

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY FATHER GRAHAM AT ALEXANDRIA, GLENAGARY.

(Continued from TRUE WITNESS of October 13.)

Scotland had the honor of forming a portion of that valuable Christendom which can only have a meaning and existence under the universal banner of Peter. Such being the case, the partook of all benefits which Christendom received from the maternal bosom of the great mother of men—the Catholic Church. The educational system established in the sixth century, became the basis of the Scotch schools, monastic schools, conventual schools, and schools scattered throughout the country places, even before the formation of what is now known as the parish, were plentiful throughout Christendom. The twelfth century was the era of the establishment of those great universities, which like the sublime cathedrals of those ages, have remained unrivalled in the stately splendor of Catholic genius and art. But a little reflection will convince any fair minded man that as the intelligence of the child has its growth and development, so also the intellectual progress of nations. Universities could not have been projected, as abrupts, into an age of ignorance. They were a symphony of Boethius, and he who is devoid of artistic taste will pass Buonarroti by to gaze at a circus bill. The successful establishment of universities in the twelfth century, supposed centuries of intellectual preparation, and the success which attended the universities proves beyond the shadow of a doubt the faithful care which the Catholic Church gave to the enlightenment of the human intelligence, even during the transition ages from the old to the new—from Paganism to Christendom. What great names has Protestant Scotland given to art, science or literature? And, if given, what was their utility in serving the best interests of mankind? In art—no body. In science—Watts. In literature—An illustrious poet, Burns; an eminent novelist, Scott; a clever essayist or two, Mackintosh and Macaulay; an historian, Robertson; a lying chronicler, Hume; an economist, Smith; and that rugged conceiver of genius' wildest *atta-padrina*, Carlyle. Take from those names *Watts* and *Robertson* and of what use to the real interests of man were the fictions, songs and theories of the others? Scott limited his powers by bigotry religious; Macaulay failed through bigotry political. He wrote of *Barere*, but struck at the Tories. Hume was a positive influence for evil in his generation. Weigh these men by the scales of utility, and they take at once a very subordinate place in the ranks of earth's benefactors. They are not a conclusive proof of the superiority of the age that produced them.

Remember I am only answering an argument of our opponents in what precedes. It is a fallacy, a pitiful sophism, to conclude from particular to a general. An enlightened man no more makes a summer than one swallow makes a summer. The society which heard *Hume's* ringing was ignorant; the tribe which heard *Logan* speak was savage. Nevertheless, one hardly mentions the Catholic ages, when some brainless poet starts up with a string of names, as applicable to the real argument as the bits of paper on the tail of a boy's kite. The question is: Were the masses better instructed in Catholic times than they are now? Yes, a thousand times, yes. We prove our position by simple evidence; it is not circumstantial, but direct. There was no divorce in Catholic times. Religion was a real factor in every day life. Religion and its ministers were respected. Civil authority was obeyed. Labor and capital were friends. There were no strikes. There were no striking sisterhoods clamoring for vague rights. Infidels dared not take the public platform, and blaspheme the God of nations. The schools did not turn out irreligious villains, men, and women, to prey upon society.

Commerce was not a great system of over-reaching one's neighbor. Parents were not the "old fellow," the "old woman" in those days, and parents felt that their whole duty was not accomplished when they fed and clad their offspring. Dishonesty had not a convenient bankrupt law by which it could creep through a diffident, cheat its creditors, live in style, stand high in church and State, and expatiate largely before the public on the piffling profligacy of the "lower classes"; in those days she wore striped woollens, not broad-cloth. I might continue the contrast for a month, but I shall stop here. Education is tested by the morals of society. In 1173 there were large central schools, or colleges, at Perth, Stirling, Dunfermline, Berwick, Aberdeen, Ayr, Paisley and other places. Each of these schools had a lyceum attached that youth might be instructed in all the accomplishments of the time.

Though great names, as I have said, are no unerring criterion of the superiority of one age over another, nor of the intellectual condition of the people, nevertheless it is human nature to boast of illustrious men who have shed the light of genius upon their times, and compelled, by noble qualities, the admiration of their contemporaries and the reverence of posterity. The glorious roll of great names belonging to the history of Catholic Scotland would suffice for the honor of any nation. We need not look under the *Knox regime* for Columbus, or *Ninnes*, or *Kentigern*; the devotion to saints or the production of *salus* was always hateful to Protestantism. The great benefactors of nations—the men of whom we should be most proud—are not inscribed upon the list of kings, statesmen, or warriors. They are upon the martyrology of the Church of God. Nevertheless, aside from those greatest of men, Catholic Scotland produced some men who need not fear comparison with any that ever lived. Why, the man who baffled all the canny jealousy of Scotch lords and the brutal plots of Henry VIII for years, until, despairing of outmaneuvering *Lim*, the English king bribed the Scotch villains to murder him—the illustrious Cardinal *Beaton*—was a man any nation would be proud of.

The author of "Sir Tristram," Thomas the Rhymer, had a European reputation away from the three barbarous times, when Papists of Scotland were so ignorant as to spell "Church" with "C," instead of "K." John Barbour, a priest of Aberdeen, wrote an epic, whose hero was Robert Bruce. By the universal agreement of competent critics Barbour stands on an equality with Chaucer, the father of English poetry. Barbour's splendid eulogium on freedom charms every reader of good taste, even to this excessively enlightened day. Quot that that one of those old priests of the "Church of Rome" singing the praise of liberty in the very darkest of the

"Dark Ages." King James the 1st, of Scotland, was an admirable poet, musician, architect, orator, and statesman. He belonged to the constellation of genius, in which Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and others, brilliantly shone. Like the magnificent Brian Boroiuibe, King James sang the old ballads of his nation and kindred to his own accompaniment on the harp, which he played beautifully. Whatever he attempted to do in the region of science and art, he did excellently. He was, without any doubt, whatever a royal phenomenon to rival, whom we must pass over the centuries between himself and Charlemagne. I hardly think His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, will ever dim the historical luster of James 1st, whose unhappy fate cast him into the "Ages of Ignorance." Andrew Watson, another great Scottish genius, no doubt, and to be avoided, wrote the most valuable historical work of the 14th century. "The original chronicle of Scotland." This historian possesses one singular trait, which, I suspect, does not commend him to English Protestant readers, —he tells the truth. He had not the superior advantage of Hume, Macaulay, or Froude, which accounts for the oblivion into which he has been cast. For history, as written in our favored times is nothing more nor less than an elaborate gilding of falsehood. Gild the call and the crowd will fall down and worship, although the mountains are shaking before the majesty of divine truth.

Then we have Henry the Minstrel, or Blind Harry as he was popularly called, who sang in noble verse, that immortal hero of Scottish liberty William Wallace. Mr. Ellis an English critic says that "Henry was not inferior in genius to Barbour or Chaucer." Bishop Elphinstone was also an eminent man in his day and generation. He introduced printing into Scotland. The "Breviary of Aberdeen," the first book printed in Scotland, was edited by the great bishop. Hector Boet, Rector of Aberdeen, was a great scholar, of whom Doctor Johnson said, "Boet may justly be considered and revered as one of the revivers of elegant learning." And I cannot pass over the names of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas. Sir Walter Scott speaks enthusiastically of those two illustrious poets. "The genius of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance," as the words of Sir Walter. Gavin Douglas was a son of Archibald, sixth earl of Angus. Will it be believed? He was a Catholic bishop; and Dunbar was a priest!

Thus I might go on enumerating for a hundred pages of foolscap, the eminent men that adorn the Catholic centuries of Scotland, but what I have alleged is sufficient to show plain headed critics that there were wise kings in the world Agamemnon. One glorious thing can be said of those powerful intellects,—they never wrote a line that could degrade their fellow-men; they never burnt the midnight oil over the production of our modern literature of lust; they never covered with tattered grammar and fimsy imagination the false, slatternly prostitute, which nineteenth century scribblers call love, and thereby filled the minds of youth with fictitious sentiment and their hearts with the tyranny of impurity. They were not "sensational"; they sought not for false situations and unnatural *amouements*; they were rational, they were prudent, they were true. They wrote with an ever present consciousness of responsibility, of a future, of God, and they served mankind.

The literature which a people love tests the education it has received. The Catholic ages read "The Bruce," "Sir Tristram," "The Song of Roland," "The Saint Graal," "The Nibelungenlied," and the *Quest of Orlando*; our enlightened age reads *Swinnerton*, *Byron*, *Engene Sue*, *Georges Sand*, *Rousseau* and *Miss Braddon*, not to speak of *Bradlaugh* and *Mrs. Busant*. Which possesses the better training? I have said that in national honor and love of liberty Catholic Scotland stands immeasurably superior to the latter-day kingdom of John Knox. I shall not have recourse to tedious, metaphysical argument to prove this position. I shall put the machinery of history in motion, and show you a single scene of that solemn panorama which the old artist time first draws with many colors and lights and shades, and then obliterate, even as the schoolboy, after having worked painfully at his figures, passes the sponge over the slate and wipes them out forever.

Edward the First, of England, long sought to make Scotland an appendage to the British crown. He was one of those bold, haughty, aspiring Normans, who looked on the heavens, the earth, and the seas, and cried: "These are mine!" The unscrupulous, sacrilegious, cruel policy of the founder of this dynasty marked the career of almost everyone of those iron kings. They cared for no law, human or divine, when their passions placed them in or out of justice. They were an essentially feudal production those kings, and they did not so much hold the theory of divine right—they lived it. Their insolent pretensions kept them perpetually embroiled with the Church; they could not endure the protection which the popes extended to the weak and poor. Like the Irish landlords—as great tyrants in their petty way as King John or Henry VIII—they wondered why "they could not do as they pleased with their own." They were ordinarily Catholic individuals and heretical monarchs. They and their order are, and have been, the apology for every revolution that has overturned the peaceful order of society. And the Edwards and the Harrys not trampled on the people, Cromwell would not have raged; had the Bourbons and Capets not played bacchanal, *Marat* would not have blasphemed nor *Robespierre* slaughtered. There are retributions even in this world.

Edward had Scotland at his feet. Her fortresses, strong places and castles flouted, the insolent banner of the alien foe. The liberties of the land were extinguished in the blood of its defenders. Haughty British officialism, that has made Ireland, India and other lands living hells, that lost this continent to Britain, and is now expatriating the laboring classes of the empire to the madry of the coming reign of terror, lay heavy upon the necks of the Scottish people. Famine filled the market places, and strangers reviled in the ancient palaces of her kings. All was lost to the eye of cowardice but not in the hearts of the brave. For, a nation is never conquered until the people bend to the yoke of the tyrant.

A patriotic old priest had a nephew whom he instilled with the same noble sentiment that animated his own soul. That nephew's name was William Wallace. A man of men, and a hero nature formed and God endowed. He raised the standard of his country at Lanark, in the year, 1297. The great bishop of St. Andrews, Lamberton, Wishart bishop of Glasgow, and many other prelates joined him. Castle after castle, fortress after fortress, town after town, fell before him, until of length, meeting Edward's best generals with their army of 80,000 men on Stirling's bloody field, he annihilated them.

(To be Continued.)

PROSPERITY IN NEW YORK.

THE FASHIONS

Stuff Worth their Weight in Gold cages by purchased.

The New York correspondent of the Toronto Mail writes:—

"The country was never richer than now," said a business man the other evening, discoursing on the present prosperous state of affairs. "In ten years, if the times continue, we shall all be so rich we don't know what to do with our money."

"It is such a misfortune," said the wife of a former prominent sugar refiner, "that my husband is forced to retire from business on account of his health just at this moment. If he could only stay in five years longer, he would make an immense fortune."

Such are the present *cout-ur de rose* views of business matters in New York, views which one may accept upon even casual personal observation. A visit to the leading dry goods stores, for instance, will go far towards changing the mind of the most persistent croaker. The elegant and expensive materials with which the shops are filled would not have been brought from foreign markets, in such profusion, by our shrewd New York merchants without the advance knowledge that the money to purchase them would be forthcoming on the part of the ladies. Silks, satins, and velvets of the richest quality; tissues of silk interwoven with gold and silver threads; gold fringes and passementeries; wraps of plush and sealskin or of velvet trimmed with silver fur, worth almost its weight in gold; stripes of satin and plush; brocaded velvets and brocades worked with gold and silver—all these materials, at prices up to fifty dollars a yard, are exhibited and appropriated at once by eager purchasers, delighted to find themselves with a loose purse string once more. These brocaded silks and velvets are combined with plain silks, velvets, and satins de Lyons—satin proper being seen in its best days—forming a plain or plaited front, or long panel-shaped side pieces appearing again in the back d'apery or sashes. Bright colors are much worn, heliotrope being a new and favorite shade.

Rough shopping and walking dresses are made of the checked English cloths—brown or grey, intermixed with threads of yellow, red and blue. These suits are sometimes made with one skirt, tucked or plaited, and a half long, double breasted, cut-away coat, open at the neck to show the chemise and scarf. The coats are often finished with hoods, lined with bright, plaited silk, but that fashion bids to become so universal that ladies of good taste will do well to avoid it. I find a safe rule to adopt and recommend is never buy anything which the shop windows are filled in the beginning of the season. Preserve individuality in detail, while conforming to the general fashion.

The reverse of last winter's style of brocaded jackets worn with plain skirts is shown this year—plain colored coat waists being worn with plaided or striped skirts, and finished with a vest of the skirt material. The Jersey waist which has been so popular in England for the past year, seems destined to be as great a favorite in this country. There are so many imitations of this waist that it may be as well to describe the "real thing" here. The true *Surcot Jersey* is made of knitted or spun silk, without seams, and is laced in the back. It is so supple that it must be worn over a tight-fitting silk corset cover. It is trimmed around the neck and wrists, and a broad sash is worn with it to hide the division between skirt and waist. There is also a fine wollen stocking-net which is used for similar waists.

Hats are larger, and bonnets—if such a thing can be even smaller than ever. Plush will be greatly used for strings as well as for bonnet coverings. The effect of the new "baker's cap" is that of no bonnet at all, as it is made flat as possible, and the very back of the braids, leaving the whole top of the head exposed—a very unbecoming and foolish fashion.

Jets are shown in great profusion, and passementeries of iridescent beads are as magnificent as colour and light can make them. A brown, black, or blue silk, however plainly cut, may be made of gold by a broad collar and sleeve bands of this gold or amber trimming.

DINNER TO MR. P. HARTY AT KINGSTON.

The following is from an account of a dinner given in honor of Mr. P. Harty, the new Lighthouse Inspector, on the occasion of his removal to Ottawa, published in the *Kings-Town News*:—

Mr. Patrick Harty, having been appointed to the position of Lighthouse Inspector by the Government, thereby necessitating his removal to Ottawa, it was deemed advisable by his late colleagues and neighbors in business to show their appreciation of that gentleman's worth, and the regret with which they parted from him, by tendering him a farewell supper on the eve of the removal of his family from this city. Mr. Harty, who has been a resident for so long, consequently, fifty-two gentlemen sat down to supper at the Windsor Hotel, last evening. Mr. Harty occupied the chair, with the exception of the evening, Mr. Harty, with his right, and Mr. John McKay, Jr., the chief engineer of the Lighthouse, on his left. Mr. James H. Metcalfe, M. P., occupied the vice chair, and around the festive board were to be seen the faces of Mr. Gault, McCann, McMahon, Irving, Fense and Wisour, Drs. Sullivan and Agnew, and Messrs. W. Robinson, George Newlands, W. D. Gordon, W. King, S. Woods, P. J. O'Connell, and others. The bill of fare consisted of the season served in their most tempting style by Miss Rose of the Windsor, and it is needless to say that full justice was done to it. After the solid part of the entertainment had been dispensed with, the Mayor rose to propose the usual *toast*, but, before doing so, he explained the occasion of the meeting. They had come here to do honor to a friend, who was a patriot with them, and who was about to leave this city to take up his residence in Ottawa; one who has been a citizen of Kingston for many years, and who deserves the affection of every citizen. All were glad to know that a hearty Irish welcome, and who the Government, but regretted that he had to leave them, and go to Ottawa. All were sorry to lose so good a citizen as Mr. Harty, for he is a truly good fellow; sorry to part with that gentleman, although glad that it was to further his interest that he was going. The speaker was then alluding to the fact that Mr. Harty had long lived, health and prosperity to carry out his official duties at Ottawa for he was a truly good fellow, who would receive all his friends with a hearty Irish welcome, and who would be gladly welcomed on his occasional visits to this city.

VISIT OF HIS LORDSHIP RT. REV. BISHOP O'MAHONY.

His Lordship Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony visited Oshawa and Whitby on Saturday and Sunday, 9th and 10th of October, for the purpose of administering the holy Sacrament of Confirmation in both places, and of blessing the new R. C. cemetery of Whitby. Dr. O'Mahony arrived at Oshawa by the evening train from the west. His lordship who was accompanied by Rev. Chancellor McCann was

received at the station by Rev. Fathers McEntee and Kelly and a large number of parishioners. A torchlight procession was also formed, headed by the Battalion Band of Whitby, and his lordship escorted to the presbytery amidst every demonstration of welcome.

The sacrament of Confirmation was administered to a large number of boys and girls at Oshawa after first mass in the forenoon. The Bishop, accompanied by Fathers McEntee and Kelly, then drove to Whitby. There Father Kelly had already said early mass and administered confirmation to a large number. After high mass (Rev. Father Kelly celebrant) upwards of sixty persons, mostly boys and girls, were confirmed. His Lordship expressed himself much pleased with the correct answering of the boys and girls, whom he questioned at length, and thanked the clergymen and teachers for the careful preparation of the children. After which he delivered an earnest and admirable discourse on the sanctifying grace of the Sacrament of Confirmation in confirming the faith of the children of the Church, and on the efficacy of the sacraments as a means of grace.

In the afternoon, his lordship, attended by Revd. Fathers McCann, Beausant, Kelly, and McEntee, proceeded to the new cemetery—a mile and a half north of the town—which was then blessed—Father McCann delivering an eloquent sermon. There was a very large concourse of people assembled, including many prominent Protestants, and at high mass also many Protestants were present.

The following address was presented to His Lordship by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony:—

May I please your Lordship: The Catholics of Whitby extend to your Lordship a most cordial welcome. They beg to congratulate your Lordship upon your appointment to this important diocese and their gratification at the choice of His Grace the Archbishop having fallen upon so eminent and illustrious a prelate of the Church.

They have much satisfaction in being able to assure your Lordship of the attachment of the people to their holy faith; their attention to religious duties, as proven by the fact of the liberality in contributing of their limited means to the support of their church, and the steady growth of Catholicity in this community, through the blessing of Almighty God, and the untiring zeal of their beloved pastor; the multitude here present; the numbers prepared to receive the holy sacrament of Confirmation; the hearty and united wishes which we are now assembled, and the ceremony which you are called upon to bless to-day are the instances of the good work that has been done.

Nearly wishing your Lordship the enjoyment of long years of health, peace and happiness in the discharge of your sacred office,—begging of you at the same time to convey to His Grace our devout sentiments of love and respect, and his craving your Lordship's blessing, we remain, Sir, your obedient servants.

His Lordship replied in very complimentary terms, thanking priests and people, and extending to them the episcopal blessing.

THE IRISH LAND WAR.

(Continued from first page.)

It is the time for the Irish tenantry to show their determination—to show the Government of England that they will be satisfied with nothing less than the ownership of the Land of Ireland (cheers). I believe that such a solution is far more practicable, and possible, and much nearer, than any other solution. The great John Bright believes in ownership as the only solution of the Irish land question, and we have, as I have said, the successful precedents that have been set in every other country where the feudal land system prevailed. Let us then struggle for the settlement which will be final, which will be satisfactory, and which will leave no trace of the old system behind it. Talk of fifty years of tenure at fair rents. I think that the Irish tenants should be able to look forward to a time when all rents would cease, when they would have

HOUSES OF THEIR OWN

without the necessity of making annual payments for them (cheers), and I see no difficulty in arriving at a solution, and arriving at it in this way, by the payment of a fair rent, and a fair and fixed rent for the reversion, and perhaps near periods of reversion, but by the payment of a fair rent for the space of say 35 years, after which there would be nothing further to pay, and in the meanwhile the tenant would have fifty years of tenure. He would have his tenure also at a fair rent, not liable to revision, revaluation, or raising. Let the arbitration be made now, and you would find that the magic of property which turns sand into gold would enable the then and now miserable tenant, of most barren and unprofitable holdings in Ireland, to bring it into such a state of culture as to bring him beyond the reach of famine after two or three bad seasons (loud cheers). I do wish, in reference to a sad occurrence which took place lately, of shooting or attempted shooting of a land agent in this neighborhood—(cries of "down with him," groans and cheers)—I do wish to point out that the recourse to such methods of procedure is entirely unnecessary, and absolutely prejudicial where there is a suitable organization among the tenants themselves, and I have thought from time to time, looking at the want of organization in this and other countries, that the reason for this occurrence was the want of organization amongst the farmers. I believe that if Kilkenny county had been organized that young Boyd never would have been shot (cheers), because his father, in the face of a strong public opinion, would not have ventured to abuse his rights as a land lord (hear, hear); but in dealing with this matter, and in urging, as I wish to urge, the people not to go beyond the law, I feel myself very much hampered by the action of the Government of the country, which has been of such a character as to produce an impression that they desire to get the sympathy of every fair minded and just minded man in this county against the administration of the law (hear).

It should be

THE DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT

to administer the law as to secure respect for the law amongst the majority of the community (hear hear); but unfortunately that has not been the practice in Ireland (hear, hear), and I regret that this Liberal Government should be led, as crown prosecutors, to follow the example of their own predecessors. The principles of common law require, as my friend Mr. Marum has observed just now, that every accused person should be considered innocent until he has been proved to be guilty (hear, hear). But in the case to which I am now referring the executive have acted as if they were determined that the accused should swing whether they were innocent or not; in fact they have done their best to take this case out of the hands of the courts, and to bias the decision of the jury to whom the case will be left, and we may look, I suppose, for an attempted repetition by the crown of the criminal justice of Ireland, and led to so many periodic murders of innocent men committed in the name of the law (shame). Now, let us examine this matter for what it is, as law abiding citizens, wish to check and restrain the Government from the violent, unconstitutional, and illegal course that they are adopting in reference to this accusation of murder. Let us examine what the action

of the Government has been in this case. A number of respectable men, were arrested, tenants on the property of the landlords concerned. I believe three of those men were committed for trial by the magistrates, and are now in prison awaiting their trial. Shortly afterwards five young girls disappeared from their families and from the country, and after considerable search it was found that the police had carried them off forcibly. The action of the courts was solicited to obtain the restoration of three of those girls to their parents, and the court-finding that they could not support the high-handed action of the Government gave a writ of *habeas corpus*, which resulted in the girls being sent back, I believe next day. Two more young women, who happened to be of age, and in reference to whom their parents cannot proceed, are still detained. But I ask, whether it is not a disgrace to the Government of any country deliberately to spirit off witnesses for the purpose not of protecting them against any attempts that might be made to intimidate them, but for the purpose of intimidating them and instructing them as to the evidence they should give.

—A Voice—Their evidence must not be taken.

Mr. Farnell—The next thing that this most Liberal Government does is a most unheard of step even in this country. While two men are in prison awaiting trial, after they have been committed for trial, they may actually offer a reward of £500 to anybody who will come forward to swear against them (cries of shame). They have often offered rewards before a person has been accused of a crime or arrested, but even in Ireland I have never heard of the Government actually offering a reward for testimony against men who were lying in jail awaiting their trial (hear, hear). It was reserved for the so-called Liberal Government to attempt to take the law into its hands in this way and override the decision of the properly constituted tribunals of this country. There is a story in the English history of the son of one of the English Kings who was once brought before an English Judge for an insolent manner to the judge, and he said to him, "I am the son of the King and you have no authority over me." But the judge showed him his authority by committing him to prison and by keeping him there (cheers). Now the Government of the country stands in the place of the Crown, and the Government of Ireland has no more right to act in this manner in reference to getting up a case for trial than the son of that king had to swagger before the English Judge in the ancient time (hear, hear). I trust the attention that has been directed to this question

will cause the Government to cease this kind of action in reference to witnesses, which has been condemned by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of their own organs, and that we shall have no further recourse to the abominable practice of old times in reference to accused men who are awaiting their trial (hear, hear). And now, in conclusion, I would say one word to you. I would entreat every tenant farmer not to look at this land question from a selfish point of view. You have had to-day the first real opportunity that you ever had of setting it, and, believe me, that when the land question has been finally settled we shall be in a position to claim with irresistible force the restoration of our old Parliament (cheers). Some well meaning men are saying to-day, "Ah, don't continue this agitation, don't continue this movement; you are driving the landlords out of the national ranks" (laughter). I should like to know whether the landlords, since the union, were with the national ranks (cries of never). It is impossible to expect them to be in national ranks while they know their only hope of maintaining right to commit wrong, lies in the maintenance of English power in Ireland (cheers), and if it is desirable to have them in the national ranks, I tell you that the best way of bringing them there is to take from them their own organs, to destroy the system of landlordism which was planted here by England, in order that she might divide Ireland's sons among themselves, and so maintain her power. We will not, you will not be demoralized by concessions, and although our people may be rendered prosperous and famine banished from the land, I feel sure that the removal of suffering and the increase of wealth and independence in this country will, so far from diminishing the determination of the Irish people to rule themselves, strengthen and enormously increase their power, for regaining their lost rights (loud and enthusiastic cheering).

Mr. Vere Foster who has had in Ireland the name of a philanthropist, now offers to Irish girls over 18 years of age and under 30, in Connaught and the Counties of Donegal and Clare, the sum of two pounds each if they will emigrate to America. He says "Ireland is now overcrowded." He states an untruth, and betrays his employer. This is the latest English method of routing out the Irish from their country—and a terribly effective method. Where there are no women to be mothers there will not be long a population. Ireland is not overcrowded, as the following figures prove. The latest official reports give the population per square mile in the following countries:—

Table with 2 columns: Country and Population per square mile. Includes Ireland, England, Prussia, Belgium, Wurtemberg, Italy, Netherlands, Saxony, France, Austria, Germany.

Here we see that Ireland, whose soil is more fertile than perhaps any country in the world, has a lower population per square mile than any of the countries where people are happy and prosperous. Mr. Vere Foster says:—

"If remunerative employment cannot be provided for the redundant population resort should be had to emigration. From the beginning of the world emigration has been the normal mode of relief for an overcrowded population."

Yes; but Ireland must find another mode of relief, for she has another disease. She is not overcrowded, except by English soldiers and landlords. Her remedy is to stay at home and fight it out there. Mr. Vere Foster is in the pay of the English Government.—Boston Pilot.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cures—all that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Provers" in another column.

The Seeds of Dyspepsia, are often sown in childhood. MILK OF MAGNESIA, an agreeable, kindly acting and speedy remedy for flatulence, sick headache, colic, indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness and constipation is conspicuously beneficial to children. It should be used by mothers as the only safe medicine for children and it requires no persuasion to induce them to take it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST OPENED.

JAMES FOLEY'S

New Dry Goods Store, NO. 223 ST. JOSEPH STREET, OPPOSITE COLBORNE.

With a Complete Stock of Dress Goods, Black Lustres

PRINTS!

In Endless Variety. Splendid Value in SHIRTINGS!

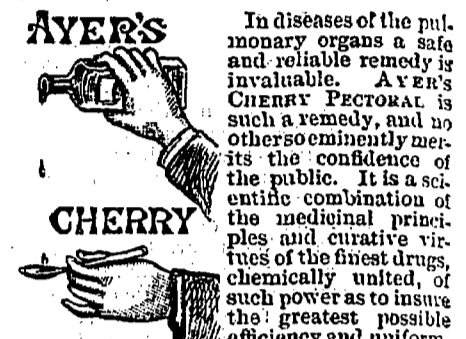
Together with a Full Assortment of

Millinery Goods!

THE BEST REMEDY

FOR Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

AYER'S



PECTORAL.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so generally merited the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles of certain virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergymen's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs are not active and effective treatment, and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, present it as a remedy of proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents.

THE LOCK-SPRING MATTRESS

The attention of the public is respectfully called to the new Spiral Lock-Spring Mattress which for durability, cleanliness, elasticity and cheapness, surpasses anything of the kind now in use in Canada. The new Spring is warranted to be of the best steel wire, and it requires only a twenty-five pound mattress to make the most comfortable bed in use. The Springs are made to order and are great success. The Spring is so constructed that a person weighing 30 pounds and a child weighing 30 pounds can sleep on the same convenience by lying side by side. Unlike other mattresses, the LOCK-SPRING never runs into ridges, but preserves its uniformity, no matter how long it is used. It is not subjected to it. It is not water, and is the only spring in use that possesses that quality. Nothing so good for Hotels, Hotels or Ships has ever been invented.

Agents Wanted in all parts of the Dominion

For particulars apply to

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Sole Agent and Manufacturer,

122 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

H. J. BEEMER, PATENTEE, Feb. 9, 77.

Agents Wanted in all parts of the Dominion

For particulars apply to

JOHN SULLIVAN,

Sole Agent and Manufacturer,

122 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

H. J. BEEMER, PATENTEE, Feb. 9, 77.

Advertisement for Hop Bitters, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments like indigestion and constipation.

WILLIAMS, HODSON & SON

ARCHITECTS, NO. 458 NOTRE DAME STREET, Near McGill.