"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."-"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 8.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886

AN AUTUMN GARLAND.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I-Emblems of Erin.

Oh, would'st thou know the emblems of the isle of destiny—
That hallowed land where turrets grand and the beautiful mountains be?—
They're the symbols proud of a race uncrowned—heirlooms of a nation old,
A shanrock plant, and a flag of green, and a crownless harp of gold!

Oh, a blessing on the shamrock !—'tis the emblem of the faith
That mocked the thrust of a myriad swords, and laughed in the face of death,
As it held its own on the hillsides lone, or the crags by the sobbing seas,
With a martyr's strength and a soul unbent through the gore-stained centuries!

Oh, a blessing on her banners !- there is hope in its emerald green-On, a blessing on her bankers. Letter is been in the fields of the lustrous sheen:
Hope for the brave, and hope for the slave, in its folds of the lustrous sheen:
The banner that won at a Fontenoy and triumphed beyond the feam,
Will flutter and soar in pride once more o'er Fontenoys at home!

And her harp of gold—yes, that harp of gold—doth tell of her chequered past— Its blood-red years, and sacred tears, and the fight when the die was cast: At the touch of its chords flashed fiery swords, where, far o'er the mountains brown, With the setting sun the clansmen won, and the Saxon flag went down!

I saw a mystic hand

Put other flowers to sleep; I heard o'er all the land

Pale, stricken mothers weep:

On tiny beas of rest
The tiny cherubs lay—
Hands folded on each breast
Like saintly souls that pray!
Toys strewed the sombre room,

Men kissed in grief and gloom The playthings of the dead!

I saw the bright-eved dawn

The cowslips on the meads, The rose trees and harebells Shook off their dewy beads;

By balmy breezes fanned,
Aurora sprang from night—
Joy shone o'er all the land—

I walked in living light!

With gladd'ned heart I cried : "Hushed are my morbid fears! Bless'd be the morning-tide— It dries the mothers' tears!

The cherubs mothers bore

Still in the night I hear

It is the cherub choir !-

Lays of the spirit sphere Make music in the air !--

Lays from each golden lyre Crown'd with angels lays:

These be the cherub lays!

But o'er the mountains high Their spirit faces bloom

Like starlets in the sky!

Their dust still strewes each tomb:

Lansanne, Switzerland, Sept , 1885.

banquet. His answer was characteristic An infidel is no fit company for a gentle

Death Scene of Admiral Courbet.

A young officer, M. Viaud, who writes under the name of Pierre Lotti, gives in the Revue des Deux Mondes, a very touch-ing account of the Admiral's death-scene, and what followed it. He died as he had

for the commander; they were crowded so closely together, that there was hardly

room to pass between the assistants and the officiating priest. The little altar was hemmed in on every side, and every one

present was, for that short moment at

present was, for that short moment at least, in union of prayer and Catholic Faith. The only sound that broke the profound stillness on deck was the sobbing of the sturdy seamen. The Admiral was a very stern chief, hard to others as he was

just, so merciful and kind, that in spite of

his inflexible command, he was beloved as

It is good to see a really great man in France, where the race is growing scarce,

buried by France, Christian France, in a manner as honorable to her as to the loyal

servant whom she mourns. The republi

can is disgusted at having to let the cleri-cals come forward in this national funeral,

but the family of the Admiral would rather have thrown his body into the sea than allow it to be buried like a dog, as

the Republic buries these whom it delights to honor. A grand chapelle ardente is ready at Toulon, and the coffin, on the arrival of the Bayard (battered and weather-worn, so that it nearly broke up on the

NEWFOUNDLAND.—We have, at present no agent in Newfoundland. Our sub-

scribers are hereby cautioned against pay ing money to any one representing him-self as such.

few chiefs have ever been.

The cherubs mothers bore
Awake to second birth,
And life and light once more!"
But vain the shadowy dream!
Though daylight shone o'erhead,
Grim looked each mocking beam—
The little ones lay dead!

And in each lone homestead

Trip down the mountain steep, And on the field and lawn

Wake plant and flower from sleep; The lilacs in the dells,

Oh, such be the emblems, stranger, of the isle of destiny—
A triplet guard to watch and ward that land by a western sea;
They're the symbols proud of a race uncrowned—heirlooms of a nation old:
A chamrock plant, and a flag of green, and a crownless harp of gold!

11-Hesper's Omens. Her heart was glad as heart could be—
She would not tell me why,
While Hesper smiled upon the sea,
And crowned the evening sky.

Her maiden blushes have an art She fain would hide from me; But, oh! I know why her young heart Is glad as heart could be.

Dear Hesper looks from clouds of rose To hail the autumn moon : Such clouds at eve foretell, she knows, A morrow's glorious noon !

And as we've pledged our troth to-night,
And sealed it with a kiss,
She sees in lines of sapphire light
A future full of bless—

A future where in sunny mood
From day to day we'd live:
I thank thee, Heeper, for the good
Glad omen thou dost give.

And thus it is why heavenly joy Her virgin soul doth bless; And thus it is why no alloy Distains her happiness.

O Hesper! Hesper! shield my bride From whirlwinds' in a rage, O'er youthood's gay pellucid tide, And through the snows of age!

Hold forth each eve thy rosy crown, And hide dark clouds of sorrow That she may dream the sun goes down To rise as bright to-morrow?

111-Flowers of the Mystic. I saw the dark-robed night
Hush plant and flower to sleep
Within each verdured site,

And on the mountain steep:

I saw the chaliced rose

Dew-dight yet breathing balm

Within the bow'r repose

In one unbroken calm:

The earth was wrapped in gloom— Each line of light had fled— My garden seemed a tomb— I walked among the dead!

A DISTINGUISHED CATHOLIC CITIZEN.

The most remarkable feature in the Flood Rock explosion is the precision with which the explosive has been regulated. General Newton handles dynamite and rackarock as a marksman might the best of cartridges in the most per-

mite and rackarock as a marksman might the best of cartridges in the most per-fect of rifles. His experience in the last twelve or fifteen years, illumined, as it is, by his matchless engineering genius, and by his wonderful power of organiz-ing and controling skilled fellow-work-ers, lands him far above any of his com-peers in the art of exploding huge masses of rock. We remember a lecture of his et the Conner Lattinte in Your Veni of rock. We remember a lecture of his at the Cooper Institute in New York, not long after the Hallet's Point explosion. On the stage he exhibited a miniature copy, in some sort of plaster, of the rock as it stood before the explosion. Wires radiated from it in every direction, and were all gathered into a framework connecting each wire along which, as in the great explosion, the electric current was to do the blasting work. This gave the lecturer who had done the great deed so successfully, an opportunity of ex-plaining every detail of the operation. But he took care not to tell us what he was going to do. It was only casually that he mentioned the fact that each one of the wires running into the plaster model ended in a dynamite cartridge. When, however, his very interesting and luminous description had led up to the critical moment when his three year old daughter touched electric key, he suited the action to the word, touched a button to a small piece of wood he had in his hand, and bang went the plaster model, shattered into atoms, with a report not much louder than a pistol shot. Not a particle of burnt plaster tell beyond the chestra seats close to the stage. And yet it was done with hundreds of small

dynamite charges.

General Newton is worshipped by those that work under him. He sees to every detail without interfering needlessly with engineers who know that, while he trusts them, they must be men of untiring watchfulness, very slaves to duty. Himself a splendid specimen of West Point training, he loves to talk of all he owes to the great school, a school which he values more even for its mental discipline than for its military tactics. Modest like all great men of worth, he dislikes talking of his triumph over mat-ter. Mind in its highest form, mind as irradiated by devout faith is what he revels in. For the General is not only a Catholic, he is a man ot prayer, walking and working in the presence of God. and working in the presence of God.

The lives of the saints are his favorite

An interesting letter from Mr. W. J.

Poupore, M. P. P., Chichester, Que., is unavoidably held over till next week.

Boston Pilot. Boston Pilot.

The Tory papers of London are becoming bold as sheep, now that they have had time to get their breath. The Telegraph says: "It is English weakness not Irish courage, that has magnified the difficulty. Our fathers were not so easily alarmed." It says Englishmen should not be scared at the shadow of 86 Irishmen on the floor of the House of Commons pars for at ten times that number.

CATHOLIC FRESS.

men on the floor of the House of Commons, nor at ten times that number. The Standard denounces the Irish as an "alien mass," and with fine consistency says they must be treated as an integral part of the United Kingdom—and so on, from The Times down to the Saturday Review which calls the Parnellites transcers, essistants, bartenders, betting "grocers' assistants, bartenders, betting men, shop keepers and waiters, living on savings transmitted from America." As it does not accuse any of them of being Englishmen, the vituperation is harmless.
There is a good deal of bad language and bad manners in the London press just now, a sign that John Bull knows that he is beaten and dosen't like it.

London Universe.

London Universe. Because a bricklayer and a tailor have been chosen among Mr. Parnell's supporters a sneer is induged in at the expense of the Irish party. We do not reckon these men among "the intellectual flower of the Irish race," but we presume they are honest, and that they have done some service to their country, or they would not have been returned. If we turn to the English representation we find a laborer like Arch, a miner like Burt and a laborer like Arch, a miner like Burt and a printer like Durant, sent to the House, and quite rightly too. Honest labor has its dignity. Benjamin Franklin worked at case, and Andrew Johnson could make a breechese. The one was an ambassador, the other a Vice-President of the United

United Ireland. United Ireland.

This is the way the Irish representation now stands, eighty-six men in favor of making Ireland a nation, eighteen want ing to keep her a province, and a province on which they can selfishly batten. The elections in every way have borne out the forecast of the Irish leaders, who calculated with the forest the area. forecast of the Irish leaders, who calculated eighty-five as the minimum strength of the National party. Mr. Gladstone will now be gratified to learn that in response to his late Midlothian addresses, this nation has spoken out in a manner which cannot be falsified or gainsaid, demanding the restoration of its stolen believes. The localists with all the Parliament. The loyalists, with all the power of England at their back, and money galore at their command, can point to only one whole county out of the thirty two which has remained solid for thirty.two which has remained solid for the Union. Antrim alone sends up a solid Tory representation, and with it the only vestige that is left of the "Imperial Province" is some fragments of Down, Derry and Armagh—in all of which the Nationalists also have won a seat. On the other hand, in four Northern countries— Monaghan, Cavan, Fernanagh and Donegal—the loyalists have not carried a single division, and won only one out of four in Tyrone. How much more "unity" do the Eoglish want? The excuse bitherto has been that Home Rule could not be granted because Ireland was itself divided on the subject, but even that wretched

and the managers of such institutions going out of the business of running them. It was only a little while ago that the neighboring city of Providence clared that it would license no rinks clared that it would license no rinks the present year, and last week two of the fanciest rinks in Cleveland, O., went into bankruptcy. The skating rink has evidently seen its best days, and it will soon cease to bother those people who oppose it on account of its demoralizing influences. That it has done great harm in many instances cannot be denied, and while some may begret its disapparance. lived, a Christian, and his sailors, rank and file, mourned him with Christian rites. The officers from every vessel in the fleet under his command gathered on board the Bayard, where Mass was said while some may regret its disappearance for the reason that it fostered healthy ex ercise, the general public will not grieve much when it is gone.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. There are thousands of Catholics, old and young, who never hear a sermon. Thousands who never read a book of any kind. But all these read daily or weekly papers. A weekly journal, edited and written for Catholics, and for men of high principles and morality, is a constant mis-sionary, because at some time or other during the year, even the most careles and ignorant idler is prone to pick it up, if he finds it anywhere near him. The devil has a great deal of cleverness, and he "works" the printing press "for all it is worth." He knows that the details of divorce suits and other scandalous matters divorce suits and other scandalous matters may be made very attractive, and that, by thinking of them every day, human minds and hearts will become coarse and corrupt. And many apparently careful fathers and mothers seem to be in league with him. Very often fathers and mothers calmly see their children quietly reading "news" or literary matter which these fathers and mothers would not dream reading aloud. People now-a-days will read papers. Let them have good papers. He who believes in Catholic journalism, and its power for good ought to remember too, that he can give no more tangible proof of that belief than the price of his subscription. Words of cordiality are charming things; but, to use a modern proverb, it is money that talks, after all. way home), will be taken to the cathedral, where the Bishop and a great gathering of clergy will perform the funeral service with right noble Catholic pomp.—London And a crisp greenback—or even a green-back that is not crisp—or any of the other business representatives of cash, are even more agreeable to "the man at the wheel" of a journal than the most handsomely

decorated Christmas card. Official Methodist reports of missionary results in China read rather amusingly. In the Flowery Kingdom for a long while

Methodist converts cost \$1,500 a headnot to count their subsequent keeping; while recently converts have been made at an expense of only \$375 a piece. Whether this implies that time has taught Methodism economic methods or that Confucian stock has gone down, descent with not deponent saith not.

Dublin Freeman's Journal. The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has issued a Manifesto. It is not the first of its kind that has emanated from the small knot of ill-conditioned territorialists whose mission is to promote all the strife they can raise and then to say they are acting in the interests of Order. They are insignificant, numerically; but among the Northern farmers there are still some, we regret to say, who give heed to their counsels, though knowing well that they are to be reckoned among the inveterate opponents of every movement for agra-rian reform of which Ireland has been the scene since the Act of Treachery, miscalled scene since the Act of Treachery, miscalled the Act of Union, deprived the country of her freedom. They are being found out, however, these territorialists, and the power they knew only how to abuse is slipping from their grasp so surely as to render the cleverest efforts at concealment of chagrin the merest abortions.

"These be brave words" of the Barrow duff Branch of the National League at their last meeting, held at Killarney, and reported in the Cork Daily Herald—"We condemn in the strongest terms possible those night robberies termed Moonlight raids, and we would request of all persons to try and bring these marauders to jus-tice. We are confident that in the few districts where it is necessary vigorous steps will be taken to stamp out the disgrace. In every campaign there are a number of disreputable camp followers, who plunder the baggage, rob the dead, and nurder the wounded, and bring on the whole army the reproach of rapine and Monlighters render to the National movement. The Moonlighters who made the mudderous raid on Mr. Cartin's house in Kerry were convicted on Monday in Cork, and got 14 years' penal servitude apiece. What a commentary this is on the prophets of evils who foretold we should have no more convictions in agrarian cases when once the beneficent jury-packing pro-visions of the Crimes Act has disappeared.

Catholic Columbian.

The extent to which fanatical phrensy will go among persons who haven't the ballast of correct religious principles, is evidenced in the freak of some members of a Protestant congregation at Palmyra, Wis, who have pledged themselves not to taste food until they become "anctified." Some of them have now fasted for condition. This is asceticism run to seed.
It is good to fast, for a reasonable period, and for attainable ends; but to expect sanctification as the direct result of extended starvation is foolishness. It is wonderful how responsive the non-

Catholics around us are to efforts made to convert them. They are intelligent, religious-minded, eager for the faith, and been that Home Rule could not be granted because Ireland was itself divided on the subject, but even that wretched pretence is now forever at an end, for almost since the dawn of history no such practical unanimity was ever shown by any nation.

Boston Republic.

From various sections of the country comes the not ungrateful intelligence that the skating rinks are falling into disfavor, and the managers of such institutions given be and the managers of such institutions they given be about the stains the skating rinks are falling into disfavor, and the managers of such institutions to the such comments of them, and come in they get a hold of them, and come in they get a hold of them, and come in the skating rinks are falling into disfavor, and the managers of such institutions to the such comments devote them the skating rinks are falling into disfavor, and the managers of such institutions to the such control of the such control of the such control of the security of its doctines and the consolations of its grace. Never was there a people so receptive of such institutions of the supposed to discharge their regular pastoral functions, and there is no Order the stains at hand, and the farms at hand, a church that does not receive some con verts every year; no mission is given that some non-Catholic do not join the Church; no Bishop makes his annual visitation of his Diocese without having to confirm some newly admitted Catholics. If now so many come in when no special effort is made to convert them, how numerous made to convert them, how numerous would not the converts be if there were some missionaries who would preach in public halls, in Protestant churches, and in other places where they could speak to outsiders, and who would make not the sanctification of Catholics but the conversion of Protestants their one work.

When Robert Emmet stood in the dock convicted of the crime of striving for his country's independence and was asked if he had any thing to say why asked if ne had any ting to say why sentence of death should not be pro-nounced against him, he delivered that immortal speech which has since been as the Magna Charta of Irish patriots,—the me Magna Charta of Irish patriotis,—the justification of their patriotism. Towards its conclusion, he said: "Let no man write my epitaph. For as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance nor pre-judice asperse them. Let them and me judice asperse them. remain in obscurity until other men and other times can do justice to my memory. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." Has the day of prophecy come? Is the sunburst of Ireland to stream o'er a land purged of alien taskmasters, and may the purged of shen tassinasters, and may the martyred patriot at last after these bloody years have justice done to his ams and aspirations. When the two English parties are vieing with each other in their offers to let Irish men rule Ireland, the dawn of liberty is surely not far off, and the hour is at hand when Emmet's epitapn may be written!

In many of the Catholic churches in out-lying municipalities sermons were preached by parish priests Sunday, at Ottawa, Ont., denouncing skating rinks, ontawa, Ont., denouncing estating Imag, snow-shoeing and tobogganing slides, particularly the last mentioned, as hurtful to the morals of young ladies. Parents were also reproached for permitting their children to visit such places of amusement. The Catholic clergy have forbidden ladies wearing tuques to appear at church ser-

A JUDICIAL JEREMAID.

WHERE THE CABLE AGENT GETS SOME OF HIS NEWS.

There is at all events one judge on the Irish bench who seems determined to uphold its evil traditions as a witness uphold its evil traditions as a witness against the country which made it independent. Judge O'Brien has evidently laid himself out for the role which it afforded the Lawsons and the Mays so much pleasure to fill Consule Forster. Nay, he out Lawsons Lawson, by evolving a picture of pandemoniac blackness out of a condition of light, just as the skillful prestidigateur produces a can skillful prestidigateur produces a can non-ball or a plum-pudding evidently out of nothing. Because two crimes of great magnitude have been committed in remote corners of the country he formulates an indictment against an enformulates an indictinent against an entire province! From the judge's remarks to the Grand Jury of Cork recently, one would imagine that the whole of the South was in such a condition that nothing short of martial law would do for a remedy. Yet, when the facts which he parades are analyzed, it really seems marvelous how any indict-ment could rest upon such a shaky toundation. Two murders have been committed—one in Cork, the other in Kerry. Most certainly the killing of Mr. Curtin was a shocking crime, and no language can be too strong to denounce

its perpetrators.
Yet there are circumstances in connection with that tragedy which demand an investigation of a higher and closer character than that which they shall re-ceive in his lordship's court, and no words of his were needed to deepen the terror of it which the men who shall form the of it which the men who shall form the jury undoubtedly entertain. The murder of the herd Tobin was also a dreadful deed, and was certainly not perpetrated by any friend of the people or the people's canse. But after these two cases have been eliminated from the calendar, what remains of the fabric of indictment? Nothing but a miserable skeleton of threatening letters—often written to themselves by the threatened individuals, malicious (1) burnings, disindividuals, malicious (1) burnings, dis-orderly assemblages, and so forth. With regard to other classes of crime, it is enough to remark that some of them have been traced directly to the men most interested in having their perpetra-tion noted. It is only a few days since a farmer was caught deliberately firing a farmer was caught deficiently into his own house, and it was the police who had been sent to watch him who found him at the trick. Nor is it quite a century since two of the police themselves were found to have been concerned in the concoction of "an outrage" through which a man lost his life. We know as a matter of personal ascertain-ment that the heads of the police force in Ireland have been largely concerned in the getting up of outrages; and Mr.
Justice O'Brien speaks from the very
spot where one of the most audacious of
them was hatched.

It was in Cork that the scoundre

French attempted to get up the plot to murder a brother judge, Mr. Justice Barry, and to falsely implicate the leading Nationalists of the city in the business. But we dare say Judge O'Brien is too deeply interested in the study of abstract criminal statistics to pay any in the way of violence. When the loyal and Patriotic Union can afford to spend fifty thousand pounds publicly on election candidates, what must their private expenditure be on "Moonlighting" and "outrage" speculations? With such agencies at work, it is really mar-velous that so little practical result can be pointed to. There is, we are bold to say, more crime shown in one English country calendar than throughout the whole of Munster. After all, we cannot discover what Judge O'Brien wants. He surely does not require more police for the province, for he confesses that it is over-run with them, and he marvels that they do so little for their pay. The learned judge seems to lorget that inactivity is sometimes masterly tactique. So far as we can see, therefore, nis attempt to defame the country is as pointless and unmeaning as it is distorted and exaggerated.—United Ireland.

Beauties of the Breviary.

Our people may not know the extraor. dinary beauties and value of the Roman Breviary, recited each day by every priest throughout the world. It has been termed the manual of Saints; it gives the very soul and essence of the Holy Scriptures. It contains inestimable treasures for the historian or the philosopher; and brings down to each successive age the wondrous theme of Eternity, begun for us in the Book of Genesis. Father Faber as in the Book of Genesis. Father Faber said that "the attraction increases, in proportion to the reading and study by priests of those books. Much, well nigh all within them, is so beautiful, so solemn, so replete with the spirit of reverence, so full of Catholic teaching, so fitted to the deepest devotional cravings of which we are capable, that they must return a most with a feeling of disappointment to their other formularies. The hold which the Breviary takes upon its constant readers is strengthened, while its austere hymns, raise their affections higher than their wonted pitch. The reader is forced to pause over the antiphons, where a word pause over the antipans, where a wonter from one part of Scripture seems to meet another, and make a key, and open up whole mines of mystical exposition, much of it probably belonging to very ancient traditional treasures in the Church."

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INSPECTION INVITED.

Christmas Eve, Ottawa, 1 35.

IN MEMORIAN W. H. WALLER, EX MAYOR AND LATE COUNTY REGISTRAR.
Why those sounds of sorrow, why those tear-dimmed eyes, as the belis of Christmas wake the midnight skies with their glorious music? Why does joy-seem fled, and kind greetings linge; on each lip unsaid?

One there lowly lieth—one o'er whose sadbier
Many hearts are mourning; many a falling
tear
Speaks of worth departed, and with love
untold
Tells of friend the truest—true as tested Gold. As life's evening faded, Bethlehem's bright

star Dawned upon his vision, leading him afar To the Fields Elysian. And the hymn of peace Which the earth is singing, murmurs his release. o, ye bells be, silent! As my spirit hears songs of welcome ringing through the

Songs of welcome ringing through the heavenly spheres; While bright scraphs crown him in the courts above, For his deeds of mercy, charity and love. MRS. J. H. MAHON.

A SCENE OF DESOLATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Contemporary ReviewThe scenery round the head of Loch
Duich is amongst the most magnificent
in Scotland. There Scuir Ouran lifts its in Scotland. There Scuir Ouran lifts its peak to a height at which nearly all the Western Isles are seen stretched like a raised map in bronze, filleted with silver. There within a few miles is Glomach, surely the grandest waterfall in all the United Kingdom—a white torrent tumbling 550 feet into a black gorge, where nature has provided a rock rostrum in mid-air, and between the noise and the stillness one feels as though watching the passionate stream of time fall into the silence and darkness of eternity. But not here, as in Switzerland, do the inspirations of nature harmonize with the fraternity and equality of human But not here, as in Switzeriand, do the inspirations of nature harmonize with the fraternity and equality of human institutions. Let him approach how he may, and pass which way he will, the traveler here is haunted everywhere with the shadow of a huge monopoly, which lifts luxury into an almost sublime audacity, and depresses labor into despair. As we land in the bend of the loch running up into Glen Chroe, we see everywhere the signs of a cultivation arrested by some blight. There are rude cottages along the hill-side, but how the cotters can pick up a living, unless by fishing, is a puzzle, for they evidently have no crofts, and the farms at hand, on which they might be supposed to

"All within is dark as night, In the window is no light, And no murmur at the door So frequent on its hinge before. Close the door, the shutters close, Or through the windows we shall see The nakedness and vacancy Of that dark deserted house."

Grass grows in the yard, the window-panes are broken, the doors are drop-ping off their hinges, and the whole rarge of buildings is falling to ruins. Were it not for the modern style of everything, we might imagine that we were back in the "45," that we were on the track of a hostile army, and had come upon a post just deserted by Cumberland's "lambs." But it is neither war nor pestilence that has wrought this desolation, unless in-deed luxury be a pestilence. What has occurred is simply one of the most re cent encroachments on industry by "sport." For we are here on the borders of Mr. Winan's vast deer forests, and should we meet his "stoppers," as the people significantly call his gillies, we shall be warned off from soil now consecrated to Diana. The particularity of that gentleman as to his territorial rights has been amply illustrated by the notorious pet lamb case which arose in this very glen. Though the whole area is riotous with a vegetable struggle for life, not a mouth must nibble at the grass but that of the sacred deer.

ORANGE PARADES FORBIDDES.

Serious apprehensions were entertained last week in Conception Bay, N. F., that the bloody scenes enacted on St. Stephen's day two years ago would be repeated. Judge Bennett of Hurbor Grace took all precautions to secure the Orange society from molestation in its processional march through the town. In addition to the ordinary infantry police, 150 leading citizens were sub pornaed to act as special constables. They refused to act as body guard for the Orangemen, and sent a strong protest to the judge, calling upon him to invoke the aid of the executive to carry out the party processions act passed last year. The judge had no alternative. He communicated with the executive, and pro clamations were instantly issued forbidding the Orangemen to parade and virtually incarcerating them in their lodges in Conception Bay.

7. 9, 1816.

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