the decrease is very remarkable wherever our law prevails. This is a telling fact. Every one may not approve of the particular line I have taken, or the ways and means I have adopted. But I took a practical, I hope also a Christian, view of the matter. I proposed to do such good as lay within my reach, and by such ways and means as I could in my position turn to the advantage of the good cause. Had I proposed to do all manner of good, what was not practicable as well as what was, I might have over-reached myself, and failing in any part of the project I might have brought down failure upon the whole undertaking.

Having had much experience of the working of our temperance law, and of the cause of temperance generally, I will venture to say to you, as a sincere friend of temperance, what has been the secret of our success, what, on the other hand, it was that ultimately led to the failure of Father Mathew's great effort—or rather I will say first what caused his failure and then what our success. Well, I am quite sure that humanly speaking, what ultimately caused his grand system of total abstinence to break down was the want of practical means to enforce it. A man took his pledge and kept it or kept it not as he pleased—there was no manner of what may be called moral force brought to bear upon him, save and except the force of public opinion—nothing that could enforce the pledge. Not so with us. You know the reverence of our Catholic people for their clergy, especially their bishops and still more for the ordinances of their church. Well we brought that into action made it subsidiary, and powerfully subsidiary, to the cause of temperance. Anyone buying or selling one drop of anything spirituous contrary to our Sunday law was thereby deprived of the sacraments of the Catholic Church, and the hands of his clergyman, so far as regards the ministrations of our sacred rites, completely tied up till the delinquent first appeared before the bishop. This gave me an opportunity to address to the delinquent such admonition as he needed. I always asked him everything about himself, his companions, the places he frequented, where he got the liquor and so forth. Amongst other things, I always found out at once if any publican, even in the remotest parts of the diocese, was beginning to tamper with our Sunday Law by attempting to sell, and had him stopped in *limine*. All this was a most powerful, the most powerful restraint. Behold the secret of our success, and of the marvellous success, under God, of our Sunday Temperance Law.

Excuse me for saying so much about myself, but I wish you to understand us. I thank you much for the other papers on temperance. I send you one or two of mine. At all times most happy to hear from you, I remain, my dear Sir, with sincere esteem, yours faithfully,

"Dr. Harvey, Youghall."  
—Cork Examiner.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND THE MOST REV. DR. MACNALLY.—The Most Rev. Dr. MacNally, Lord Bishop of Clough, with that promptitude and thought which distinguishes his conduct on all occasions, has issued the annexed circular to his clergy:—

"Bishop's Residence, Monaghan,  
January, 19, 1864.

"Rev. Dear Sir—The death of the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, the great Archbishop of New York, will be everywhere felt as a loss to the whole Catholic Church; but his Lordship having been a native of this diocese, with which he always kept up the most intimate connexion, and born in the very parish of Clough itself, county Tyrone, the loss is truly a domestic one. We, therefore, appoint Wednesday, the 3rd of February next, for the month's mind, at which we wish all the clergy of the diocese to assist, and as many of the laity as can conveniently, at the old Catholic parish church of Monaghan. On the day mentioned the solemn Office and Mass for the dead will commence, we hope, at ten o'clock.

I remain, dear Rev. Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
+ C. MACNALLY."

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. CALLAN.—Again it becomes our painful duty to record the demise of another distinguished Ecclesiastic. On Thursday the Very Rev. Dr. Callan, the eminent professor of natural philosophy in the College of Maynooth, breathed his last. A few days since, while engaged in the arduous duties of the confessional, he became suddenly ill. The attack was severe, and his previous state of health had not been such as to induce any very sanguine hope. He died, however, rally, but it was brief, so brief as not to be sufficient to revive the hopes of his many friends, and at about eight o'clock on Thursday evening his holy spirit soared to its eternal home. Master in every department of experimental philosophy, he devoted himself especially to researches in electricity. These have connected his name imperishably with the progress of that important science. Perhaps no man after Faraday and Wheatstone, contributed more to that progress, or deserves a higher place in its annals.—While science has thus to deplore the loss of an earnest and successful laborer in one of her most important fields of inquiry, religion mourns in his decease the death of an humble, zealous and devoted Priest. While engaged in the duties of his professorship and in these researches that have made his name so celebrated, he undertook the translation of the devotional works of St. Liguori, amounting to very many volumes, and had them published under the modest name of a "Catholic Clergyman," at a price that might put them within reach of the poor, the only remuneration he accepted being a number of copies for gratuitous distribution. To this task he devoted, for several years every moment he could spare. His health at last gave way under the pressure of his unremitting labor, and he was obliged to give up for nearly two years the duties of his professorship. He was able to resume them in 1851, and from that time to the present, as far as the state of his health, which was by no means completely restored, would permit, he devoted himself to his favorite researches. It was only last spring he completed an induction coil more powerful than any that had been previously made—of which a description may be found in the June number of the *Philosophical Magazine*. Not long ago he had commenced another coil which he expected to be still more powerful, and which it was his intention to present to his friend, Mr. Gassiot, Vice-President of the Royal Society. But Dr. Callan's eminence as a man of science was, after all, the least qualities that will perpetuate his memory in the college and amongst the Priests of Ireland. From the day he entered Maynooth in 1817 until the day of his death he was remarkable for his strict regularity at every duty which the state of his health enabled him to discharge. His charities were, considering his means, munificent. In seasons of distress he applied to this purpose his whole salary as professor, and at all times denied himself many personal comforts that he might have the more to give for the relief of the poor. His extraordinary piety, his perfect simplicity, and unaffected candor endeared him to every one who knew him. Amongst his intimate friends he was cheerful and playful as himself. For many years past he was regarded by the inmates of Maynooth, both professors and students, with a reverence and an affection that could hardly be understood by those who did not witness his daily life; and they all deplore his death as an irreparable loss to the college, which he at once edified by his virtues and adorned by his learning. Dr. Callan had just entered on the sixty fifth year of his age, having been born at Dromiskin, in the county of Louth, on the 20th December, 1799.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Archbishop of Cashel.—The archdiocese of Cashel and Emly, presided over by the accomplished and erudite Dr. Leahy, has subscribed the munificent sum of nearly four hundred pounds to the Catholic University.—Amongst the first of the ecclesiastics to publish a perfect treatise on the education question, Dr. Leahy has naturally acquired a position in reference to his views and action. This subscription from his archdiocese will be accepted by the public as another evidence of the deep interest His Grace takes in the successes of this great national institution, and of his continuous resolve to emancipate education from the shackles which at present fetter that freedom which ought to belong alike to Catholic and Protestant.—*Id.*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' CONVENT AND SCHOOLS.—Harrington Street, Dublin.—Among the Religious Communities in this country dedicated to educational and charitable objects there is none that has a higher claim on the gratitude of the people than that of the Christian Brothers, which humbly and obtrusively pursues its career of benevolence in disseminating among the thousands of children committed to its charge the seeds of morality and religion, and fitting them, by its admirable system of education, to take the place in the battles of life.—Notwithstanding the gloom and depression under which this country has been laboring for a considerable time, it is gratifying to observe that Christian Brothers' Schools have been springing up in every direction, and the education of the wale portion of the children of the humble classes is being gradually transferred to the care of the Christian Brothers.—As was to be expected, Dublin had not been behind hand in the good work, the convent and schools at Harrington street, just completed, being the noblest institution of the kind in Ireland, perhaps with the exception of the Hevey College, at Mullingar.

In the Court of Queen's Bench on Wednesday, Sergeant Sullivan applied on the part of Mr. Hutchinson Massey, a magistrate residing in the county Cork to have a conditional order for a criminal information made absolute against Mr. Ashe, a residing in the same county. The ground on which the rule was sought was that Mr. Ashe had written a letter calculated to provoke Mr. Massey to commit a breach of the peace by fighting a duel. Mr. Whiteide, Q. C., resisted the application, but the court disallowed with costs, directing, however, that the order should not issue for a week, for the purpose of affording the defendant an opportunity of making a more ample apology than he had made.