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For the TRUE WITNESS.]

Life's Teachings.

There was never a flower too lowly For the sun or rain to kiss; There was never a life, tho' humble, But had its chance of bliss. Over all the sun is shining, If we take for gold the dust, Or let passion cloud the heavens, Still the Master He is just. There is beauty in the desert, Desolation hath its spring; There is beauty in the storm, Wisdom lies in everything. At the dawn, two roads before us, Glimmers 'neath the breaking day, There was never yet a mortal, But could choose the narrow way. Down the dusty road the shadows Gather slowly, softly blown, Tho' the journey looketh darksome, Yet the longer one must end. We are toilers in life's garden, 'Tis our hands that sow the seed, Can we murmur when the autumn Giveth every one his meed. Ottawa, 1878.

THE QUEBEC RIOTS

Something Like a War of Races—Champlain Street Fortified—An Incapable Mayor—Peace Restoring.

Quebec, August 16.

The trouble that has been brewing for a month past broke out yesterday with a repetition of the bloodshed and disquiet that have made Quebec a by-word. There has been great scarcity of work for the ship laborers all this season, and much suffering in consequence. There are about five thousand of them in all, French and English-speaking together, and hitherto they have been regularly organized in five sections of one society. The usual rate of wages has been four dollars per day of ten hours, and of eight hours after the first of October. The society regulated, through its officers, the distribution of work among its members. The French requested the English to arrange for their having one-third of the work given them, and complained that they were excluded, and had only one or two stevedores. This was refused, the society contending that the work was equitably distributed under their rules. In consequence of this, the French formed a separate society, called L'Union Canadienne. The numbers of English and French were respectively about one thousand five hundred and three thousand five hundred, the former living principally at the coaves, west of the town, at the end of Champlain street, the latter at St. Rochs, St. Sauveur and Point Levi, with a small detachment at Cap Blanc, west again of the English. Of recent years there has been always more or less trouble between the two races. In spite of the scarcity of work—there are only twenty ships in port just now—and the dullness of business, the members of the society have been unwilling to reduce the rate of wages. This led to disagreement, and the day before yesterday the French issued an advertisement that they would march in procession to show the merchants their numbers. The French did march yesterday morning, unarmed, it is said, with banners, but without music. They went through the leading streets quietly enough, but with the most right recklessness and foolhardiness, went right into the French mouth, and attempted to pass through Champlain street. For some distance it is flanked on each side by tall houses, and then by the river and the lofty cliffs, under which Montgomery met his fate. Certain that they would be attacked, and fearing the bravado that had brought the French down to insult them at their own doors, and the Champlain street men were ready, most of them armed. The windows were full of

WOMEN, READY WITH STONES, AND HOLING WATER, the cliffs held by men, and four small cannon, got from ship's stores, drawn up across the street, just at a bend, other two defending the rear, some two miles further out. Which party was responsible for the first attack is very uncertain, but before long there was a terrific fight. It luckily commenced before the French had got up to the guns. Had they gone a hundred yards further, they would have

LOST SCORES OF LIVES. The firing was hot and heavy, the flank attack with stones also doing great damage. The French were driven back, though from 1,500 to 2,000 strong, losing one man killed outright, one mortally wounded, five very dangerously, and over thirty serious casualties. They were chased up to the foot of Mountain Hill, and then retired in great disorder, swearing vengeance and haranguing each other from the steps at the post office. They retired to St. Rochs to get arms and support. During the afternoon meetings were held in St. Rochs; several hardware stores were broken into and all the fire arms and ammunition taken out. Some stores on Mountain Hill were also sacked, three barrels of gunpowder were taken out of one, seventy-nine revolvers from another, forty from a third, and seven breech-loading rifles from another. All the shops in lower town were looted, and the streets looked like Sunday. A strong band of French made a dash down St. Louis street between six and seven o'clock, brandishing guns and occasionally firing. They had previously made a raid, apparently in pursuit of somebody, through St. Etienne and St. Julie streets, and a party of seventy or so, well armed, had gone across the coaves fields to the rear of Diamond harbor. Several shops were looted, among them Shaw's hardware store on St. John street; even the apple women were not so insignificant for their notice, and lost their small stocks. Champlain street at this time looked like a ship cleared for action, every window being open and

POSTERS OF STONES. being carted in. Outposts were stationed at the entrances, and everything was made ready for the threatened attack, with no small degree of military skill. In the meantime the mayor had been begged to get

THE TROOPS READY posted, but he chose to leave affairs in the hands of a board of magistrates, which had met at five o'clock to set to work promptly. Mr. W. D. Campbell and Mr. Owen Murphy, who took the chair, being the leading spirits. By six o'clock the whole force was requisitioned, armed and beginning to assemble. B battery had been ready to turn out all day, and Colonel Montzambert seeing the state of affairs at a glance, had his men working hard all day getting some guns in convenient position on the south side of the citadel to treat any large mob fighting below with a

DOSE OF CASE-SHOT. By half-past eight the whole force was ready, and was being marched off to quarters for the night. The cavalry (two troops), the garrison artillery and the field battery are in the citadel, the 8th royal rifles in the skating rink, and the 9th in the drill shed. B battery remains in the citadel, where Mr. W. D. Campbell remains ready to have out the troops if they are wanted. They can be got down to any point in twenty minutes, and it has been determined, in view of past experience, not to bring them until they are needed, and then to use them. There has been a big meeting in St. Rochs to-night, enormously exaggerated, of course, it being stated that no less than 15,000 men were present.

SWEARING VENGEANCE ON THE ENGLISH, and threatening to clear out the town. Up to midnight there has nothing turned up. As usual, much alarm has been caused in the suburbs by the appearance of rougns on the lookout for chances of burglary, and neighbors have formed small patrols to look after these gentry. The worst feature to be dreaded is the arousing of a general national animosity, which is apprehended from the threats of the St. Rochs men, and their desire to add to their number. The provincial government was asked to call out the troops, but refused to do so on the ground that it was a purely municipal matter, and in this case acted wisely. When Quebec learns that she is to foot her own bills, and to depend upon herself for keeping order, a much-needed lesson will have been learned. There has been too much pampering of her wishes, and not the least responsibility of it rests on the government of the day. Two or three days ago the authorities were begged to call upon the 9th rifles, most of them St. Rochs men, and thus to get in their rifles and put any hot-headed partisans on their honor or in the citadel, where they would be out of mischief. As it is, a good many of their rifles, I am told, are in the

POSSESSION OF THE RIOTERS, and it is unsafe for the men to come through St. Rochs and St. Sauveur in uniform. Nothing yet has been said about getting military assistance from Montreal. Riots are easily provoked here; they are short, sharp and decisive. A great many persons blame the mayor for the present state of affairs, and heap opprobrium on him. THE LIST OF CASUALTIES, so far as known, is as follows:—Pierre Giroux, dead; Jos. Bourget, shot in left arm; Norbert Bourbeau, seriously wounded; Jos. Morin, shot in leg; Jos. Bouchette, shot in groin; Ang. Gosselin, shot in hip and head;—Morissette, seriously wounded; J. B. Doin, two bullet holes in side;—Jobin, shot in the neck; O'Gallogan, flesh wound in the hand; Jos. Maloin, wounded, not fatally;—Foley, flesh wound, a triangular gash over the temple; thirty names unknown, wounded; Peter Brennan and Redmond, and widows Caulfield and Maloney driven from their houses. QUEBEC, August 16.—Giroux's death was not caused by a pistol wound; there was no ball found in his head. The wound was caused by a stone. The body has just been recognized by his brother. His name was Edward Giroux, the father of seven children, and resides in St. John suburbs. The body has been sent to his house. He was employed on board a barge and was frequently absent from home, which accounts for his family not suspecting anything wrong. A large crowd of French Canadians, most of them armed, have just crossed the plains of Abraham, and it is feared there will be bloodshed in Cap Blanc before dark. Trudel, a carter, was badly beaten in Diamond Harbor.

QUEBEC, August 16.—Rumors are current that during the night a number of St. Sauveur people made a raid upon the armory at Lorette and robbed it of its contents. The military authorities are unable to confirm the report, so far, but it is certain that the bull-generals on either side are well armed. A carter named Trudel has been knocked down in Champlain street by steel knuckles and seriously cut about the face. The houses in Champlain street are all provided to-day with stones and other missiles on every flat, and death will surely be meted out to any attacking party which essays to proceed up the coave. Cannon still remain planted across the street. B battery, the 8th battalion and cavalry remain under arms in case of emergency. QUEBEC, August 16.—A general feeling of uneasiness possesses Quebec. The rioting is at an end, but occasional sorties by both parties render it impossible to quell the disturbance. Any English-speaking person who ventures into St. Rochs is severely beaten. Narrow escapes from death are frequently reported. About four o'clock Saturday afternoon a number of French took possession of Durban terrace, the fashionable promenade of the city, this afternoon, and

TUMBLED DOWN LARGE ROCKS upon the Irish in Champlain street, 240 feet below. The latter ran up by Mountain Hill, 100 strong, and chased the French with swords and pistols through the streets to Mountain ward. This affray caused general

alarm, and at one time it was reported that the citadel was held by the rioters. All day supplies have been taken by armed parties across the coave fields to the French colony at Cap Blanc, which lies between the main Irish settlement. A carter, it is said, made a bet that he would drive through Champlain street and take a message to Cap Blanc, which he did, being allowed to pass without harm. On his way back he undertook to curse everybody in his way, and to fire off a pistol. This was, naturally enough, resented, and the speed of his horse alone saved him. As it was, he was nearly hauled out of his cab by a boat-hook, which, luckily for him, did not stick deep enough into his ankle. All along the St. Louis road, as far as Cap Rouge, pickets of the Champlain street party were posted. At the roads leading down to the coaves they scrutinize passers-by closely, but are civil enough, though not at all inclined to be communicative. In Champlain street there are sentries, regularly relieved, who stop every one, and turn back all carriages. Looking down from Dufferin terrace at one o'clock to-day, a cab would be seen coming along. Just outside the water police station were two sentries. They came into the middle of the street, ported arms, and waved the driver to stop. After an examination, he was allowed to take his fare through the steps of the station and chatted with a policeman at the window. This sort of thing went on all day. Thousands of people must have seen similar scenes. Nobody seems to think there is anything out of the way in them, or that it is strange that the Irish should be obliged to defend themselves. That such a state of affairs should be tolerated is incomprehensible to the outsider. There are men among the rioters who can draw inferences as well as can the authorities of Quebec, and they are not slow in doing so. A hardware merchant saw his store sacked before his eyes. He at once lodged a complaint at the police station, and offered to point out the robbers. He was referred to the magistrates. They told him, "We have called out the troops." No further excuse was tendered.

QUEBEC, August 19.—A meeting convened by private circular was held last night at the city hall; Mayor Chambers presided. There were present Archbishop Taschereau, Rev. Fathers Godbout of the church at Cap Blanc; Henning and Wynn, of St. Patrick's church; Resterre, of St. Sauveur; Clerc Basillia; Messrs Owen Murphy, A H Murphy, M P P, Hon M Hagens, Dr Sewell, and many other prominent citizens, and a delegation of 5 members of No. 1 section, and 5 of the Union Canadienne. After a lengthy discussion, during which the mayor's pusillanimous conduct was severely criticised, Rev. Mr. Henning suggested that a committee be named to discuss the points of difference between the societies and endeavor to arrive at an amicable adjustment. The committee to be formed as follows:—Each society to name two representatives from its ranks, and also two outside merchants in addition to which Mr. Owen Murphy, ex-mayor, and Rev. Father Henning and Sir Narcisse Belleau and Rev. Father Godbout will form the committee, the committee to be presided over by the mayor. This suggestion was embodied in the form of a motion by Mr. John O'Farrell, seconded by the cure of St. Sauveur, and unanimously adopted. The delegations will submit this proposition to the societies, and should it be adopted, the committee will be formed, and will meet to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the city hall. The inquest on the body of Giroux was resumed this morning. The funeral of the unfortunate man took place this afternoon and, notwithstanding the rain, was largely attended. The Eighth royal rifles patrol Champlain street as far as the toll bar, with headquarters at the Queen's store. The Ninth patrol Grand Allee with headquarters at the drill shed, and the cavalry from the tollgate to Bergeville. Mr. E. Gauthier, advocate, was brutally beaten by a gang of rowdies in St. John street about 9 o'clock last night. It is reported that one of his legs is broken and he is otherwise maimed.

BANK OF MONTREAL. Resignation of the Manager and Cashier. At a meeting of the board of directors of the Montreal bank to-day, Mr. R. E. Angus, cashier and general manager of the head office of the institution in this city, tendered his resignation of the high and responsible office, which he has so creditably filled for a period of between five and six years, at least. The announcement caused a little temporary excitement in financial circles in the city, but we understand from unquestionable authority that Mr. Angus is retiring from purely personal motives, and that nothing but perfect harmony prevails between him and the board of directors. This is evident almost from the fact that he is going to join Mr. George Stephens, president of the board of directors, in the business of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway. He will, however, remain in charge, and be responsible for the working of the bank until the 31st October next, the end of the present half-year. His resignation will cause no change in the general policy of the bank or conduct of its business. His successor will be announced next Tuesday. Mr. Charles F. Smithers, first agent of the bank in New York, is the oldest of the superior officers, and it would no doubt afford great gratification to the directors if he would accept the appointment, but his health has been somewhat impaired of late, and it is doubtful whether or not he will accept the position. Next in order to Mr. Smithers, suitable for the appointment, is Mr. Walter Watson, second agent of the bank in New York.

TIPPERARY'S TRIUMPH. THE CATHEDRAL OF THURLES. (From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.) Only those who can call up before their memories the miracles of continental architecture can form much idea of what the new metropolitan cathedral of Cashel is like, without seeing it. We cannot hope to reflect in words much more than a dim shadow of its exquisite symmetry, its shadowy majesty, its glowing and so to speak, impassioned warmth. It is always to the last once applied to a work of human genius of another kind, that while it obtains the admiration of the most fastidious critics it is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. It is equally satisfying to the cognoscente from his high aesthetic pulpit, and to the raggal worshiper who bows his forehead before the awful, conscious, speaking presence of Divinity. Among Irish churches it has a distinct individuality. The splendor and regal amplitude of the Roman basilicas is its pervading inspiration. Its facade is after the model of the renowned cathedral of Pisa. It presents three grand openings to the eye—the front elevation of the nave, its apices crowned with colossal statues, its rose window, its tiers of niches divided by little marble pilasters, and its three elliptical-arched doorways with their curve tympana; upon the right the shapely square campanile tower, rising in graceful lines to the dwelling-place of its silvery peal of bells 130 feet in the air; and upon the left the parabolic cupola, blazing out with Byzantine wealth of color. Seen from any one of a dozen points at the rear or sides, the graceful masses of bluish white limestone, broken by the double tier of multilobed windows and rounded with the finely-drawn finish of the age, are almost equally stamped with genius. Whoever saw the interior in its undamaged condition must have inevitably experienced some sense of chill incompleteness, some longing that those white spaces should spring into pictured life and speak. The style is peculiarly susceptible of warmth or ornamentation. Every inch of its walls might be filled with painting and sculptures without violating artistic propriety. The ornamentation has been supplied; and, what with the old work and the new, as the eye now ranges through the vast extent of the nave the chancel bathed in mysterious light, it feeds upon a scene which to the eye of taste alone, not to say to the informed eye of faith, is ravishing. The ground-plan embraces nave, apsidal chancel, lateral transepts and eyes. Its noble dimensions may be estimated from the fact that there is a clear length within of 212 feet, with a width of 120 feet across the transepts, and of 75 feet across the aisles. The nave and chancel are enclosed within a continuous colonnade of twenty-two great pillars of Cork red marble, with black marble plinths, and Caen stone capitals, from which spring elliptical arches, with pierced spandrels above which again rise the clerestory windows. The circular walls of the sanctuary are pierced by no less than one hundred and three windows, all of which are now filled with storied stained glass. Between these windows and the bays of the encircling colonnade (the pillars of which surrounding the sanctuary are of Galway green, Kilkenny black, and pure white marble) runs a broad paved ambulatory. The chancel forms a majestic space, in the outer division of which are ranged the bishop's and prebendaries' stalls. In the centre of the inner sanctuary, under a lofty and glittering roof, in the misty light of the painted windows, against the background of massive marble pillars, rises the high altar, its tabernacle, antependium, and candle-benches bedecked all over with the largest foreign marbles and many colored inlays of Egyptian alabaster, porphyry and agate. Eighteen hundred years ago these precious stones were gleaming in Egyptian mines. They were hewn as presents for the Emperor Nero, whose marbles and alabasters are now jewelling an Irish altar. Pope Pius the Ninth took them from the storehouse of the Vatican to send them to Thurles. Then there are the lateral altars of the Sacred Heart in the transepts, with their colossal images of Parian statuary under baldachinos of white Sicilian fretwork. Every spandril and wall space up to the azure vault of the roof is suffused with rosy colors, melting now into faintest green or purple tints, and anon bursting into shining gold—all harmonized with such perfection as to seem only the varying nuances of one beautiful color, and all bathed in a chaste light that never was on sea or land, like some mystic effusion from on high. It is impossible to exaggerate the impression of beauty, of awe, of majesty, that steals over the senses under the sacred influence of the place. Perhaps there is but one thing in Ireland more wonderful than its material loveliness—it is the array of prelates, priests and people, moving as one man, warmed with the same wondrous faith—that thronged its bright pavements to-day. Let us try to distinguish briefly these parts of the new cathedral which are altogether new from those which entered into the original undertaking. The transformation begins to strike one from the first vision of the exterior. The rude and somewhat sordid surroundings which it was beyond the means of its first founder to cope with appear no more. They have vanished at the touch of the vigorous hands whose tracis are visible upon all the majestic ring of edifices around. The immediate preloins have been rendered worthy of the architectural jewel of which they are the setting. In place of the old makeshift boundary wall which separated the cathedral close from the street, there has arisen a line of light wrought-iron railings, tipped with gold. You pass through entrance gates whose piers of chiselled limestone, carved with the ancient arms of the archdiocese (which have gleamed in the front of the battle as well as shone in the sanctuary before now) are surrounded by brass standards

and gaslamps. The straggling and uneven mound which used to slope up to the great entrance door of the cathedral has been excavated and leveled. In its place a flight of easy stone steps leads upon a flagged terrace extending across the full width of the western front. The blank space in the tympana of the door heads has been sculptured in relief and the empty niches which diversify the inter-spaces have been peopled with statues. The first indication of sweeping changes you enter is the warmth and color and dim luxurious light in which the exquisite curves and outlines of the arcades, clerestory, and vaulted ceiling are steeped. A dado of dark color is carried round the walls of the aisles and transepts, with a cresting of colored decoration. Ornamental borderings are run round all the windows. Portions of the wall, spaces are diapered, and the nave and transept arches richly decorated in neutral tints and colors. The spandril spaces between the arches of the nave arcade are filled with medallions containing heads of the saints and emblems of evangelists. The nave and transept ceilings are ornamented with bands, borderings, medallions, and scrolls in tints and colors, the panels being powered on a neutral ground. Similar decorations are showered thick all over the arches and clerestory of the chancel, whose ceiling is a ground of heavenly blue studded with stars. The baptistry in similarly adorned, though it seems almost like painting the lily to add one touch to its delicate beauty. The carving of the exquisite Corinthian capitals of the arcades with designs of fern-branches and grape leaves has been completed. Outside the chancel a magnificent new communion railing, executed in white and foreign marble, enriched with carvings, and opening by gilt metal gates, runs across the whole width of the nave. The floor of the grandly-curving ambulatory round the chancel has been paved with mosaic tiling. An arch supported on marble pilasters, with moulded bases and carved capitals of Portland stone, has been thrown across the chancel at the termination of the nave. The chancel itself has been richly furnished with archiepiscopal throne, sedile, prebendaries' stalls, and benches for the college students, all wrought in oak. The carving of the throne is a superb piece of art in wood. Its lofty back is figured with the archiepiscopal arms—with the proud Irish Catholic motto, itself a little history of Ireland, "Nunquam mergemur." We shall never be sunk! A scroll twined up the pillars supporting the canopy is carved with the names of all the illustrious dynasty of the archbishops of Cashel, since in the bloody days of the "reformation" its heroic martyr-precursor, O'Hurley, endured his horrible martyrdom upon St. Stephen's-green. On the canopy's stalls are inscribed the titles of the various prebendaries, and an open oak screen, carried from column to column, separates the chancel from the ambulatory. The whole 103 windows of the church have been filled with stained glass. The new pulpit, erected as a memorial of the late Father Laurence Hayes, O. C., is one of the most striking features of the renovation. The marble body of the pulpit is hexagonal, and is supported on a central shaft of Middleton red marble with marble stone basis, and terminating in carved capitals and cornice of Caen stone. Five of the six panels contain white marble reliefs of our Lord and of the evangelists, and the angle shafts are of rough royal marble. Each of the baldachinos raised over the lateral altars, 25 feet high, is formed by white Sicilian marble resting on black marble base, with carved capitals of statuary marble and canopies of Caen stone richly carved and inlaid with foreign marbles. The massive silver lamp before the tabernacle is the gift of Archbishop Kinone and his people. Every detail is provided for with masterful grasp. The stair-case to the organ gallery has been remodelled, the entrance porches re-arranged and enlarged, the gallery front carved, a cloistered connection with the baptistry formed, new carved oak confessionals provided, and colored sculptures of the Stations of the Cross hung around the aisle walls. Even to a boasting apparatus upon an entirely new plan, the far-seeing mind that planned great things has not overlooked the smallest.

"SOGGARTH AROON." The Irish Priests and the Irish People. (Letter of the Rev. John Ryan of New Inn, Tipperary.) I am sorry to perceive that some of your conservative contemporaries are acting the same unwise part that they did in '46 and '47—denouncing the prudent, thoughtful, far-seeing conduct of the priests in calling the attention of the landlords of this country to the depressed state of their tenantry and the necessity that exists for them to give their tenants a timely helping hand to save them, and themselves ultimately, from being brazed in the mortar of the Incumbered Estates court. They call

THIS HUMAN EFFORT OF THE PRIESTS "anti-ent agitation," and try to make it look criminal for them to exert themselves as they now are for the landlords really as much as the tenant. Some of them, too, are trying to persuade their readers that it is owing to extravagance in dress, furniture, and general housekeeping of our Irish farmer his present depressed state arises. Something, too, of this sort was attempted at a late meeting of the Clonmel board of guardians in a timid, suggestive sort of way by persons who will speak in a different key at the next general election. Well, I thought that this class of talk was shot out into the refuse heap behind the Incumbered court, with the title-deeds of the men who formerly used it. Yes, I remember well the men who, if a tenant appeared before them well dressed and asked for any little indulgence, would reply, "Begone out of my sight, you robber!"

"YOU HAVE MY RENT ON YOUR BACK." A tenant could not appear before them with safety on a gala day unless in the borrowed tatters of some neighboring beggarman; and I could give the names, too, of many of those worthies, but they are gone to their place, and let their deeds go with them. It may be that this line of writing on the part of the journals referred to proceeds from ignorance of the facts. Hoping so, I wish to apprise them of the real facts of the case. Why, the priests of Ireland are the best—the real practical friends of the landlords, as far as the rent receiving is concerned. It is they who have enabled the tenantry these past years to pay their rents by becoming their securities in the banks, for it is by means of the banks that most of the landlords got their rents these four years. The crops did not grow, the prices did not pay, and the cry to the "soggarth aroon" was, "The landlord is looking for his rent; I haven't it, and unless your reverence get it for me in the bank I will be shot and out." The priest raised the money, the landlord was paid, and the evil day was passed off for that time. Such is the amount of substantial benefit the landlord has derived in the years past from the sympathy of the priest for the Irish tenant. This, of course, was an unnatural state of things. But, to blame? It has run its rotten course, and ended in proximate beggary and bankruptcy for the whole community. Oh, if the landlord cost expended in

FINING AT SHADOWS ON THE HILLS IN IRELAND and elsewhere were bestowed on the solid land and its products, that God gave our people at home, how different would be the position now of landlord and tenant—of all. I am quite certain that the landlords of my parishes, who, with two exceptions, are good men, have this, for the past four years, received 50 per cent. of their rents. The true Catholic bishops in the synod of Thurles made a law forbidding priests to become bailiffs in banks; but they made one humane and wise exception in these words—"Nisi proper gravem causam." Now, we all know that there is no cause so grave, so important as to save our devoted flocks from ruin, and, therefore, our bishops, high as they are raised above our people, still have not forgotten that they themselves have sprung from among the people, and should protect that people, as the "venerated archbishop" of the South said here lately on a memorable occasion—"What would we all be but for the people?" This was the saying of a good-hearted man and a wise bishop. And to ascend still higher, that truly great man, the present Pope Leo XIII. in delivering his charge to the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, and others—after their consecration—reminded them that they were bound to labor earnestly for their flocks, first for their spiritual, and next for their temporal welfare. Thus those journalists I have alluded to will see, if they only look about honestly, that the Catholic churchman is the Irish landlord's best friend, not merely from choice, but as a matter of duty.—Catholic Review.

At Lurgan, Ireland, on Saturday last, 200 police charged the mob with fixed bayonets. The police were beaten back, and twenty injured. Then the rival mobs fired at each other with rifles. A BOOKKEEPER'S MARRIAGE.—Miss Julia McEvers, daughter of Dr. John Francis McEvers, for many years a leading physician of Cork, has brought suit for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. William Lane O'Neill, who was for many years accountant in the office of her uncle. Mr. O'Neill relieved the onus of bookkeeping by the composition of amorous and poetic effusions to Miss McEvers. For example, on October 31, 1878, he wrote as follows:— "I travelled nearly the whole way to London quite alone—that is, without entering or wishing to enter into conversation with any one, and I was heartily glad to be left alone with my own thoughts—sad and low—and all concerning some one you must know who I now had my 'self' humming a familiar refrain—"Oh, may the angels, when wak'ning or sleeping, watch" over you. The perfume of your last kiss still lingers on my lips. The memory of that parting kiss, with those deep blue eyes of yours gazing on me and your fair arms twining round my neck, is inexpressibly sweet to me; but I must not continue, though my heart is full. "Be still, and heart, and cease repining, Behind the clouds is the sun still shining." And at present writing the jury are setting a commercial value on Mr. O'Neill's poetry and Miss McEvers' kiss.

Washing soda should never be used with colored cloths, since it not only fades, but often changes the color. FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties. THE INGREDIENTS OF BROWN'S Vermifuge Comfits or Worm Lozenges, are entirely harmless to the human system. The smallest and most delicate child can and will eat them, because they are pleasant to the taste, and will do their work speedily and thoroughly upon the worms. RELIABLE.—No remedy has been more earnestly desired and more diligently sought for by the medical profession throughout the world, than a reliable, efficient and at the same time a safe and certain purgative. Dr. Harvey's LAXATIVE AND PURGATIVE PILLS supply this want. NIGHTS OF PAINFUL WATCHING with poor, sick, crying children, can be avoided by the use of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It relieves the little sufferer from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and during the process of teething it is invaluable. CHILLS AND FEVER, THE CURSE OF new neighborhoods, can be effectually cured only by BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. It quickens the blood, drives off the chill, and thereby prevents the fever. Its first application induces confidence, and the disease is eradicated. Ask any druggist, and he will endorse this.