

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

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.

Special Notice. Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS, and thereby save us much time and trouble in attending to their correspondence.

Mr. John Cass, 565 Sussex Street, Ottawa, has been appointed our Agent for that city. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions and advertisements for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

The "TRUE WITNESS" Weekly Edition of the Montreal "Evening Post," is the cheapest Catholic Weekly in the World. Subscription for it; only \$1.50 a year, or \$1.00 per eight months. Specimen copies free on application.

The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent, and those who desire the Latest News, Market Reports and Current Events daily should subscribe for it. Only \$3.00 per annum; 1.50 for 6 months; 75 cents for 3 months. Specimen copy, one month, 25 cents. Postage in all cases prepaid by the Publishers. Specimen copies free on application.

Notice. Mr. JAMES LONC has been appointed agent for the EVENING POST and True Witness for Whitley and Duffin's Creek. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions.

Mr. THOMAS WALLACE, stationer and news-dealer, of Ottawa, has been appointed our agent for that village.

St. Patrick's "Protestantism." The continuation of Bishop Donnelly's lecture on "St. Patrick's Protestantism," will be published in next week's TRUE WITNESS.

Typhoid Fever Among Swine. Typhoid fever has been found among swine in the Western part of the United States. It has been known to exist for a long time, and it is known to have originated in the manner in which the swine of the Western States are fed.

Vice-Chancellor Blake. The Toronto Tribune authoritatively denies the charge made against Vice-Chancellor Blake. The Tribune denies the charge on the authority of the lady to whom the insult was alleged to have been given. The Tribune says the whole story is a fabrication.

The "Irish Canadian." We have more than once found it necessary to stand by the Irish Canadian, but a time is coming when we must take exception to the course it has pursued of late. Its abuse of the bishop of Kingston was uncalculated and unbecoming.

Mr. Morey's Watchman Stabbed and Left for Dead in a Burning Building. About two a. m. last Saturday Sub-Constables Gravel and Beauregard, of Jurors station, while on duty at that hour noticed smoke issuing from Mr. J. T. Morey's livery stables.

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EPHRAIM'S COCOA - GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING. It is a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of our best selected cocoa, Mr. Ephraim has produced our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually brought into a sound and vigorous condition, independent of any remedial measures. It is a great desideratum to have a good coffee, but one that does not require a great deal of water to make it palatable, and that is not only palatable, but that is also healthy and strengthening. It is a great desideratum to have a good coffee, but one that does not require a great deal of water to make it palatable, and that is not only palatable, but that is also healthy and strengthening.

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only "crime" is that they support those who have been their best friends. The Irish Canadian writes harshly of Bishop O'Brien because that gentleman spoke highly of the Hon. Mr. Fraser, and we do not see how Bishop O'Brien could have done otherwise. The Hon. Mr. Fraser deserves the support of every Catholic in Ontario, and the opposition of the Irish Canadian looks very like faction and party. The Hon. Mr. Fraser has been one of the best friends the Catholics of Ontario ever had, and it would be the height of ingratitude for them to turn their back on him personally.

During the reign of Her Majesty the 24th of May will always be honored in the Dominion with becoming demonstrations of loyalty. Her Majesty is personally popular, and this fact alone has attracted towards her the personal good will of her subjects in every quarter of the globe. When she came to the throne, British North America was a thinly populated and little thought of place. Now, however, the Dominion of Canada is an important part of the British Empire, and its importance appears to be growing every day. But the Queen cannot live for ever. Much as Her Majesty's subjects desire her long life and happiness, yet she must die just the same as any other mortal, and when she dies the 24th of May, as a day of popular rejoicing, dies too. Will the people of the Dominion then celebrate the birthday of the King? We doubt it. In the future Dominion Day will be the day for popular rejoicings in Canada. Now that Dominion Day has been made a statutory holiday, it becomes the people to honour it, by such acts as will prove that they take some pride in Canadian Nationality. We are not less loyal to the Crown because we are loyal to ourselves, and pride in promoting the greatness of the land in which we live. Even as the day approaches now, something more than picknicking should be undertaken. If properly handled on Dominion Day all hands can be joined, and another great step made towards promoting that harmony and good will which every citizen so much desires, but for which only a few appear prepared to make much sacrifice.

The Marble Temple. The New York Herald of 26th ult., devotes six columns of closely printed matter to the celebration of the opening of the Catholic Cathedral in New York on Sunday. In a leading article on the subject the Herald says:— "A longer religious service than that which began at the Cathedral yesterday morning has seldom been given in America; certainly no other upon the continent was ever celebrated with equal pomp and ceremony, or followed with more reverence. The day and the season were in perfect harmony with the solemn yet joyous occasion, not was human sympathy wanting for the man of all creeds and no creed who passed the sacred edifice and saw the patient crowds awaiting admission, or caught fragments of the music, the significance of which they knew, would have had hearts worse than hard had they resisted the impulse of brotherly feeling toward man and woman standing reverently and affectionately in presence of the Invisible, and tending their glorious earthly habitation to the earth, had not where to lay His head. Services as impressive as those of yesterday will hardly be heard again in America during the time of the present generation, nor will such a glorious monument of love and devotion be soon again offered to Heaven. After all that was said and seen, however, the truest honor to the head of the Church was found in the devotion of the people. In the presence of such manifest reverence those Christians who shamed the tears expressed by the able preacher of the occasion could not fail to realize that the faith of the common people is stronger and more general than the doubts of the scholars.

Independence in Politics. The Mail admits that a spirit of independence pervades the political atmosphere to an extent never known in Canada before. This is an important admission, and one on which the country may well be congratulated. But not only does the Mail make this admission as a simple piece of news, but it approves of the decay of partizanship, and thinks that independence in politics is the salvation of a people. "Nothing," says our contemporary, "can be better for the country than the decay of partizanship and the development of principles of independence among the representatives of the people." Further on it adds that "nothing can be better for a government, in the absence of a strong opposition, than a watchful independence among Ministerial adherents." This has ever been our platform, and we are glad to see the leading Conservative organ of the country make the admission that we have not been astray in the position we have assumed. Partizanship means servility. It destroys good government by a blind allegiance to faults as well as to virtues. It cultivates sly intellects, weak-minded following and obedient M. P.'s, who obey the "click-clack" of the Premier, just as the mules of the muzzleooter obey the "click-clack" of his whip. Party is necessary, but it is from a slavish following of party that all the evils arise. Competitive examinations, when established, as they must be some day, will do a great deal towards breaking party servility, and meanwhile the independent press of the country can do good work by harping away at every abuse, and in fearless tones exposing every wrong.

Orangeism in Ontario. Politics have very little to do with the Ontario elections. The question of "which is the best party for the Province" has been overshadowed by the question of Orange incorporation and Catholic representation. The contest has become religious more than political, and the Mowat administration stands or falls upon its presumed merits or demerits on religious questions which have driven political issues to the wall. The Orangemen are making frantic efforts to defeat the Government, and from this we opine that the majority of the Catholics are making frantic efforts in the opposite direction. "No surrender" is sung to the breeze, the ghost of "Derry's Walls" throws its shadow across the political path, and the "Prattico Boys" are making the welkin ring with cries of "Down with Mowat." What "Derry" has to do with Ontario elections people who are not crazed by fanaticism will find it difficult to understand; and why the memory of its "Prattico Boys" should be appealed to in a political contest most people will wonder at? And these cries if persevered in are just as sure to raise counter cries on the other side. The Catholics have their memories of wrong to appeal to, but we hope they will refrain from doing it. Orangeism in Ontario is not worth getting angry about. Many Orangemen do not know the history of the institution, and if they did they would not belong to it. There are, we hope, many well disposed and liberal-minded men in the Orange ranks.

This may be possible. They joined the society in ignorance of its true history, and with no desire, perhaps, of opposing the civil and religious liberty of their Catholic neighbors. But after all the best way to treat Orangeism in the sister Province is to laugh at it. It is an inflated bubble that will explode one of these days, and then it will be well to be out of the way.

The Marquis of Lorne. The Orange organization was represented in the procession that received the Marquis of Lorne in Kingston! What Lord Elgin, the Prince of Wales and Lord Dufferin shunned the Marquis of Lorne, does not, it appears, object to! Is this the act of his advisers? A society that has up to this been spurned by all the Governor-Generals that Canada ever had, is taken in hand by the Marquis of Lorne! This is something new, and the Orangemen may rejoice that they are no longer banned as outcasts of society. The "Orange Association" walked between the St. Patrick's Society and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. Such was the order of the procession. We learn, too, that Bishop O'Brien was on the reception committee, and we wonder if he was aware of the fact that the Orange Association was represented in the procession? But St. Patrick's Society must have been aware of it, and the Catholics of Canada will look for some explanation of what appears to be a very strange proceeding. As for the Marquis of Lorne, it is difficult to blame him, when St. Patrick's Society formed part of the same procession, and when the Bishop of Kingston formed one of the many who welcomed the Gov.-Gen. to the Limestone City. Orangeism never received such a recognition in this country before, and pending the explanations we expect to receive, we cannot even guess at the cause. While the Governor-General and his Royal wife are in Kingston, we are sure the Catholics will not be behind in demonstrating their loyalty; but this incident of the Orange Association is odd, and all we can do now is to point to the fact and express our surprise. Some other time we may have more to say about it.

Ministers of the Crown. The Hamilton Times thinks it odd that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie Bowell should be "expected" to attend a grand celebration of the "glorious Twelfth," which is to take place at Goderich, Ont. We think it odd, too. Ministers of the Crown would be better employed trying to promote harmony instead of ill-will. The country does not pay Ministers of the Crown for the purpose of encouraging Orangeism, and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell would exhibit good sense, and a due regard for the dignity of his position, by not attending any Orange demonstration during his term of office. Of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell personally we have nothing to say. We cannot learn the truth about him, therefore we are silent. If we speak to a Conservative we are assured that Mr. Mackenzie Bowell is a very good fellow; if we speak to a Reformer we are equally assured that he is a veritable scoundrel. All that we can do is to take him by his acts, and we shall see what he will do or say or behave on this "glorious Twelfth." And now a word about the Hon. Mr. O'Connor. What the Irish Catholics of Ontario think about the President of the Council we do not know, and whatever the Irish Catholics of Montreal think of him in his public capacity, certainly they all esteem the hon. gentleman for his private worth. But, publicly, the feeling in Montreal is that the President of the Council is not an Irishman at all—that he does not want to stand out as an Irishman, and that, in fact, he shirks the responsibility of the position he holds as the representative in the Cabinet of the Irish Catholics of the Dominion. With the exception of a few crazy party men, this feeling is universal in Montreal, and we shall be delighted if it can be proved to be a mistake.

Affairs in Ottawa. Like the people of Montreal, the people of Ottawa have an understanding, between the different national elements which go to make up the population, that a French Canadian Catholic and an English Protestant shall represent the Capital in the Dominion, and that an Irish Catholic shall represent it in the Local. The arrangement was observed at the last Dominion election, and a French Canadian and an English-speaking Protestant were elected. Now the Local elections come on, and it is the turn of an Irish Catholic to pick up the crumbs of office. But what do we see? We see three Irish Catholics and two Protestants nominated, and the Irish Catholics are thus virtually told that they must stand aside. The Irish Catholic candidates are:—Buckerville, (Con.); Donoghue, (Ref.), and Starrs, (Ind.). The other candidates are Long and Lesueur, two gentlemen who have never given the public reason to believe that either of them were men of liberal views. What the Irish Catholics of Ottawa are to do under the circumstances, we cannot accurately determine; but one thing is certain: this antagonism to Irish Catholic representation should be broken down. If the understanding about the different sects did not exist, no one could complain; but now that a treacherous effort is being made to wrench all representation from one portion of the people, it may become the duty of that portion to sink faction and unite their forces in order to defeat the attempt made to politically destroy them. Messrs. Lang and Lesueur should be taught a lesson, and their promises should be made to experience the same which comes of violating an honourable compact. We hope the men of Ottawa will stand by one another in this crisis. We offer no opinion on the merits of the different Irish Catholics; but we think it the duty of every man to stand by the compact as hitherto observed, and to take such measures as will prove that in the presence of a danger men can unite for a principle and throw faction to the winds.

The Monks' Controversy. The Irish people all over the world, have honored the memory of Tom Moore. In New York a statue, erected to the memory of the poet, was unveiled, while from San Francisco to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Quebec, the telegrams tell us that demonstrations have been held in all the great centres of public life. In Great Britain, too, celebrations of the day must have taken place from John O'Grat's to Land's end, while in Ireland every town of any importance must have done something to place on record the appreciation of the people for the works of the National bard. It is always the same with "these Irish." They will not forget the memory of their dead. Go into the cabin on the roadside in Ireland itself, talk to the miner on the slopes of the Colorado Mountains, speak to the occupant of the log hut on the bleak plains of Manitoba, ask the soldier in the camp, the sailor "laying out" on a yard-arm, the merchant in the city, the Irishman of frank, or fearless men the world over, and there you will hear the old, old story—they never forget. Appeal to their love for Ireland, and they will climb the slopes of a thousand Fredericksburgs; touch that sentiment which is the ruling passion of every Irishman's life, and they will repeat history anew and prove what men can do who love their native land. Call it a "sentiment" or what you like; but it is a "sentiment" that has moulded the policy of empires, that has forced princes to their knees, and before the stern purpose of whose resolve even dynasties have fallen. Ireland is not a great nation. As she is, she can never be that. The genius of the Irish race is absorbed in the service of another power, and until she obtains Legislative Independence, Ireland cannot hope to cultivate many Thomas Moores. The Irish are the least understood and the most maligned people on earth. Those who understand them know that their motives are lofty, if sometimes mistaken. You can always kill Irishmen by kindness, but not all the king's horses and all the king's men could kill them by coercion. But they will be understood some day. They are often deceived by politicians, but they do not deceive themselves. There is a fund of national honor and religious reverence in their nature which, when rightly understood, will enable them to take their legitimate place in the catalogue of the world's career, and when that catalogue is completed the title page will, we are sanguine, hold among its works one which will indicate—"Ireland a Nation."

Sub-Constable Gayton took charge of him and proceeded to bathe, his wounds to remove the congealed blood. The laying of his leivish brow with the cool water effected a semi-restoration of his senses, and while he lay in half conscious condition he muttered, "ONLY PREVENTED THEM," and relapsed into his former delirious state, in which condition he remained when removed to the General Hospital.

FURTHER PARTICULARS. A Post reporter called on Mr. Morey this morning in order, if possible, to discover if that gentleman had obtained any information with regard to the fire. Mr. Morey was of the opinion that he was indebted to competing carters for the destruction of his property and probable death of his faithful servant. He stated that the ruffianly element of the carters occupying positions on different stands throughout the city had conceived an antipathy to him and had frequently threatened to ATENGE THEMSELVES ON HIM

for having deprived them of the patronage of the Ottawa and Windsor Hotels. This we consider a most unjust aspersion on the character of a very respectable class of men in the city. His loss we estimate at \$15,000, and is only insured for \$3,500 each, have been more or less burned. The assassin in attempting to conceal their first crime covered the carriages with kerosene and started the fire, which was expected to assume the proportions of a conflagration in a manner which would have redounded to the credit of a Parisian petroleum. Detectives Lafon and Falhey visited the scene this morning, and discovered an eight pound dumb-bell COVERED WITH GORE

lying in a corner. This, evidently, was the weapon used by the assassants to crush the skull of Morey's faithful guardian, who was alone and unarmed.

At the Montreal General Hospital, Quenneville presents a shocking spectacle. His head is battered in, and the blood still oozes through the many bandages. Three gaping knife wounds in the neck bear testimony of his desperate resistance. Dr. Bell announced that it would be impossible for the sufferer to survive his wounds, as he lies now rolling in delirium, suffering from congestion of the brain.

Alphonse Quenneville died at 11 o'clock this morning, suffering great agony.

Inspection of Canadian Cattle. By Order-in-Council passed by His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council, 21st of May, 1879, the following regulations will be enforced to prevent infectious or contagious diseases in animals which are being shipped for exportation:— "4. In order to prevent the danger of contagion or infection resulting from the overcrowding or overloading of animals on board of ships or vessels, the Inspectors or their permittees, cattle, or animals, to be laden on board any ship at such port, until he shall be satisfied that suitable space and provision has been made to receive such animals, and that a greater number of animals shall not be shipped than such ship can safely and properly carry, and such Inspector shall not grant a clean bill of health to such ship until such provisions as aforesaid, shall be made to his satisfaction."

The Collector of Customs, at any port where such inspection as aforesaid is adopted, shall not give a clearance to a ship or other animals on board for exportation without being shown a clean bill signed by the Inspector, to the effect that the measures provided by said Act and the regulations have been obeyed and carried out.

"Any person refusing to submit to the present regulations, or avoiding their being carried into effect, or impeding an Inspector or officer in the discharge of the duties assigned to them, shall be guilty of an offence against the Act to provide against infectious or contagious diseases affecting animals, and shall be punished according to the provisions of the Act."

Professor McLaughlin, the Government Inspector of the Dominion, will be assisted at Montreal by Mr. Malcolm C. Baker, W. S., who has been appointed to that position, and Mr. J. A. Couture, V. S., who has been appointed Assistant Inspector at that port. These gentlemen have no doubt but with an efficient staff and the co-operation of those more immediately interested, Canada will continue to rank prominently in the cattle trade.

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ANOTHER GRAND LECTURE BY REV. FATHER GRAHAM.

"OLD EUROPE AND YOUNG AMERICA."

The following lecture was delivered, on Tuesday night, in St. Gabriel's Hall, Point St. Charles, by the Rev. Father Graham. The lecture is instructive and amusing, and, like all Father Graham undertakes, it is full of point and eloquence.

"This is the Age of Boasting and False Pretences. Not only are all the necessities of life adulterated, but principles that have stood the test of the worst epochs are becoming tainted with the dry rot of modern materialism. Men who have inherited the genius of Balaam's Ass—Carlyle, for instance, cry out, warn, menace and prophecy, mysteriously profound and far reaching into the palpably obscure; but who puts derrick and pulley to ear and moves that immense phenomenon of the Nineteenth Century in the direction of the Prophet's oracles? Alas! no one, for darkness intellectual and much groping after we know not what characterizes our times.

The lane of the age is cowardice, especially moral. Of physical there is no lack, but moral cowardice is of worse consequence. Look at the nations of the earth, and if you do not despise your kind, then you are a Jew, as Jack Falstaff said, 'an 'Ebrew Jew.' There is France, with her forty millions of people who think one way, and a Government of two dozen of free-thinkers who think the other way, and the two dozen rogues have so throttled the forty millions true men, that they scream with fright and cover on their knees, abject and trembling. What a noble forty millions of sheep! Then look at Italy with her thirty millions of inhabitants, of whom five hundred thousand are voters. These voters elect to Chambers, numbering, perhaps, three or four hundred souls. Five hundred thousand and three hundred *Mamminti* and *Carbonari*, forcing nearly thirty millions of Italians to the wall with contemptuous kicks and cuffs! O sublime people! O majesty of humanity! what an ennobling spectacle! And Germany, and Russia, and the United States, with its fraudulent President, and all the rest of them; truly a magnificent augury and portrait of a splendid future! Petitions are handsly presented; deputations cringingly approach thrones; even the three jailors of Tootley street, like Diogenes rolling his Tub, consider themselves "at the present occasion, when a crisis has arrived to be wanting in their duty if they did not solemnly protest against" or "emphatically endorse" something or other, and so the millions fawn and crawl and play sycophant at the portals of kings who are usurpers and statesmen who are enemies of God and man. (Applause.) For my part, I am of opinion that lightning is more efficacious in the Nineteenth century than that. It is not very vulgar, though, that the highest refinement always travels hand in hand with the most brutal barbarism." Look at the ages of Pericles, Augustus, Napoleon, Prester John and Rutherford D. Hayes! (Laughter.)

The only real manhood of our times has been displayed by the Zulus. (Laughter.) A poor African tribe, fighting for Lares and Penates, for home and the graves of their fathers, have done what Napoleon never achieved; they have defeated the troops of Britain in four pitched battles. It was this officer's fault, and that commissariat blunder, but the truth is, it was the Zulus' fault, and nothing else. The losing horse blames the saddle. It is no small thing to lift Africa into the region of heroism and to prove that a colored skin may cover a manly soul and a dauntless heart. (Hear! hear!)

In treating of "Young America" I have a purpose in view to which I ask your careful attention. We have boundless territory, majestic rivers, great lakes, immense forests, bright skies, with every resource that goes to build up a prosperous future for this continent, but all these things will be vain if we have not true manhood and virtue. Let us wisely learn from the sad experience of European countries, and avoid in time the rocks upon which the old world communities have been dashed to pieces. I am encouraged to think that a few remarks touching the causes of the insecurity and trouble across the sea may not be unheeded by the "Young America" before me this evening.

I shall speak, then, of those causes in the first place. Afterwards, I shall furnish an example illustrating the tendencies of bad principles. Then I shall try to present to your consideration a few portraits of the elements which should not enter into that restless, mischievous, thoughtless, brilliant, acute generations commonly called Young America. Let me here make a single remark. We hear often of Young France, Young Italy, Young Germany, Young Russia, but we must take care and not confound Young America with those people. The virtues and faults of young America proceed largely from an exuberance of Liberty and are rather of social than political signification, while Young anything across the ocean means grips pass words, moonlight fitting, or Hadjiiras of false prophets, shots from behind hedges and a stray conspirator to break through that divinity which, if he may believe Shakespeare, doth hedge kings. Paganette, Hede!, and that Russian fellow whose name is hidden in a dense, impenetrable jungle of consonants,—he who greatly immortalized himself by missing Alexander four times,—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Bradburgh & Co., these are the gods of Young Europe. So, I will not degrade Young America by comparing him with the Knight of the torch and dagger. Our Young America is at present in a transitive state, and may be made powerful in good or evil according as he becomes imbued with true or false principles. And that a word in season may not be wanting to him within the limits of our little world of Montreal, I have ventured to address you to-night.

Before going further, let me say that we are too fond of attributing reality to such mere abstractions as "humanity," "nature," "society," &c., and yielding to the fatal delusion that it is upon the great mass outside of ourselves that the future depends and not upon our individual selves. Society, for instance, is made up of individuals, and the physical and moral plane of society must necessarily depend upon the physical and moral condition of the individual. It is a huge mistake to imagine that society is a body independent of individual effort,—that it is a sentient, intelligent something sufficient for itself and elevated about ourselves and our neighbors.

Society is an idea derived from the aggregation of individuals; independent of the individual it can never be, for, remove the individual and there is and can be no society. These remarks are trite and commonplace, enough, but, ladies and gentlemen, the very search of common sense is to analyze and attain a clear idea of commonplace terms. You have all heard of the philosopher who was so absorbed in his contemplation of the stars that he fell into a ditch. Men are oftentimes scanning the heavens for truth whilst that beautiful divinity is sitting at their feet.

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The following lecture was delivered, on Tuesday night, in St. Gabriel's Hall, Point St. Charles, by the Rev. Father Graham. The lecture is instructive and amusing, and, like all Father Graham undertakes, it is full of point and eloquence.

"This is the Age of Boasting and False Pretences. Not only are all the necessities of life adulterated, but principles that have stood the test of the worst epochs are becoming tainted with the dry rot of modern materialism. Men who have inherited the genius of Balaam's Ass—Carlyle, for instance, cry out, warn, menace and prophecy, mysteriously profound and far reaching into the palpably obscure; but who puts derrick and pulley to ear and moves that immense phenomenon of the Nineteenth Century in the direction of the Prophet's oracles? Alas! no one, for darkness intellectual and much groping after we know not what characterizes our times.

The lane of the age is cowardice, especially moral. Of physical there is no lack, but moral cowardice is of worse consequence. Look at the nations of the earth, and if you do not despise your kind, then you are a Jew, as Jack Falstaff said, 'an 'Ebrew Jew.' There is France, with her forty millions of people who think one way, and a Government of two dozen of free-thinkers who think the other way, and the two dozen rogues have so throttled the forty millions true men, that they scream with fright and cover on their knees, abject and trembling. What a noble forty millions of sheep! Then look at Italy with her thirty millions of inhabitants, of whom five hundred thousand are voters. These voters elect to Chambers, numbering, perhaps, three or four hundred souls. Five hundred thousand and three hundred *Mamminti* and *Carbonari*, forcing nearly thirty millions of Italians to the wall with contemptuous kicks and cuffs! O sublime people! O majesty of humanity! what an ennobling spectacle! And Germany, and Russia, and the United States, with its fraudulent President, and all the rest of them; truly a magnificent augury and portrait of a splendid future! Petitions are handsly presented; deputations cringingly approach thrones; even the three jailors of Tootley street, like Diogenes rolling his Tub, consider themselves "at the present occasion, when a crisis has arrived to be wanting in their duty if they did not solemnly protest against" or "emphatically endorse" something or other, and so the millions fawn and crawl and play sycophant at the portals of kings who are usurpers and statesmen who are enemies of God and man. (Applause.) For my part, I am of opinion that lightning is more efficacious in the Nineteenth century than that. It is not very vulgar, though, that the highest refinement always travels hand in hand with the most brutal barbarism." Look at the ages of Pericles, Augustus, Napoleon, Prester John and Rutherford D. Hayes! (Laughter.)

The only real manhood of our times has been displayed by the Zulus. (Laughter.) A poor African tribe, fighting for Lares and Penates, for home and the graves of their fathers, have done what Napoleon never achieved; they have defeated the troops of Britain in four pitched battles. It was this officer's fault, and that commissariat blunder, but the truth is, it was the Zulus' fault, and nothing else. The losing horse blames the saddle. It is no small thing to lift Africa into the region of heroism and to prove that a colored skin may cover a manly soul and a dauntless heart. (Hear! hear!)

In treating of "Young America" I have a purpose in view to which I ask your careful attention. We have boundless territory, majestic rivers, great lakes, immense forests, bright skies, with every resource that goes to build up a prosperous future for this continent, but all these things will be vain if we have not true manhood and virtue. Let us wisely learn from the sad experience of European countries, and avoid in time the rocks upon which the old world communities have been dashed to pieces. I am encouraged to think that a few remarks touching the causes of the insecurity and trouble across the sea may not be unheeded by the "Young America" before me this evening.

I shall speak, then, of those causes in the first place. Afterwards, I shall furnish an example illustrating the tendencies of bad principles. Then I shall try to present to your consideration a few portraits of the elements which should not enter into that restless, mischievous, thoughtless, brilliant, acute generations commonly called Young America. Let me here make a single remark. We hear often of Young France, Young Italy, Young Germany, Young Russia, but we must take care and not confound Young America with those people. The virtues and faults of young America proceed largely from an exuberance of Liberty and are rather of social than political signification, while Young anything across the ocean means grips pass words, moonlight fitting, or Hadjiiras of false prophets, shots from behind hedges and a stray conspirator to break through that divinity which, if he may believe Shakespeare, doth hedge kings. Paganette, Hede!, and that Russian fellow whose name is hidden in a dense, impenetrable jungle of consonants,—he who greatly immortalized himself by missing Alexander four times,—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Bradburgh & Co., these are the gods of Young Europe. So, I will not degrade Young America by comparing him with the Knight of the torch and dagger. Our Young America is at present in a transitive state, and may be made powerful in good or evil according as he becomes imbued with true or false principles. And that a word in season may not be wanting to him within the limits of our little world of Montreal, I have ventured to address you to-night.

Before going further, let me say that we are too fond of attributing reality to such mere abstractions as "humanity," "nature," "society," &c., and yielding to the fatal delusion that it is upon the great mass outside of ourselves that the future depends and not upon our individual selves. Society, for instance, is made up of individuals, and the physical and moral plane of society must necessarily depend upon the physical and moral condition of the individual. It is a huge mistake to imagine that society is a body independent of individual effort,—that it is a sentient, intelligent something sufficient for itself and elevated about ourselves and our neighbors.

Society is an idea derived from the aggregation of individuals; independent of the individual it can never be, for, remove the individual and there is and can be no society. These remarks are trite and commonplace, enough, but, ladies and gentlemen, the very search of common sense is to analyze and attain a clear idea of commonplace terms. You have all heard of the philosopher who was so absorbed in his contemplation of the stars that he fell into a ditch. Men are oftentimes scanning the heavens for truth whilst that beautiful divinity is sitting at their feet.