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because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it with the result that it has completely cured me. I think Barckold Blood Bitters, both for headaches and as a blood purifier, is the

BEST IN THE WORLD, and am glad to recommend it to all my friends. Miss Flora McDonald, Glenora, Ont.

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GIVES MORE STRENGTH TO MILK. PRICE 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

THE CHAPLAIN OF ST. DENIS.

By the Late Rev. C. W. Russell, D. D.

On a lovely Sunday evening in the end of August, 1792, a party of fierce-looking strangers seated themselves under an insolent and swaggering air in the square of the little town of St. Denis. They were all more or less armed, and all, without exception, wore the "bonnet rouge." The provincial accent in which the greater number of them spoke showed that they were new arrivals in the capital; and the patois with which two or three interlarded their conversation betrayed a Marseillaise origin. A few of the villagers who had been sitting quietly in the shade before they arrived made way at once for the swaggering strangers; and, though curiosity detained a few listeners, the majority slunk off with an evident expression of fear, if not dislike, at their approach.

Nor, indeed, was it any wonder. It was an awful period. May we never, dear reader, know anything of its horrors except from history! Men had learned, from the reckless atrocities then daily and hourly committed, that no institution, however venerable, could be regarded as safe, that no ordinance, however sacred, was secure from profanation. And especially it was no wonder that the poor burghers of St. Denis should tremble in this insubstantial presence; for it was but a short time before that a similar gang had broken into the old Cathedral of their town—the burial-place of the royal line of France—profaned its altar, rifled its tombs, scattered the ashes of the kings to the winds, and destroyed in a few hours some of the noblest monuments of antiquity, of which not France alone but Europe could boast.

The strangers, however, took no notice of the consternation they occasioned; but after ordering a supply of wine and *eau-de-vie*, to which they addressed themselves with no unpracticed air, they continued the conversation in which they had seemingly been engaged before they arrived.

"That was a clever job at the St. Esprit in Troyes last week," said one, apparently the leader of the party.

"The croaking old nuns refused for a long time to leave the convent, till at last Citizen Petica coolly set fire to it over their heads; and then, I promise you, they scamped off like rats from a smoking cork-stick."

"But did you hear of the glorious doings at Bordeaux?" said one of the Marseillaise.

"Balmat is just back from the south, and told it to us last night at the club, in proposing a new member. The day before he came away he saw no less than three of the ring-leaders of the priestly gang quietly disposed of. The first was beheaded, the second drowned, and the third flogged to death; and the brother of one of them, the gallant fellow whom Balmat proposed for the club, was the very first to plant the 'Tree of Liberty' on the spot still red with his brother's blood."

"Bravo," replied Mortier, the first speaker. "We are picking down the crows out of the old rookery by degrees. They have cawed too long for liberty."

"Never mind," said a fierce, red-whiskered fellow, more than half drunk already, though he still plied the bottle steadily. "Never mind! This slow work will never do. We must burn them out by wholesale, and pay off all scores at once."

"Well said Richard," echoed two or three of the Marseillaise voices. "Give us the wholesale work! Here's to Messier's immortal toast: 'Que le dernier des rois soit stranglé avec les boyaux du dernier des pretres!'"

It is revolting to relate that the brutal toast was received with acclamation by the infatuated wretches. Alas! where is the depth of depravity too deep for the human heart when abandoned to its own wicked will! Alas!

ASTHMA, Distressing Cough, SORE JOINTS AND MUSCLES.

Despaired OF RELIEF. CURED BY

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

"Some time since, I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a distressing cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief, until I despaired of ever being well again. Finally, I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time, was entirely cured. I can, therefore, cordially and confidently commend this medicine to all."—J. ROSSELL, Victoria, Texas.

"My wife had a very troublesome cough. She used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and procured immediate relief."—G. H. PODRICK, Rumphreys, Ga.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Received Highest Awards **AT THE WORLD'S FAIR**

alas! if the gates of the infernal abyss had been flung open, and its foulest fiends had walked the earth uncontrolled, what is the possible enormity of their hellish ingenuity could devise that has not actually been exceeded by the incarnate fiends of this unhappy time!

During the clamor which succeeded the toast one of the party rose and withdrew from the cabaret. He had hardly yet reached the prime of manhood, but his stern and gloomy features wore a dark and sullen, though not utterly depraved, expression. Of a rank evidently superior to that of his companions, he was an amateur in the work of violence for which they were hired. He was a professed lover of liberty, though he could hardly conceal from himself that his feelings were strongly warped by misanthropy and disappointed ambition. Still, he had wrought himself up to a degree of enthusiasm in his new career, and regarded the cruelties by which it was marked as but the wild justice of an insulted people, whose sense of wrong, pent up for centuries of oppression, had at length burst out with a violence which it was idle to restrain. The present expedition had been undertaken by direction of the higher powers for the arrest of several non-juring priests, who were reported to have taken refuge in the neighborhood of St. Denis; and Ferrand (for so he was called) had joined it from some undefined feeling which he could not himself fully analyze.

He strolled from the square towards the old Cathedral, the towers of which were gorgeously lighted up by the declining sun. I dare say but few of my readers have seen the Cathedral of St. Denis, and those who may happen to have seen it of late years must remember that at the time of which I speak, now fifty years ago, its appearance was very different from that which it now wears. The whole building bore numberless traces of recent violence; the exterior, now so tastefully and successfully restored, was not only time-worn—that one would not have minded in a church of six or seven centuries' standing—but hideously shattered and dismantled. The pinnacles were broken, the fretwork destroyed, the niches were despoiled of their sacred occupants, which lay in fragments upon the ground, the gorgeous windows were shivered into pieces, the roof, now so exquisitely finished in "blue powdered in stars of gold," was then cold, bare and in part blackened; the pillars and frieze bore the fresh marks of the pick-axe and the sledge-hammer, the statues were mutilated and hurled to the ground, the monuments were torn open, and fragments of the coffins and other memorials of the dead strewed the floor; the choir stalls were hacked and disfigured, the altars were stripped of their sacred ornaments, and one or two of them overthrown; in a word, the whole scene was an illustration, and even so did it force itself upon Ferrand's mind, of "the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place."

Still, even in its desolation, it was a venerable old pile. Ferrand, who saw it for the first time, was struck, in his own despite, by the exquisitely light and graceful proportion of the exterior, the rich ornament work of the tower, and the gorgeous tracing of the doors and windows. He could not withdraw his eyes from the startling, though grotesque sculptures which adorn the entrance, and exerted all his skill in trying to decipher (what was then a difficult task) the legend which surrounds it. I may take this opportunity, while he is so engaged, to tell a few words of his history.

Jules Ferrand (he had dropped the associate De) was a younger son of an noble family in the Tournaise. The eldest brother, as a matter of course, was destined to succeed to the family estates. Jules, with a second brother, was born to comparative dependence. Still his prospects of distinction were sufficiently flattering. The utmost pains were bestowed upon his education, and he was carefully trained up in the strictest principles of religion. From his boyhood, however, he had displayed a degree of sensibility almost bordering upon moroseness. He bitterly felt his inferiority to his more favored brother; and some chance allusion to his dependent prospects, intended merely to stimulate his industry, fixed the barb of discontent in his heart forever. Ambitious and aspiring, yet without the perseverance which would enable him to win his way unaided to eminence, and too proud to accept, much less to seek, the assistance which he thought was only extended as a favor, he dreamed away his early youth in unavailing repinings at his lot. The more pliant temper of his younger brother, Jean, opened a way for him to distinction; and his early success, which was sometimes put forward as a model for Jules, and the favor with which he was regarded by all who knew him, tended still more to embitter the lot of the sensitive and unhappy man. His repinings soon ripened into discontent. Evil companions completed the work of disaffection. He became gradually estranged from his family and friends. His religious principles were one by one undermined. The flatteries of false friends taught him to believe that in another state of things his talents could not fail to secure him fortune and distinction; and when the hour of change arrived, and the revolution burst out in all its fatal fury, he was among the first to hail the prospect, and the most violent in urging it on to a speedy crisis. Once involved in the whirlpool, he was

drawn from abyss to abyss, till at last the natural feelings of humanity were almost totally obliterated, and he could herd with the vilest and most brutal of the revolutionary mob on terraces, not alone of toleration, but even of fellowship and fraternity. Thus he advocated, or professed to advocate, upon principle, all the violence into which the mental instruments of revolution—cruelly plunged from the mere instinct of brutality and thirst of blood. That anyone such as he should be struck with anything like regret at the sight which awaited him in the interior of the cathedral, would hardly be natural to expect. Yet it was so. Hardened as he was, a feeling akin to shame, if not to remorse, stole over him as he contemplated the scene of ruin. He could not help asking himself what the cause must be, which it was sought to uphold by means like these; and the gloomy silence of the hour, the melancholy plight of the venerable old aisles, the shattered and mutilated fragments of what once had been the bright and beautiful, gave weight and force to the reflections which his better feelings suggested. But he yielded not to the impulse. He passed on with a rapid and determined step, as though he sought to fly from the thoughts to which he was resolved not to give way.

Insensibly, however, his pace slackened, as he passed around the back of the choir, and he paused to examine, now the rude sculptures which adorn the enclosure, now the antique and strange-looking altars which rest against the wall of the church. The dim and unsteady light of the evening hour heightened the effect which they were calculated to produce, by bringing out more mysteriously their strange and uncouth forms, concealing the injuries which they sustained from the recent violence of the mob.

He was irresistibly impelled to pause at every step, and, in the interest which the examination created, he forgot for a moment the purpose for which the visit had been made.

Suddenly, however, his attention was recalled by the sound of suppressed or distant voices, and he stood still, in the hope of discovering whence it issued. It was as if immediately beneath his feet; and after a moment's reflection he concluded that it came from the crypt, a subterranean chapel. Retaining cautiously from the rear of the high altar, he descended once more into the aisle, and, to his surprise, discovered that the massive iron gate of the crypt lay open. He entered without hesitation, and tracing his way through the dark passage at the entrance, he soon reached a spot from which he was able to see distinctly what was passing within.

A number of little children were assembled in the small chapel which lies immediately below the high altar in the upper church, and which is used for the Mass of the dead. An old and venerable priest, assisted by another clergyman still very young, was in the act of addressing the little flock. They had selected this spot for their Sunday evening's devotions, for the purpose of concealment; and the priest was giving them a few words of instruction on the duties of Christians, previous to dismissing them for the night.

These, then, were men of whom Ferrand's party were in quest, and his first impulse was to return and bring them to the spot without delay. A certain undefined curiosity, however, induced him to hesitate for a few moments and listen to the discourse of the old man. It was upon the horror of sin and the terrors of God's judgment. Simple and unstudied, it was addressed direct to the hearts of his little hearers, and from the trembling lips of the venerable man it came with a sort of unearthly power. The whole scene was almost overpowering. The whole darkness which reigned all around, save in the single spot where the preacher and his little auditory stood; their eager and awestricken young faces as they gazed with breathless interest upon the speaker; the zeal, charity and paternal affection which gleamed from his eyes and trembled in his faltering accents; the simple earnestness with which he laid before them; all came upon the stranger with an unseen force which himself could never have anticipated. They touched a cord which for years had lain silent and neglected. He strove to laugh off the feelings this had exalted, as he had done a thousand times. He recalled all the fallacies which he had so often quieted the "still small voice" of his inward monitor. But it was vain. The impression was too strong to be thus summarily dismissed. He would fain have withdrawn; shame, pride, anger, induced him to return to his companions. But he was withheld by an impulse which he could not resist, and remained rapt in the subject of the preacher's address until he had concluded, with even more ununction than he had manifested in any previous moment.

Scarcely had he closed when the little crowd fell upon their knees, and all with one voice began to repeat along with the venerable priest, their evening prayers—the very prayers which Ferrand in his better days had been taught to say. Their little voices chimed harmoniously together. The deep and solemn, though trembling tones of the old priest were heard distinctly above them. They spoke to Ferrand's heart of many a long-forgotten feeling, of many a touching and tender memory long passed away. And while he gazed with intense anxiety upon the scene, he saw a mother who was among that crowd take the little hands of her child with her own, and try to teach its young

lips to join in the prayer which it could barely articulate. This simple incident completed the triumph of grace in the softened heart of the long-lost man. He flung himself upon his knees, and, after a brief and almost despairing prayer, he rushed from the spot.

In a few minutes after Ferrand left the church a hurried messenger was observed to enter the cabaret, where his companions still continued their carousal, and addressed a few words to the leader of the party. He started up with an air of alarm, and the whole company hastily quitted the shop and returned in confusion to Paris.

About a dozen years since an Irish traveller heard the above story related in a very affecting sermon on the religious education of youth, from the pulpit of the Cathedral of St. Denis. The preacher—a venerable old man, bowed down by the weight of years and apostolic labors—was the long lost but penitent Ferrand himself. He died in a few months afterwards a most holy and edifying death, and is still affectionately remembered by the villagers as the good old Chaplain of St. Denis.—Irish Monthly.

A SALUTE FROM A HOSTILE CAMP.

The affection which the Church has always inspired in the hearts of the poor and the success which has ever attended the zeal and devotedness of her priests and religious, have been the theme of many a well-merited eulogy from Protestant pens. The following paragraph from the *Arena*, however, has a special interest as coming from one who is, confessedly, hostile to all forms of supernatural religion:

"The Catholic Church is the only one that is not ashamed of having poverty clinging to the skirts of its most beautiful temples; and although this bitter contrast is not that of an ideal state, still our meaning is clear—we are dealing here with actual conditions: the Catholic Church is, and has always been, in closer touch and sympathy with the poor and miserable than the Protestant. The magnificent military organizations of the Catholic Church, and the intimate hold it has upon the imaginations of its people, prevent it from ever being seized with the complete lethargy that is practically making the Protestant churches merely social leagues among the rich, for the dissemination of a system of canting ethics in direct contradiction to the teachings of its Founder, from which the poor are turning heart-sick, disgusted, desperate. . . . It is the testimony of almost all who have seen anything of the slums that the most active agent for physical and moral good is the humble Catholic priest, whose business is the welfare of his flock, and not social ambition and the diplomacy needed to keep in the good graces of his deacons. The Catholic priest is, luckily, freed from all necessity to pander to the prejudices of his deacons, and is truly a minister and not an entertainer. To be quite fair, the Methodist ministers, who often suffer great privations on small salaries and short tenure, are the most devoted and sincere of the Protestant clergy; and they divide the honors of consecration to arduous and unappreciated work in poor parishes with the Catholic priest."

Catholics are interested in such tributes as this, not because they gratify a puerile and unreasonable vanity, but in the hope that their separated brethren, recognizing the credentials of the Church in the catholicity of her influence as well as in her power to inspire and nurture priestly heroism, may be induced to embrace the true faith. The writer errs, however, in attributing this influence to such material causes as "organization," "hold on the imagination," etc. The real secret of it is found in the life-giving Sacraments of the Church, the proper reception of which ought to inspire in all Catholics a disposition akin to the heroic. But it is too much to expect that non-Catholics should recognize this, plain as it is to those within the Church. It is the old story of seeing the stained-glass windows of the cathedral from the inside and from without.—Ave Maria.

Disappointed Her Audience.

Mrs. Helen Richings, of Minneapolis, who is represented as an actress, lecturer and spiritualistic medium, was announced for a lecture recently in Indianapolis on "My Experience in a Indian Convent." The A. P. A. turned out in force, but after listening to her lecture with ill-concealed impatience they felt that their admission money had been obtained under false pretences. Mrs. Richings simply told the truth.

She said that having, when yet very young, shown a tendency for the theatrical profession, she was sent to a French Convent.

"For five years I was with the good nuns," said the speaker, "and from my personal experience among them I learned to love and reverence them. I never hear a wrong derogatory to their character uttered against the nuns that it does not convince me that the individual who seeks to traduce them is absolutely ignorant of what he is talking about. I say to you that they are women good, noble and loyal to what they believe to be right. They are women of education, perfect refinement and sweetest gentleness, and with all my soul's earnestness I say and I stake my life on the truth of the assertion that the nuns in the convents are women whose moral being is as

Afraid of Being Thought Pious.

There exists a feeling among many that too strict an adherence to the forms of religion tends to make us stiff, solemn and prigish. These people, if the truth be told, are not over friendly to those whom they style as a term of reproach, "pious." Surely this feeling must be a mistake. If they whose lives are in accordance with the higher law are not free, happy and fearless men and women, who can be? A happiness and a manner of living and thinking that shrinks from being habitually laid before the Almighty, we may rest assured are not in the best sense healthy.

True religion is not a kill toy, but makes joy, nor can there be too much of it.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Skin Diseases are more or less occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, and Itchings, by removing all impurities from the blood, from a condition Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

Minnard's Lintment Cures P-d-ruff.

pure as the flying snow; their character as invulnerable as the rock of ages. You cannot have a pure sweet face and lead a life of debauchery, and I ask you to look in the calm, clear faces of these dear, good women and tell me if you can see there engraven the lines of vicious and immoral lives. In the five years I was under their care they taught me not only by word of mouth, but by their daily lives, the essential principles of a pure and perfect womanliness. I love the good they did in moulding my future character."

An Antidote for Discontent.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was asked one day by an intimate friend, if he could communicate to him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the good man. "I can teach you my secret, with great facility. It consists in nothing more than making a right use of your eyes." His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," replied the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and I remember my principal business here is how to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a portion I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are, who in many respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our care must end; and I then see how very little reason I have to complain."

Unanswered Prayers.

The great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, says that there are three kinds of people who pray and are not heard, and three ways in which they pray.

First: Those who pray in a bad state of mind—that is, a state of mortal sin. Man, after being regenerated by baptism, should always have his soul in a state of purity, instead of which he very often has it in a state of sin. When we pray we should either be in a state of grace or in one of heartfelt repentance.

Secondly: Those who pray in an unfit manner—with a heart full of distractions and a mind overwhelmed with the turmoils and affairs of this wicked world. They may be on their knees—they may be in the temple of the Almighty, but their hearts are not there. When this is the case, they will not be heard, neither will God grant them their prayers.

Lastly: Those who ask for things which they should not, viz., things of the world, or those which would be injurious to them. God, who is all love, has created man for everlasting glory; therefore, how is it possible that He could grant us a petition which would only lead us to our own confusion and injury?

THE CATHOLICS OF THE WORLD.

There Are 280,000,000, and They Have One Lord and One Creed.

The number of Catholics in the world is computed at about 280,000,000. They have all one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one creed. They receive the same sacraments, they worship at the same altar, and pay spiritual allegiance to one common head. How sublime and consoling is the thought that, whithersoever a Catholic goes over the broad world, whether he enters his church in Pekin or Melbourne, in London or Dublin, or Paris or New York, or San Francisco, he is sure to hear of the same sacraments.

This is not all. Her creed is now identical with that of the past ages. The Gospel of peace that Jesus Christ preached on the mount, the same doctrine that St. Peter preached at Antioch and Rome, St. Paul at Ephesus, St. John Chrysostom at Constantinople, St. Augustine at Hippo, St. Ambrose in Milan, St. Regimus in France, St. Boniface in Germany, St. Athanasius in Alexandria; the same doctrine that St. Patrick introduced into Ireland, that St. Augustine brought back to England, and St. Polignus into Scotland, is ever preached in the Church throughout the globe from January 1st to December 31st.—"Jesus Christ yesterday and to-day and forever."

THEIR FRIENDS.

THEIR FRIENDS would be glad to see the world in a better state of affairs, according to the "physical" hours of their life. They bore shall ever friendships world of in, not, with a genteel stub.

This Saturday reveals. M But he is canvas the every now approaches a street and sentinel, who court houses late on the religion of lay in the table and O'Donohoe Manus, h lies on his for the iss —he abs Meagher, man on p and now and tions or the confid thony O' folded ar corner, s others a reading.

IRISH E

The following an of the confinement landers will be interesting to readers. It is from the pen and appeared in the 1850.

There were heavy jail on Saturday 1848. Thomas M dock awaiting the who had tried him the top of the building sleeping apartm O'Donohoe and L twenty others, war less. The centra with a miscellane rousal glasses of a caps, mugs, jug black bottles, con Irish resources, board but seditio the comfort and j boisterous gang o narly, at that ho at our evening fe capital president the life of our civ and beloved. I quence, which sti and his intrepidi that made the old than a palace. C I have had as gl as riotously happ resting upon Ire were clanking a grand old Irish many a gallant s many an inspi many a broken- erred for the fu phecy for the f seas truly appaudee orderly a body o merriment; ane passed, oh! but earnest commu conjectures of t Ireland. On one LISTENED TO full of old spi quence that had nation, the wor tongues on the we masquerade Meagher leadin ionet, accompani voices and ever could be extrae kettles, tins and we fought at the table used to be the room and half the detach stormed the gar pillows—very tive weapons. Such charges, such defences, think I should cade man after invigilating gage to tumble ber of the "B" of my weapon pillow, or sy would swing l contest lasted more.

To a specta that mess tabl appearance of an insurgent reveals of com we frightened one! The anc the evidences used to disc celerity, and grave governi low at heart) found buried voted to the combinations backgramm the governo erous deputy affected re silience. On zealous ma converted l order."

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