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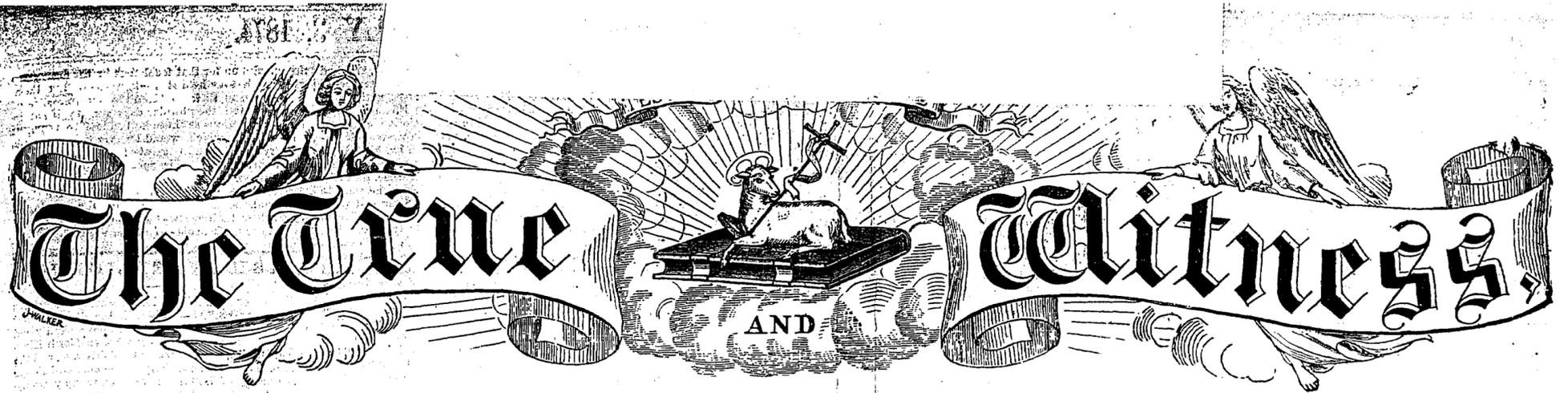
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 46.

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THE WITCH OF OAKDALE; OR, THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)

CHAPTER VI.—THE NECROMANCER.

Midnight had passed, and soon the deep-sounding horn of the warden of the tower would announce the first hour of the next day, when there was an uneasy and trembling tapping on the door of a chamber, where the monk was snoring in comfortable repose. He awoke, and sneaking on tiptoe to the door, removed the bolt, and without noise, Sigismund Gassler entered.

"Ah, I see you have turned somnambulist, while in Rabenfels," said the monk, with a grinning smile, "hot blood like yours will never find rest. It is only a pity, that by some magical operation you can't infuse the veins of your host with it. He would soon start for the Orient."

"He is not going there," muttered Knight Gassler, with dejection in his countenance, "that is the reason why I miss my necessary rest. Your plan was good, cunning Jurgen, but it was wrecked most ignominiously on the firm will of the count."

"Slowly, my good friend, slowly," replied the pseudo monk of Costnitz, "have you no eyes? Bart Smoke is within the walls of Rabenfels, and he must help. Promise me the third part of the income of this castle, then return quietly to your bed, enjoy a soft morning slumber, and don't let wild grief spoil your beautiful face."

"You shall have what you ask for," replied the knight, and turned to leave the room."

"Stop!" cried Veit after him, "one moment, Sir Gassler, of your wife, whom you cast away about half a year ago, I have not heard since. I think sorrow has done it work, and I hardly believe that she is among the living now. Your daughter Johanna I have sold to an old gipsy woman. You wanted me to drown her, but when I looked into that innocent angel's face, I could hardly gain courage to send it to a watery grave. The gipsy will raise her, while traveling from place to place, and, perhaps, in future days, she may read and tell the fortunes of her father, who tore her out of the arms of a loving but castaway mother."

"Silence, miserable dog," muttered the knight, who, with tottering steps, was hastening away; his conscience was horrified at the laughter of the monk, haunting him through the corridors of the castle like the demoniac mocking of a spectre.

But Veit Jurgen covered his face with his false beard, threw the cowl over his shoulders, and walked slowly and without noise through the dark corridor to a little side entrance.— Crossing the court-yard, he reached a "little room" near the gate, where the sorcerer of Augsburg had taken quarters. Upon a given signal Bart Smoke opened, and the monk remained with him in silent and secret conclave till the morning dawned. Then he stepped out of the apartment and took a position near the great castle gate, in order to engage in conversation with the count, as soon as he would descend to give orders to his people for the day.

In the meantime the joyful sports of yesterday were renewed in the court-yard. The crusaders liked play and song so well, that they

looked with sad eyes upon the hour, when they would leave this hospitable place. When the count entered, they all greeted him gratefully, and Peter von Jenkendorf, in whose brain the wine of yesterday was yet in operation, ordered his men to commence the "Crusader's Song." But the monk rushed into their midst, and reprimanded them for their inconsiderate behavior; then he blessed the count with the monastic *benedicite*, and the latter invited the venerable Pater to walk with him under the *Linden*, while at the gate the necromancer was putting his market into order.

The screeching cries of the magpie soon summoned the inhabitants of the castle to patronize its master and everybody rushed thither, and even the count concluded to look for a few minutes upon the tricks of the magician.

Bart Smoke stood upon a slightly elevated platform, covered with a black cloth, full of cabalistic signs and figures. The donkey sat upon his hind legs, aside of his master; the owl and magpie fluttered upon both of his shoulders, and the ape endeavored to crack a hard walnut. On the ground were scattered skulls, bones, tortoise shells, skeletons of snakes, dried salamanders and numerous other things and instruments, which the necromancer needed for his mystic operations.

After he had performed several illusions and wonderful pieces, at which the staring multitude burst out in tumultuous applause, the necromancer, receiving a slight wink from the monk, turned towards the count of Rabenfels, and asked him to test his art in any way or form he might see fit. The monk whispered into the ear of the knight: "Ask him to make known to you by his art the truth of a circumstance that, so far, is concealed to you, but which is of great importance to the peace of your soul, and most essential to the happy future of your race."

The count liked the proposal and the sorcerer was summoned to answer this question.

At first he cut a very dark grimace and made diverse movements with head, hands and feet, but at last he took his magic wand, and commanding the deepest silence, he passed it hard over the back of the monkey. The shaggy animal commenced to howl piteously, and kept on moaning and whining till a large butterfly fluttered out of its open mouth, sailing towards the high lime-tree. Hardly had the magpie noticed the variegated stranger, when she followed it with a screeching cry and soon disappeared in the dense foliage. The gazing eyes of the lookers on had to wait a long time, ere the tattling bird returned, but at last it appeared with a black egg in its beak. Then she hacked the queer booty to pieces, drew a written piece of paper out of the egg and fluttered with it towards the highly astonished knight, laying it into his hands.

The noble master of Rabenfels was becoming rather uneasy and with pardonable curiosity, inquired for the contents of the slip of paper. "If I could only read it," he said half aloud to himself, and he turned the paper in his hands, "but it is in a foreign tongue."

"I can assist you there," replied the monk, and taking the count by the arm, drew him aside. Bart Smoke's performance was ended, and the attention of the people was now drawn towards a group of minstrels and harp-players.

But in a deep niche in the wall in the most remote place, where no listening ear could penetrate, the monk stood at the side of the count, and translated to him these horrible words of the mysterious paper. "Be upon your guard, Sir Walter of Rabenfels, there is danger threatening the peace of your home and your happy wedlock with the beautiful margravine of Austria. An ungrateful fellow, who has gained the confidence of your heart, works day and night to cast shame and dishonor upon your heart and home. Your young and handsome shield-bearer, Kuno, has an eye upon Walter's beautiful and virtuous spouse. Be warned, Count of Rabenfels, and if you do not take just revenge this very moment, the curse of your grand children will follow you to the grave."

CHAPTER VII.—WALTER JOINS THE CRUSADERS.

The count stood thunderstruck before the monk, who, with hypocritical terror upon his countenance, had dropped the mystic sheet to the ground. "Almighty God," he exclaimed at last, his face covered with the folds of his scarlet cloak, "is it possible that the shame and dishonor of my house should be unknown to me? And my own favorite shield-bearer, could he forget himself so far? It is impossible; it can not be. And yet it may be! Yes, I doubt no longer; when the fellow was lying sick, and Lucinda spent her pity on the ungrateful, and even called the Witch of Oakdale from the Mindel valley, by the aid of her herbs to infuse new life into his weak body. Yes, then the miserable wretch was bold enough to think in his vanity, that the behavior of my noble lady had another motive than

pity; and in the haughtiness and pride of his personal beauty and strength he imagined that he was the equal of the Count of Rabenfels. But, by the eternal God, I yet know how to swing my good sword as well as on the day when I won the first prize at the tournament of Augsburg. Monk, you may call me a cowardly clown, if I fail to revenge the race of my ancestors and descendants. This instant I shall hurry to Lucinda. I will tell her to what a miserable wretch she has given her commiseration, at her feet the low-bred dog shall breathe his last."

With these words the count rushed off, heedful of the warnings of the monk, who called him to stay. But at the head of the stairs he suddenly stopped; his feet would carry him no further. The door of Lucinda's apartment had opened, and his young squire Kuno stepped over the threshold. Frantically the count grasped the hilt of his sword; but he suppressed his wild rage, and with a forced smile he asked his favorite; "Wherefrom and whereto leads your way, Kuno?" The shield-bearer bowed and said: "The noble lady sends me with some good old wine to a sick lady of Nottershausen. If you have anything else for me to fulfill, I am at your command."

"Before you go, you may saddle my black horse," replied the count. "I intend to ride into the forest to hunt; after that you may go to the room at the gate, to take some soup which is prepared for you. Poor boy, you did not have your breakfast yet."

After these words, Walter, pale and trembling, hurried down the stairs towards the gate-room to give some secret instructions to the necromancer, Bart Smoke. Kuno ran to the stable to fulfill the order of his master, with his usual alacrity, and when the count, with a disturbed mind, mounted the impatient courser, he respectfully bid him the usual hunter's "God speed," and went to the warden's room, without the least suspicion entering his mind, to partake of his breakfast according to the wish of his lord.

Evening was at hand, when the count returned, and the cries of his people rang piteously upon his ear: "Kuno is dead in the warden's apartment!" With dark, clouded face Walter stepped towards the corpse, where he found the ladies of the castle, the monk, and Knight Sigismund. With disturbed eyes the former looked upon the approaching count; but the disguised Veit and Gassler stood some distance off, waiting with the anxiety of fiends what the count would have to say, while gazing upon the victim of his rage. But he, pale as death, slowly approached Lucinda, and pointing towards the dead squire, said with the composure of a despairing mind:

"This is the work of my just vengeance, margravine of Austria! So I will slay every one, who dares to touch my wife, the noblest jewel of my life, Kuno, to whom I entrusted my all, has most shamefully abused my confidence, whether with your consent or not, lady countess, the Omniscient only knows. I could bear it no longer, and Smoke, of Augsburg, had to spice the soup of this boy so sharp, that there will be no danger of his returning to life again."

"Walter, what have you done?" exclaimed Lucinda, her whole frame shuddering with horror, while deadly paleness spread over her beautiful face. "I swear before the high, blue heaven, that the lips of your dead squire never breathed any wrong. Through the agency of a base necromancer, and following the whisperings of a false suspicion, you have committed a horrible and unjust murder."

The countess could support herself no longer, her strength gave way and she fell fainting into the arms of Eliza, who looked with tearful eyes upon her brother. He gazed upon the inanimate form of the young man, his mind tormented with awful doubts.

The monk in the back-ground commenced, with a deep and solemn voice the psalm "*Miserere*," when, through the half-open window, the magpie of the necromancer fluttered into the room, laid a white egg upon the heart of the dead form, picked it open and brought another slip of paper to the count, and the hastily approaching monk read the following words: "You are deceived, Sir Walter! A bad spirit sent you the black egg; to tempt you! Woe be unto you, if this heeding should come too late! The soul of the innocent youth, whom you murdered in cold blood, will cry for vengeance to a just Judge of the living and the dead; and evil after evil will fall upon your house, till your race is erased from the surface of the earth."

This was too much for the terribly agitated knight; like a maniac he cried with a loud and convulsed voice for Bart Smoke, begging him to find some antidote, to restore his victim to life. "Smoke came," and after a short examination gave the information that, although a spark of life seemed to be still in the veins of the poisoned man, he was positive that no human help could restore him.

"Oh, try all you can," exclaimed the conscience-stricken count. "I promise you a high reward. Yes, I will give you a permanent apartment in my castle, that you may, at your leisure, watch the stars and study the secrets of your art."

Now the pseudo monk knew that a favorable opportunity for his designs had come; and stepping to the count, exclaimed with an encouraging voice:

"Sir, vow at this moment, to take the cross for a holy war in the Orient, if Kuno should be restored! Linger not! God is all merciful. He will accept your promise and hear our fervent prayer!"

In the meantime the countess had recovered from her swoon, and when she heard the words of the monk, herself admonished her husband in a beseeching tone:

"What yesterday filled my heart with pain and sorrow, I now advise you to do, my beloved husband. Your hasty deed, which you now repent, needs expiation. In the name of God, you may wander to Palestine!"

The count was undecided for a few minutes, then he raised his right arm toward heaven, and exclaimed, with a slow and solemn voice: "I will leave my all behind to take the red cross."

Bart Smoke soon had an antidote prepared, and he poured it between the pale lips of the inanimate form. "Now he needs rest," said the magician to all present, begging them to leave the room, "for the poor fellow would deem it strange if he should see so many faces around him. He shall never know what happened to him within the last few hours, so that he may not lose any confidence in his master. On the morrow I will return him to you, alive and healthy."

Bart Smoke had kept his word. The count breathed easier when on the next morning, he again greeted his trusty squire.

"Kuno," he said, "I have promised a pilgrimage to the Orient. In the course of very few days we shall start thither. In the far off land you shall be my body-guard; and by the red cross, I have sworn allegiance to, I promise to protect you, even as you will protect me."

Kuno felt himself highly honored by the confidence his master bestowed upon him, and with youthful joy he hastened to make preparations for a speedy journey. The crusaders were wild and full of spirit and enthusiasm, now, that Count Walter of Rabenfels had promised to join them and be their chief.

In the family apartment of Rabenfels all was silent and sorrowful. Lucinda wept scalding tears, leaning on the arm of her husband, who stood before her, dressed in blue mail, ready for immediate departure. "Dear, beloved Walter, may the Almighty protect you on your dangerous journey, and in the perils of the raging battle. Do not expose yourself needlessly to the weapons of the enemy. Think of your child, of Eliza and me, your loving wife," sobbed Lucinda, while she drew the child forward to receive the last blessing of the parting father. Little Otto climed to his father's knee, and patting his cheeks, endeavored to cheer the solemn features of the count.

This brought even a smile to his mother's face, and she whispered: "If Otto grows to be great and strong enough to ride a war-horse, he shall also go to a strange land;" and the boy nodded very joyfully at the words of his mother. But Walter kissed, at least a dozen times, the brow, cheeks and lips of his darling son, and said: "Lucinda, mark the day, when our boy kills the first wild boar in the forest of Nottershausen."

A deep silence reigned for a few minutes, when Lucinda took a scarf out of a wardrobe and said, with deep emotion: "Walter, do you recognize this first token of our love? At the tournament of Prague, where I saw you for the first time, and where you gained the first prize, this scarf was offered to you by the blushing Lucinda as a keepsake. The golden knitting was done by my own hands. Carry this scarf from this hour till you return to the circle of your family. My blessing rests upon it and may it prove to you a talisman, whose unseen power shall protect you from all harm, and bear you remembrance of her, who in the far off home sheds silent tears and thinks of you by day and by night."

With these words she put the scarf around the count's breast and shoulders, and when she had tied it, she whispered: "May your love prove as firm as this knot. Walter, beloved husband, I wish you a happy, speedy journey! May heaven be your guide."

Pressing a kiss upon the pale lips of his true and loving wife, the count stepped towards knight Sigismund, and grasping his hand, said: "Friend Gassler, you, whom misfortune keeps away from home, wife and child, I leave you here as protector of my home and family. How you have to honor a lady's mind and a woman's virtue, it is not necessary to explain to you. A good German knight knows this as

well as the monk his psalms. Teach my son everything to strengthen his body, and what more he needs, to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors; Lady Lucinda will have good care, that he learns everything in the school of Ursberg, what he must know to become a good member of society."

Sigismund Gassler seemed to be deeply moved at these signs of confidence and friendship the count gave him. "Noble Walter," he exclaimed, "I swear by the honor of a knight, by all that is good, that I will shield and protect those you have left in my care, and return them to you as pure and safe, as I received them from your hands."

"Do you hear the horn of the warden," commenced the monk, who had entered the apartment, "the horses are neighing impatiently in the court-yard. The crusaders are moving over the draw-bridge, and your warriors and shield-bearers are anxiously awaiting your appearance. A long leave-taking only increases pain."

Walter pressed a last fervent kiss upon the lips of wife, sister and child, then hurried down the long stairs to mount his spirited war-horse; but Lucinda, Eliza and Otto ascended to the room of the warden in the tower to bid the count a last good-bye.

When the monk passed knight Sigismund at the castle-gate, he muttered in a low voice, "Sir knight, I have kept my promise, and now it your turn. You are now master of Rabenfels. Play your cards well and be certain of your game. Veit Jurgen, of Costnitz, will soon return to claim his reward."

At these he laughed into his long beard, pressed the hand of the knight, bade him farewell and quickly mounted his donkey to reach the crusaders, while Gassler returned and the castellan, with a heavy, depressed heart, bolted the gates of the castle.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WITCH AT RABENFELS.

Since the departure of Count Walter, the former joyous and happy life had changed.— During the first few days, Lady Lucinda, with her son Otto and sister Eliza, kept themselves within the inner apartments of the castle.

Even the castellan, with the few soldiers which the count had left behind as garrison, did not feel very easy within the walls of Rabenfels, where they had passed such happy, joyful days. Low-spirited and dejected, they would fill stomach and head with old Rhine-wine from the count's cellar. And then, when the old castellan found himself in a condition, where the tongue willingly says, what in a state of sobriety it would keep secret, he cursed the day on which Walter left the castle, and said to his companions, who, with silent nods, affirmed his imprecations: "I cannot understand the actions of our new master.— Towards the servants he is hard and rough, while in presence of the ladies he is the refined and attentive knight; and what will this cunningness bring but evil and misfortune. I fear Sigismund Gassler will most basely abuse the confidence which Count Walter bestowed upon him at his departure. And again, when I look into the wild face of the necromancer, whom Count Walter so hastily allowed an abode in this castle, I involuntarily cross my breast, praying God to preserve us from all evil."

The castellan had a good deal of common sense and knew the condition of affairs pretty well, from the first day after the departure of the count.

Sigismund Gassler treated the servants of the castle like slaves and most unjustly would he inform the noble lady, what a bad set the servants were, and what misdeeds they were committing as soon as she would turn her face.

But when he could sneak out of her presence a while, hunting in the forest, his behavior was licentious and insolent, and not such as was fit the bearing of a knight.

Bart Smoke seemed to have become his most intimate friend. Very often was the knight seen ascending a flight of narrow, winding steps that landed in the apartment of the necromancer. There he would remain for hours, and the people did not know what to think of it. Only once the castellan gathered courage enough to follow him noiselessly, and looking through the key-hole, he afterwards solemnly affirmed, that he had seen how the magician was preparing with his own hands a liquid, and handed it to Gassler; but when he heard the words of the bad knight: "Either surrender to my will or die," he ran terrified down the stairs as if chased by an evil spirit.— Wiping the perspiration from his burning brow, he went to thinking upon the easiest and quickest method of communicating the revelation to his noble and beloved mistress.

But soon Sigismund Gassler made his appearance in the court-yard, and ordered the castellan, who had scarcely recovered from his fright, to saddle the horses and with a few men he went to hunt in the neighboring forests.

After several days of incessant rain a cheer-

fall autumn's sun broke for the first time through the passing clouds. It was the first day after the departure of her beloved husband that Lucinda concluded to walk out into God's beautiful and invigorating air. She ordered the gate to be opened and went out into the garden to gather a bouquet of summer's last mountain flowers. But soon the burning rays of the glowing sun forced her to seek the shade of a tree, to seek rest and follow in silent thoughts the pilgrimage of her husband, till consoling tears rushed down her pale cheeks.

Suddenly the Witch of Oakdale stood before her and greeted her with the kind words:—"You have been weeping, noble lady; I can see it on the dark glow of your eyes. I can readily guess the reason: Count Walter is not here; may God console you!" And without waiting for an answer from the countess, she continued:—"I have been paying a visit to a sick farmer at Nettershausen and have brought him some good healthy tea, and while I was so near to Rabenfels, I could not pass, but stepped in to greet you." I am also a little inquisitive to know how the young knight behaves, to whose care the ladies of this castle are entrusted. People don't tell anything good and praiseworthy of the knight of Ulm, and I would warn you, if your own honor and the love of your noble husband, the count, is dear to you, beware of the artful flatteries of Sigismund Gassler! They might easily prove dangerous to you."

"You are impudent, old Gertrude," returned the countess, throwing a look of wounded pride upon the unwelcome disturber of her sweetest thoughts; and rising from her mossy seat, intended to withdraw. But at this moment she saw tears in Gertrude's black eyes, and she stood as if rooted to the ground, and could not help but to admire the manifold expressions of pain and sadness, earnestness and earnestness, that were at once to be perceived in the brown features of the old woman.

Then she measured the bent form of the so-called witch with an earnest gaze, and said at last:—"Has the old woman of Oakdale so little confidence in the strength and purity of the lady of Rabenfels, that she thinks Lucinda would be weak where the knight should forget his duty. I ought to be angry with you, and give orders never to allow you to enter my castle again, if it was not a debt of thanks I owe you for the good services you rendered squire Kuno. But I would admonish you in future never to use words again that would bring blushes of just indignation so the cheeks of the Countess of Rabenfels."

The witch waited till the lady ceased speaking; then carefully drying with her apron the silent tears that appeared on her dark eyelashes, she offered the angry lady countess her hand in token of reconciliation, and spoke in a mild tone:—"Do not be so angry with old Trude, noble lady; my intentions were so pure, and I swear to you by the memory of my mother, that it was not my intention to insult you. But cheer up your spirit again, and to recompense you for the mistake I fell into, I will relate to you a story, the contents of which you will be pleased to hear. The sun is yet high above the western forests and before the mists of the valley could have any feverish influence upon your delicate person, my narrative will have reached its end."

A friendly smile escaped the beautiful eyes of the countess, and taking a seat, she motioned Gertrude to sit beside of her. But the witch thrust her crutch into the ground and cowered at the feet of the countess in the damp grass.

Then she stroked her long disordered hair from her face, gave way for a short time to some passing thoughts, then, recovering herself, she commenced to relate.

(To be Continued.)

REPEAL AND FEDERALISM.

To the Editor of the Irishman:

KILCASCAN, May 29, 1874.

Sir,—A friend has sent me your paper of the 16th and 23rd instants, in which I find myself referred to by some of your correspondents, in a manner which induces me to place without reserve before the readers of the Irishman my views on our present Home Rule movement.

I cordially give my humble support to that movement; not because I deem Federalism as being in itself the very best thing for Ireland; but because I consider it the very best thing that we have any reasonable chance of speedily obtaining. From the moment when I first, in early boyhood, learned the enormous crime committed against Ireland by Pitt and Castlereagh, in the suppression of the Irish Parliament, I have been a Repealer of the Union. My doctrine on this subject is precisely that of Henry Grattan, who maintained the indefeasible right of Ireland to legislative sovereignty over all her concerns, in connection with the British Crown. A worse crime could not be committed than the destruction of our legislature. The means employed to accomplish that destruction were simply diabolical; and the means were worthy of the end. I need not here detail the elaboration of wickedness with which Pitt's government had for years been preparing the way for the Union, nor need I say one word as to the multifarious evils entailed by that measure upon Ireland. These are matters well known to your readers.

The plain, obvious remedy was clearly to repeal the Union; to restore the stolen property to the right owner; to restore the Irish legislature to the Irish Union.

The Irish people who had been swindled and butchered in the Union, made attempts from time to time, to recover their rights. An effort for that purpose was made by a few individuals in 1805. In 1810, the old Orange Corporation of Dublin, carried Repeal resolutions by a majority of thirty.

In 1813, the question of Repeal was again publicly agitated. In 1830, O'Connell addressed a series of letters to the Irish nation, exhorting them to give effect by meetings and petitions to what was undoubtedly the general sentiment. In 1832, there were nearly forty members returned in the Repeal interest. In eighteen hundred and forty, the Repeal Association was established by O'Connell, who frequently said that if the Union should not be dissolved during his lifetime, he wished that on his tomb should be inscribed the words:—"He died a Repealer." In fact, O'Connell, with occasional intermissions, agitated against the Union from the day when he opposed its enactment in January, 1800, to the day of his death, in 1847.

He did not create the National aspiration for self-rule. He only gave utterance to what the immense majority of his countrymen felt. He had with him the might of truth; of plain, cogent common sense;

of much public opinion in Ireland; and of powerful ability as an orator and popular leader. These elements of strength he had; and I have no doubt that if to these he could have added the cordial support of the great mass of Irish Protestants—if the Irish Protestant body adopted, and acted on the principles displayed in 1810 by the corporation of the metropolis—he could have led the combined Irish nation, Protestant and Catholic, to an easy victory. But the Protestants, with some splendid exceptions, abandoned the national sentiments by which in 1799 and 1800 they had, to a large extent, been actuated. The cause of their desertion of country was not far to seek. The State Church was a snug provision for the junior branches of the Protestant nobility and gentry to whom it furnished an income of about £700, 000 per annum. The State Church was professedly secured, "in perpetuity, by the Union, of which the 5th article provided for its maintenance as "an essential and fundamental" portion of that measure. And as it could not but be felt that the monopoly by a Protestant Church of the whole ecclesiastical state revenues of a nation chiefly Catholic, was a barefaced outrage on common honesty, the recipients and expectants of that income naturally feared that an Irish parliament, if restored, would disestablish and disendow their lucrative institution. Seven hundred thousand pounds per annum, and a certain amount of social status, were effective bribes to be bad Irishmen. It is true, that the National interests of the Protestants, as Irishmen, would be strongly benefited by domestic legislation, as many of them knew and admitted. But, on the other hand, they had, as Protestants, a strong class interest of £700,000 a year in maintaining the Union, and the class interest overbalanced the National interest. To the influence of this vast bribe were superadded those of the bitterest sectarian bigotry. Many of us are old enough to remember the time when Protestant journals were overrun with vituperative attacks on Catholicity, and when anti-Popish virulence permeated the sermons delivered by a multitude of Protestant preachers. Our Protestant countrymen were thus to a great extent enlisted against the Repeal of the Union. They were trained to be afraid of their Catholic neighbors; to look on them as children of Antichrist; and to regard England as their great and orthodox protector in the possession of the £700,000 per annum; which handsome income, moreover, was represented as being something actually sacred.

Influenced, then, by the combined stimulants of terror, bigotry, and pecuniary interest, the Irish Protestants, as a body, withheld their support from the movement for Repeal. The apathy of many, the active hostility of others, threw such formidable difficulties in the way of O'Connell, that it is not at all to be wondered at that in 1844 he began to consider whether a Federalist agitation, for the restoration of Ireland to a resident Parliament for the control of our purely domestic concerns, might not acquire support from the Protestants, whom the bugbear of a Catholic majority scared from the movement for simple Repeal. Accordingly, in October, 1844, when enjoying his usual autumn sojourn at Derrynane, he sent for publication to the Dublin newspapers a letter advocating Federalism; but modifying his advocacy with cautious declarations against being thereby definitively committed to anything. I did not at all like that letter, and I wrote to him to express my dissatisfaction. I also wrote to Mr. Ray, the Secretary to the Repeal Association, who was then on a visit with O'Connell. From both I had answers. O'Connell wrote as follows:—

"We are on the very eve of knowing whether or not the Federalists will make a public display. If they do not do so within a week I will again address the people; not to vindicate or excuse, but to boast of the offer I have made, and the spirit of conciliation we have evinced. If, on the other hand, Ross, Crawford, Caulfield, and Grey Porter prepare a Federal plan, what a step will not that be in the Repeal cause—even if we confine our efforts without being actually joined by them?"

The above extract receives further light from the following passage in the letter I received at the same time from Mr. Ray; a letter obviously written with the sanction, and expressive of the sentiments of Mr. O'Connell:—

"I have shown your letter to the Liberator. He says that, as a matter of course, he was prepared to hear of cavils, and exceptions, and dissatisfactions regarding his address; such being always ready to meet any proposition, the more so the less it is understood. And yet Federalism is not tangible in shape; his aim is to induce a declaration from the Federalists. He says he wonders you did not perceive that in the very paragraph where he talks most particularly of his adhesion to Federalism, he, in special words, guards himself from being pledged to any precise forms. Moreover, he adds that you cannot forget that the Association is already pledged to the principle of Federalism, and that several of its most leading members have joined as Federalists.—The Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy and Thos. O'Hagan, for instance—and that the objection should have been made (if at all) when the principle was avowed.

If the project proved to be objectionable, it can of course be rejected in favor of any better or more feasible plan. Finally, if we get a Federal Parliament, I apprehend the country will not complain; and if that Parliament should be found not to work satisfactorily, it could speedily right itself."

The fact was that Mr. O'Connell had been given an intimation that in the event of his raising the Federal banner he would receive a valuable Whig accession. He raised the banner, but the Whigs did not come. Finding that his Federalist experiment was not efficiently supported, and that it added no strength to his agitation for Repeal, he explained shortly afterwards in a public speech, snapping his fingers, "Federalism is not worth that."

Looking at his Federal move in connection with his whole career, the truth seems to me to be this:—He would have greatly preferred simple Repeal if he could have obtained it, but finding that his gigantic exertions to obtain it were neutralized by this cause to which I have adverted, he was not unwilling to compromise with Federalism. We are not to condemn the present Federalist agitation because O'Connell snapped his fingers at Federalism. He proclaimed that the move in that direction was worthless when he found that it gave him no tangible help. He would doubtless have treated it very differently if he had seen—as we have seen—sixty numbers returned to Parliament on the faith of the Federal principle.

Some of your correspondents attack certain arguments adduced in support of Federalism. I have nothing to do with those arguments. I would greatly prefer a return to our old constitution of 1782—if we could recover it. But as you yourself most wisely say in an editorial sentence—"The practical good is to be considered as well as the ideal best." And in this Federal programme there is so much of what is practically good, that when taken in connection with its incomparably greater feasibility. I feel impelled by my sense of patriotic duty to support it. First, let me remind your readers that our objects are these:—

"To obtain for our country, in accordance with the ancient and constitutional rights of the Irish nation, the privilege of managing our own affairs by a Parliament assembled in Ireland, and composed of the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons of Ireland.

"To secure to the Irish people the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland.

"To secure to the Irish people the advantage of constitutional government by making it a part of such Federal arrangement that there should be in

Ireland an administration for Irish affairs, controlled according to constitutional principles by the Irish Parliament, and conducted by ministers constitutionally responsible to that Parliament."

The above objects cannot, I presume, incur the censure of any Irish Nationalist. There is, however, another provision that leaves to an Imperial Congress the power of dealing with Imperial questions—the relation of the empire with foreign States, and other matters of Imperial character.

Frankly, I wish we could recover Home Rule disencumbered of this condition. I do not suppose the separate action of an Irish Parliament in Imperial questions would produce imperial difficulty. Our greatest men saw no such danger: Grattan, Foster, Gould, Plunket, Bushe, Saurin, and their brilliant confederates. But it must be remembered that there are multitudes of politicians on the other side of the Irish sea, as well as a considerable number of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, who imagine that such danger exists, and who will either remain neutral, or strenuously oppose us, unless their apprehensions are removed by a Federal government. Again, the sectarian dread of Catholic ascendancy, the traditional fear derived from the pulpit, the novel, the so-called history, and a thousand other sources of erroneous impressions—this fear, although utterly absurd and groundless yet deters a large number of Irish Protestants from combining with us for Repeal of the Union pure and simple. But they think that there is safety for themselves and for their religion in the species of connection with Protestant England that Federalism preserves. We need their help; the help of every man who will honestly assist us in the up hill task in which we are engaged. So far as a survey of our forces enables me to judge, I am obliged to conclude that the Federal project will receive the support of a large number of auxiliaries who certainly would not support simple Repeal. Federalism, if not so good as Grattan's Constitution, is beyond all comparison better than the blighting, desolation and degrading Union. I do not see how any man can doubt that it is vastly more attainable than simple Repeal. An organization has been formed for the purpose of obtaining it, and has made extraordinary progress since the time of its commencement. And we now, sir, to split up that organization into mutually hostile sections, by degrading the policy which its leaders have adopted from a solemn and intelligent conviction of its greater feasibility. But pursuing such a fatuous course we should expose ourselves to the scorn and ridicule of every enemy of Irish domestic legislation, and we should destroy our only reasonable prospect of soon restoring the Parliament of Ireland. Our task demands from us the most unbroken unanimity; and while I concede to others the credit of conscientious intentions, I must say that I should consider myself extremely culpable if I were to encourage my countrymen to desert the Home Rule League in pursuit of an object which, however theoretically better than Federalism, is incontestably more difficult of attainment.

Let us imagine the League broken up; some of its members drifting into an agitation of simple Repeal; others still demanding a Federal Parliament; others disgusted with the mischievous division, abandoning all political effort in despair. Can anyone fancy that the recovery of our old Constitution would be facilitated by such a wretched exhibition of incapacity and unsteadiness? Let us not shatter into fragments our national strength. If preserved in its integrity and wisely guided, it will avail in all human probability to achieve the restoration of our legislature.

A correspondent of the *Leinster Independent* makes it an argument against the League that Mr. Butt was once Mr. O'Connell's opponent on the question of Repeal—just as if a man could not be an honest convert! Mr. Butt is also accused of heartless indifference to the popular misery. The writer can never have read Mr. Butt's noble "Plan for the Celtic Race," a work that breathes the warmest sympathy for our suffering people. Mr. A. M. Sullivan is next referred to as having denounced the Fenian movement. Why the poor Fenians would have farred much better had they taken Mr. Sullivan's advice, which would have saved their best men from atrociously cruel imprisonment. Mr. Galbraith is next stated to have been a staunch Orangeman until the disestablishment of the Protestant Church. Sir, Mr. Galbraith, whose friendship I am proud to enjoy, never was an Orangeman in his life, and the repetition of the statement in question is a sad proof of the vitality of falsehood. Mr. Galbraith has repeatedly denied the accusation; but it reappears now and then, and is, I do not doubt, received as truth by your correspondent.

Pardon the length of this letter. This, I think, the first time I have encroached on your columns; and my apology is, that as my opinions have been made the subject of comment and inquiry, I thought it would be right to place them candidly before your readers.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,
W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

MR. BUTT, M. P., ON CURRAN.

On Wednesday night Mr. Isaac Butt, Q. C., M. P., delivered an interesting lecture on the "Life and Times of John Philpott Curran," in St. Joseph's Catholic Schools, High-street, Deptford, in aid of the building fund of the institution. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. D. Barnett, J. P. of Greenwich who was supported by the following gentlemen:—Mr. McCarthy Downing, M. P.; The Chevalier O'Leary, M. P.; Major P. O'Gorman, M. P.; Mr. R. O'Shaughnessy, M. P.; Mr. W. E. O'Sullivan, M. P.; Mr. M. Brooks, M. P. (Lord Mayor of Dublin); Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P.; Mr. N. Ennis, M. P.; Mr. O'Connor Power, M. P.; Mr. H. Kirk, M. P., and many other local and influential gentlemen.

Father Pannin briefly introduced Mr. Barnett as the chairman of the evening, who introduced Mr. Butt.

Mr. Butt, who on rising was greeted with deafening cheers, the whole audience rising and waving their hats, commenced his lecture by remarking that he had very sincere pleasure in showing to his countrymen that he took an interest in anything that promoted their good, or in which they took an interest and he had a greater pleasure in showing upon an occasion like the present, in which the clergy and the people were cordially together, that he felt with them. He had selected for the subject of his address to them that evening a person whose name had a magic hold upon the hearts of Irishmen and of the Irish people—the immortal John Philpott Curran. He was about to venture on a biography of that great man. He was not sure he had the materials for that, for it was singular that in the memories and speeches of his life, numerous as they were, there was a meagreness that was surprising, and accustomed as he was to history and the evidences of history, it was undoubted that many of the stories which were told of him were apocryphal. He would endeavor, however, to draw the materials, by which he would attempt to illustrate the marvellous career which had made his name memorable to the hearts of his countrymen, more from his speeches than from those doubtful records upon which he was disposed to look with a somewhat suspicious eye, and upon which he did not place much faith. Curran was born in 1750. Even about his birthplace there was a doubt. In most memoirs he was stated to have been born in Newmarket, County Cork. Some of his (the speaker's) friends in the neighborhood of Kanturk pointed to the spot near there which they held to be his birthplace, but it is generally believed that he was born in July, 1750, in Newmarket. His father was a man in the rank known as that position which was generally called the humble rank of life. He had come from the North of Ireland to

live with and attend on a gentleman there, and had attained, or rather risen to, the position of feneschal of the manor court of Newmarket. A number of stories were told of Curran's early life; not much faith was to be placed in the majority of them. This, however, was certain, that a Protestant clergyman in the neighborhood, attracted by his talents brought him to his own house, became his teacher in classics, and finally, at his own expense, sent him to school in the county. From thence he went to Middleton College. He entered as a Sizar, and afterwards became a Scholar; and when he was 25 years of age—viz, in 1775—he was called to the Irish bar. He (Mr. Butt) had seen and read some very romantic stories of his early struggles at the Bar—how he walked about for years before securing a brief, and much more to the same effect—and very interesting some of the stories were; but he was very much inclined to think that the majority of these stories were not to be relied upon. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1775, and eight years afterwards he entered Parliament for one of the Irish close boroughs, as the colleague of a great and well known man. In eight years he had made a position that made him selected as the leader of one of the most powerful parties—the Irish party that achieved Irish independence—(defeating the Whigs). The very next year they found him placed in a foremost position in the party, and making an important motion in the House of Commons. He believed the men of that party had intellect and power enough to distinguish genius and ability, and the knew of no better sign of a party and no more honorable exercise of their power than to distinguish genius in a young man and bring him forward to a position which he was qualified to claim (loud cheers). Curran was born in 1750 and died in 1817, and those sixty-seven years which constituted his span of life were memorable years in the history of the world. When he was born the American colonies were dependent upon the English Crown. In his lifetime they asserted their independence, and Washington achieved that glorious victory which made the country in the end a great and glorious Republic (loud cheers). The French Revolution broke down the ancient dynasties and the feudal system of Europe; a godless nation cast off all the restraints of religion only to subject themselves to military power, until the genius of an Irishman on the field of Waterloo restored peace and tranquillity to the world. In those sixty-seven years many scenes of interest passed in his own native land. Within the lifetime of Curran, the Volunteers of Ireland achieved the independence of their native country (loud and long continued cheers, and a Voice—"and will again"). Within the lifetime of Curran, the independence achieved was taken away, and the Union—which had ever since 1774 certainly not brought blessing to their native country—was the consequence. In those sixty-seven years events had passed full of momentous interests both to Ireland and the world. Curran entered the English Parliament in 1783 and left in 1797, when a disastrous and ill-adviced decision carried Grattan and many of the Irish patriots out of the British House of Commons. His speeches in Parliament had not made his reputation. It might be they had restricted reports of them, but no speeches he made in Parliament at all equalled his own fame or the speeches he addressed to bars and judges at the Irish Bar. He had selected some to illustrate his style of speaking, but before doing so he would ask them to bear with him for a few moments while he spoke of the history of Ireland between 1784 and 1800. It was a period of which, he was sorry to say, his countrymen did not know as much as they ought to do, and a great many fallacious notions were abroad respecting that period.

In 1782 Grattan and the Volunteers resisted the claim made by the Parliament of England to pass laws, and thus succeeded for a time in obtaining freedom. Ireland prospered for a time under an independent Parliament in a manner that no other nation prospered before. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the constitution or the Government of Ireland was a perfect one, and the speeches which he would read to them rather complained of that very Government. In Ireland then, as in England, the great majority of the members of Parliament were returned by the proprietors of close boroughs. He thought there were only 126 members returned by popular election out of 300 members. The Government administered by English Ministers and by a Parliament composed very largely of the nominees of Englishmen, and by an English Administration, did not give entire satisfaction to the people of Ireland any more than the Parliament of England gave satisfaction to the people of England. It was a curious thing that they heard sometimes of Irish treason, but he contended that there was just as much treasonable feeling manifested in England against the system of close boroughs as there was in Ireland on the same subject. In 1791 the Society of United Irishmen was formed. It was formed perfectly legally, it was an open Society, and the oath which they took only bound Irishmen to forget all differences of opinion, of politics, of creed, and unite for the common good (cheers). Lord Castlereagh was a member of the Society (loud hisses). In progress of time the Government tried to but down in Ireland, as they had but down in England, all attempts at reform. The Irish Society became a secret society, just the same as secret societies in England became secret, and trials for high treason took place in both countries, until 1798 it culminated in the rebellion. If they would just bear in mind the short outline of events he had indicated they would understand better some of the speeches to which he would call their attention. He chose them more in illustration of Curran's style and manner than for anything else. The hon. speaker then read numerous and copious extracts from Curran's political and legal speeches. Including his description of the pension lists when the Sovereign had the power of award of almost inherited pensions, a speech on Catholic Emancipation, and many others. In commenting on one of Curran's speeches the lecturer said—Homer had said that there was a twilight which was even more favorable to the robber than darkness itself, and he (the lecturer) might observe, without any disrespect to the Lord Lieutenant, that there was a twilight of royalty to which anarchical darkness was preferable. Mr. Butt concluded with a few remarks relative to Curran's last days. In 1806 he was made Master of the Rolls, and continued in that position until 1814, when he retired in ill health, and died in London, at Amolins-place, Fulham-road, between Brompton and Chelsea. His remains were placed in the Paddington Cemetery, and afterwards removed and deposited in Glasnevin, Dublin. No man was more genial and high spirited than Curran, and no man was more subject to those fits of depression. It was said by a Latin poet that man stole the fire from heaven and brought down sorrow with it. The genius which stole the fire from heaven brought down woes and sorrows of which common humanity knew nothing and the depression which marked the close of his life, and even in his most brilliant days they could recognize with sorrow the woes that genius brought even to its chosen ones. When he saw the gloom of Ireland falling away into the distance, and with no new geniuses to replace them, they could understand the gloom which afflicted him. He asked should ever those glorious days return to their native land (loud cries of "yes"). The land that produced Grattan and Curran, and sent Sheridan to shed his genius over the English Parliament, was not destined to be for ever trodden down. In those great men he saw the ancestors of the genius to which they were the inheritors—genius such as no other country could boast. Let them remember the greatness and responsibility that was cast upon them. Let them prove themselves worthy of the great men who had gone before them; of Grattan, and Curran, and others; and if the sword of freedom was handed down by feeble hands, let

them make up for that feebleness by the firm grasp with which they held it (loud cheers). Let them hand down to their children the remembrance of those men and the glorious days gone by, if not in words as glorious as those he had read to them, at least in words which would for ever keep green the memory of Ireland's greatest and best patriots (great enthusiasm). The speaker resumed his seat amid an ovation.

A cordial vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and the meeting closed. In the evening a selection of Irish airs was given by the brass band attached to the schools.—*Irishman*, June 13.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF THE VERY REV. FATHER BENVENUTO DOMBALKANS, O.S.F.C.—It is with the deepest regret we announce the demise of the above saintly and respected religious at his convent, 49 North King-street, Dublin, in the 81st year of his age, and the 35th of his sacred ministry. The deceased Father was a native of Rotterdam and for many years the devoted and beloved pastor of an extensive district in his native country, and for the past twenty-five years he was a true and zealous priest of the Capuchin order. The last eight years of his life he spent in ministering to the spiritual wants of the sick and dying in the hospitals of North Brunswick-street in Dublin, where, it may be truly said of him, he lived and died. He was beloved by the poor who have lost in him a dear and valued friend, and also by the members of the Order, who deplore a kind and food-berished brother, as well as a wise and self-sacrificing and exemplary father.—*Requiescat in pace.*—*Irishman*.

A CATHOLIC SYNOD.—We believe it was in the year 1851 that the last Synod of the Irish bishops was held in the ancient town of Thurles, county Tipperary. It was there the Irish hierarchy met to consider questions affecting the interests of the Church. The education of the people was a leading topic, and when the Synod separated, denunciations were launched against the Queen's colleges as "godless" institutions. The Catholic University sprung from that convention, and in all probability the approaching convalescence will make a new effort to place the foundation in St. Stephen's-green on a firm footing. The Cardinal has not yet fixed the time and place of the meeting, but Dublin is likely to give its name to the coming occasion. The O'Keefe case, and the issues raised by it, will engage the earnest attention of the bishops; whilst the question of education is sure to absorb a considerable portion of their time. It is also asserted that the recent conflicts between the priests and the lawyers in the matter of elections will be discussed with reference to the waning influence of the clergy in political affairs.—*Irishman*.

We learn from the *Irish Times* that notwithstanding the anxiety expressed respecting a crisis in the linen trade of the North of Ireland generally, and in Belfast particularly, there do not appear—if the usually accredited sources may be relied upon—that any grounds exist for uneasiness. All we gather is that trade is slack, stocks are heavy, and some large firms are working at a disadvantage. The rumors of heavy failures are also groundless, the prevalent opinion being that foreign firms, who have not been prompt in their payments, will shortly meet all demands, and confidence will then be restored, and there is nothing exceptional in the slackness of business at this period of the year.—*Cork Examiner*.

THE DROGHEDA PETITION. The end of this election contest has been reached by Mr. Justice Barry, who gave final judgment. Before the trial arrived at its last stage, the Court of Common Pleas had sat in judgment upon the points referred to their decision. Judges Lawson and Keogh were in favour of unseating Dr. O'Leary, while Judge Morris and Monahan would validate his election. Messrs. Keogh and Lawson might be termed the unseating judges of the Irish Bench. As the Court could not agree the matter was sent back to Mr. Justice Barry, who gave judgment on Monday, and at the same time made a few thrusts at a certain "brother." He said, "the most singular misrepresentation has been published respecting the fact of this case. According to the newspaper reports Mr. Justice Keogh laid particular stress upon the expression, 'the old lobby-room practice.' The learned judge seemed to think that this practice had some peculiar significance and must have been adopted with the express view of defeating the Ballot. To prevent any misapprehension I can only say that the existence of any corruption, or evil intention in this 'lobby-room practice' was not even insinuated on the part of the petitioner." Judge Barry then made some observations upon the anomaly of his position, and concluded by declaring Dr. O'Leary duly elected, and that each party should pay his own costs.—*Irishman*.

It is stated that Mr. John Nolan, Secretary to the Amnesty Association, has intimated to a deputation of Nationalists his intention of addressing the electors of Galway. The *Freeman* understands that there is a movement on foot for indemnifying Mr. O'Donnell from the consequence of Judge Lawson's order to pay the costs of the Galway election petition. That paper feels confident that if it anticipates the Bishops of the West, on a careful investigation of the facts, come to the conclusion that no moral stain attaches to Mr. O'Donnell, the appeal will be responded to with alacrity. The *Spectator* says that Mr. Justice Lawson's judgment at Galway, however sound as to the main point, the freedom of the Galway election—a matter, on which there is a direct conflict of evidence, and on which the *Spectator* has no opinion—involves this new and, as it seems to that paper, most unfair doctrine that Catholic priests alone among the clergy must abstain from interfering in elections except by silent votes—must in fact suppress their own claim as citizens. It appears to the *Spectator* that the Judge's doctrine is that the priest may vote silently, but for him to agitate as a Protestant clergyman may, is not only disgraceful but illegal. That paper says that if there is one thing certain about Ireland it is that the priests when opposed to the popular feeling have no influence at all, and that they are always obliged to go on political subjects with their people.—*Cork Herald*.

A preliminary meeting of the proprietors and others interested in the drainage of Lakes Carras and Roue, near Foxhall, was held recently in Ballinrobe. Present, F. M. Lawen, chairman; C. C. B. Miller, Charles Jennings, Wm. Burke, and C. C. Boycott, Esqrs. The chairman explained the object of the meeting, and produced a map of the district, and intimated that Captain Nolan, another proprietor, was favorable to the project. Mr. Miller, one of the trustees of the Slurulo drainage district, expressed his apprehensions that any material increase in the outfall at the point indicated might injuriously affect the Slurulo drainage. Mr. Lawen, also a trustee, expressed strongly the opinion that the proposed outfall would have ample scope—that the expense of the proposed work would be about £500, for which at least 200 acres of land now submerged in winter would be gained by the outfall. The result of the meeting was that a resolution was adopted, directing the employment of a competent engineer to take levels and report thereon, also to make out an estimate of the proposed works.

THE GALWAY JOINTMENT.—The following is the report on the Galway election presented to the Speaker of the House of Commons:—"At the trial of the above election petition, I determined—1st, That Francis Hugh O'Donnell, whose return at the election was complained of, was not duly returned and elected. 2nd, That the last election for the said

borough was void, and, in compliance with the directions of the Parliamentary Elections Act, 1868, sec. 3, article 14, I report that it was proved before me that previous to and in anticipation of the day of polling, a system of intimidation was organized by the said Francis Hugh O'Donnell and his agents, by threats and mob violence, to unduly influence the voters, and that such system was on the day of polling carried out with the knowledge and consent of the said Francis Hugh O'Donnell, and the said election in consequence of such intimidation and undue influence was rendered void, and I further report that the said Francis Hugh O'Donnell, the Rev. Peter Dooly, Roman Catholic vicar-general, and the Rev. Martin Collins, R.C. curate, were proved at the trial to have been guilty of the corrupt practice of intimidation and undue influence; and I further report that it appeared in evidence before me that a great number of the voters of the said borough were illiterate persons, and voting as such under the Ballot Act, and many of them were and are peculiarly liable to be coerced and unduly influenced, and I am of opinion, and do accordingly report that, the corrupt practice of undue influence has extensively prevailed in the said borough at the election to which the petition relates.

JAMES A. LAWSON, Election Judge. The following document has been forwarded to the Freeman:—

"GALWAY, May 29, 1874. "MY LORD—We think it well, now that this unpleasant trial has come to an end, to give to your lordship an assurance of our unabated esteem and affection. We do so for two reasons—firstly, because it gives us an opportunity of expressing our gratification at the successful vindication of your lordship, which even an adverse judgment shows; and, secondly, because the judge, in his remarks at the end of his judgment, seemed to imply a feeling of estrangement between the regular and secular clergy. Such a feeling we know not to exist, and we feel pained that it should seem to be imputed that one of our number expressed disgust at the conduct of the priests.—We remain, your lordship's devoted servants in Christ—John A. Burke, O.S.F.; Thomas D. Foley, O.P.; Jeremiah O'Brien, O.S.A.; Alfred Murphy, S.J. "To the Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Galway."

It is a very satisfaction to the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, of Callan, he can have the assurance of sympathy from every quarter conspicuous by its hostility to the Catholic Church. Amongst his backers are Sir Thomas Chambers, Mr. Newdegate the Daily Express and the Cork Constitution. We have no doubt whatever that if Mr. Whalley had been in the House while the debate was going on, he would have lent his ardent and respected support to the motion of Mr. Cartwright, which censured the National Education Commissioners for not restoring charge of Catholic education in the parish of Callan to a priest who has spent the past several years in endeavours to discredit the authority and discipline of his Church, and who, with help drawn from the purses of his bitter enemies, has sought to humiliate Cardinal, Bishop, and Priest by dragging them through the mud of the law courts. But that is all the consolation left to him. No doubt he reckoned that with a Tory Government in power he could obtain that morsel of revenge for which he has been striving so long. But he miscalculated the effect which responsibility has upon politicians and Ministers. It is one thing to utter the clap-trap common-places of bigotry when out of office; it is another to speak the same language when the speech may set forces in motion of a violent and disruptive character. The Tory Government has found it necessary to avoid committing itself to a policy the adoption of which might result in a break-up of the whole system of national education in Ireland. They are, we know, bound by promises to avoid sensational legislation. The best success they hope for is to keep Parliament and the country quiet, so as to give it a rest from the violent excitements of the past few years. It would not at all tend to the accomplishment of this object to order the Commissioners of National Education to restore to the office of manager of National Schools a suspended priest. For, we think we may say with confidence that, if they did so, they would infallibly cause a total severance of all connection between the Catholics and the National Board. This would be too troublesome and dangerous a phenomenon for a Ministry whose motto is *quies non movet*.—Cork Examiner.

The census of the county Antrim, including Belfast, has been issued. The entire population of the entire county has increased from 354,178 in '41, to 404,015 in '71. The population of the portion of Belfast in the county Antrim stood at 63,750, in '41; 70,126, in '51; 111,991, in '61; 158,267, in '71. Carrickfergus has a population of over 9,000, and seven other towns, of over 2,000 inhabitants, in the county. Of these, Antrim, Ballymoney, Larne, Legnace, have from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants. Carrickfergus has 4,000; Ballymoney, 5,000; and Lisburn, 6,000. There were 291 vessels in the rivers, harbours, &c., of the county on the census night. There were 758 foreigners in the county. In the borough of Belfast there are 55,575 Roman Catholics, 46,423 Protestant Episcopalians, 60,249 Presbyterians, 6,775 Methodists, 5,300 of all other denominations. In the whole county, including Belfast, there are 107,840 Catholics, 87,311 Protestant Episcopalians, 176,343 Presbyterians, 9,473 Methodists, and 13,651 of all other denominations. The other denominations include 3,501 Unitarians, 1,467 Baptists, 531 Quakers, 21 Jews, 20 Mormons, a deist, an Atheist, and a Confucian. In the last twenty years the county lost 132,156 by emigration, which was higher in 1870 than for any year since 1859.

On the 1st inst., a lady named Howard died, suddenly at her residence, Howard's Grove, near Castle-townroche. Miss Howard, whose sole attendant was one woman servant, was rather of eccentric habits. She was in her usual health on that evening, and, when the servant went to call her next morning, she found the door locked as usual. Having knocked, and received no answer, she procured assistance and broke open the door, when they found the old lady dead. Miss Howard has a property near Younghall, and she belonged to a most respectable family.

The tenancy on the Dromoland and other estates of Lord Inchiquin, of Dromoland Castle, have purchased a splendid silver salver and service of plate, which they intend to present to him as a souvenir of his recent marriage with the Hon. Miss White. In the centre of the salver is an inscription, recording that it is the gift of a grateful tenantry to a good landlord on the occasion of his marriage, and in appreciation of his character and descent as a native resident Irish nobleman. A beautiful illuminated address will accompany the gift, the work of Mr. O'Shea, of Limerick.

A melancholy case of drowning occurred on the 2nd inst., on the arrival, at Limerick, of the steamer "Rose," from Killybegs. A young man named Funnell, from the county Clare, and bound for America, was stepping from the vessel to the quay, when he fell into the river as he was about to embrace his father, who was waiting to receive him. The body was pulled up in a few minutes, but life was extinct.

On the 1st inst., Miss Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret" and other novels, paid a visit to the grave of Gerald Griffin, whose celebrated novel, "The Collegians," is said to have given its literary bent to Miss Braddon's genius.

On the 3rd inst., the ceremony of profession of religious was performed in the chapel of the Swinford Convent, by the Most Rev. Dr. McCort-

mack, Coadjutor Bishop of Achonry, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Durcan. The young ladies were Sister Mary Stanislaus Dooley, daughter of Mr. Michael Dooley, of Galway, and Miss Mary Collins, daughter of Mr. Hugh Collins, Kilkenny, Moylough, who received the name of Sister Mary Bernard.

On the 5th inst., a woman named Mary Sheehan was lodged in Bridewell, charged with attempting to throw herself into the river near North Gate Bridge, Cork.

Dominic E. Browne, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for Mayo, in room of the late Lieut.-Colonel Ousley Higgins, deceased.

Sir Charles James Knox Gore, Bart., of Belleek Manor, Ballina, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Mayo.

Lord Clonbrock has been appointed Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum for the county of the town of Galway, in room of the late Marquis of Clanricarde.

Dr. Henry J. Smith, medical officer of the Donaghmore Hospital and Rathdowney Dispensary, was unanimously elected to the honorable position of President of the Irish Medical Association at the annual general meeting of that body, held in Dublin on the 1st inst.

The petition adopted by the Tullamore Board of Guardians, praying Parliament to oblige landlords and annuitants who reside for the greater portion of the year in foreign countries, to lay a tax of five per cent. on their incomes, in addition to the ordinary rates, was adopted by nearly every Board of Guardians in Ireland. Several members of Parliament have promised to support the measure.

On account of the cost of transferring prisoners under short sentences from Thurles to the jail at Nenagh the rate payers of the former place are seeking to have their bridewell converted into a district prison.

As the result of the late Constabulary inquiry, at Nenagh, connected with County Inspector Richards and Sub-Inspector O'Callaghan, the latter is to be transferred to Strabane, county Tyrone.

The Sligo bench has permitted the discharge of C. J. Clancy, charged with stabbing Captain King Harman, on finding bail, himself in £1,000 and two sureties in £500.

Mr. George Browne and Mr. O'Connor Power, both reached Westminter on the 2nd inst., and took their seats for Mayo. The former gentleman, on re-appearing in the House—in which he has hitherto occupied a high position—was greeted with a perfect ovation of cheers, not from any particular section of the House, but from all sides. Mr. Browne was introduced by Sir J. Gray and the Hon. Mr. French, and Mr. Power by Mr. Butt and Mr. Biggar.

A meeting of National School teachers, at which about five hundred attended, was held on the 30th ult., at Portadown, for the purpose of taking steps for the removal of the grievances under which they labor. Several resolutions were adopted, calling for increased salaries, pensions, free residences, and the restoration of the good-service salary.

The Abbey house and premises at Nenagh were bought, on the 1st inst., at auction, by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Malley, P. P., V. G. The auctioneer announced that the purchase has been made for the purpose of establishing a school at Nenagh in connection with the Diocesan College at Ennis.

The Irish papers announce the death, on the 1st inst., of Frances Diana Dowager Lady Hastings.—The deceased lady was the only issue of Charles, first Viscount Canterbury, by his second marriage with Ellen, daughter of Mr. Edmund Power, of Curragheen, county Waterford, and widow of Mr. Home Parvill, N.B. She was born on the 17th of December, 1829, and married, on the 8th August, 1848, Devala Loftus, 24th Lord Hastings, who died on the 28th of September, 1872.

The death is announced of the Hon. and Rev. W. J. Blackwood, son of the third Lord Dufferin, and uncle of the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, which took place on the 28th ult., at Leamington. The deceased was born in 1802, and married, in 1832, Miss Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Hamilton, of Clonsilla, county Dublin, and had been for years Vicar of Ballinacorney, county Antrim.

The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Martin, Crindlo, Myree, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county of Londonderry.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MARCH OF THE SALFORD CRUSADE.—Though the great city of Cotton and Music boasts many processions and out-door displays in Whit-week, few people were prepared for the magnificent and semi-military promenade of the Salford Diocesan Crusade on Saturday last. When it is remembered that this is the first year in which the Crusade has made an outside display of its strength, with insignia and colours, it must be very gratifying that the first efforts augur so well for success in the future. As early as 9.30, on Saturday last, the advance guard of the procession made its appearance in Albert-square, and to the astonishment of a dense crowd of sightseers, was composed of fifty of the Crusade Hundred Guards, whose French casques and silver-plated green sashes gave them a decidedly and veritably martial appearance. Closely following these Guards came the Hundred Men of Liverpool, whose giant forms and splendid physique were much admired. The Liverpool Contingent carried three rich banners and was marshalled by the officers of the Crusade Guards. In quick succession, and from different points, streamed in the members of the various branches, some headed by brass bands, and others by fife and drums. With a strict view to the order of procession, the branches were located by the *videz-de-camp*, who received their orders from the Secretary-General, and whose orders were received and obeyed with an alacrity that gave proof of most praiseworthy discipline. Shortly after ten a general movement of staff-officers and *videz-de-camp* was discernible; and the command, "Guards forward! March!" was given by Mr. Quinn, the Captain of the Guards, whose gold epaulettes distinguished his rank. Then came the Salford volunteer brass band in military uniform, whose "March of the Men of Harlech" sounded most *proprio*. The post of honour was next. Headed by the Phoenix fife and drum band, came St. Ann's Salford, followed by Mount Carmel, Salford, St. Joseph's, Manchester, was next in order, and was headed by Father Quick's fife and drum band. Special mention must in justice be made of the display made by this branch. Bearing the guide-line ribbons of a silk banner were eight young ladies, whose unique and tasteful dress was the praised theme of all who love the beautiful in art and nature. Four of those ladies were attired in green silk dresses, trimmed with white lace, and four wore white silk dresses trimmed with green silk. Then came eight more ladies dressed in white, and wearing blue and green cordons, while white lace veils were worn by all. St. Mary's, Manchester, came next, and made a good display. The Cathedral (St. John's) branch was next in order, and the display was decidedly most creditable. The branch of St. Alphonsus' (Hulme) followed, and its excellent band and general show were really excellent. Headed by the brass band of Father Quick's Orphanage, came the rear-guard, composed of a section of the Crusade Hundred Guards. The whole line was marshalled by the Cadets of the guards, assisted by the branch officers. The cross of St. Michael was conspicuous on the breasts of all the processionists, and a more respectable or better-ordered procession has never been witnessed in Manchester—a city of order and mutual good feeling between all classes of the community, independ-

ent of creed or particular views of classes or societies. The route of procession chosen was from Albert-square through Cross-street, Corporation street, Rochdale-road, Livesey-street, Oldham-road, Ancoats, Travis-street, London-road, Granby-row, Charles-street, Clarendon-street, Great Jackson-street, Dawson-street, Regent-road, Oldfield-road, Adelphi-street, silk-street, St. Stephen-street, Chapel-street, Bridge-street, John Dalton-street, to Albert-square. An important change in this, the published programme, was made when the long line of processionists reached the end of Oakfield-road. The Captain of the Guards gave the order—"Guards, left wheel!" and the object of this movement was very soon apparent. Streaming along Chapel-street, the procession marched past the house of the Bishop of Salford, just opposite Peel Park. His Lordship appeared at one of the windows, surrounded by his priests, and as, with uncovered heads and cheers of greeting, the whole line filed past, his Lordship bestowed on them his blessing. As the various bands passed by, the well-known "Faith of our Fathers" was struck up, and a long and vibrating cheer was given along the entire line. Wheeling round, the processionists went down Adelphi-street, and the printed route was then continued. On returning to Albert-square the various branches filed off to their respective districts. Along the whole line of route the number of sightseers was legion, and the admiration and praise of all classes was bestowed on this first annual procession of the Bishop of Salford's Crusade. The weather, too, was most favourable; for the southern zephyrs gave life to the banners and streamers, and the rays of the mid-day sun gave a bright and brilliant appearance to the insignia and decorations of the Guards, and the processionists generally. The Guards wore the ceremonial sash, suspended from the purple ribbon, which his Lordship had on the previous evening decorated them with; and the military medal of a campaign, or the ribbon of the legion of Honour, was never bestowed in a cause more holy or more deserving of honour than this Temperance Movement, which promises to raise the religious and social status of the people. We understand that towards July a Monster Procession of the Salford Crusade and Liverpool League may vie with Manchester and Salford in the display of insignia, which party and bigotry prevent in the modern Tyro.—Liverpool Catholic Times June 5.

SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CONGRESS.—If Henry VIII. was an efficient godfather of the new English Episcopalian body, James I. was an equally capable sponsor for the Scottish one. They have nothing to envy each other. Yet the connection between these two Protestant communities, in spite of their common lineage, appears to be anything but intimate. They have, as the President feelingly observed, "the same Articles of religion without exception," including that eminently Christian one, the Nineteenth, which gaily asserts, by way of compliment to the Primitive Church, that all the Apostolic Sees "erred in matters of faith." This agreement is so essential a point, and their common belief that the Church of Christ was a failure from the beginning, ought to have been a bond of communion between these fraternal communities. Yet it does not appear that it was. "For a long time," continued the President, "there was almost entire isolation from Anglican Christendom." It was not, perhaps, an overwhelming calamity, and at all events the Scottish Episcopalian, like most other Christians, contrived to survive it. In our own day it is not only "isolation" which they have to lament. When the late Dr. Wilberforce and the Archbishop of York visited Scotland, in the pleasant summer season, they took the opportunity of displaying their sympathetic appreciation of the "Scottish Episcopal Church" by ministering to Presbyterian congregations. No Episcopalian can reproach them for doing so. The fifty-fifth Canon of 1694, as the *Christian Observer* noticed a few years ago, required all the Anglican clergy to "pray for the Church of Scotland," and thus "they are by Canon bound," as far as the Church of England can be said to bind anybody, "to recognize in their prayers every Sunday the existence of a valid ministry without any Episcopal ordination." They never made any difficulty in doing so till the middle of the seventeenth century, but constantly gave high dignities in the Anglican Church to unordained Calvinists and Lutherans. Hooker, Morton, Bancroft, and Andrews, were all of one mind on that point—Hooker himself on his death-bed sending for a Presbyterian minister, and all agreed with the Anglican Bishop Hall that "there is no difference in any essential matter betwixt the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation." In the opinion of Dr. Wilberforce and Dr. Thomson there was evidently as little difference as ever.—*Tablet*.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.—The two chief avenues to notoriety which lie open to our higher classes, are Parliament and the Police-courts, and according as a gentleman feels that he possesses great capacity for making or breaking laws, he chooses the one career in preference to the other. Lord Macdonald has just made his *début* in a case of cruelty. He has been flogging a horse, which—happily for the horse—does not belong to him, but to Mr. Jackson, the Brighton livery stable keeper. No reason is assigned for the act, and we must presume that the animal was flogged merely in order that the public might be informed of the nobleman's existence. The horse had been driven that day from Brighton to the Dyke by Lord Macdonald, and, on his return, his lordship, with a thick stick, administered to it an unmerciful beating, leaving upon its body upwards of fifty weals, some of which were found by Inspector Whitehead to be bleeding. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took the matter up, and Lord Macdonald was fined the full penalty, £5 and costs. Pity that a little treadmill or oakum-picking could not have been administered! It is not satisfactory or right that a lad should have been sent to prison for striking at a cat, while Lord Macdonald is let off with a £5 fine for this gross outrage. Mr. Cross remitted part of the boy's sentence, will he not also interfere in this case, and inform the magistrates that they have scandalously undervalued Lord Macdonald's crime?—*Echo*.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.—An inquest has just been held at Hackthorpe, near Chesterfield, on the body of Luke Needham, of Hackthorpe, journeyman patent hook maker, aged 49 years, who came to his death under most extraordinary circumstances. It appeared that deceased and seven or eight more men met at the New Inn, Hackthorpe, about three in the afternoon, for the purpose of having in the "foot ale" of two new men who had come to work at the same shop as deceased and others. The two new men paid 2s. 6d. each, and the rest of the persons in the room subscribed 6d. each, and a pint of whiskey and a pint of gin were called for next. Some had their liquor neat, and some had water to it. Deceased came in and said he preferred it neat, and drank off a tumbler glass full of gin and whiskey neat, at a draught. In a minute or two after he drank off a second glass of neat gin and whiskey at a draught, and he got hold of another tumbler full, and had started drinking it, when it was taken from him and he was asked if he was aware of what he was drinking. He afterwards got a third glass from the table and drank it off at a draught, sat down to sleep and tumbled off his stool with his face against the bar of the fire. He injured his nose, which bled a little, but he was not hurt. He was wheeled home in a barrow in five minutes. Deceased was not twenty minutes in the house. A witness was called who said deceased was always a drunkard man; he began when he was an apprentice, and had always kept it up since. Deceased had stated in the shop that he could drink anything that day, but no one urged him to drink.

Witness had known deceased drink *seventeen pints of beer* at one sitting in the forenoon, and had known him drink *thirteen pints* when he was "tapering off"—that is, getting ready for work. The deceased was taken home, and, though he was sensible, never recovered, but died, as the doctor said, from excessive drinking. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from excessive drinking of liquor."—*Sheffield Independent*.

There is a good deal of truth, though not so much as there might have been, in the remarks of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on "Romanism and Sham-Romanism." When it says of the latter that it is only "a bad copy," and "an unmeaning fragment of a great and carefully rounded system," and that the Ritualist minister bears about the same resemblance to a true Catholic priest which "the African negro in a cocked hat and spurs but leaving out the breeches" bears to a British general, we smile and pass on; but when the same journal confesses that "the Roman Catholic system has for centuries occupied the thought and energy of some of the ablest men who ever lived," it unconsciously suggests to the self-complacent critics of that system at least a human motive for caution and modesty in judging it. The suggestion will probably be made in vain. It gives a lesson also to certain impure spouters when it observes, with respect to theological treatises on the subject of confession, that granting the necessity of confession, "the more technical and precise the code is the better," and that "decency, sensitiveness, and time are all saved by making the practice of confession quasi-scientific." When it adds that among Anglicans "it is being introduced without any shadow of security,"—often by men of doubtful antecedents, who have no power to give the absolution which they sorely need themselves, and who are ignorant of theology as they are incapable of obedience,—and that "confession in the hands of a married and marrying clergy is an absolute monstrosity," it has some reason for saying, though it hardly affects to do so in the interests of religion, that "the same part of the nation is bound to put down its foot on a mischievous novelty." People who really want absolution will learn by degrees to go to those who have authority to impart it, and who are themselves subject in doing so to the salutary curb of a "precise code."—*Tablet*.

Two "PRINCES OF WALES."—It is rather startling, is it not, to hear that the Prince of Wales was married on the 15th of last month to Lady Alice May, a daughter of the late Earl of Erroll, at the Roman Catholic church in Spanish place, London? Such, however, is the fact. And yet the husband of Alexandra, sea king's daughter from over the sea, has not committed bigamy. The "Prince of Wales," who has just wedded a young Scottish lady of old cavalier and Jacobite blood, is the wrong "Prince of Wales." He is commonly known as "Colonel Count Charles Edward Stuart and of Anna daughter of the Right Hon. John de la Poer Beresford and niece of the Marquis of Waterford." When the right Prince of Wales last year went to the Vienna exhibition he had the pleasure of seeing this great grand nephew, or whatever he may be, of the Pretenders of the last century figuring in a Highland dress among the officers of the Austrian army. It is rather doubtful after all whether the "Count Charles Edward" is so nearly the direct representative of the Royal Stuarts as to deserve, even in that way, the complimentary title of the young "Prince of Wales." As a matter of fact, we believe the direct heir of the English crown in the Stuart line to-day is Francis V., ex-Duke of Modena, "by right divine" Francis I., of Great Britain and Ireland, King. But the Count is conceded to be a Stuart, and his reappearance in England to marry a Scottish noblewoman is at least a curious incident of the day worth bringing to the notice of the lovers of historical romance.—*World*.

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UNITED STATES.

ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—CONFIRMATIONS.—The Most Reverend Archbishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on 188 children in the Chapel of the Catholic Protectory, Westchester, Wednesday, June 17th; on Thursday, 18th, assisted by Bishop McNeiry, of Albany, on 1,294 children and adults in St. James' Church, James' Street; on Friday, 19th, in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Madison Avenue and Fifth Street, on 492 children; and on Sunday, 21st, in the Church of the Holy Innocents, Thirty-seventh Street, on 361 children—making in all 2,335 confirmations for the past week.

During the past year his Grace has administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to FIFTEEN THOUSAND PERSONS.—*Tablet*.

THE LATE FATHER FRANCIS MARTIN.—The Month's Mind for this estimable and lamented young clergyman, was celebrated in St. James' Church, New York, Rev. Felix Farrelly, pastor, on June 16. There was a large attendance of the faithful—priests and laity. The mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Michael Curran, pastor of St. Andrew's, assisted by Rev. Father McKenna, of the Transfiguration, and Rev. Father M. Hickey, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Charles McCreedy. The Rev. Father Dumphy, an old college friend of Father Martin, told briefly the facts of his life, and in a touching and feeling address besought the prayers of this congregation, among whom he had last served, for his eternal repose. *May he rest in peace.*—*Catholic Review*.

"COLUMBUS THE CATHOLIC HERO."—On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., a lecture was delivered on the above subject, before the "Catholic Union" circle of New York, at Cooper Institute, by J. Edmund Burke, Esq., of Buffalo. The audience numbered about twenty-five hundred persons, and the lecturer was introduced by Judge Quinn, who with the following persons occupied seats on the platform.—Wm. Dougherty, W. B. Nichols, James Moore, Peter Dolan, J. J. McEntee, and Peter Egan, jun. The lecture, which occupied nearly two hours in delivery, was a masterly effort, and a touching tribute to the great discoverer. That it was thoroughly appreciated was evinced by frequent bursts of enthusiastic applause from the audience.

A curious thing happened to a lawyer in William, Connecticut. John L. Hunter—that is his name—who has been deaf in his left ear for some years, went to a Boston aurist the other day, and he took from it a bug as large as a honey bee. Mr. Hunter hadn't the slightest idea what was the trouble with him, but was informed before the operation that there was something foreign in the organ; and after the bug was taken out the physician told him that it had been in there fifteen years probably, and that when it got in it must have caused great pain. Mr. Hunter, after racking his brain a while, remembered that one night in 1854 he was waked by intense pain in his ear; and that he stopped it by pouring in oil. The oil operated of course by killing the insect.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The President received the following cable despatch just previous to leaving the city, this morning: To the President of the United States, Washington: The inauguration of the electric telegraph between Europe and Brazil, which also unites us to the Republic of the United States, is a cheering sign of the improved international relations, as also a bond of friendship, and a powerful instrument of civilization. I congratulate my great and good friend, the President of the United States upon this happy event. (Signed) DON PABLO.

RIO DE JANEIRO. To which the President responded as follows: To the Emperor of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro: I congratulate you upon the telegraphic connection just established between Brazil and the United

States; may it prove as close a link in national friendship as in communication. (Signed.)

U. S. GRANT TERRIBLE CATASTROPH.—A fearful catastrophe is reported at Syracuse, New York. A strawberry festival was being held in the Central Baptist Church, when the floor of the room in which the people were assembled gave way, precipitating the concourse on a crowded room below. Fourteen people were killed outright and two hundred others more or less injured. The building was a new one and is another warning to those who favor cheap and hasty contracts.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 24.—Various theories of the cause of the accident are advanced. The floor which fell was suspended by iron rods from a wooden truss under the roof; these rods went through the lower, but not through the upper chord of the truss; the lower chord had been spliced wrong side up, and that point was the first to give way. The floors of the church were supported originally by iron pillars. A short time ago the church building committee, with the consent as they say, of the architect, removed the iron pillars, and the result was the calamity of Tuesday night. Most prominent builders in the city declare that the truss was rotten. The architect of the church, Mr. White, is now in Europe.

NEWPORT, PERRY COUNTY, PA., June 25.—A fearful fire has been raging here all afternoon. The following property has been destroyed:—Twelve buildings containing four dwellings, one hotel and nine business places. Loss, \$30,000; two thirds insured.

LAWRENCE McNulty of San Francisco stood in the window of his boarding-house and addressed a crowd on the subject of suicide. He spoke of the various means of taking life, compared their certainty with the pain involved, and frequently referred to notes. Finally he took a razor from his pocket, and cut his throat, bleeding to death in a few seconds.

The Oswego Times tells us that "by winter the New York Central Railroad will have four trucks from Albany to Buffalo. The rails are all steel and the bridges are of iron. The extra trucks are constructed at an expense of \$20,000,000, and were rendered necessary by the immense increasing business of the road. The same company has taken the initiative in the building of elevators in New York City. Negotiations have been concluded with the city authorities and the building is to be commenced at once. This will set the other roads to work and the lake cities will no longer monopolize the elevator system. Both the Erie and Pennsylvania Companies have expressed their purpose to follow suit. In view of all this the Milwaukee Sentinel remarks, in the perfection of the New York Central road we have an example of what all railroads of any importance in this country are to become. Our present cheap and temporary constructions will give place to works of permanent strength and solidity. The days of the single tracks, and iron rails and decrepit trestle work bridges will be over; and the increase of facilities and safety will give us cheaper transportation.

A West Troy policeman resigned because he couldn't get permission to attend a dog fight and bet on the winning pup. Americans never will be slaves.

NEW YORK, June 25.—At six o'clock last evening an immense stone grist mill owned by L. Honnemieu at the Branch village, 15 miles from Mount Sinai, and which for some time has been considered very unsafe was blown down in a strong gale of wind; the roof was first carried away, and fell upon a horse and waggon twenty feet distant; eleven men were at work in the mill at the time the disaster occurred, four escaped unhurt, the remainder are supposed to be buried in the ruins and killed.

CINCINNATI, June 22.—A large part of the business portion of Richmond, Ky., was burned to-night, loss \$30,000; supposed incendiary.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.—The following extract shows Mr. Ruskin's view of the ignorance of men of business as to the nature of wealth and poverty:—"Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word 'rich.' At least, if they know, they do not in their reasoning allow for the fact that it is a relative word, implying its opposite 'poor' as positively as the word 'north' implies its opposite 'south.' Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas, riches are a power like that of the electricity acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea in your pocket depends wholly upon the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has felt for it,—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor. There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind,—namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labor. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures, houses and gardens and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants. In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in the neighborhood must be poor, and in want of his gold. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must therefore take his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flock. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labor to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either house in repairs or fields in cultivation and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden in the midst of a desert of waste land trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling his own.

WHY SHOULD A MAN SWEAR?—We can conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not:—

- 1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
- 2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.
- 3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.
- 4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentle man, well bred—refined. Such a man will no more swear than go into the street and throw mud with a clodhopper.
- 5. It is indecent. Offensive to delicacy and extremely unfit for human ears.
- 6. It is foolish. Want of decency is the want of sense.
- 7. It is abusive—to the mind that conceives the oath, to the tongue that utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
- 8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks on his head.
- 9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of the wise and good.
- 10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who would not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1874.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY—1874.

Friday, 3—Of the Octave.
Saturday, 4—Of the Octave.
Sunday, 5—Sixth after Pentecost.
Monday, 6—Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.
Tuesday, 7—St. Leo, P. C. (June 24)
Wednesday, 8—St. Elizabeth, W.
Thursday, 9—SS. Zenon and Comp., MM.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The persecution goes on apace in Germany. Bishop Martin of Paderborn has received notice to present himself within eight days to undergo the six weeks of imprisonment, to which he has been condemned for appointing a priest to a parish. In Posen a still more severe measure has been resorted to. Not content with selling all the personal effects of the Archbishop himself and reducing him to beggary, the German Government has now seized and sold the property of the Archbishopric itself. Catholics need not be told what this means. The funds of the Archbishopric are in great part the funds of the Catholic poor. Meantime, the laity are standing with unshaken fidelity by their priests. A Catholic Association in Cologne has shown how deeply the minds of Catholic Germany are stirred by recently passing resolutions not to attend theatres, balls, or entertainments of any kind while the persecution of the Church continues. Masses are celebrated all through the Empire for the repose of the soul of the late Herr Mallinckrodt. Bishop Dwenger, of the American Pilgrim's party, has left Rome for Vienna. It is announced that the pilgrimage will be repeated next year, when it is expected that over five hundred Americans will take part. Ten Prussian Bishops are in attendance upon the Catholic Conference at Fulda, and the Sees of Cologne, Posen and Treves are represented by deputies, the Bishops of those places being in prison. The Bishops in session at Fulda issue a joint pastoral to the Catholics of Germany. The Pope, on the 26th ult., received a deputation from the Roman nobility, who said the demonstration of Sunday last was a spontaneous and magnificent act of the people. The counter demonstration of Wednesday was the impious and miserable work of the Sons of Darkness. The Pope said that he had received a letter urging him to quit Rome because his person was not safe, but he declared he would remain there as long as God permitted. A Times Paris special despatch reports that the Legitimists are trying to induce the Count de Chambord to issue a liberal manifesto on the day Rochefoucauld's motion is reported to the Assembly; they hope by this means to secure a majority for the monarchy. Deputy Lucien Brun went to Frohsdorf to negotiate with the Prince for some such concession. In the Committee of Thirty, on the 29th ult., the constitutional bill moved by M. Casimir Perier, was rejected by a vote 18 against 6. No vote was taken on the bill submitted by Lambert De St. Croix; the committee decided to draw up a constitutional bill of its own, and for that purpose appointed three commissioners, M. Ventavon, and the Comte D'Arn, monarchists; and M. Charles De La Combe, a liberal conservative. This selection shows that personal septennate has triumphed, and neither septennate, republic, nor definitive republic have anything to hope from the Committee of Thirty. La Liberte says that after the budget has been voted, President MacMahon will recommend that the Assembly confer upon him the power of finally dissolving it and then adjourn. La Patrie says President MacMahon recently declared that he would not cede his authority to any one for a single day, and he refused to hear either of a Stadtholderate or a Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. This is substantially confirmed by a declaration to the same effect in an order of the day congratulating the troops on the success of the review at Longchamps on the 28th ult. The Legitimists are very indignant at these expressions of the President. An order has been issued by the Government prohibiting the distribution in

France of photographs of the Prince Imperial. Advice from the Carlist headquarters at Estella have been received to the 26th. They represent that there had been some fighting, but it was with unimportant result. Don Carlos, with heavy reinforcements, was expected to arrive in the city on the 27th, and assume supreme command. General Concha, in the midst of a terrible storm, surprised the positions of Zurruenain, Abanzuza, and Zadal, which were defended by eight battalions. The engagement lasted an hour. The Republicans had a few killed, and their wounded numbered about 100. The Carlist losses were heavy. Abarganza is a point of the utmost importance as it commands the defile leading to Las Aweguous. The Carlists will probably be forced to retire into the Province of Alana, west of Navarre.

Despatches were received by the Madrid Government on the 29th that Marshal Concha was killed on the day before in an attack by the Republican troops upon the Carlist intrenchment at Muro three kilometers from Estella. When the national forces learned the death of their commander they returned to their former position without disorder, leaving no trophy in the hands of the enemy. The command of the Republican army will now be taken by General Zabala, President of Council and Minister of War. Catoron will succeed General Zabala as Minister of War, and Senor Sagasta, Minister of Interior, becomes President of Council. Marshal Concha, one brigadier, and two staff officers were killed in the attack of the Republicans upon the Carlist intrenchment at Muro on the 29th. General Martinez Comoros commands the army on the north until the arrival of Zabala. By orders from Madrid, the whole army have fallen back to Lerin, eight miles from Estella.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. 60.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."—7th Com.

There is nothing—Christian soul—which should inspire you with a greater dread of the sin of theft, with a greater distrust of the desire of having which is the root of all theft than the necessity and difficulty of restitution. To those who value life, the sickness that is incurable is always dreaded; and in proportion as any sickness is incurable in that proportion will it be dreaded. But sin is a veritable sickness of the soul undermining and destroying its life. Hence to those who value eternal life that sin which is most difficult of cure will always be most dreaded. Now of all the sicknesses of the soul this "desire of having" is perhaps from its very nature the most difficult of cure. And for this reason it demands that the thing desired and stolen be restored. It is like the remedy of the sick limb which in order for a cure demands that it be cut off. All other remedies for sin require only that you should refrain for the future, but the remedy for theft requires not only that you abstain for the future, but that the sin already committed be undone—that the thing stolen be restored. The desire of having has two sources—either the thing is desired through the mere pleasure of having—or the thing is desired not for itself, but for the pleasures it can buy. The first is the desire of the miser whose sole pleasure consists in the possession of the money itself; the second is the desire of the worldling whose sole pleasure is not in the thing itself but in the benefits and pleasures its value will purchase. Now to both of these the idea of restitution is utterly repugnant. If the miser has gotten his gold unjustly the idea of restitution brings with it not only a resolution not to acquire any more gold unjustly, but also a resolution to give up that gold which he has gotten unjustly. But how shall he give up that gold in which all his being is centred? how shall he give up that gold which it cost him so much reproof of conscience to acquire? how shall he give up that gold he obtained at the price of his soul; at the incalculable price of his eternal salvation? The world smiles now-a-days at the idea of compacts with the devil; at the idea of men selling their souls to the evil one for a specific sum; but if ever there was a compact with the devil; it is whenever a man acquires any of the things of this world unjustly; for then assuredly the soul is lost the moment the money is won, the bargain with the devil is made the moment the thing is unjustly acquired; for the enjoyment of a few riches for a short time he covenanteth to give over his soul at a specified date. How then shall this man who has loved the thing stolen or unjustly acquired so ardently as to buy it at the enormous price of his soul—as to covenant to give it up into the hands of the devil at a specified date,—how shall he be ever brought to think of restitution? Had he bought it at the price of an arm or of an eye, you would have thought the price enormous and the fear of his being willing to part with it correspondingly great; but since he has given for it not a limb nor indeed, ten thousand limbs, but, more precious still

an immortal soul how shall he be brought to give it up? how shall he be brought to restore that thing which in his estimation must be as valuable as heaven, as valuable as eternal life? And the worldling too, who has bought his pleasures and his position in life at the expense of unjust acts, which have cost him his soul, how shall he be brought to give up those things which have purchased for him what he esteems so highly? Assuredly without a miracle of God's grace neither miser nor worldling can ever hope to have courage to make restitution. No, Christian soul, there is nothing more difficult to the miser or to the worldling than to part with their ill-gotten goods. The Sacred Scriptures tell us that "all things are obedient to money." What wonder then that it is hard to part with? Men are bought by it or bow before it. All pleasures are at its command, all dignities, all power may be purchased by it. And this which he has obtained by sin, you expect him to have the grace to give up again. Assuredly if he have, it will be by a miracle of God's mercy; it will be by some other means than by the ordinary providence of God albeit He is an all-merciful God.

The second reason why restitution is so difficult is because of the blindness which the desire of having if indulged in brings upon the soul. We have seen that the very infant is a thief, in desire at least, from its very birth; grasping at every thing; desiring every thing, and then only content when it possesses all things. And yet in spite of this desire of having; in spite of this incipient theft imprinted within them by nature their unchristian parents must needs increase in them this unholy desire of having; must needs add fuel to an already unholy fire by teaching them even in their tenderest years to love vanity and dress and vain show; to esteem the things of this world; to adore those who possess them, and to despise those who have them not. What wonder then that there are so many thefts and dishonesties and injustices in the world? What wonder then if restitution, or the restoring ill-gotten goods be so distasteful to mankind?—But not only is this desire of having strong in the young and middle aged, but in the old also, it is, if possible, yet stronger. Old age never yet made a saint. It only intensifies the good or bad inclinations of youth. If the young man is good, old age will confirm his goodness; if he be bad, it will but intensify his wickedness. And as physical blindness naturally increases with our years the spiritual blindness of a desire of having—(the concupiscence of the eyes)—is intensified by old age. One would think indeed that the aged and feeble, they who are so soon about to lose sight for ever of this world and all its vanities, would be the least concerned to hold fast to their worldly possessions, and would the more easily be led to restitution. And yet the contrary is almost invariably the case. The older we get, the nearer we draw to the grave, the more intense becomes the desire of retaining, the more active our desire of having. Is not this then a spiritual blindness greatly to be dreaded?—Does not this account for the difficulty of restitution?

The Apostle St. Paul, St. Gregory, and St. Thomas, all look upon riches or the things of this world as toils and snares. St. Thomas likens them to the hook of the fisherman; St. Gregory, to the net of the bird-catcher; whilst the Apostle, stronger still, calls them "the snares of the devil." Now if riches are the snare, the dishonest man is the victim, the fish the bird the soul caught, and as neither the fisherman nor the bird-catcher nor the devil is ever wont to allow his victim needlessly to escape, we see clearly that restitution, which is the only possible means of escape left open to the dishonest man, must be indeed difficult.

The third reason why restitution is so difficult is the hardness of heart which this unholy desire of having, when indulged in, brings upon the soul. The desire of having makes man essentially selfish. Let all others suffer; let all others starve; let all others be put to straits, he must have, he must enjoy. Christian charity, love of neighbor has faded from his heart; nay, this unholy desire has so transformed him into a demon, has so stamped out even his natural affections, that love of kin and parents has long ago given place to this desire of having. And should perchance some ray of God's grace soften for a moment his heart of stone, should one ray of Christian love penetrate the dark gloom of the miser's or the dishonest man's heart, so as to make him think one moment of restitution, the devil is at hand to shut it out by considerations of worldly interest. Does the dishonest man wish to make amends for all his dishonesties, the devil whispers him: "You cannot." What! give up this house? this land? your position in the world? What! return to poverty, and want, and obscurity? What! give up what you have so highly prized? give up what you have bought with the price of your soul? Impossible! ridiculous! You cannot." And thus the poor miser, the dishonest man who has gotten his riches and position by dishonest

means is held fast in the net of the fowler; is bound tight in the snares of the devil, so that he cannot, even if he would, shake off the toils. Beware, Christian soul, of theft and all injustice and dishonesty, if for no other reason, for the difficulty of repairing it.

We are informed on the authority of one who knows, that the Devotion of the Quarante Ore in the Parish of Alexandria, Co. Glengarry, was brought to a most satisfactory termination on Friday morning last; over eleven hundred communicants of the Parish proper having approached the Table of the Lord, during the three days' exercises! from the same source we learn that besides his fellow diocesan—Fathers Masterson, McDonnell, and Corbett,—the Rev. Pastor had the benefit of the powerful aid of the energetic and truly zealous Rev. Joseph Toupin, assistant priest of the Parish of La Riviere des Prairies, Diocese of Montreal. It certainly speaks, trumpet toned, of the practical faith of a people to see them at this busy season, neglecting their usual avocations, and giving themselves up entirely to their soul's concern, during those Forty Hours Adoration of our Lord in his Sacrament of Love! we might further point to the fact worthy of note, that, with the exception of the neighboring parish of Williamstown, Alexandria, is the only parish or mission in the Province of Ontario, to our knowledge, where this "Devotion" has been established up to the present present time! Success to this parish and its Pastor.—Com.

BRUCE CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Having upon a former occasion, promised to give you whatever information I could relating to Catholicism in this section of the country, I beg to submit to your readers, through the columns of your valuable journal, the following items which may show to a limited extent what is being done for our religion here.

In the Township of Carriek, Co. Bruce, Ont., is a large German Settlement, the majority of whom are Roman Catholics, and through the fertility of the soil, as a part of God's bounty, together with their own perseverance and industry, they are prosperous and in easy circumstances. Yet they have not forgotten their duty to God and to their Church, but have erected suitable edifices for the worship of their Creator and Benefactor, edifices which would be a credit to any town or city. To give you an idea of the number of Roman Catholics located in this settlement, I will just state the number of Churches, as also give you a short description of each.

In the village of Formosa is a large frame church, the dimension of which I am not able to give. There is also a nunnery, a large brick building, in which is carried on the good work of education according to truly Christian principles. There is, besides a large stone school house, in which is conducted a Separate School under the superintendence of an efficient teacher. Some nine miles from this are another Church and Separate School. The old church (which is a log one) is about to give place to a substantial stone one, being about one hundred feet in total length. This is not finished as yet, but the walls being up, and enclosed, it is expected that it will be ready to open this coming winter.

About five miles from this one, in the village of Carlsruhe is a church which reflects great credit on its designer, the Rev. Pastor, and upon the congregation who have erected it.

In the village of Heustadt some four miles from the last, is still another stone Church, which is, I believe, as large as any of those already mentioned. We have, then, in a radius of nine miles four large churches (in each of which several hundred persons may be seated. On Corpus Christi a procession took place at the second church I have mentioned, which was attended by a large number of Protestants as well as by all the Catholics from the surrounding country, the former, of course, not taking part in the ceremony. The procession left the church, and describing a circle, making four different stations, again arrived at the church, occupying about the space of an hour. The church, as also the four altars, were tastefully decorated for the celebration of this great Mystery.

It is something pleasing to note that while the Church is suffering a great amount of persecution in almost every country of the world, we, in Canada, are still allowed that great boon,—liberty,—liberty to serve God according to the manner ordained by Christ and his Apostles and transmitted to us through the undeviating life of His Church, and her children. Let us pray that this may long be the case.

Yours, &c., A. P. MOA.

The beautiful convent at Lindsay, under the charge of the Ladies of Loretto, will be opened on the 1st of September. For terms of admission intending boarders will apply to the Lady Superior, now at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The St. Patrick's Temperance Society have been granted the use of the St. Helen's Island to hold their Annual Pic-Nic, which they will do on the 16th inst. The Steamer "Montarville" has been engaged. A very attractive programme of amusements is in preparation.—We hope all will go who can, we have no doubt but that they will spend a pleasant day, away from the dust &c. of the city.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.

ASSEMBLING ON THE CHAMP DE MARS—THE CROWD—AMERICAN SOCIETIES—ALLEGORICAL CARS—THE SPECTACLES, DINNER, &c.

The festival of St. Jean Baptiste Day of 1874, for which so much preparation was made, of which such high hopes were formed, in which so much pleasure was anticipated, has passed away, and it only remains for us to chronicle the events of the day. Yesterday was as dazzling as the day could be. The sun, high in the cloudless sky, and shining in its fullest splendor; every gaudy color that fluttered in the breeze, from woman, arch, and house-top, shone out in its gaudiest hues; old dingy flags grew new again; gilding was re-burnished; workmen donned their holiday attire; beggars faded out of sight, because they felt it was no place for them, or freshened up their rags so that sentiment quite forgot its charity in its fervent admiration of poverty so picturesque. All nature wore a smiling face. Look where you would about the city yesterday, you might see women and children letting their curiosity get the better of their judgment, running pell-mell here and there with eager and expectant faces and straining eyes to catch a first glimpse of the procession. It was one of those scenes of life and animation caught in its very brightest and freshest moments, which can scarcely fail to please for if the eye be tired of show and glare, or the ear be weary with a ceaseless round of noise, the one may repose, turn almost where it will, on eager, happy faces, and the other deaden all consciousness of more annoying sounds in those of mirth and exhilaration.

ASSEMBLING.

By five o'clock the streets began to brighten and many even at that early hour might be seen wending their way to the Champ de Mars. By six o'clock the Societies began to assemble, first one headed by their band takes its position solitary and alone, soon a couple more from the same direction. Then we have three from different directions, till by seven o'clock the whole of the streets about the Champ de Mars presented a life picture of a surging mass of people jostling, pushing, crowding each other; now dividing for a moment to let some vehicles pass, than closing again in a compact body. So they keep on first here then there as each new comer affords attraction for the moment.

AMERICAN SOCIETIES.

Boards, with the names of the different American Societies which were expected, upon them were placed along the parade ground about fifteen yards apart so that there might be no difficulty in the societies finding their stations. The Canadian Societies were stationed in St. Antoine and adjacent streets. The number of American Societies in the procession fell considerably short of what was looked for. There were however representatives from the State of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, which was strongly represented, there being eight or nine Societies from the State.

THE PROCESSION.

It was quite nine o'clock before the lines began to form and move along. The school-boys headed the procession with their little marshals on white horses, who seemed to attend to their duties well. The little fellows, with their white stockings, red knickerbockers, white Garibaldi and red caps, made a pretty and striking picture. Banners were carried in large numbers, many of them exceedingly handsome particularly those of the American societies. Many of these had patriotic and religious mottoes on them, as "Dieu et ma Patrie," "Aime Dieu et va ton Chemin;" "L'Union fait la Force;" "Honneur a nos Compatriotes des Etats-Unis." Most of the American societies were accompanied by a band, whose uniform was simply gorgeous; the Drum Majors, with their proud and stately step flourishing their batons, were a source of amusement to many. In all, some twenty-eight bands were in procession, and a noisy time they made of it.

THE CROWD.

The streets along the line of march were literally crowded with people; in some places along Notre Dame and St. James streets they were packed from the sidewalk to the roads. Every one in town seemed to be there, and certainly from the immense numbers of people who were out in various parts of the city there will not be many to complain that they missed the largest, and in some respects, the most imposing procession which we have had in Montreal. The streets were gaily decked with flags and streamers, and hardly a house was without some decoration on a larger or smaller scale.

THE START.

At 8.30 the procession moved off from the Champ de Mars with bands playing and the beautiful flag of the Dominion borne in front. Following the flag came three rows of children from the Christian Brothers' Schools, and a band of firemen, with brass helmets glittering in the sun, their rear being brought up by a couple of Babcock engines. Preceded by the Vermont Canadians with their band of music came the first of a long line of allegorical cars, drawn by four horses and dedicated to the stone cutters. The flags of England, France and America floated proudly over its roof of red white and blue, the motto "Soyons toujours unis" decorating the rear. "Dieu et patrie avant tout" was also inscribed on each side of the car, the inside of which was draped with green

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

FRENCH "PARLIAMENTARY" INCIDENTS.—Some curious scenes have been taking place in the French Assembly. The first occurred when M. Berenger, of the Left Centre, brought forward a motion for taking the Electoral Bill first, in spite of the recent vote which overthrew the late Government. He coolly explained, that he and his friends had voted in the majority on that occasion, for priority to be given to the Municipal Bill; but that was not because they thought that the Municipal Bill should have the precedence, but because the Duc de Broglie had said that he should make it a Cabinet question, and they wanted to upset the Government. This being happily effected, they were ready to take up the Electoral Bill. Of course, there was a storm of disapproval from the Extreme Right, the Bonapartists, and the Left, who all for various reasons, object to the Electoral Bill itself; and M. Deyre, on behalf of the late Ministry, was very severe on M. Berenger and his friends for their cynical want of principle, but the substance of the motion was supported by both the Right and Left Centres. It was lost, however; and the Municipal Bill remained first on the business paper. It was read for the first time on Monday, but the Ministry do not intend to carry it quite in its present form; for M. de Fourton has given notice of an amendment taking from the Municipalities the right of electing their Mayors, subject to the veto of the Prefect and the President, and reserving to the Government the nomination of those functionaries. To an outsider the battle about the priority of the Bills seems very like sound and fury signifying nothing; for, as there must be an interval of five days between the first and second reading of the Municipal Bill, the debate on the Electoral Bill was taken in the interval. This gave rise to the second incident. M. Brisson, of the Left, moved the previous question; attacking the Bill as an attempt to mutilate universal suffrage, which, as it would be most distasteful to the country, would put a weapon into the hands of the Bonapartists—that criminal party which had led France from the 2nd December to the abyss of Sedan. This, of course, immediately drew the eighteen or twenty Bonapartists, who rushed on to the floor of the House and howled at, and were howled at by, the Extreme Left. The Bonapartist squad seems to have been the more articulate of the two. "Never mind," shouted M. Levert; "the day will come when we will make you hold your tongues." "Secoundly lot," cried another Imperialist, and after him M. Prax-Paris: "Oh, oh! you voted the decheance; that vote is cancelled now." This last taunt was too much for the Left, and about a hundred members are described as rushing from their seats and confronting the Bonapartist group with clenched fists and yells of defiance. Nobody, however, knocked anybody down. On Wednesday the interest was concentrated on a speech from M. Ledru-Rollin, who attacked the Assembly and insisted on the necessity of dissolution, and proved a miserable failure. Everybody had been looking forward to hearing the orator of 1848, but his speech produced nothing—except from the Left—but laughter, and cries of "What intolerable stuff!"

THE FRENCH NATIONAL PILGRIMAGES.—To enable all Catholics in France to take part spiritually, if not corporally, in the Pilgrimages of Reparation to the Sacred Heart, Father Devron, S. J., the spiritual director of the movement, has issued the following "Adhesion" to the cause to be made by every parish:—"Act of Adhesion to the National Pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial, 1874:—Jesus, the Saviour, in these days of trial and anxieties in which we live, thousands of pilgrims hasten to crowd around the sanctuary where the love of Your Divine Heart has manifested itself. Separated by distance, held back by difficulties, we find ourselves unable to accompany them; but our hearts follow them, our love unites itself with theirs, our prayer is their prayer. We also hope for, as they do, the blessings which can come alone from You. Adhering with all our soul to the movement which attracts them to Your Divine Heart, we all sign, with the greatest happiness, this declaration, which, although weak, is yet earnest, of our confidence and of our love. It will go into Your Sanctuary, bearing with it our hearts and our desires, crying loudly in company with all Christians, with all the French people who there prostrate themselves: 'Heart of Jesus, preserve the Church! Preserve Pius IX.! Preserve France!'"

The "Venerable" of the Masonic lodge at Beasangon, France, died recently in that city. We are happy to state that before his last hours came, he sent for a priest, abjured his errors, and after receiving the Blessed Sacrament, expired with the crucifix in his hand. The Masons of Beasangon did all in their power to prevent his conversion, but thank God, their efforts were in vain. This is the third important Masonic dignitary in France who, on the approach of death, has hastened to make his peace with the Church after formally denouncing Masonry as both dangerous to religious and civil society.—Catholic Review.

ITALY.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.—The downfall of the Minghetti Cabinet seems imminent.—The Opposition succeeded in defeating the Bill for the nullifying all unregistered transactions, and on this Bill the Cabinet resolved to stake its fortune. By great exertions, by summoning deputies from every quarter, and by profuse promises, Minghetti had managed to force the several articles of this Bill through a reluctant House, but eventually, when the entire Bill was put to the secret scrutiny, it was thrown out by a majority of one. The Bill was most unpopular, and with good reason, for it compelled the immediate registration of all business transactions. Buyers and sellers would

have been obliged to make it their daily vocation to attend at the registry-office and get their contracts stamped. Failing this, no contracts could have been enforced in a court of law, and no other evidence of a supplementary or collateral kind would have been admitted. On the rejection of this Bill, Ministers tendered their resignations to the King, but His Majesty refused to change his Cabinet. Accordingly, Minghetti told the Chamber that his resignation being refused by Victor Emmanuel, he and his fellow Ministers would retain their places. He expressed his intention of abandoning all new measures of legislation, and of asking the House to vote necessary supplies for the conduct of Government. The Chamber, the day after this announcement was made, voted, contrary to the suggestions of the Ministers, several extraordinary expenses for repairing some of the Southern ports. As there are no funds to meet these expenses, the vote of the Chamber will have no effect. Probably the vote itself was a mere device of some Southern members to ingratiate themselves with their constituents. Minghetti made no open mention of an approaching dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, but the *Opinione*, the official organ of the Government, states distinctly that the King will dissolve Parliament shortly, and that a general election will take place in September or October. Crispi and Mancini, the leaders of the Opposition, ought, according to precedent in England, to be asked to form a Cabinet; but every one feels that a Mancini Ministry is out of the question.—Perhaps the constituents will send to the next Parliament members more favorable to the policy of retrenchment, and less disposed to pursue the ruinous system of lavish expenditure on unproductive and unnecessary works. The abolition of the Religious orders and the confiscation of their properties has in no way lightened the burden of Italy. Convents have been emptied of Monks and Nuns; schools and institutes maintained by the priests have been closed; the clergy have been diminished in number, and religion has been disordered by the State. On the other hand, the prisons have been filled, and the poor have been taxed to starvation point; the army has been kept up to an amount far exceeding the necessities of the nation, while the soldiers, ill-fed and badly clothed, are incompetent to take the field against the enemy; brigandage and murder, and robbery have largely increased; bread riots and disaffection prove in various provinces the inefficiency of the Government; trade and commerce suffer from the condition of affairs; everything betokens an approaching crisis in the Italian Peninsula, and fears are entertained that the Constitutional Government of Victor Emmanuel will hardly bear the strain to which it will be subjected in the struggle which is apprehended.—Roman Cor. of Tablet.

AN OMINOUS ALLIANCE.—Both the *Opinione* and the *Liberta* give accounts of the meeting of Italian Freemasons held in Rome. The Grand Master, Mazzini, pronounced on the occasion a speech in favor of unanimity—a unanimity of the Freemasons—necessary for battling with "the eternal and common enemy of Masonry—obscurantism," by which they mean the Church of Jesus Christ. At the same time the Masons of Germany were, not by chance, holding a conference in Berlin, and their Italian brethren addressed to them a telegraphic despatch counselling unity of idea and action. A Roman correspondent, writing on this subject, well says:—"When one is aware of the intentions of the sect (the Jews), of whom these Freemasons are the most powerful agents, one can hardly fail to see in their reunion in Rome the commencement of the 'abomination of desolation.'"

SWITZERLAND.

CATHOLICITY IN THE JURA.—A correspondent, writing from the Jura, says, that at the supplementary elections of Deputies to the Grand Council of Berne, the Catholics have gained a fresh victory. The radicals were even more thoroughly beaten than at the former election of the previous month. In the district of Bassecourt, the Radical received but 100 votes, the Catholic 1,000; and in Franche-Montagnes the Catholic had a walk-over, the Radical not putting in an appearance. The correspondent adds that these two victories sufficiently prove that in the Jura the old heretics form but an insignificant minority, who, without the tyranny and the brutal despotism of the Bernese Government, exercised in their favour, would almost at once cease to exist.

GERMANY.

The brave champion of the Catholic cause, both in the German Reichstag and in the Prussian Landtag, Dr. Von Mallinckrodt, who in the very last sitting distinguished himself most remarkably, has been unexpectedly taken away by death. No sooner was the session of the Landtag closed, than a cold confined him to his bed. Soon after he was attacked with violent inflammation of the lungs which brought him to the point of death within a few days. On May 26, in the morning, he departed this life, holding a crucifix in his hand, after having been fortified with the Holy Sacraments, far away from his native country, and in the presence of his mourning and deeply afflicted wife. His remains were not interred at Berlin, but were taken to his own province by his relations. All the German Catholics will ever keep him in grateful remembrance.—R.I.P.

At Bonn the new sect of the so-called Old-Catholics held a fresh meeting in the week after Whitsun Day. Even before this gathering it had already clearly appeared that those heretics were no longer of a mind to adhere to the decrees of the Council of Trent, as they pretended when they broke away from the Church. Therefore it can be no matter of surprise to read the proposals which have been put forth by some member of the sect—viz., to abolish celibacy—to abolish the restraining power of private confession on the part of the sinner—to abolish prayers addressed to the

Saints, as well as the festivals kept in their honor, with the exception of the feast of All Saints and All Souls. The same "reforming" hands are very likely to cut off many other institutions, but we fear for most of those who are already Old-Heretics there will be perhaps, little more to be cut away. They have already almost entirely abandoned all religion as well as religious practice. However that may be, they think they would not be wise to refrain from taking advantage of the favor of the Government, and on that account these heretics intend to make a claim for a church for their service at Cologne, and they are very likely not to meet with invincible obstacles.

In opposition to those sectarians, the German Bishops are constantly favored with fresh fines.—Thus the President-General of Westphalia has imposed upon the Right Rev. Bishop of Paderborn another fine of 4,800 thalers, on account of his not having filled up the vacancies in six parishes already frequently mentioned, though his Lordship has not even candidates for them. Should these appointments be delayed any longer, the fine will shortly amount to 6,000 thalers. The President-General would do well to spare himself the trouble of increasing the fine; for the Bishop will no more be induced to yield by a fine of 10,000 than he would be by one of 6,000 thalers; nor will he pay the 6,000 any more than the 4,000. Besides this, his Lordship has been called upon, in accordance with a sentence of the new Prussian Court for Church Affairs, to reverse the suspension imposed by him upon a contumacious priest; and for refusing to comply with such a monstrous demand, he was fined 500 thalers. Upon the service of this latter sentence, containing at the same time a threat of 800 thalers, his Lordship gave the following brief and pointed answer:—"Your Excellency, as being a Catholic, cannot be unaware that, by executing the sentence of the Royal Court of Justice, I should break the sacred oath taken to my God and to the Church. Therefore to the new writ, attended as it is with fresh threats of fines, ordering me to put into execution the sentences above mentioned, I answer by expressing my request that your Excellency may remain convinced that I never will, on any account, break my sacred Episcopal oath."—Catholic Times.

BAVARIA AND PRUSSIA.—There is a serious split between the Bavarese and the Prussians. "Our good friends of 1870," as the latter are wont to style the former, are now accused of embarrassing the Prussian spirit, and of seeking to break the bond of national unity, which, as everyone knows, was cemented in torrents of blood and tears. A recent speech of Prince Lutpold (uncle to King Louis of Bavaria, and his probable successor), delivered on the occasion of the presentation of colors given by the king to the Bavarian Military Association, has excited the anger of the Prussians to an immense degree. The Prince, speaking for the king, said that His Majesty had charged him to deliver, in his name, the Bavarian (not the Prussian) colors to the Association of Veterans of the capital, and he was persuaded that they would hold firmly and nobly by that blue and white flag, while calling to mind the glorious example of their ancestors, who ever pressed, faithful and immovable, round the national banner in defence of their legitimate sovereignty and of their dear country. "You," he said, "will follow that example, and you will outlive your forefathers in the faithfulness and steadfastness of your devotion. It is for that end that I place in your hands the flag of the king, the palladium of fidelity to Bavaria." When that speech was reported, its tone being unmistakable, the whole Bismarckian Press fell foul of the Prince and denounced him for his hatred to Germany, and as being at once the soul and the weapon of an "Ultramontane and unpatriotic clique"—"unpatriotic" being the term ever bestowed on those who do not so much care for Prussian supremacy in all things. These symptoms are all the more significant inasmuch as they synchronize with the fact—one that has positively stung Prussian supporters—that the Bavarian Minister of War has asked for a supplementary credit of 51,430,000 francs in addition to the ordinary vote of 45,000,000 francs. These figures are sufficient cause in themselves for the disquietude remarked in Prussian diplomatic circles, whenever the relations with Bavaria come on the tapis.

GERMAN PERSECUTION.—The two English journals which most cordially approve the Bismarckian legislation against Christianity, on the ground that the State is above the Church and can brook no rival, are the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It is only a fresh proof that godless oppression finds its readiest advocates in Liberalism and unbelief. The Berlin correspondent of the former frankly admits that "no specific crime," on the part of Catholics, "can be named, because there is none," and that "the movement against the Church," in a country where Protestantism has ended in total abostasy, "was governed by considerations with which the conduct of the Church herself had nothing whatever to do." The admission deserves to be noted. The sole motive he confesses, is "to reduce the Church into proper subjection to the civil power." It is, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with the same cynical candour, "to separate the Catholic Church in the German Empire from the Vatican," that is, to make it cease to be Catholic; and where as the amiable Frederick William N. was so weak as to desire only "good and pious Bishops," his more robust successor is resolved to have only those who are "obedient to the State." It is impossible to describe the real character and objects of the German persecution with more frankness.

Catholics have two things to say in reply to such an apologist of one of the most shameless persecutions which has ever raged since pagan times. They observe, in the first place, that if the Apostles had consented to do what is now required of the German Bishops, Christianity would not have lasted three weeks. It would, in fact, never have existed at all. Jesus Christ and his Apostles took no more account of the decrees of the civil power in spiritual things than the cries in the streets. They died rather than obey them, and they conquered by dying. It was thus that Peter vanquished Cæsar. Opposition to the State, the only sin recognized in the ethics of Liberalism, was not only a virtue in the first Christians, but was at once the cause and condition of the triumph of Christianity.

Catholics observe, in the second place, that to forbid obedience to the Pope, is to forbid the Catholic religion. He is, by God's appointment, the "Rock" on which the Church is built, the supreme pastor of sheep and lambs, the centre of unity, the only unfailing witness of truth, and the source of all spiritual jurisdiction. Take away the Pope and there is an end of Christianity. Therefore, the gates of hell rage against him. But unless the end of the world is at hand, they will fall now, as they have always failed before. The persecutor may seem to triumph for a moment, but we know what his end will be. And meanwhile, like our martyred forefathers, we bid him do his worst. Christians we are; and, in spite of all that men or demons can do, Christians we shall remain.—*Tablet*.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, MAY 28.—THE EMPEROR AND THE CHURCH.—I am able to give you some authentic facts of interest in reference to the "Confessional Laws" with which our Liberal masters and ministers are about to bless us. Since the project of these laws was brought into Parliament the Primate of Hungary, and also the Cardinal Prince Schwarzenberg, have explained in personal communications to the Em-

peror, what injurious and unjust provisions they contain against the Church, and have implored His Majesty to recollect that the execution of those laws must bring terrible calamity upon Austria, and that he himself, in sanctioning them, would sever the last ties which unite him with his Catholic subjects. To this the Emperor answered, "I know it; but as I am compelled to sanction them, I am also determined to use all my influence that they shall be executed as mildly and sparingly as possible. The Catholic Church has nothing to fear during my reign." Although these words show clearly the Emperor's weakness towards his Liberal Ministers, whose requirements he is obliged to obey, he on the other hand has so far adhered to what he had promised. The other day the Ministry sent a circular to all the local authorities, ordering them to refer in every separate case to the Government, and giving them strict injunctions not to act in any instance without special instruction from head-quarters. Thus the Emperor imagines he shall be able to satisfy at once both the Liberal party and the Catholics, but in reality he satisfies neither: not the Liberals, because what they want is absolutely to destroy the Church's existence; not the Catholics, because they have a higher notion of the mission to which God has designated an "Apostolical" monarch than that he should coquet with the enemies of the Church. Such a policy surely never can bear good fruits for our country; and we must regret it so much the more, as we are at present powerless to do anything else than to pity the Emperor, and to beg the Almighty to enlighten him, that he may see, before it be too late, the precipice he is approaching. For ourselves we fear not, because we have the promises of Our Redeemer which are worth more than all modern wisdom; and relying on them we faithfully obey the Church, and carry but the advice of the great Gorges, who says: "It becomes us well to submit to God, but to be unbending towards those who require of us to do wrong."

In Hungary a conflict with the Church also threatens. The Hungarian Government has requested the Austrian Minister, Herr Stremayer, to give them the plans upon which he elaborated the Confessional laws for the country on this side of the Leitha, in order that they may frame similar laws for the benefit of the Hungarian Catholics. But in Hungary the situation is very difficult, on account of the hot, fierce character of the people, and it may easily happen that the laws which the Liberals desire to force upon the Church may be executed on themselves. Already voices are rising, which declare that the Hungarians will never permit the Church's rights to be violated; but that they, as one man, answer for them; and, if necessary, in their own way, a way with which meddlers and interlopers, Pandours, and even Governmental officers, have, before now, got more acquaintance than they may have found agreeable. The point from which the Hungarians view the religious conflict is doubtless peculiar; but while they acknowledge that the Church prohibits all violent resistance to the Powers that be, they are, nevertheless, convinced that they will be doing a good and pious act if they can extirpate "modern ideas" and their partizans; and they believe that by so doing they will do their King and country a great service. As affairs stand at present, the conflict in Hungary could not last long; there may come a tempest, but it will terminate in the benefit of the Church and of the country. At any rate, we need not be anxious about the result of the "Confessional" enactments. We more confidently expect that the Liberals now in power will act, as they have done elsewhere, rashly and unadvisedly, and commit some fatal blunder that will incense the country and put an end to their despotism. The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations have finished their work, but in a manner which may easily astonish a stranger, but nobody who has experience in the special Austrian business. Through some weeks all parties stood and talked in the Delegations against the propositions of the Ministers; but in the last couple of hours they gave, in spite of all, their consent to the Ministerial desires in submission to the advice of their leader, who feared that otherwise one or the other of the Liberal Ministers might have the misfortune to tumble out of his seat. It was really shocking to see the man who was sent to preserve the welfare of the Monarchy and mind the just wishes of the different nationalities, neglecting his holy duties for the purpose of serving the Liberal party, a party which forms in Austria only the eighth part of the whole population. This evolutions Count Andrássy brought about with his diplomatic boasting, and his declaration that the conflict with Rome will be pursued in a decided manner. Count Andrássy knows his people just as well as the circumstance that in a decisive moment he need only feed his people with Rome or the Jesuits, and they will consent to all that he or the other Ministers want. In such an unwarrantable manner our Liberal Ministers and Deputies play with the wealth of the land, the welfare of the people, and the authority of the Crown. In the middle of June, two Liberal meetings will take place in Austria, one at Krems the other at Warnsdorf, for the purpose of forcing the Government to bring laws into Parliament decreasing the civil marriage, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the acknowledgment of the Old-Catholic sect.—*Corr. of Tablet*.

Many a man in this mournful life has sorrows of which a cold and unsympathetic world knows nothing. We met Mulready at a social gathering, a few nights ago, and we observed that he seemed to have lost his customary vivacity. Care sat upon his wan and hollow cheek, and a deep and terrible scowl brooded in the furrows which plowed his brow. He stood apart against the wall the whole evening, with his hands held behind him, while he glowered savagely at the company, and conducted himself like a stage-stricken undertaker who, while at a funeral, rehearses to himself the part of the sanguinary pirate which he is to play at the amateur performance in the evening. We felt for Mulready. Perhaps some of his relatives were dead. Perhaps, some dear one, who had entwined herself about his heart and planted her sweet image in his soul, had been swept away by the cruel hand of the destroyer. Perhaps, in some wild financial convulsion he had seen the little hoard accumulated for his loved ones sink into a fathomless abyss of ruin, and he stood there stricken, desolate, and broken-hearted. We determined to offer him consolation in the hour of his almost mortal anguish; so we asked him, in a kindly way, what caused his grief. He frowned fiercely for a moment, and then, dragging us to a corner of the room, he whispered with tragic emotion: "I've got a new set of teeth, my son, and they don't fit!" And then he flew out into the vestibule to swear and ease the pressure of his feelings.—*Max Adler*.

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.—The sympathy of his friends would not compensate a gentleman named Smiley for the sufferings which he underwent during a recent journey from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. Just before the train moved off a lady on an opposite seat asked him to see that no harm came to her babies—twins—while she hurried across the road to the chemist's shop. Smiley consented with accustomed politeness, and entered upon a charge which he was utterly unable to fulfill but temporary nervousness changed it into extreme anxiety when the train moved without the lady. Being of a shy disposition, the criticisms of his fellow-passengers upon his awkward method of dandling a child on each knee afflicted him considerably; but as the conductor of the train absolutely refused to take care of the suffering infants, Smiley was forced to continue his ministrations. Throughout the weary night he watched over them as the train sped onwards, and when morning dawned his state of mind is described

as having been pitiable, while the twins were nearly starved to death. "He had nothing to give them to eat except plug-tobacco, or to drink except bayrum, which he carried for his hair; and, although ignorant of all that pertains to the nursery, he shrewdly suspected that neither of those condiments would prove nutritious. So far the story is not novel. Mothers have, and to relate, deserted their offspring, and palmed them off on unsuspecting strangers before now; but the mother of the twins had no such intentions, and when the train arrived at its destination, some policeman entered the car and, on the authority of a telegram from Pittsburg, arrested the wretched Smiley on charge of kidnapping two children. After passing the night in prison he was released on bail, but what little affection he ever felt for infants of tender years has, it is said, departed."—*Standard*.

DIVING WORDS OF A NOTED MAN AND WOMAN.—"While you are in strength and health, labor to do good and to avoid evil, if you ever wish to escape the distress that oppresses me."—Sir John Hawling.
"Be good, be virtuous, my lord, You must come to this."—Lord Littleton.
"See in what peace a Christian can die."—Addison.
"So you will keep peace within, which will be a comfort in the day of trouble."—William Penn's Father.
"I have lived long enough."—Locke.
"It is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all woes." "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"I am grateful to divine mercy for having left me sufficient recollection to feel how consoling prayer is to the dying."—M. de La Harpe.
"Had I have served my God as diligently as I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs."—Cardinal Wolsey.
"God bestow talents on your youth. Do see that they use them right."—Melancthon.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
"I have loved my God, my father and liberty."—Madame de Stael.
"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
"I resign myself to God, and my daughter to my country."—Thomas Jefferson.
"It is well."—Washington.

INDUSTRY.—A noble heart will disdain to subsist a drone upon honey gathered by others' labor, like a vermin to filch its food out of the public granary, or like a shark to prey upon the lesser fry; but will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's care and toil, by considerable service and beneficence to the public: for there is no calling of any sort, from the scepter to the spade, the management whereof with any good success, any credit, any satisfaction, doth not demand much work of the head, or of the hands, or of both. Is a man a governor, or a superior in any capacity, what is he but a public servant doomed to continual labor, hired for the wages of respect and pomp to wait on his people; and he will find that to wield power innocently, to brandish the sword of justice discreetly and worthily, for the maintenance of right and encouragement of virtue, for the suppression of injury and correction of vice, is a matter of no small skill and slight care; and he that is obliged to purvey for so many, and so to abound in good works, how can he want business? How can he pretend to a writ of ease.

A FOSSIL PALM-TREE.—A fossil palm-tree is discovered in Colorado, twenty-one miles south of Denver, which is probably the largest specimen of fossil vegetation ever discovered. It is in two sections, measuring together fifty feet in length. One section is thirty-nine feet long, with a diameter at the largest end of about twenty-two feet. The other is twenty-one feet long, and is nine in diameter midway from the ends. The tree is now stone hard, and flinty as porphyry. Some of it appears like agate, finely veined and delicately tinted, while other portions are as white as snow, showing a polished surface like chalcodony. Portions of the trunk are honey-combed, and the cavities filled with delicate crystals, which, brought to the light, sparkle like diamonds. Specimens of the bark have been chipped off, which display all the lines and marks of the original formation. The tree is literally a great curiosity.

It has been stated that Saint Ulric, of Augsburg, was "the first subject of Papal canonization, having been enrolled in the calendar by the Council of Rome in 923." St. Ulric was canonized by Pope Julius XV., in the above year. In ancient times, however, all the Bishops were in the habit of canonizing Saints, so that a canonization by a Pope was nothing unusual or exclusive. But Pope Alexander III., who succeeded Adrian IV., in 1159, reserved the right of canonization to the Pope, and St. Gaither, Archbishop of Rouen in 1153, is the last example of a Saint not canonized by the Sovereign Pontiff.—*Rev. Dr. Iusebeth in Notes and Queries*.

A Missouri clergyman stepped his discourse to cut off a liberal piece of plug tobacco from his mouth, and when one of his hearers reproved him, the preacher started for Kansas, where the folks aren't so particular, and where plug tobacco and patriotism go hand in hand.

Some unscrupulous trifle lately copied Walt Whitman's "Prayer of Columbus" and sent it to a Western paper for publication. The editor declined it, with the remark, "If the author will let whiskey alone he may yet rise to be chief deck hand of a canal boat."

"Dennis, my boy," said a schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no application." "An' sure enough, sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it meself that's always being told there's no occasion for it? Don't I see, every day, in the newspapers that 'no Irish need apply at all, at all!'"

A happy home must have integrity for its architect and neatness for its upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, bringing in fresh salubrity day by day.

Live to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, to do your duty. For those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here, shall shine as suns and stars for ever and ever.

Mr. Przybylowicz is the name of a hotel-keeper in Lawrence, Kansas. It takes two men and a boy to pronounce it.

A Dubuque girl received three pounds of candy and a serenade by starting the story that she had fallen heir to \$40,000.

A Milwaukee boy has swallowed half a dozen steel buttons, and his mother doesn't have to scream for him when he is out on the street playing with those Cluckerson boys. She just brings a magnet to the door, and he flies to it like a needle to the pole.

There is an old lady in Virginia who believes it to be a Bible doctrine that for seven years before the end of the world, no children are to be born; and that gives her comfort, for at every fresh birth she hears of she says to herself: "Well, the seven years at least have not begun!"
The rule for gracefulness is in one word—nature. Whatever is done, in an unaffected manner is done well.
The goal needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength, adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved.
The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

TURNER.—Turner, the greatest of landscape painters was intended by his father for his own trade; that of a barber, which he carried on in Maiden Lane, until one day the sketch, which the boy had made of a coat of arms on a silver salver, having attracted the notice of a customer whom his father was shaving, he was urged to allow his son to follow his bias, and he was eventually permitted to follow art as a profession. Like all young artists, Turner had many difficulties to encounter, and they were all the greater that Turner's circumstances were so straitened. But he was always willing to work, and to take pains with his work, no matter how humble it might be. He was glad to hire himself out at half-a-crown a night to wash in skies in India ink upon other people's drawings getting his supper into the bargain. Thus he earned money and acquired expertise. Then he took to illustrating guide-books, almanacs, and any sort of books that wanted cheap frontispieces. "What could I have done better?" said he afterwards; "it was first-rate practice." He did everything carefully and conscientiously, never slopping over his work because he was ill remunerated for it. He aimed at learning as well as living; always doing his best, and never leaving a drawing without having made a step in advance upon his previous work. A man who thus labored was sure to do much; and his advance in power and grasp of thought was, to use Ruskin's words, "as steady as the increasing light of sunrise." Turner's great genius needs no panegyric; his best monument is the great works bequeathed by him to the nation, which will ever be the most lasting memorial of his fame.

A VALUABLE OPINION.—Mrs. Washington, the wife of him who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, used to say, "It is perhaps more desirable that young ladies should play, sing, and dance, only so well as to amuse themselves and their friends, than to practice these arts in so eminent a degree as to astonish the public; because a great apparent attention to trivial accomplishments is liable to give a suspicion that more valuable acquisitions have been neglected. And as they consist in an exhibition of the person, they are liable to be attended with vanity, and to extinguish the blush of youthful timidity, which is in young ladies the most powerful of their exterior charms. And I am also satisfied that, if a young woman cannot partake of the amusements of a ball-room, except at expenses of benevolence, of friendship, of diffidence, of sincerity, of good humor, at the expense of some Christian disposition, some Christian virtue, she has no business there. The recreation to others may be innocent; but to her it is certainly a sin."

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A SECOND-CLASS FEMALE TEACHER, for School Section No. 1, Monteville and Herschel, Hastings Co., Ont. Must be of good moral character.—Salary, \$21 per month. Application to be made immediately to
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JOBBER PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

INSOLVENCY ACT OF 1869.
AND AMENDMENTS THEREON.
In the matter of JOHN FOULDS of the City of Montreal, Trader.

An Insolvent.
The Creditors of the above named Insolvent are hereby notified that he has deposited in my office a Deed of Composition and Discharge, purporting to be executed by a majority in number of his Creditors, representing three-fourths in value of his liabilities, subject to be computed in ascertaining such proportion; and, should no opposition be made to said Deed of Composition and Discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, which will be on Wednesday the Eighth day of July next, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said Deed of Composition and Discharge, according to its terms.
A. B. STEWART,
Assignee.
Montreal, 19th June 1874. 44-2



QUACKS CONFOUNDED.

Rheumatism and Gout have heretofore been considered by the ordinary practising physicians as incurable diseases, and the query has often been propounded, of what benefit to the helpless sufferer is all their pretended science; and what doth it avail,—their long and tedious course of study—if they are obliged to acknowledge that all their resources are to no account when called upon to prescribe for a patient suffering from chronic rheumatism. The great trouble lies in the fact that the mode of investigation is prescribed within certain boundaries and limitations compelling the student to tread in certain well-worn paths, or suffer disgrace and excommunication from that highly respectable order of mortals known as the Medical Faculty. How often genius has been curbed in its flights of investigation and beneficial discoveries have been placed under the ban of censure by those self-constituted censors, for no reason whatever, but that they are innovations upon a stereotyped and time honored prescription. It was not so, however, with the proprietor of the

Diamond Rheumatic Cure,

for his high standing in the profession, and the learning and science of an able mind, quickly compelled the censors to succumb, and now physicians generally, all over the world, where this medicine is introduced, admit of its wonderful efficacy, and often prescribe it for their patients. Of course the use of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, without the aid of a physician, is a saving in fees to the sufferer, but the really conscientious physician should rejoice at this, for the reason of the general benefits arising to mankind from its use.

READ WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.
MONTREAL, 21st March, 1871.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON:
Dear Sirs—I with pleasure concede to the Agents' wish that I give my endorsement to the immediate relief I experienced from a few doses of Dr. Miller's Diamond Rheumatic Cure, having been a sufferer from the effects of Rheumatism, I am now after taking two bottles of this medicine, entirely free from pain. You are at liberty to use this letter, if you deem it advisable to do so.
I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
JOHN HELDER ISAACSON, N.P.

MONTREAL, 17th March, 1874.

Messrs. DEVINS & BOLTON:
Gentlemen—I have suffered much with rheumatism, so much so that I was obliged to stay at home a certain time. I heard Mr. O'Neill, of the St. Lawrence Hall, speaking of your remedy. I asked him to get me a bottle immediately, which he did with great kindness. To my great surprise that bottle has cured me entirely, and I never felt better in my life. I attribute the use of my limbs to the "Diamond Rheumatic Cure."
JAMES GALLAGHER,
58 Juror Street, Corner of Hermine.

A BLESSING TO THE POLICE.
MONTREAL, 18th June, 1874.

DEVINS & BOLTON:
Gentlemen—Having been one of the many martyrs of rheumatism that I meet on my every day rounds, I was induced to try the celebrated DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE. I had suffered the last five or six weeks the most terrible acute pains across my loins and back, so severe indeed that I could hardly walk with the help of a stick. I commenced the Diamond remedy, following the directions carefully,—relief came immediately with the first bottle; improved rapidly with the second, and completely cured and free from pain after finishing my fifth small bottle. You are at perfect liberty either to refer to me privately or publicly, as I feel very thankful for the relief, and sympathize with my fellow-sufferers from Rheumatism.
Yours respectfully,
J. B. CORDINOE,
Sanitary Police Officer,
51 Labelle Street.

FURTHER PROOF.
Toronto, March 30, 1874.

Dear Sir—After suffering for the past two years with Rheumatism, I can truly say that, after using two bottles of the DIAMOND RHEUMATIC CURE, I find myself free from that terrible disease. I have used all kinds of remedies and Doctor's prescriptions without end, but your simple remedy surpasses all. The effect upon me was like magic. I take great pleasure in recommending your medicine to all.
I remain,
MARGARET CONROY,
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This medicine is prepared by a careful experienced and conscientious physician, in obedience to the desire of numberless friends in the profession, in the trade and among the people. Every bottle is warranted to contain the full strength of the medicine in its highest state of purity and development, and is superior to any medicine ever compounded for this terrible complaint.
In simple cases sometimes one or two doses suffice. In the most chronic case it is sure to give way by the use of two or three bottles. By this efficient and simple remedy hundreds of dollars are saved to those who can least afford to throw it away, as surely it is by the purchase of useless prescriptions.

This medicine is for sale at all druggists throughout the Province. If it happens that your Druggist has not got it in stock, ask him to send for it to
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No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.
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The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.

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Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, First Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object Lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

FIRST CLASS.
Religious Instruction, Spelling and Defining (with drill on vocal elements), Penmanship, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
SECOND CLASS.
Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

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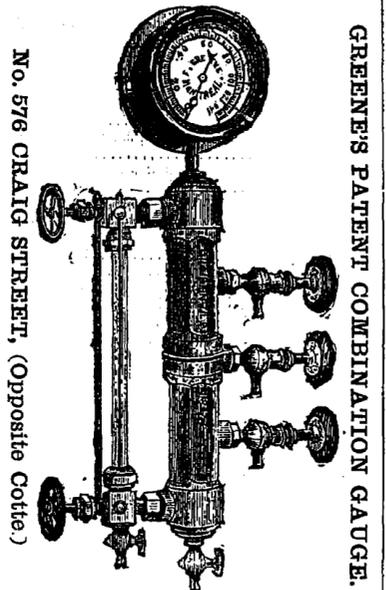
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STUPENDOUS STOCK
that might challenge competition with anything of the kind on this Continent.

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