

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19.

CALENDAR

THURSDAY 20—St. Felix of Valois, Confessor. FRIDAY 21—Presentation of the B. V. M. Bp. BARRY, Savannah, died, 1850. SATURDAY 22—St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr. SUNDAY 23—Twenty-fifth and last Sunday after Pentecost. St. Clement Pope and Martyr. St. Paul, Ill. 17th C. Gen. Matt. xxiv. 42-51. MONDAY 24—St. John of the Cross, Confessor. CURIA, Abb. Lamy, Santa Fe, 1850. TUESDAY 25—St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr. WEDNESDAY 26—Dedication of St. John Lateran (Nov. 9) St. Peter of Alexandria, Bishop and Martyr.

NOTICE

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office. By so doing the postal authorities can be the sooner notified, and the error, if there be any, rectified at once. See to it that the paper bears your proper address.

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Notice to Farmers.

Farms, lands and real estate of all kinds change hands every year, more especially during the fall and winter, and in order that buyers and sellers may be brought together as much as possible, the proprietors of the TRUE WITNESS—a paper which has a large circulation amongst the farmers of the Dominion—are prepared to offer reduced rates for advertising farms, lands, live stock, &c., during the coming fall and winter. Terms made known on receipt of copy for advertisement.

Publishers' Notice.

Mr. W. E. Mullen, of this paper, is at present travelling through the Province of Quebec in our interest. We recommend him to the kind consideration of our friends and subscribers, and trust they will aid him in every possible way to push the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the business heretofore carried on under the name of M. C. Mullen & Co., as printing and publishing the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS, has been transferred to "THE POST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," which will print and publish the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS and carry on the business of General Printers and Publishers.

We have not yet learned if there is to be any real opposition to the election of the Hon. Mr. Flynn, Minister of Crown Lands, in Gaspe. Of course there is a sham candidate in the person of some mysterious individual who is to astonish the Hon. Mr. Flynn, but who, at the last moment, will be invisible. There is no fear of Mr. Flynn's re-election, and hence we shall say nothing for or against it at present.

This American Secretary of the Interior will shortly launch on the country a small army of supervisors, who will take the census for 1880. The expenses attendant on such a great work will amount to \$3,000,000, and will, it is thought, be one of the most important ever undertaken. It will be most minuted in its researches, and show the great resources, industries, manufactures, agricultural statistics of the United States as they have never been shown before. But it will do more than this, it promises to change the political aspect of the Union, and do away with such expressions as the solid north and solid south, or, if not add to them a solid west. The marvellous growth of population in the western States is beyond all proportion to the increase east, north or south. In some of the western States, notably Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and California, the ratio of representatives in the electoral Colleges as well as in Congress will be doubled. While the Atlantic seaboard gained only from Europe since the last census, the teeming West has gained from the other cardinal points of the Union and from Europe as well. Hence there cannot be any longer a solid South which must unite with the North to preserve the balance of political power against the ever increasing Occidental States. The New York Star says in reference to the coming census:—

"Congress will have a grave problem to solve on the change in representation which the new enumeration will render necessary. Already the number of members is very large. If it should be decided not to augment it, which we think would be the wisest course, the Southern and Eastern States will nearly all lose members, while the West will gain what the two older sections may lose."

The Land Agitation in Ireland.

Until a war breaks out among the European Powers, or between any two of them, Ireland will give us all the sensational news we shall require if awful and sanguinary rumors can be called such. A despatch of yesterday, for instance, informs us that the Colonel of the 67th Regiment stationed at Birr, in the County of Leinster has received warning that a large force of anti-renters will attack the Barracks

and explode the magazine. Reinforcements have been at once telegraphed for, we are told, and great excitement prevails. Of course it does, for exploding a magazine, round the ears of a man does not tend to make him cheerful and happy. It was kind of the person giving timely warning to the gallant 67th though we fear somebody has blundered and sadly mixed up the war in Afghanistan with the war in Ireland, for in another telegram we are told that a body of 500 men numbering 1,000, who attacked the foraging party of the 67th Regiment, were routed by General Macpherson at the Junction of the Panasher and Cabul Rivers. We know that the 67th Regiment is only a single battalion, and must therefore conclude it was the Castle back from Dublin who sent on the startling intelligence from Dublin to London, who was excited, and not the garrison of Birr, in the County of Leinster, except indeed that it is possible the Afghans have carried the war into the enemy's country, and that there are two rivers in Ireland named respectively "Panasher and Cabul." But speaking in all seriousness of such a serious subject it is to be feared the Irish Executive—facetiously so called—are resorting to the old tactics of trying to excite a rebellion in order to crush the land agitators and secure the landlords in peaceful possession for another decade or so. The Castle has been drafting large bodies of troops from England lately, principally dragoons and artillery, and now, it is to be presumed, have enough to commence the work of coercion. The rumored attack on a barrack will furnish an excellent excuse as any other to the Jings. Most of our readers will remember the period from 1865 to 1869, and the reign of terror between those years, when the finding of a percussion cap by the police frightened old dames of both sexes, and the seizure of an old pipe in the thatch of a house, probably a relic of '88, threw the landlords into pretended convulsions. There was a shadow of excuse for coercion in those days; there is not the slightest at the present time. Parnell and his friends have inaugurated a policy of passive resistance to save the people from another great famine; the landlords demand their pound of flesh, and, as the landlords have the sympathy of the brutal Tory Government, an attack on Birr naturally follows, with coercion and forced payment of rents, and then three cheers for Irish tamine the second. Mr. Parnell wants to conserve the Irish people, to root them to the soil; the landlords want their rents, and are utterly indifferent what becomes of those who pay them. Here in America the sympathies of the people are with the oppressed, but there exist some newspapers, who, although never weary of praising the French and Prussian land systems and the present proprietary they have brought about, condemn the Irish people in severe terms for attempting to obtain the same blessings. Time, which cures all things, will, it is to be hoped, settle the Irish land question, and at the same time effect a change in the opinions of our able Canadian editors of the Ottawa Citizen, and other small fry, who at the present are so witty and ferocious upon the poor tenant farmers of Ireland.

The Fly on the Wheel.

We have watched the career of our esteemed contemporary the Ottawa Citizen of late with surprise slightly tinged with disgust. We remember the Journal which is the organ of the Conservatives, in that suburb of New Edinburgh called Ottawa, when it was fainting for pap and scraggy from poverty, and we notice the change to its present fat state—so to speak—with the satisfaction all philanthropists must feel at the progress of the indigent. It was not in its scraggy days that its editor was Mayor and obtained a percentage on local contracts as the price of servile editorials, but it was in those days its editor wrote a prize poem for O'Connell Centenary, and breathed fine patriotic feelings about Ireland, which in after times perhaps gained him a number of foolish Irish votes when he ran for Mayor. Through the efforts of this Hercules of the Canadian press, the Government of Mr. Mackenzie was broken and shattered, and its prototype, Sir John, became first Minister. Then it was that our esteemed contemporary grew fat and swelled itself as large as the national elephant itself. Then it was that, with one arm it protected Lord Beaconsfield, and with the other annihilated the Irish agitators, and still continues to annihilate them daily. Canada grew too small for the editor's genius, and his wings grew to such an enormous size that they covered the world. France heard the flapping of the eagle's wings, and Russia covered at the touch of its talons. As for—Ottawa and its pitiful business, they were altogether ignored as prey too mean for such a noble bird. It settled the affairs of Spain after an evening's repast, and when it came out in the morning it gobbled up Turkey at a déjeuner a la fourchette. It was like—and is still like—the fly that fancies it is weighing down the ox when alighted on its horn; it is like the maternal frog in the fable which burst herself; it is like a toadstool which imagines itself a mushroom; it is, finally, like a parvenu who chooses to think he has had an ancestor. For our part, we should not notice the tricks of the puffy little sheet if it pursued its proper course, which is crawling in the track of Sir John and Sir Charles and Sir Leonard, but when it turns aside and makes itself ridiculous by abuse of men, whose shop strings it is unworthy of tying, we become foolishly angry. It would be asking too much if we requested the Citizen to mind its own proper business, and confine itself, as of old, to such local questions as the election of that important official called

Mayor of Ottawa, or the extension of water pipes, or the last escapade of Julia Ring, for while the present Government is in power it will, and must, persist in being an organ, but at the same time might in common decency cease attacking the starving Irish tenants. Not that they, or their advisers, are aware of the existence of the influential organ called the Citizen, but that it is just possible the able editor may once again run for Mayor, which would be a misfortune, as the friends and sympathizers of the said tenants might not, in that case, think fit to vote for accomplished five years pensioner of the Departmental printing contractors.

Who Will Have Constantinople.

Russia poured out blood like water on the slopes of the Balkans, in the Shipka Passes, at the sanguinary Plevna, and elsewhere, and spent more money than she could well afford, and for what but to aggrandize Austria. She saved Austria from conquest by the Hungarians in 1848, just as Sobieski and his Poles saved them two hundred years before from the Turks; but nations are never grateful, and neither event prevented Austria from sharing in the partition of Poland, nor in snatching the fruits of Russia's victories from her grasp. Austria is a peculiar Empire. It has been formed, not by conquest, for the Austrians, though good soldiers enough, have been notoriously unsuccessful in war, but by marriages, and alliances, and treaties, in which somehow or other a Province is always slung to her which no other power is in a better position to keep. In this manner she obtained Bosnia and Herzegovina, just as she had her other heterogeneous provinces time after time. This devouring property of Austria has alarmed the Balkan Principalities, which, it is reported have either formed, or are about to form an alliance to check her advance. Gallant little Montenegro, which resisted the power of the Turk so long and so successfully, does not like to be swallowed up by the great Hapsburg boconstrictr, neither does Bulgaria, which has suffered so severely from foreign oppression; neither does Servia, which has made such tremendous sacrifices. These principalities are gravitating towards one another for protection, and together, with Roumania, are likely to form one powerful Slav State, which may, in time, have Constantinople for a capital, and drive the detested Moslem across the Helospont altogether. This would not be dreamed of a year ago, when Russia herself had her desire fixed on Constantinople; but the Austro-German alliance has taught the great northern power that they are not prepared to see her advance any further towards the Bosphorus, and she may consequently conclude that the best thing to her own possession would be to have it in the hands of a kindred and friendly, people—terms which are not always synonymous. What is almost as certain as anything still in the future is that the "sick man" will have to die, and that some one other than the Turk will reign in the ancient Capital of the Roman Empire. It is just possible that some fine morning or other we shall hear that England, with her usual audacity, has made a dash on Constantinople during the night and captured it. If she saw the Sultan's power utterly collapse, or that a mob had taken possession—one of the probabilities of the near future—a telegram from Salisbury would send a British fleet past all the guns on either side of the Bosphorus in a jiffy, and once fixed in possession there she would stay and complete the turning of the Mediterranean into a great British lake. But England would scarcely take this bold step without having first obtained the assent of Germany and Austria. These powers would prevent Russia bringing an overwhelming army to drive out the audacious islanders. Such a step would, however, arouse the anger of France and Italy, and a war could scarcely be avoided. It would be better for all parties if a European Congress quietly told the Turks to take themselves over to Asia and give the Empire to the Slavs. Whether they do or not, the probability is the Slavs will ultimately take Constantinople without their consent, except indeed, as we have hinted, England may occupy it by a coup de main before they are prepared. One thing certain is that Europe is on the eve of a mighty struggle, all the nations are arming to the teeth by land and by sea, while all their diplomats from our own Lord Dufferin to Prince Bismarck are telling the sweetest of peaceful lies and essaying to throw diplomatic dust in the eyes of their opponents. After the coming conflict of arms has ceased it will be found that Constantinople will have changed hands.

The cases of Adam Parr, indicted for assault with intent to kill, was called for trial in a Batimors court. The defence introduced evidence that the prisoner was not Parr, but a friend named Sweeney, who had obligingly consented to personate him, so that Parr could have time to escape. Sweeney had already suffered five months' imprisonment in consequence of the trick, and no further punishment was imposed.

The Kingston Daily News says in reference to Widdows—F. G. Widdows, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, will not "down." He is still in Scotland, and is raising somewhat of a commotion in that staid land. He addressed a meeting in the Rev. Albert Taylor's church (Free Church of Scotland) in Dundee on the 24th of October, and in course of his speech referred to the trouble he had with Mr. Long, of Glasgow, who championed his cause on his arrival in that city. We have received a pamphlet containing an address from Widdows "to the people of Glasgow," in which he announces his acceptance of invitations from various quarters to return to Glasgow to "preach the Gospel of Christ" in their midst. All we can say is, that "the people of Glasgow" must be very badly off in the matter of the preaching of the gospel. The Presbyterian ministers in Scotland will not help the cause of religion by allowing Widdows the use of their pulpits, which we notice is being done.

THE CLARK MURDER.

St. Johns, N. B., November 16.—The reported murder of Mrs. Clark at Glen Cove, on the Pokisk Road, has created considerable excitement. It appears more likely, however, that the woman was burned to death. When the Coroner entered the house of the deceased, a terrible sight was witnessed. Lying on the floor with her head against the wall, almost in the fireplace, and the limbs contracted, was the lifeless body of a woman, with nothing on it but a chemise. The body was terribly burned and disfigured by fire, but the features were easily recognizable. A few feet from the body, on the floor, was a bed, upon which the woman had evidently been lying. There was a strong smell of paraffine in the room, the woman's chemise being entirely covered with it, and the bed in some places. Various rumors were current among the neighbors as to

HOW THE FATAL AFFAIR OCCURRED, some placing the crime at the door of some suspicious characters who had been around, and others contending that it was the result of accident. From a careful examination of the premises, however, it appears quite clear that the latter version is correct. The woman had evidently been retiring for the night, and had endeavored to light the lamp by reaching from the bed to the fireplace, when the oil spilled on her clothes and at once set her in a blaze. How she subdued it, however, without burning the bed seems a mystery. Even her chemise was only burnt in one or two places. The lamp was found lying on the floor alongside her, the globe being on a bench a short distance off. A married daughter of the deceased, who lived with her, states that she had left the house about 6 o'clock last night to visit a neighbour, leaving behind her mother and her little child about two years old. Owing to the night being dark, she did not return home until 10 o'clock this morning, when the horrible sight met her view. The little child was

STANDING ALONGSIDE THE CORPSE, and in its childlike simplicity was patting the dead woman on the back, and wondering what was wrong with her. The sight rendered the daughter insensible for a time, but as soon as she recovered she went to a neighbour's and told the story. The Coroner empanelled a jury, which adjourned until Monday after viewing the remains.

Proposed Irish House of Commons.

A despatch from Dublin says:—At the meeting of the Irish National Convention Committee yesterday, they resolved to reconstruct the Irish House of Commons on O'Connell's plan, viz., to consist of 300 members elected by manhood suffrage, and to meet in 1882 at the latest. The Irish Executive has resolved to start the Shannon improvement works, with the object of giving work to the unemployed. He will spend £50,000 during the coming winter.

ENGLAND'S EASTERN POLICY.

The British Fleet—The Cabinet Accepts the Porte's Explanation.

LONDON, November 15.—The St. Petersburg Gales expressed the belief that England has put forward a question of reforms to mask the real cause of the dispatch of the fleet to Turkish waters, namely, to secure domination in Turkey. It says: "If the Sultan were to dismiss his Minister of the Interior, Mahmud Nedim Pasha, he might receive a further portion of grace, but he would at the same time become an English vassal. The Porte has empowered vessels of the powers not desirous of English domination in Turkey to enter the Sea of Marmora, and the dispatch of the English fleet is thus deprived of its threatening character." CONSTANTINOPLE, November 15.—Pending the receipt of fresh instructions, the British Ambassador refrains from visiting the Porte. The present attitude of the British Government is attributed to a grave suspicion of an understanding between Turkey and Russia, originating in visits of the Russian Ambassador, Labanoff, to the Sultan, before he went to Livadia to visit the Czar, and on his return to Constantinople. It is reported that Labanoff will interview the Sultan again before his departure on a leave of absence.

A despatch from Constantinople says the Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pasha, at London, has telegraphed the Porte that Lord Salisbury has accepted its explanations, and promises the Sultan to ratify all reform schemes in European Asia.

AFGHANISTAN.

LONDON, November 17.—A despatch from Kabul says the total number hanged for complicity in the massacre of the British Embassy is 49.

LONDON, November 17.—A despatch from Constantinople says, soon after conferring with Prince Labanoff, Russian Ambassador, the Sultan ordered the re-equipment of all forts in the Dardenelles.

THE FRENCH CABLE.

A Successful Landing Effected.

NANSET BEACON LIGHTS, Mass., November 16.—At seven o'clock a.m. the Faraday was sighted, and at eight she anchored a mile from Nanset Beacon Lights, adjoining which is the proposed landing place for the cable. A boat was launched, and George Von Chauvin, the engineer of the New French Cable Co., and its representatives in America, went to the ship, and shortly after Messrs. D. H. Bates, President, and Thomas Sweeney, Vice-President of the American Union Telegraph Company, with whose lines the new cable will connect, were taken out to greet and welcome Captain Iratt, of the Faraday, and Mr. L. Leoffler, the agent of the Siemens Bros., contractors for laying the cable. The work of arranging the shore end of the cable upon the pontoon is now progressing, and shortly after the cable was on the land, where a trench had been dug, and a temporary building placed to receive the instruments used for recording the signals. Subsequently signals were exchanged with the ship, the officials connected with the Cable Company, and the American Union Telegraph Company, together with M. P. Mague, Inspector of the French Government telegraph lines, and Count Donahof, of the German Legation, went on board the Faraday, which proceeded at once to the buoy, 17 miles distant, where the final splice was being made. When this is done the French cable will be complete from Cape Cod to England and France via St. Pierre. The new French Cable Company has had remarkable good fortune, and has, it is said, been enabled to get its cable manufactured and laid at something less than one-fourth the cost of the existing cable.

NORTH EASTMAN, Me., November 17.—The first cablegram over the new French cable to cross from this station was sent by the President of the American Union Telegraph Company to the President of the French Cable Company congratulating the latter on the successful laying of the cable. The despatch says, both as regards construction and

laying, as well as perfect insulation, there is no parallel to this enterprise in cable history, it being only seven months from this very day since the concession to the Cable Company was granted by the French Government. The steamer Faraday returned from making the final splice, this afternoon. The party assembled on the beach left for Boston. Previous to starting, Cable Director Brugiere and Engineer Von Chauvin wired thanks on behalf of the Cable Company to Secretary Exarats for the liberal action of the American Government, by which means the cable was landed under very favorable circumstances.

CUAN AFFAIRS.

New York, November 16.—A Havana letter, dated 8th instant, says 3,200 insurgents under Angel Guerra made a foraging expedition on the 4th instant in the vicinity of Holguin. The Spanish General Valera, with 2,300 men, met the insurgents at Barrancas and lost 200 killed and wounded. He retreated to Haigun, and was cooped up there and incessantly harassed by the insurgents. General Blanco, with 4,200 men, marched to Valera's relief. The insurgents then raised the investment of the place, having sacked several stores in the outskirts of the city, besides capturing valuable booty from Valera's command. Part of the Cuban force branched off under General Benitez, crossing the line between the Eastern Province and Camaguey for the purpose of invading the latter. At Los Guasimas a muster camp was established in an inaccessible spot to rally the country people to their standard. The main column headed toward Puerto Principe, where plenty of cattle and recruits can be obtained, with mountain region near in case of necessity. A vigorous, relentless campaign will be inaugurated, extending to San Miguel de Baga and Nuevitas, where the sugar estates, telegraph and railway will be destroyed. Secret emissaries have proceeded into Cuno Villas to prepare the white natives and entice the slaves in Remedios, Trinidad and Cienfuegos to repair to the mountains and be mustered into the revolutionary army. A thousand yeoman from Trinidad Valley are said to be congregated in the mountains ready for an invading force. This extending territory of hostilities is most fatal to the Spaniards, who have to scatter their army into fractions in order to guard important seaports and protect the sugar estates at El Ciego. The main body of the insurgents made a desperate onset upon the rear of the Spanish relieving force, as it was approaching Holguin, and threw it into confusion. The firing lasted over an hour, after which the insurgents withdrew under cover of the darkness. There is great consternation among the loyal people. Reinforcements are being hurried forward to the scene of the invasion. Even Volunteer regiments are being pressed into the service until the arrival of recruits from Spain, which are slow in coming.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GANG OF PROSELYTISERS.

"Ro, Brothers, Ro!" Mr. EBRON.—After England had stripped Ireland to the skin, she sent an army of gutter-snipes, evangelical, holy boot-blacks, Exeter-Hall-inspired barbers, converted jockeys, and some phenomena of Bible-pounding who had trained their muscle in the mines of Cornwall—(where they don't know Christ, but 't'other fellow)—to rob Erin of her soul. England, in fact, emptied Newgate to convert Ireland. Their theological training consisted in studying the mysteries of soup-making, and how to harangue contributions from the pockets of old women who had failed to get husbands, and, therefore, were biliously inclined to throw themselves into the good cause, id est, in the arms of the aforesaid gutter-snipes, billiard-markers and inspired pugilists. Aristotle tells us that amusement is necessary for men and that a little now and then, like salt, seasons our life. Now, since the days that a flock of geese saved Rome, by their gabbling, has there been anything funnier than the antics of silly ganders who desire to destroy Rome, and who have made Ireland their headquarters? only think of it! Harry VIII., Elizabeth, the ungrateful Stuarts, Cromwell, William III. and twenty others, backed by the whole power of Britain, her wealth and her terrors, failed to damn Irish souls by heresy, yet Ruvs. Jack Straw, Gudgeon and Ro are going to succeed! "Oh! sweet brethren and sisters! please, now, do, ah! do; just one shilling for the conversion of the Irish!" and the man of God clasps his hands convulsively, rolls up his eyes beseechingly and thinks of how the devil he will pay his hotel bill if the modest shillings be not forthcoming.

Rev. Ro is from Liverpool, England. [As all the world knows, Liverpool is one of the great centers of moral light in England. There are no heathens, thieves, prostitutes, bummers nor backsliders in that famed town. It is not quite as moral as Eden, but still it may be called an evangelical phenomenon; and all this is principally due to the amazing Gospel energy of such Boanerges as Ruvs. Ro and "pards." Like Alexander Magauis, Rev. Ro and pards, after having conquered the kingdom and stronghold of Tomrarak—a euphuistic name for the devil, invented by our Esquimaux brethren—they cast about them for other worlds to conquer, and lo! Popish Ireland in the selected battle-ground. But alas! terrible difficulties face the evangelical champions, Don Quixote's wind-mills were nothing to it. Rev. Ro shall tell us one "staggerer."

"There are upwards of 800,000 persons in Ireland who speak Irish, one-fourth of the number being under 20 years of age." "Do you mind that now? There are, by the most authentic accounts, over 200,000 families who speak Irish in Ireland. Now, the average of five to a family is admitted by all statisticians, which makes a million of persons speaking the Gaelic tongue in Ireland. But what's 200,000 more or less to an evangelical man of God, whose pockets are gaping for contributions? And "one-fourth of them are under 20 years of age." Do you understand the full force and meaning of that addendum, good reader? Young people, influences will and them, therefore, soon be "willin'." A bowl of Protestant soup and an Evangelical hunk of bread will fetch 'em; those callow Gaels, every time!

And a shilling, ah! brethren and sisters! a poor, paltry shilling, will provide several bowls of soup and bread, ad libitum, for those interesting youths under 20 years of age! Will you walk into your wallets and shell out? You will, you will. But what is all this compared with what follows? "Upwards of 100,000 cannot speak any language but Irish; and the minds of these persons can at present be reached only through the medium of the one language which they understand!" "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Here's profundity! here's richness! Those who only understand Irish can understand

only Irish: "Ladies, don't be afeared; you see, this is but a lion's skin; I'm Bottom!" And honest bottom took to roaring "as any sucking dove," greatly to the edification of his hearers." Rev. Ro, your logic is as heretical as your religion. I sincerely trust the contributions will not be as weak as your argument.

The means employed by the Irish Church Society for the better damnation of the Irish people are as follows:—The Primer: the Holy Scriptures; the Book of Common Prayer One, two, three, and away we go!

1st.—The Primer. No doubt the Primer furnishes the anxious inquirer with a list of Protestant doctrines and an enumeration of evangelical sects. Tinkers, Jumpers, Shakers, Leapers, Ranters, Howlers, Lutherans, Calvinists, Knoxists, Mormons, High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, No Church, Baptists, Methodists, Primitives, Reformed, Reverend, Wesleyan, Episcopical, Liberal, Modified, Corrected, Enlarged, Quakers, Unitarians, Congregational, Plymouth Brethren, Manonites, Quaker Chickens, Holy Youths, and Ripping, Roaring, Flaming Trapeze Revivalists and the Jumpers' only dogma is to Jump; the Shakers to shake; the Ranters to rant; the Howlers to howl; the Lutherans to rant; the Calvinists the Minister, with the congregation considered the second doctrinal point; the Knoxites, smashing the Cross; High Church, high tone; Low Church, low spirits; Broad Church, a capacious stomach; Methodism, yelling enthusiasm, &c., &c. You'll not forget, good Rev. Ro, to set forth and enumerate the whole of the animals in the evangelical menagerie, in order that the enquiring Celt may fit a religion to his morals, for, though soup may agree with all stomachs, religion does not. Of course, I mean the religion of the Primer. By Jove! Since Cromwell's army brought the itch to Ireland that unfortunate country has never been so eminently blessed as she is to-day with her Rev. Roes, Jack Straws, Gudgeons, and the swarm of preachers issued forth from Ardret! Where are those missionaries? Who has heard of them? Will some Irish paper enlighten us on the matter? And there were just 40 of them, neither more nor less. Strange coincidence!—There were 40 thieves in the history of All Hallow.

2nd. The Bible. By what authority does Rev. Ro presume to continue distributing a book which the doctors of Protestantism have pronounced to be full of errors? Is there not a Committee of Revision sitting upon the Bible now—Laymen, lawyers, skeptical philologists, English gentlemen who imagine they are Bishops, and professors from the school of Tyndal, Spencer & Co.? How does Rev. Ro know but that there are many dogmatic errors in the present, unvaried Bible? Will he dare give such an unceremonious code to his followers, or offer error as the word of God? Moreover, how does Rev. Ro know that the Bible is God's word? What authority mar-antes the Book? Can he prove its authority? [The Pearl edition of the Bible, printed in 1653, by an Evangelical soul named Field, contains, according to Disraeli, six thousand errors. King James' version is just as bad, and it is to remedy this that the Parliamentary commission is now sitting. Will Rev. Ro and followers stake their salvation upon the work of distributing a Book, manifestly and admittedly full of errors? And, these are the apostles of modern proselytism! Men who preach as a certainty what they are doubtful of themselves! But I forgot,—the shilling contribution explains all!

3rd. The Book of Common Prayer.—Radically and essentially changed, added to and taken from, ten or a dozen times. Though each change, even in essential doctrines, was clamorously claimed to have been made, under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Book of Common Prayer is one of the most absurd, contradictory and laughable monuments of mere human folly that history presents to our consideration. What must be thought of a so-called Church getting up a book as the plain exponent and embodiment of her doctrines and practices, and then falling to, tooth and nail, to tear it to pieces as unworthy of belief? Will Rev. Ro and friends deny this? Dozens of Saints' festivals in the calendar, prohibition of meat on all Fridays throughout the year, abolition from sins &c., &c., &c., and blessings, too, mind you! How the dickens can men who don't know how to bless themselves bless their neighbors? The fact is, the Book of Common Prayer was concocted much too near the Catholic times in England. The Church, by the grace of an Act of Parliament, should have waited until the light and warmth of God's true church had faded and died in England. Let them get up such a book in our day, and, "five shillings to one on't!" it will rank like one of John Stuart Mill's rationalistic essays, or like a dream poem by that old heathen German, Goethe.

These be the moral pabulum that Rev. Ro and "pards" attempt to cram down the throats of the Irish. Religious quacks, they don't know the adulterated Evangelical drugs they are dispensing. But, like all quacks, they make money by the enterprise. They advertise themselves like the Buchu and Pili meo, only, instead of terrific posters, they make pious "statements," to parallel which one must go to the pages of Munchausen or read Gulliver's travels. The only converts they make live on the island of Barataria under the benign rule of Sancho Panza. Learn Irish, Rev. Ro, learn Irish!—and common sense.

FR. GRAHAM.

One of the most reliable medicines for Headache is Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS.

TESTED BY TIME.—FOR THROAT Diseases, Colds, and Coughs, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHISCS" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

NO ONE SHOULD TRAVEL WITHOUT BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It is good all the time for diseases incidental to travelling. A few drops will destroy the evil effects resulting from the use of strange waters and may often save life. Druggists sell it.

A DOSE OF BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges creates great constipation among the worms, which twist and twist in the stomachs, of many children, and even adults. There is nothing in these Combits which can injure anything but the worms, and nobody cares for them. 1-2

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the best prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years, with never-failing success, by millions of mothers for their children. It relieves the child from pain, corrects acidity of stomach, relieves wind colic, and, by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

MORE FACTS.—Teacher—"In commemoration of what did the Jews keep the Passover?" Sharp Boy—"In commemoration of the Israelites passing over the Red Sea." WHEN DUTY IS A PLEASURE.—Scenes: "Lodge-Gate Circus." "Timid Little Lady." "Police-man, the road is so crowded, do you mind seeing me across?" Policeman (angrily).—"Mind, miss! Shouldn't I like to!"