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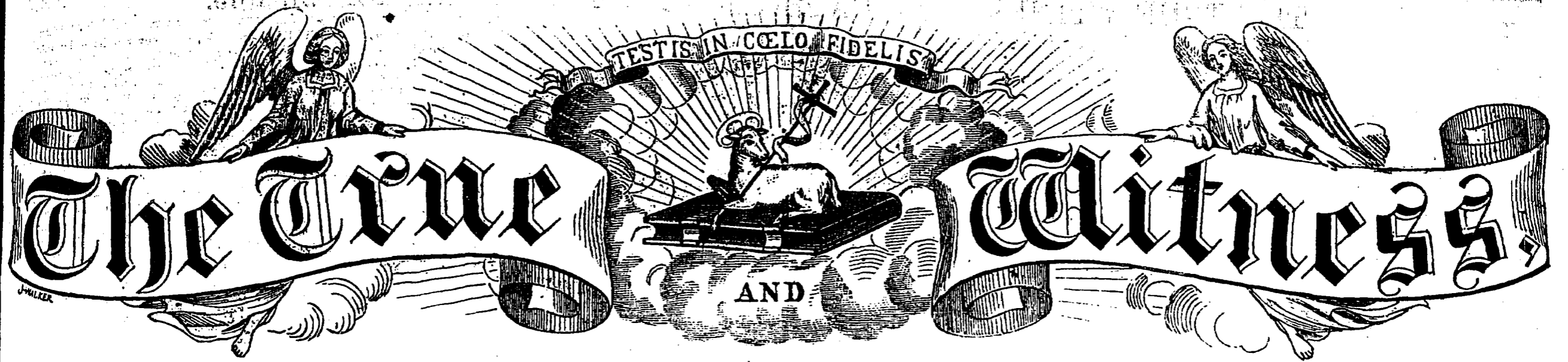
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1873.

NO. 31

BOOKS SUITED FOR THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT. Holy Week... 50 cents to \$3 00... D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

At such times Marion blessed the Major. Squire Harden's temperament was as changeable as it was vehement. The first transports of his rage having cooled down, he now treated Marion with more gentleness.

"You can say nothing to interest me, Mr. Raymond." "I love you," and, seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses. She shrieked with the fair shock of this incident.

His daughter wrote the first part of the sentence, but omitted its sinister conclusion, shuddering as she mentally rehearsed it. The squire noticed the omission, but, perhaps, judging in his own rough way her situation, did not insist upon its record.

encounter an ally of this character. The part she had taken in the flight of Charles Raymond had not come to the ears of the squire, for Richard had obvious reasons for remaining silent on it.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '98.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER XII.—MARION'S TRIAL.

Squire Harden's new lieutenant entered upon his duties with a zeal and energy which delighted the commander of yeomanry, who never tired of his commanding his adjutant and congratulating the corps upon the good fortune which had found it so active and efficient an officer.

The secret of Richard Raymond's zeal was twofold—he wished to defy and overbear the contempt and dislike which his attitude had caused among some of his new circle. He realized also, now that he had thrown off the mask of his friends, to so thoroughly enter upon his new character that there should remain no possibility of a renewal of previous relations, no chance for the influences of fraternal sentiments, and no hope for those who might appeal to them.

So far his perfidy had succeeded, and but that his brother was at large he would have considered the first part of his purpose accomplished. As it was, he was now master of Raymond Park and lord of an estate which would enable him to gratify tastes denied indulgence previously, and would, besides, give him vantage ground from which to spring into a situation more desirable still.

When he calculated his position, what he had done and what he had gained, he determined on one thing—Charles Raymond should never more rule his inheritance.

The lieutenant was now a constant guest at Castle Harden, where his host made much of him, and showed him hourly more favour. Here he had frequent opportunities of meeting Marion, and could indulge, in the contemplation of its object, a passion which every visit fanned into a fiercer flame. He was, in fact, desperately in love.

"Well, why the devil don't you try it, then?" was the blunt retort. "And, should I succeed in doing so, might I hope for the approval of Miss Harden's father?" Raymond gave point to the inquiry by bowing from his saddle.

"Call a spade a spade, Dick," he cried. "Don't beat about the bush. I tell you at once, if Marion will have you, I won't say nay. There now! Good! man, you deserve a good wife for the part you have played. And as there is an hour to dinner, and my daughter is by herself yonder, you might do worse than break the ice at once."

Richard Raymond, elated beyond measure at this unexpected encouragement, was of the same opinion. They had by this reached the house, and delaying only to arrange those details of the toilette which, however the wise may condemn them for trifles, often form the hinges on which turn the affairs of love, he set out upon his enterprise, with pulses beating faster and faster as he approached the white-robed figure of Marion Harden.

Hearing footsteps she turned at sight of him. A flush of surprise, and displeasure overspread her face, and, with a slight inclination of the head, she resumed the reading of a letter the perusal of which had occupied her for a long time before.

It was from Charles—written on the chance that the mails might escape capture, which in this case they did. Richard Raymond, his ardour considerably cooled by his reception, nevertheless acknowledged it with a profound bow; and advancing, hat in hand, mustered courage to stammer forth a common-places on the beauty of the evening.

Had she been a boggar at that moment, he would have joyfully laid his fortune and himself at her feet. She rose and made a movement away. But he remained standing before her, barring the path.

"Write as I tell you, 'Raymond.'" She hesitated. "Well, then, 'Sir' if you will be polite to the Croppy—go on."

"My father has discovered our correspondence, as well as the nature of the relations which existed between us." She wrote this, the squire sternly overlooking her.

"A rebel against your lawful King, and a traitor to the man who was your friend." Her pen refused to move. "Well, Marion, you shall not say I was too harsh with you," said her father, with some gentleness, for her compliance so far had pleased him. He changed the tenor of his dictation—

"It is needless to remind you of my father's opinion of the part you have taken in the present wicked rebellion." She wrote the sentence. "He considers you have betrayed his hospitality and friendship, as well as the loyalty you owed to your Sovereign."

"You have abused his confidence, and employed base treachery in your endeavor to win the affections of his only child, an object pursued by you from mercenary motives." "O, father, I cannot write these cruel words," cried poor Marion, and, dropping the pen, her overcharged feelings found vent.

"I must allow that," he said; and added, with a sigh which he could not suppress, even if he would. "Still, if you knew what constant pain it gives me—"

CHAPTER XIII. The squire was utterly confounded by the emergency which thus unexpectedly befell. In the effort to recollect himself he resumed the reading of the luckless missive. Its perusal did not help him, for with an imprecation he repeated its conclusion, which was thus:—

"Address, under cover, to Reverend Father O'Hanlon"—A Popish priest, too, in the plot! This was the last drop in the cup of wrath. It acted like a spell and inspired the old man with a sudden determination. There was an ominous determination in his words and manner when he spoke.

"Do you know this priest, girl?" "No, father." "Have you answered this letter?" "No." "Sit down and answer it, now."

Marion obeyed, and at his mandate took a pen in her hand. "Write as I tell you, 'Raymond.'" She hesitated. "Well, then, 'Sir' if you will be polite to the Croppy—go on."

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CHAPTER XIV.—THE COURT OF CROSS-PIKE. Villefont, after the successful debut of his force related in a preceding chapter, retained possession of the camp he had occupied at that time. No definite intelligence had reached him from the other inflamed districts. He had heard of a disaster at Tara Hill, in Meath, and of a brilliant victory at Oulart, in Wexford, in which the detachment of militia his men had overawed a couple of days previously, and compelled to turn out of their line of march, were all but exterminated. In the variety of rumors which reached him, he determined, with the concurrence of his second in command, Charles Raymond, to await further developments in his present favorable position.

Upon our second visit to the camp we find it agitated by an extraordinary ceremonial. This is the Court of Cross-Pike. On the plateau which crowns the encampment and on a clear grassy space, surmounted by the dense high gorse and bramble which covers most of the eminences, are gathered two or three hundred men. All save those immediately conducting the proceedings sit or stand round the margin of the enclosure, so as to leave the central ground as unobstructed as possible.

Here the tribunal is fixed. The president, an intelligent-looking fellow of martial mien, is seated on a drum. In front of him, three on each hand, squat the jury, and directly before him, completing the small square disposition of the court, two pikes stand, an extremity of each fixed in the ground, and crossed midway the length of their shafts.

This instrument gave its name to the court. Taking his place at the intersection of the poles, and confronting the president, the deponent laid his right hand upon the junction, and uttered the following formula:—"By my faith, as an Irishman, and upon this cross, I swear to speak the truth!"

The president looked grave, like a man conscious that he held a difficult and responsible position. The jury had the expression of all jurors—that of people rousing their intellects to the consideration of matters unusual to them. As for the spectators, they were all attention. It was evident that every man present had a personal interest in the questions to be tried.

The president, in the midst of a deep silence, read from a written list the name, "John Hunter, Ballyin," and after a short pause, asked, in the Irish language first, and then in English:—"Who accuses John Hunter of Ballyin?" An old man stepped forward, and, uncovering his head, laid his hand upon the cross, repeating the oath after the president.

The president rose, and cried aloud: "This court has pronounced sentence of death against John Hunter, of Ballyin; who will undertake to execute that sentence?" Several volunteered, but the last witness against the accused man insisted on his right, and he was selected.

him to words, figures, dates and citations of authorities. Here, in this book, we have him, with his *libera scripta*, "inverted commas" and all. It may indeed be regretted that the eloquent Father Burke gave no countenance to the sham trial; that he innocently accepted the tribunal and pleaded to the declaration in the name of his country; thus materially helping the general plan of the crusade; also that after wounding compliments with the learned gentlemen on the other side, gratuitously affirming and proclaiming that person's honesty, and saying that he loved him. Father Burke ended by giving up the whole case, concurring in his adversary's practical conclusion, turning to his countrymen and telling them plainly that they can do nothing, nothing, at home or abroad, to relieve their native island of British domination; and in short that they had better wait for the New Zealander!

England, the country of the Historian, is in these days disquieted, even more by a revival of national pretensions in Ireland. "Home Rule" has become a political test. "Irish ideas," even, which England has so often before felt it her duty to stifle in blood—these very Irish ideas are now again put forward as the only just basis on which the island should be governed; and worse than all, many of the best of the Protestants are cordially uniting with their Catholic fellow-countrymen in demanding some approach to self-government, British policy had often been interfered with by such demonstrations before; and had usually, at least since the "Reformation," found its best safety in promoting religious animosities: the same course must be taken now again: hatred and spite of Protestant against Catholic must be kindled again and fed with fresh fuel, or all is lost. Prudent British statesmen look anxiously around and survey the situation: they see a considerable Protestant recrudescence in several parts of the world, provoked ostensibly by the late Council of the Vatican with its definition of the ancient doctrine of Papal Infallibility. They see prosperous and triumphant Germany girding up its loins to do battle with the dreadful Pope; and Prince Bismarck is prosecuting bishops and thundering against Jesuits. And so in the very latest Irish papers I read, without surprise:—

with approbation the words of a pamphlet which seems one of his favorite authorities— "Possibly it might be a good plan to abolish the payment of dues, offerings and fees from the poor Papists to the priests, and settle salaries for those. Their interests would then be closely tied up those of the State, and they might be managed like cannon, whose mouths are still pointed against him who fills their bellies." The reader has now a clear enough idea of the high qualifications of this Historian to do the Queen's business in Ireland.

Edinburgh, which was never written by said Randolph, attributing to Queen Mary of Scotland an atrocious and blood-thirsty saying. He replies that if Randolph, in Edinburgh, did not write that letter, yet another man somewhere in England did; yet another letter; and although that other letter does not attribute the blood-thirsty utterance to Queen Mary at all, yet the Historian denies that he has been convicted; no, only accused by the citizen of Brooklyn: If he answered the citizen he would have to answer "fifty others"—so many are the charges which have been made against him; and with a frank and noble candor he offers to submit the examination of his authorities to a commission of five Irish judges (out of twelve), with the Irish Lord Chancellor to preside; they are to examine the 200,000 authorities, and if they find that he has been unfaithful in citing any one, he will expunge that passage; can a candid Historian do more?

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD. FROUDE versus IRELAND.

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD. FROUDE versus IRELAND. BY JOHN MITCHELL. (From the New York Irish American.) "The First of Living Historians" as several newspapers designate this gentleman, is only really opening his batteries. He has by no means done with his victim, but presses on, with "blow on blow." Even since the termination of the lectures and counter lectures, by the Historian and by Father Burke, there has been published in this country and in England the first volume of a new and elaborate work—*The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*—by James Anthony Froude, M. A., a work which sheds additional darkness on a subject which the author has already done much to overwhelm in obscurity. This darkness I shall endeavor presently to dissipate in some degree. Meantime the pens of many of our national writers in Ireland, and of many fair-minded journalists, both in England and in the United States are busily employed in making indignant exposures of the spirit and tone of the Historian as well as of his alleged facts and authorities. The controversy, then, is only beginning.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PASTORAL OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—A pastoral, signed by all the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church, assembled in Dublin on the 21st and 22nd of last month, was read on Sunday in the respective chapels. After warning their flocks against the infidelity of the present age, and denouncing the policy pursued by the Italian and German Governments towards the Pope and the Catholic Church, the prelates pass to the education question. The pastoral says:—"The supreme effort to weaken the Church's influence is made on the educational field, by banishing religion from the schools, whether of higher, middle, or primary instruction. In a pastoral letter which we addressed to you several months ago, we endeavored to set before you at some length, dearly beloved brethren, the dangers which threaten your faith from pernicious systems of education. The experience of every day that has since passed has but strengthened the convictions we then expressed, sanctioned the warnings we then gave, and rendered us more determined ever to struggle to the last, with all the energy of our hearts, helped by the grace of God, against every form of un-Catholic education, no matter what source it may come, or by what patrons it may be recommended. It is chiefly for the consideration of difficulties arising on this all important subject education that we are now assembled; but we reserve for a future occasion the resolutions we have adopted, confining ourselves at present to express our deep regret that the generous grants lately made by the Legislature, in behalf of education, have been accompanied by conditions which have, up to the present time, deprived many meritorious teachers of the long-expected reward of their labors—rewards which should have been made dependent on their certified efficiency. The Catholic Church can never look with dislike upon a system of education merely because it is gratuitous. She loves to well Him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' to allow any considerations of human interest to hinder the approach of the poorest children to the sanctuary of her maternal bosom. If to be gratuitous be admittedly the most perfect the world has ever seen, for they gratuitously give not only an education of the best kind, but they give also the unpaid, the unpurchasable service of holy men and women, who expend their energies and talents in teaching the poor of Christ without other reward than the smiles bestowed upon them by the well paid official patrons of gratuitous education. When the novel system of education shall have produced teachers equal in silent, loving, patient, unpaid labor, to the members of the religious congregations, then, but not till then, shall we believe the new-born admiration of gratuitous education to be sincere. But as long as gratuitous education means that Catholic parents shall be heavily taxed to pay enormous salaries to a army of inspectors and teachers, whose chief work it will be to slay the Catholic faith in the souls of children, we cannot but consider the cry for gratuitous education to be a piece of mocking hypocrisy. And can that education be called gratuitous in which a Catholic parent is forced to pay for what he believes to be the moral ruin of his own child? Finally, in open violation of the natural rights of parents, and of the sacred rights of the Church, and to leave to the rising generation no loophole of escape from anti-Christian influences, education must be compulsory. What a bitter satire on the vaunted liberty of the age is this, that the people must be compelled by fine and imprisonment to receive educational benefits! If the public opinion of the age be in reality enlightened, why should it be necessary to proclaim compulsory education as one of the greatest wants of society? And if it be so unenlightened as to deserve for its persistent ignorance the severe treatment awarded to thieves and evil-doers, what are we to think of the pretensions of those men who make war on the Church in the name of the enlightened nineteenth century? Those inconsistent compulsory educational laws, would have been unnecessary had there been no fathers placed on the benches of the Catholic Church. She winds her sacred mantle continually 'to impress' on the minds of parents that the education of their children is a duty imposed on them by God Himself in the Commandment of the Decalogue, and on the minds of children, that they are bound to devote themselves to such studies as may suit their state in this world, and prepare them for eternity in the next. This is the sweet power of compulsion, in which the Catholic Church possesses the secret; and when she places this, the hands of some meek, and gentle nun, whose heart, emptied of all earthly affections, beat only with love to Christ, and

little ones, she promotes the spread of education more efficiently than can ever be done by a penal code bristling with fines and penalties. We cannot but look with alarm on these growing attempts to substitute physical for moral compulsion in matters of such sacred importance. When the sense of moral obligation has been weakened in the common obligation, when men have forgotten how to obey for duty's sake, when the jail and the police-supervision, when the chief sanction which is to protect the law, the dissolution of society which is the outcome of this will undoubtedly be the outcome of this system of gratuitous, secular, and compulsory education; for the moral force of law languishes where it is not supported by religion, and religion will have to hold upon the generations that shall be trained apart from the blessed influences of the Holy Catholic Church.

THE CATHOLIC UNION.—The Earl of Granard, on behalf of the Catholic Union of Ireland, has addressed the following letter to Dr. Kremetz, the Bishop of Ermland:—

"TO HIS LORDSHIP THE MOST REV. MONSIGNOR KREMETZ, BISHOP OF ERMELAND.

"MOST REV. AND ILLUSTRIOUS LORD.—We the members of the Catholic Union of Ireland, respectfully address your lordship, to tender you the assurance of our sympathy in the persecutions to which you have been subjected, and the expression of our heartfelt admiration of the zeal, ability, and fortitude with which you have combated for the complete independence of your responsible and exalted office. We have witnessed with the profoundest concern the incidents in connection with the seminary at Branenburg, which have brought upon your lordship the hostility of the German Government. We have seen, as well, the arbitrary attempts of Prince Chanssen, as Bismarck to strike at the existence of your Episcopal authority in a matter intimately bound up with the discipline of the Church, and vitally affecting the morals of your flock. The Catholic people of Ireland have not been accustomed to like attempts on the liberties of their Church in days gone by; and they remember with pride that at every period of her history she was blessed with an Episcopate which resisted all encroachments, as your lordship resists to-day, and is persecuted for its constancy, as your lordship is being persecuted now. The same sympathy which our fathers in the faith tendered to the suffering prelates of their own country, we, their descendants, offer to the Bishop of Ermland in the present, and with our sympathy we respectfully venture to promise you the assistance of our humble but fervent prayers in the truly heroic course you are pursuing. We rejoice to know that, in your protests against the despotic exercise of civil authority in matters purely spiritual, you are sustained and encouraged, not alone by the devoted people of your own immediate charge, but by the united and compact approval of the Episcopate and the Catholic population of the German Empire. The venerated members of the former have spoken that approval in the memorable manifesto which issued from their meeting at Fulda, a spot that is rich in memories of Irish missionary zeal; and the Catholic Union of Cologne and other districts of the Fatherland have echoed the voices of the shepherds of the fold. We recognize in your lordship a prelate who is nobly fighting the good fight, and we beg of God to strengthen you still further for the conflict. We trust it may be long before it shall have to be written of your lordship that you have finished your course; but we feel assured, as we earnestly pray, that whenever that period shall have been attained it will have come only that you may be called to receive that 'crown of justice' and reward of patient endurance for conscience' sake which the 'Just Judge' will render in His own good will to all that love His coming. We pray God to bless and strengthen you for all the duties of your holy office, and humbly commend our country and ourselves to a remembrance in the Masses and the supplications of yourself and of your flock. Signed on behalf of the Catholic Union of Ireland GRANARD, President."

The London Spectator has a note lately on the condition of the disestablished Protestant Church of Ireland, which points to a state of financial distress within its once well-fed and prosperous ranks, that is all the harder to bear because, as the appended extract shows, it receives but scant sympathy and still less assistance from the property-holders who were once its obedient servants. Says the Spectator:

"The synods held by the Disestablished Church of Ireland are none of them encouraging, but some of them very much the reverse. At Ardagh the bishop of Kilmore has been telling a most dismal tale of the indifference of the land-owners to the welfare of the church. Out of the one hundred and twelve appeals for help he has had answers only to seven. In a parish in the diocese of Elphin, the whole sum that could be collected was £16 a year. To one nobleman who had £2,000 a year he had sent an appeal without receiving any reply. The total sum provided by the diocese was about £9,000, so that the hand of poverty, said the bishop, was literally knocking at the door. The bishop thought it strange that men rolling in wealth, living in the very lap of luxury, with all the comforts of life as well as all its pomp, should look on passively and see clergymen putting forth all their energies among their own tenants, and struggling with adversity and want, and yet not stretch out a hand to help them." Not at all strange, surely, if it be true that it is so hard for those who 'trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God.' It is not a bad lesson for the Irish Church to learn that it is the support of the poor and not of the rich that gives life to a church. In all societies, while culture descends, faith ascends."

SALF OF LIVINGS.—"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." The reproach is to day as apt as when first uttered. We in Ireland are pretty well rid of this traffic in holy things which for centuries degraded the nation. But matters in the English Establishment are every day looking more and more anomalous. Considerable stir is being made just now concerning the rectory of Falmouth. It is a comfortable living enough. The clergy list puts it down at £1,182 per annum, but the owner, one Mrs. Coope, says it is £1,300. A Liverpool paper tells us this large sum is raised in various ways, partly by a rate of 1d in the pound, levied under an Act of Charles II; partly by a tax of 2s 6d on every foreign vessel and 2s on every coaster that enters the port. The late rector, the Rev. Mr. Coope, who was also the patron, held the living for thirty years; and, as at his death, six months ago, the presentation had not been disposed of, and there was apparently no Coope ready to assume the cure of Falmouth souls, the Rev. J. Wright, of the mature age of 77, was appointed. Under this favourable prospect of early possession, the living is now in the market; and Mrs. Coope advertises that it is to be sold on the 26th instant, for ready money only. Here we have a trifle rare—on the town, on foreign vessels, and on coasters, sold for the personal advantage of a lady to whom no one in the world can possibly be indebted for any religious services whatever. Can anything be more revolting to common sense than this? Here there are thousands of such cases!—*Dunblak Democrat*.

A very curious proceeding has come to an end at Dunmanway. For nine weeks two men named Collins, father and son, were brought up at the Petty Sessions as witnesses upon a prosecution for breaking of the windows of Kilmeen Protestant Church, but, refusing to give evidence, on the alleged ground that they feared to criminate themselves, they were sent to prison from week to week for the contempt. On Monday, however, the spell of silence was broken, and they told what they knew. The narrative of the facts made it evident

that they could have no reasonable fear for themselves, as they took no part in the outrage, while the circumstance that the two men incriminated by their testimony had both got off to America makes it plain enough that they had sacrificed themselves for the sake of sparing those who were accused.—They suffered, therefore, nine weeks' imprisonment for what they foolishly considered a point of honor. We are not without pity for a chivalrous sentiment thus unfortunately indulged, but we can hardly imagine a case where the self-sacrifice was less called for. The breaking of the Church windows was a miserable piece of baseness. It is a proceeding which does harm not to Protestantism but to Catholicism. It does not hurt Protestants materially, but it makes Catholics ashamed.—*Cork Examiner*.

COUNTY OF ARMAIGH ELECTION.—There can now be no doubt that there will be a fierce contest for the County of Armagh between the Orangemen and the Tories! against the continuance of whose domination there is an almost incredible Orange revolt all over Ulster. This day Mr. Rea, once a Kilmalmain state prisoner of 1848, and now beyond question what he seems fond of calling himself, "The Ulster Orange Attorney-General," lodged in the Belfast Bank—the great monetary institution of the Ulster Tories—the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. The lodgment was made to the credit of James Anderson of Keady, county of Armagh, millwright, and Wm. John Hall of same place, farmer, both Orange Lodge Masters. This sum is more than sufficient to cover the legitimate expenses of the sheriff; and Mr. Rea, who denounces the Ulster members as a gang of hypocritical "Tory Papists" (his new and not inappropriate name for the Conservative party), says he will fight with John Stuart Mill, James Anthony Froude, or himself, just as the Orange lodge masters may decide, and they should prefer an Ulsterman to an Englishman any day. He charges Wingfield Verner with being secretly a supporter of "Popery" in London, while shouting "no Popery" in Ulster, and insists upon having a genuine no-Popery—or rather no priestcraft of any description—candidates, who will also go in for perpetuity of tenure for every farmer, large and small, Protestant and Papist, who will agree to pay a fair rent, to be fixed by a Government valuator.—*Con. of Dublin Irishman*.

The storm has been productive of a wreck on the coast of Wicklow, attended with serious loss of life. It appears that about seven o'clock on Saturday evening a vessel named the John Scott, of Whitehaven, struck on a dangerous reef known as the Indian Reef, situated near Ballygunn Point. The captain and crew, observing that there was no chance of saving her, took to the ship's boat, with the intention of making for the nearest point of land. The frail craft was, unfortunately, upset in the boilingsurf near the shore, and her seven occupants were precipitated into the sea. One of them clung to the boat, and finally reached the shore in safety; but we regret to say that the others were washed away and drowned. Some of the bodies have been washed ashore. The John Scott was a brig of about 400 tons burden and was on a voyage from Whitehaven to Cardiff with a cargo of iron ore.

ATTEMPTED SEDUCEE BY A LADY.—Between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night a lady named Mrs. Eliza Boyce, of 95 Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river at City-quay. She was gallantly rescued by a young man named Murphy, of Dowling's-court, Gloucester-street. After being taken out of the water, she was in such an exhausted state that she had to be conveyed to Mercer's Hospital, where she now remains. From what we can learn the unfortunate lady had been in a very excited state for some time past, as if something had been preying on her mind. On Saturday night she left her residence and proceeded to the City-quay, where she deliberately threw herself into the river. Fortunately it was moonlight at the time, as it enabled the young man Murphy, to whom much praise is due, to see her, when he bravely jumped into the water to save her. In her pockets a sum amounting to nearly 600l. in bank notes and securities were found by the police. Though in hospital she is in custody of a policeman and is charged with having attempted to commit suicide.

The district coroner, Mr. John Cullinan, with Dr. P. M. Dillon, held an inquest to-day at Kilmanna, within a few miles of Ennis, on the body of John Linnane, aged 26, whose death occurred on Wednesday evening under the following circumstances:—It appeared in evidence that deceased had been invited to a wedding, held the night before, at the house of a man named Hegarty, and having drunk to excess, he went out into the yard, and stretched himself on a car, where he was found next morning by some of the party in an almost lifeless state, and died about four o'clock in the evening. Another young man named Loftus, lately returned from America, having also imbibed too freely, would probably have died from its effects, but for the timely assistance of Dr. Dillon. Unfortunately Linnane had died half-an-hour before he arrived. Several others were sickened to an alarming degree by the liquor, so plentifully supplied at this festive gathering. In the opinion of Dr. Dillon the man's death was caused by excessive drinking and exposure, and a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned.—*Wexford People*.

AFFRAY BETWEEN COASTGUARDS AND PEASANTS IN GALWAY.—A timber vessel was recently wrecked near Golden Head, Co. Galway, and the cargo was drifted ashore in great quantities, and a good deal of it was taken by the inhabitants. At last a large portion was collected in one spot, and a body of coastguards set to watch it. On Saturday night a number of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood set out for the place where the timber lay. On their arrival they were surprised by the coastguards on duty, and a desperate affray ensued. The coastguards fired on the intruders—killing two men, and severely injuring two others, one of it is feared fatally. The coastguards captured a number of men. An inquiry into the affair is to be held.

FRAUDULENT ENLISTMENT.—On Tuesday at the police court, Limerick, Patrick Ryan was charged with fraudulent enlistment in the City Artillery Militia, having been previously enrolled in the Royal County Limerick Regiment of Militia. Within the past few days there had been twelve or thirteen similar cases. The court sentenced the prisoner to a fine of £10, or in default thereof three months imprisonment with hard labour, and intimated that in all such cases coming before them in future they would be prepared to inflict the full penalty of £20, or six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

The Evening Mail (Orange) says it has good authority for stating that the Catholic Bishops have withdrawn their opposition to the rule of the National Education Board requiring three months' engagement between the National School managers and the teachers. The agreement is to be in the shape of an ordinary contract, the power to decide in cases of dispute being reserved for Law Courts instead of vested in the Commissioners' Court.

Mr. Horsman writes to correct the statement of the Times that he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland for years without having discovered anything amiss with the land tenure of Ireland. He says:—"So far from the land question being unthought of while I was Chief Secretary for Ireland, it was during my term of office that the Government of which I was a member made a stronger and more persevering effort to settle it than was done by any other Government till it was dealt with by the present Cabinet."

mour is confirmed by the fact that extensive alterations and decorations have been ordered to be carried out at the stand house, and a larger portion of the course in front is to be raised. The great national equestrian-chess this year promise to be even more brilliant than those of the spring of 1868, when their Royal Highnesses paid their first visit to the Kildare ground.

The Catholics of Meath County have resolved on the erection of a suitable memorial to the memory of the late Dean Cogan. The Nation observes that "no son of Meath deserved such honor better. The big-hearted, noble-souled Dean Cogan was a man whose place cannot, in all respects, be easily filled, even in a diocese amongst whose clergy men of ability, of culture, of piety and true patriotism, are not rare."

The Irish Times says:—"Judging from the number of recruits arriving in Enniskillen nearly every day, for the 61st Regiment, one would suppose that the army is not altogether in such disfavor with the youth of the country as had been represented. They are mostly from Belfast, but work is said to be scarce there just now, and the exceptional character of the season may be the best recruiting sergeant after all."

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.—In these times of distress and want of fuel, Mr. Stapleton kindly gave to the poor all the timber that could be conveniently spared on the Kildalkey estate. This will enable them to get over the winter with comfort. The tenants feel deeply grateful to him.

At Belfast, Mrs. Strickland, in whose house Charlotte Rea was concealed, and Mrs. O'Hagan and her two daughters, in whose house some of the property of the two victims were found, have been committed for trial.

THE WEATHER.—Nothing could be more favorable than the weather continues to be for tillage. The ground is in capital order, and accordingly there is extreme and almost unprecedented activity through the country districts.—*Cork Examiner*.

DISTRESS IN GOVT.—There is a great amount of distress in this poor district owing to want of work, and the hard winter. Several of the clergy, nobility, and gentry are exerting themselves like true Christians and keep positive want from the people, but their resources are small and need external aid.

In the House of Lords of several Irish peers have made complaints of the operation of the Land Act, and especially of the want of any suitable definition of tenant right. Lord Kimberly replied, that it had been found impossible to define the various customs in Ulster, and the Government did not intend to propose any changes in the Act.

The Limerick Reporter says that the taxes paid by the citizens of Limerick yearly amount to £573,372, and that the city property is already mortgaged for £4,604,025.

The Corporation of Dublin adopted a resolution condemning the Irish University Bill.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ENGLAND.—In the House of Lords, Lord Buckhurst drew the attention of the Upper House to a question which has recently attracted considerable notice in England. The subject which formed the theme of Lord Buckhurst's remarks was the treatment of Catholic children in English workhouses, in religious matters. This, though an English question, geographically speaking is in reality an Irish one, for we need scarcely say that the vast majority of poor Catholic children in England are of Irish birth or Irish parentage. Lord Buckhurst pointed out a number of Acts of Parliament from which it was plain that the intention of the Legislature was that children in workhouses, not of the established church, should be educated in the faith of their parents. In order to enable this to be done in the case of Catholic children, the munificent charity of Catholic England has founded schools in which all workhouse children born of Catholic parents are received and educated in the Catholic faith. What Lord Buckhurst drew attention to was the practice among certain boards of guardians of the direct violation of the Act of Parliament in refusing to give up Catholic children to be educated in the schools provided for them, and of detaching these children in schools where they were educated in the faith of the established church. The Earl of Morley, on the part of the Government, promised that attention should be given to the matter, and we earnestly trust that the promise thus given will be adhered to. At the same time it is the duty of the Irish members to take a prominent part in the protecting from a grievous wrong poor little children of their own race and blood. There is no question either of politics or religion involved in this matter. All must confess that the acts of the Legislature should be obeyed, and these are violated by detaining Catholic children in workhouse schools.

"THE SURRENDER TO CATHOLICISM," says a writer in the Liverpool Daily Advertiser, "of late years, is truly astonishing." He is quite right, and we hope and think it will be still more astonishing in a very brief period. But the gentleman whose letter we refer to, and who adopts the somewhat singular nom de plume of "Once a Nonconformist," in his dismay at the prospect of Disestablishment, falls into error on one point of particular interest to our readers. He says:—"If the Anglo-Catholic party," by which we presume he means Ritualists, "and the Roman Church were united, would Protestantism be able to cope with this combined force?" We tro not, but getting that point aside, we wish to disabuse this quondam Nonconformist's mind of an error with which it seems impregnated. What he is pleased to call the Anglo-Catholic party have nothing whatever in common with us as regards unity of Faith. One or two of our doctrines they may hold in a blurred, indistinct, second-hand sort of fashion, but they are no more Catholics than the *Albion's* correspondent himself. It seems almost impossible to drive into Protestant brains the fact that there are no Sects in Catholicity—that a man must be a Catholic in every atom and scrap of Catholic doctrine and practice, or not be one at all—that the Church is one under one Head, and that until an "Anglo-Catholic" becomes one with her and places himself under that one Head, no amount of mere dogma and ritual will make him a Catholic.—*Cath. Opinion*.

A COAL-CUTTING MACHINE.—The present difficulty in England of getting a sufficient "out-put" or supply of coal from the mines, owing to the increased demand and diminished supply, will probably lead to the introduction of machinery for that purpose. Indeed, according to the London Times, such a machine has not only been invented, but is now in use. The journal says:—"This machine can cut, in eight hours' time 350 feet of coal, yielding from 70 to 75 tons in weight—much production, we are told, represents the work of forty men for the same period. Three, or at most four men are required to tend the machine, and the calculation is that its general adoption would render it possible to dispense with the labour of 300,000 of the 360,000 men now employed in the coal mines of the country. Moreover, whereas the 'waste' incidental to hand-cutting is estimated at fully twelve per cent. of the whole product, that detriment is reduced by machine work to one-third of the amount, representing an economy of no less than 16,000,000 tons of coal every year. As all this is stated of an invention actually in operation, and proved, indeed, by the experience of a twelve months' use, there seems hardly any room for doubting the practical efficiency of the new system. The only wonder is that it has not been more commonly adopted; but necessity is a strong power, and we shall now get the benefit of its painful, but most effective impulse."

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—We are quite ready to admit that decorum in itself is a good thing. The familiar spectacle of gentlemen speeches and staggering from the effects of heavy potations could not fail to have a degrading and brutalizing effect upon the society to which they belonged. It is morally an advance that men should be ashamed of being seen in this odious and filthy condition. But decorum may be in itself a snare, and it is well that the truth, however coarse, vulgar, and unpleasant it may be, should be faced. It must be remembered that the three-bottle and four-bottle men of other days were after all exceptional men, and a mere handful in the community, and that, although most men then thought little of getting drunk, this was with a great many an indulgence, which they allowed themselves not habitually, but only on special occasions and with intervals between. The main difference between the drinking habits of the last generation and of the present would seem to be, that formerly men, when they sat down to drink, drank more at a time, while now men drink moderately at a sitting, but in sips or "nips" drink a good deal during each day. Whether the modern habit is better than the old habit is a question which possesses only a speculative interest. The important thing is, that the modern habit should be recognized as vicious and unwholesome. We are aware that this is quite an old story now, and perhaps people may be tired of its repetition. Unfortunately the necessity for speaking of it does not appear to have diminished. About a year ago the doctors published a declaration respecting alcohol, insisting that, as a medicine, it ought to be prescribed with the same care and precision as any other powerful drug, and pointing out that its value as an article of diet was immensely overrated. The document also recommended legislation with a view to confine the use of alcohol within proper limits, and to promote habits of temperance. For our own part, we should be disposed to rely much more confidently on the personal influence of the doctors themselves than on any kind of legislation. Something may be done by legislation to enforce order and decorum in the streets and in places of common resort, and to curtail the facilities for public drinking, but after all this is only making clean the outside of the platter. Most reasonable persons will admit that it is practicable, if indeed it does not rather overshoot the mark. It is just because we are convinced of the powerlessness of legislation, we distrust all violent coercive measures, and have no faith in any reform which does not spring from voluntary restraints and an improved state of public opinion, that we feel bound once more, at the risk of wearisome iteration, to call attention to the subject. The Excise returns, the statistics of criminal offences, the warnings of the doctors, the feverishness and excitement of social life, the prevalence of nervous disorders, the crowded drinking bars, and the marked increase of the number of reeling drunkards in the streets, all point to the same conclusion. It is impossible to doubt the growing intemperance of the working classes. Personal observation on such a point may sometimes be misleading, but the same story comes from all parts of the country. As a rule, high wages seem to mean only more drinking; and drinking means wife-beating at home and fighting in the streets. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who objects to the stringency of the Licensing Act, appears to think it necessary to argue that the country is really very temperate and sober. We have as little liking for restrictive legislation as Mr. Harcourt, but we see no use in shutting our eyes to unpleasant facts. It is necessary to distinguish between the bigotry and fanaticism of the teetotalers and the basis of truth which underlies their agitation. The evil which they denounce unhappily exists, and even their violent and distempered imaginations can hardly exaggerate its magnitude. It may be reasonable to resist the tyrannical measures which the total abstinence are anxious to impose upon the country, but it is idle to pretend that the country is in this respect in a satisfactory condition. It is scarcely a consolation to be told that the vast increase in the expenditure on intoxicating liquors is a proof of the prosperity of the nation. It is doubtful whether the present high rates of wages will be maintained; but if they fall, the passion for stimulants which has already been developed will unfortunately remain. Anybody who reads the police reports will see the steady increase of cases of brutal assaults, especially on women which may be traced to drinking. The present "grain" season has been appropriately celebrated—a woman supping with her husband and friend suddenly flung out of window; a man stabbed by his wife, a wife by her husband, a girl by her sweetheart. "Thank God Christmas is over" we heard a poor woman say the other day as she staidied her staggering husband up the steps of a railway station. We are quite of one mind with the Bishop of Peterborough that, if it is necessary to choose, freedom is better than sobriety; but it is not impossible for people to be free and sober too. The criminal statistics compiled by the police show an increase of more than forty per cent. in the convictions for drunkenness before the magistrates in England and Wales in 1871 as compared with the average of the previous ten years. The Excise and Customs returns show a vast increase in the consumption of all kinds of drink, and especially of spirits. The country has been thriving, wages have been high, and the surplus earnings have been spent chiefly in liquor. These are not pleasant facts, and they hardly confirm those pretty theories of social progress of which we hear so much. But progress has been said to be like a wave which sometimes seems to retire even in the course of advancing, and this may perhaps be only one of the backward movements of (social improvement). As far as we can see, there is nothing to be done in the matter except to direct attention to the facts and leave them to make their impression on the public mind. It is reserved now-a-days for the working-men to get drunk in the old way, "like a lord," but the other classes though they bear themselves more discreetly, suffer for their potations in other ways. Brandy and soda, bitter ale, odd glasses of sherry, tips, and pegs, and drams, keep up a perpetual irritation and excitement which, added to the cares and worries of business and the fatigues of social life, wear out the nerves, and are apt to end in hysteria or paralysis. The doctors, who are aware of the spreading evil, might do much to check it, and their duty in the matter was certainly not exhausted by the signing of the declaration of a year ago. The lesson needs to be constantly and emphatically enforced. The evil should be probed to its root in neglect of sanitary and dietetic rules and the forced pace of social and especially of business life. The attempt to get through ten hours' work in five or six, explains in a great measure the craving for stimulants. People, though they have more holidays than they used to have, get less rest, and rest is what they want.—*Saturday Review*.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A few nights ago the Rev. W. Marsh, late curate of Melton Mowbury, on his return from an excursion in Ireland, aroused his landlord whom he called to help him in taking out his eye. On going to him the landlord found him in the act of gouging out his right eye with a pen-knife and razor, he having already taken his right hand. On his dressing table was a prayer book and bible, the latter being open at the passage where it says "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off," and it was evident that, while suffering under a religious mania, he had attempted to carry out the command. Medical aid was called in, and a proper amputation of the arm took place. The rev. gentleman is progressing favourably.

SPINNING BY SYSTEM.—A member of the British

Parliament—Samuel Pimsoil—has brought a formidable indictment against British ship-owners, who are charged, in a work lately issued by the aforementioned M. P., with sending to sea a great number of ships in a rotten and unseaworthy condition, and ships that are so overloaded that it is nearly impossible for them to reach their destination, if the voyage be at all rough; that, from these two causes alone, rather more than half of the disasters to the British merchant marine arise; and that, as a consequence, hundreds of lives and millions of property are annually sacrificed. This is not all. Mr. Pimsoil charges that many British ships are undermanned and badly stowed, and that ships thus unseaworthy are over-insured through downright wickedness.

The revised returns of the census for 1871, which have just been published, show that the population of the whole of the United Kingdom in 1861 numbered 29,070,932; and in 1871 as above stated, 31,628,338, showing an addition of 2,557,406 persons in the ten years. The rate of increase of the United Kingdom, as a whole notwithstanding the large falling off in the case of Ireland, was therefore 88 per cent.; and hence, to express the fact in the same way as before, we may say that for every 10,000 inhabitants of the United Kingdom in 1861 there were 10,880 in 1871.

DEFEAT OF THE GLADSTONE MINISTRY OF THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.—LONDON, March 12.—The House of Commons to-day, after a protracted debate, rejected Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill. The result of the division was announced as follows:—For the bill, 284; against it, 287. Majority against the bill, 3. The announcement of the vote caused great excitement. The House adjourned until Thursday.

Mr. Joseph Arch is making a tour through Warwickshire, advising the farm labourers, if possible, to avoid strikes, and not to attempt to retaliate in summer the bad usage they have received during the present winter. He advises them further not to make yearly agreements unless they can secure a good bargain.

A POOR PROFESSOR.—The will of Dr. Gray, Bishop of Capetown, has been proved under £39001. What soldier, sailor, colonial governor, or consul has recently left such snug little savings? Yet only yesterday there were seventeen colonial bishops all clamouring for more pay.

According to the *Nautical Magazine*, 83 sailors lost their lives on British and Canadian timber ships laden with deck cargoes during November and December, whereas only one life was lost in the same period on similar ships without deck cargoes.

Rev. A. Winhurst of Woodville, England, a ritualistic clergyman, recently said: "As for Protestantism, I do not know what it is. It appears to be a cesspool into which all opinions contrary to the Church faith drain."

GLASGOW PHARISES.—An old man named McKean, reported to the parochial authorities of Glasgow, early on Sunday morning, as then dying of destitution, was allowed to die unvisited; the municipal authorities alleging that they had no inspectors on duty on the Sabbath!

UNITED STATES.

MYSTERIOUS.—The Government of the United States is requested by that of Great Britain to endeavour to establish the identity of a certain large sailing ship, which while navigating the Baltic Sea, somewhere between Copenhagen and Dantzic, on Nov. 10, 1872, at about 4 a.m., came in collision with and sank the steamer *Herald* (Br), and then proceeded without rendering assistance to persons on board of the sinking vessel, all of whom perished except the fireman, though many might have been rescued by the ship from the bottom of a life-boat, to which they clung until washed away. The unknown vessel lost her bowsprit and jibboom.

The following from the *St. Louis Democrat* is inspired by envy or reportorial enterprise, and is probably magnified: "Cincinnati is building a huge sausage for the Vienna Exhibition, that will require the 'Great Eastern' to tow it across the ocean, after it has been floated down the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf. It was made in sections in a railroad tunnel, the logs being driven in by the hundred, and then subjected to hydraulic pressure.—Each link will be provided with a captain and crew, and if the action of the salt water during its passage should spoil its flavor, it will be entered under the name of Ohio tape-worm or sea-serpent, as the exhibitors may decide."—*Exchange*.

It is a question whether bear-breeding in Vermont need not become a large and profitable business. The State pays a bounty of \$15 on every bear killed, and there is no exception as to private animals. Here is the experience of a Rutland man on a single bear transaction: He sold the hide for \$20, the meat for \$30, the bounty was \$15, and the grease brought the proceeds up to \$100. And this was a private bear, raised by the enterprising yeoman.

An Indianapolis paper thus sums up the divorce market: "Brisks competition among the lawyers has brought down the prices of divorces very low in the market. We quote:—Common separation, \$15; small alimony, \$25; large alimony, \$50 to \$100. There are but few of the latter in the market. General business good and increasing.

Senator Colfax could tell the following little story with great effect: "A gentlemanly person was found going from a neighbor's hen-roost with a plump rooster in his hat. 'Golly,' said he, 'that's queer—how'd you s'pose he got there? Must have crawled up my trowser's leg.'"

A Waukegan (Wisconsin) Justice of the Peace divorced a couple recently as follows: He stood them in the middle of the floor, backs together, and as they walked away from each other he repeated the marriage ceremony backwards.

A bill is to be introduced into the New York Legislature making it a criminal offence for anyone to engage in the business of fortune-telling.

A Rhode Islander has married his former mother-in-law.

CAPACITY OF THE CHEST.—The capacity of the chest may be diminished by the habit of stooping or by the abnormal practice of tight lacing. The grace of the wisp form in women is almost always gained at the expense of the lungs. That tight belt and the armor above it fully compress the air-cells, and forbid all easy union of the acid of the air with the currents of the blood. The lung need not be enlarged from its natural size, but it cannot well spare one inch of the space which it naturally fills. Anything which thrusts it away from its proper dwelling, where it has room and freedom, is bad and dangerous.

Consumption is the proper sequel of the corsets. They go with each other as harvest follows sowing. A quick eye can tell the internal state of the breathing organs from the form of the fashionable woman without any auscultation or percussion, any inspection or palpation. And no absurdity can be worse than for one who binds the ribs in steel, to try inflation and long inspiration as the preventive of disease. A lung that is compressed can't take in as much air as one that is free, and the attempt to fill it over full only stains and pins its delicate cells. The lung is not to be treated like a bale of cotton; and any woman to its elasticity, provokes its decay. The war of hygiene upon tight waists must be positive, pitiless, and unceasing, for fashion is in nothing more destructive to human life than in this.—*The Naturalist*.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1873.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

MARCH—1873.
Friday, 21—The Five Wounds of Our Lord.
Saturday, 22—St. Benedict, Ab.
Sunday, 23—Fourth in Lent.
Monday, 24—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 25—ANNUNCIATION, Obl.
Wednesday, 26—Of the Feria.
Thursday, 27—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As we anticipated Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill has brought upon its authors the retribution which justly awaits all those who bring forth half measures; who cannot make up their minds whether to ejaculate "good Lord" or "good Devil." The Ministerial Bill has been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of three, Catholics and Conservatives on this occasion making common cause against the Ministry. The House adjourned, and Mr. Gladstone waiting on the Queen, placed in Her Majesty's hands his resignation and that of his colleagues.
Mr. D'Israeli was then called in to prescribe, but whether he will be able to form a Ministry of his own political friends is very doubtful; and still more doubtful is it, should he even succeed in putting together a Cabinet, whether it will be able to govern the country. Still the question will come up "What is to be done about Ireland?" It cannot be ignored; neither can any Ministry hope to retain office that sets itself in opposition to the wishes of the Catholic Church in the matter of education.
The repressing by Governor Dix of the convicted murderer, Foster, has provoked an expression of public jealousy on the matter from that class of society which is most in danger from such rascals as the hero of the "car hook" murder. A petition with a large number of signatures from amongst the most respectable citizens of New York has been presented to the Governor praying him in consideration of the "unholy means employed to defeat the ends justice," to decide the question submitted to him, on points of law and evidence only.—Great efforts were made to procure the murderer's escape. Amongst these was the presenting of a petition in his behalf from the widow of the victim. This at first sight looked touching, and had its effect upon a public, not sufficiently awake to the "smartness" of the New Yorkers. It now turns out that the "widow's petition," that touching document, was paid for; and that in consideration of a certain number of dollars and cents the widow was bribed to affix her name to the infamous document. We do not remember even in the annals of United States rascality, to have ever come across any thing more disgraceful to all parties concerned than this. The "widow" should next offer her hand, and gentle heart to the man who delivered her from the bond of matrimony. We have since learned that the law is to take its course, so Foster will expiate his crime on the gallows on the 21st.
Mr. D'Israeli is unable to put together a sufficient Ministerial team, so it is probable that Mr. Gladstone will resume office.
There seems to be a very unruly set of boys at Fort Garry; for we are informed by telegram 8th inst., that the Speaker of the Assembly, having given offence by a ruling of his on a Bill for the incorporation of Winnipeg, was decoyed from his house, seized, and tarred. A reward of \$100 has been offered by the Government for the arrest of the perpetrators of the disgraceful outrage.
The *Misere* announces on the strength of private letters, that the health of Sir George E. Cartier is so far re-established, as to enable the honorable gentleman to return to Canada the course of next month, and thus take part in the present Parliamentary campaign.
M. Renault informs the public through the columns of the *Courrier du Canada* that he retires from the post of ditto of that journal.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The weather was all that could be desired; a bright sky overhead, and dry under foot, with a fresh bracing atmosphere. At the hour assigned in the Programme, the several Societies assembled at the St. Patrick's Society's Hall, and marched to the St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass was sung by the Reverend Father Larue, Mr. Barry Deacon, Mr. Duggan, Sub-Deacon. The Mass was taken from Haydn's Great Mass, which was ably rendered by the Church Choir, under the direction of the organist, Mr. Fowler. At eleven o'clock the Rev. Father Carroll, the Preacher of the Day, ascended the pulpit, and delivered the following

SERMON:

"But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation."
"To-day, my dearly beloved brethren, faithful to the traditions of the past, you are assembled once more together to tender, in this place consecrated to the memory of your glorious apostle, the tributes of your veneration and love to your faith and nationality. To-day, your minds, crowded with the reminiscences of departed times, are wafted to scenes far different from those that surround you—to that fair isle that rises like a virgin queen from out the waves of the Atlantic. To-day, the past, by the fond spell of memory, is as the present; the scenes of youth and childhood, the old homestead with its surroundings of natural beauty, the chapel where you knelt in mute devotion, the green sod in the churchyard which you strewed with your parting tears and prayers, pass before you clothed in a life-like reality. With these sweet recollections come also other thoughts of a higher and more inspiring nature. Devoted children to that dear land that even now you call your home, you love to-day to recall her by-gone glories, every grand and noble deed that adorns her history; you love to dwell on the memories of those men whose talent, courage and holiness have contributed so much to their nation's weal. Many, indeed, are the illustrious names that Ireland counts on the roll of her heroes—names redolent with the memories of great and good acts, of high and holy purposes, of glorious achievements. But conspicuously in this bright vision of Ireland's greatness stand forth a few figures which draw more largely upon our admiration—they are men who have impressed their names upon, or who have identified themselves with, some singularly glorious event of our history. Prominent among this favoured few is the apostle whose memory we honour to-day. The reason that we hold him in such high esteem is that to his energy and zeal can either directly or indirectly be attributed everything that is great, glorious and un fading in our history. The benefit that he procured us, divine faith, harmonizing so truly with the ruling passion of the Irish nation, its religiousness, has constituted itself the primary and controlling element of our character. It has so fully swayed the heart of Ireland that it has absorbed her patriotism, and identified her nationality with her religious interests. It has become her presiding genius, the soul of her national existence, and has ever shaped her destinies. It has set its seal on our nation's character, and, in the words of my text, has made us "a chosen people, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation." Is it strange, therefore, that we should surround this festival day of our saint with such pomp and magnificence? Is it strange, that the outpourings of our patriotism should find expression in this great religious ceremony? No. We recognize before the world that it is our faith is our greatest glory, the brightest ornament of our race. O, that we may never alienate ourselves from such noble and becoming sentiments! And that love of faith may even in this land lose naught of its native beauty and strength, let us to-day bring more vividly before our minds the benefits it has procured us. Let us see how it has made us a holy nation, by civilizing, enlightening and sanctifying our country; how it has made us a chosen generation, by placing on its brow the crown of martyrdom; how it has made us a kingly priesthood, by confiding to the apostolic privilege of diffusing the Gospel. Christianity is the parent and guardian of true civilization; solely under its benign influence can that refinement of intellect and heart exist. It is true that previously to the Christian era science, literature and arts flourished; but these are not the sole elements of civilization, for even where they were most highly cultivated, as in Greece and Rome, there existed certain remnants of primitive barbarity, which, especially in the latter days of Paganism, developing with the growth of wealth, cast a shade over the social and political lives of those people. It was only under the gentle sway of the Gospel that the heart of man was ennobled, and became adorned with the bright social and religious virtues without which civilization is but an empty name. Ireland fairly illustrates this difference between so-called Pagan and Christian civilization. The Pagan Irish were not an uncultivated people. They excelled in several departments of human knowledge and skill, in mechanics, architecture and music; they possessed a well-digested code of laws, and one of the most satisfactory proofs that their minds were not undisciplined in their conduct towards St. Patrick on his first preaching the Gospel at Tara. Like the Aroepages of old they called upon the great Apostle to expose his teaching; and listening calmly to his eloquent discourse, they deliberated critically upon its tenableness. Yet the refinement of ancient Ireland was considerably marred by the influence of paganism; a deeply religious people, the Irish delivered themselves up to the guidance of the Druids, whose stern, gloomy and superstitious teachings advocated rites and practices revolting to the finer and gentler instincts of our nature. But though the primitive history of the country was disgraced by some sanguinary and barbarous deeds, these blanches were not constitutional in the Irish character; like the morning mists before the rising sun, they disappeared almost instantaneously before the sweet light of Christianity. St. Patrick was but a few years in the country when he was enabled to expunge and remodel its constitution, and efface from its customs almost every vestige of Druidism; slavery, the index of pagan times, was discontinued and finally outlawed, and the degrading practices and regulations of warfare were abolished. The influence of the Christian faith over the character of this newly-converted people was wonderful; it gave development to its noble traits—its earnestness and sympathy; and directed its deep earnestness and impulsiveness to the accomplishment of good and noble deeds. It enlightened and enriched the Irish mind, and, as history well attests, it showed to the world the power and grandeur of Ireland's intellect when favoured and encouraged by its inspiring genius. For three centuries after its conversion Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of Europe—it became the home of learning, the emporium of literature. While the rest of Europe was but a ruin and a desert, while barbarism and anarchy were swaying their bloody swords over its torn bosom, while ignorance and savagery were fast crushing out learning, this little gem of the sea was sleeping in the sunshine of peace prosperity and civilization. Providence, it would seem had destined it in those vacillating chaotic times as the refuge and sanctuary of thought and enlightenment. To it flocked scholars from every European nation, and from it went forth the seeds of learning to Eng-

land, Germany, France and Italy. To have an idea of the progress that letters assumed in those golden days, you have but to compute the number of the vast educational establishments that crowded the island. In the fifth century 31 monasteries and schools of great celebrity were founded; besides these there were built several others of lesser note. In the 7th century, among the many retreats of education erected, we distinguish the glorious names of Bangor, Clonard and Clonmacnoise; some of these institutions contained 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 students and the Apostolic school of Armagh is said to have attained at one time the incredible number of 7,000 inmates. In this same age 44 new monasteries which generally had schools attached to them were constructed, and in the two following centuries 55 similar institutions were erected. Can any other nation, in such a short period of time, present such a record of intellectual progress? If, indeed, we had not History's impartial assent to these facts, we would at the present day be inclined to doubt their veracity. Although Ireland had within her keeping the secrets of learning, she was not selfishly sparing of them; her hospitality to the stranger and student is one of the bright features of those times. "Her halls," says a foreign writer, "were open to the students of every clime, who were there received with greater hospitality than in any other country of the Christian world," and the venerable Bede says that "though great the number of English nobility and gentry who thronged these schools, they were all most willingly received, maintained, supplied with books and instructed without fee or reward." So deep was the appreciation and love of the Irish scholar for learning that he oftentimes voluntarily exiled himself to carry to other nations the treasures of Divine and human knowledge which enriched his blessed isle. It was this noble desire that sent Columbanus through the south of Europe and made him finally settle in Italy, in a spot which to-day bears his name, St. Gallus into the wilds of the Alps, where he founded the celebrated monastery and school of St. Gall. St. Frinolin's name is still blessed on the banks of the Rhine, and Virgilius, or Feargull who many years previous to the days of Copernicus or Galileo sustained the sphericity of the earth, evangelized and enlightened a certain portion of Germany, and finally became Bishop of Salzburg. The famous Universities of Paris and Padua owe their origin to the learning and industry of Clement and John—Irishmen. From Ireland the Anglo-Saxons derived their enlightenment, and until the 13th century the literature of Scotland was in the special possession of the Irish clergy. Wondrous as were the benefits that the intellect and social character of Ireland derived from her faith, they were eclipsed in the halo of sanctity with which it crowned the deeply religious nature of our people.—The preaching and progress of the faith in Ireland is a historical enigma. That the conversion of this country was not stained by a single drop of blood is a fact unaccountable to those acquainted with the warlike and superstitious nature of the Druidical Irish. But even so rapid was the progress of the Gospel that, ere he died, our beloved Apostle beheld the land an Island of Saints; Kings and Courtiers, Sages and Warriors, with their humble brethren, bowed their heads alike beneath the saving sign of salvation. Monasticism, which is the highest expression of Evangelical perfection, flourished there in a most remarkable manner; every hill was crowned with some noble pile consecrated to the service of the Most High, in every glen secret retreats of sanctity. "When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people," says a learned foreigner, "we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transported over the sea the cells of the Valley of the Nile with all their hermits, its monasteries with all their inmates and had settled down in the Western Isle, an isle which in the lapse of three centuries, gave 850 Saints to the Church, won over to Christianity the north of Britain, and soon after a large portion of the then yet pagan Germany." Is it surprising that the Irish heart should thrill with a holy pride as it reviews the glories of this brightest epoch of our race; and that it ever loves to linger among the memories of those days when science and holiness walked the land, of that age that set upon the virgin brow of Ireland the glorious title of Isle of Saints and Doctors? Well indeed might our Poet relate, that in those days a maid of high degree and comely mein openly bore throughout the land a precious gem and none were found to molest her, for Ireland then was the land of the noble and the pure, the free and the brave, the saint and the sage. In this golden age our country presaged what a bright and glorious future was in store for her, how the genius, intellect and heart of her people, developed and cultivated by her faith, would ever give her a foremost position among civilized nations. But Providence in its inscrutable designs had adjudged that the days of Ireland's prosperity should, for a time, come to a close. It had shewn what a marvel of science, wisdom and holiness faith had made this people in days of peace and happiness; now it wished to manifest to the world how in days of darkness and persecution that same faith could make them a nation of heroes, of noble and generous martyrs. Like the diamond that casts a morbid lustre in the darkness of night than in the bright sunshine, our faith shone with more splendour in the long night of trial that for 1,600 years hung over our country, than in the palmy days of her first glory. It may seem to some objectionable that I, upon an occasion like this, vested with the dignity of God's ministry, upon whose lips should ever be found words of peace and forgiveness, should allude to a topic which may provoke a feeling of resentment in the hearts of my hearers; but, whilst counselling my fellow-countrymen to forgive, like the martyrs of old, those who have injured them, I felt that I could not be doing justice to the faith of Ireland, if I did not touch upon an era which, though it may have been disastrous to her national interests was a most glorious one for her faith. The history of what Ireland has suffered, though often attempted, has yet to be written; but the imperfect accounts that we possess clearly show that no other nation endured so much for the cause of religion as she. In her outward desolation, she stands forth the great "Niece of Nations." She was deprived of all that could remind her of her faith or whose loss might shake her constancy in it. Her monasteries, those reliquaries of her precocious civilization, those memorials of her piety and magnificence were pillaged, depopulated and destroyed; their ruins, still cover the land, and with their moss-covered, ivy-covered walls—they tell in their silent ravished beauty the story of Ireland's struggling faith. Her priests, to whom she owed her faith and greatness were either martyred or exiled; they were priced and hunted as the wolves of the forest. The few that escaped detection were hidden in the mountain fastnesses, where with no other vault than the canopy of heaven, they offered up the eternal sacrifice and administered, consoled and strengthened their persecuted flock. The constitution that was forced on her was one bristling with statutes whose only aim was to crush out her religious spirit; her sons were ejected and made the serfs of ruthless intruders; they were driven into a small corner of the island, and forced to seek other portions of it in the hands of a lawless soldiery.—War, confiscation, exile—in fact every destructive scheme was employed to blot the Irish faith, but the attempt was fruitless. Three hundred years of such persecution swept over the land, and that faith, like the oaks upon yon hills, struck its roots more deeply into the Irish heart the more it was assailed. In time after three long centuries there appeared on the horizon of Ireland's destinies a faint glimmering of hope, and men seemed to think that the worst of her suffering had past; but they were too sanguine, the night of her trial was not over. She

had been the martyr of the sword; now she must undergo a martyrdom more cruel in its slow lingering—the martyrdom of famine and pestilence. In the embers of many here to-day Providence allowed our nation to be visited with these two dreadful calamities and you, yourselves, can testify how nobly and heroically she bore them; how, when the tempter stood beside her and offered her bread and health, she raised her almost powerless arm to repel his advances, how she preferred death to apostasy. The sainted dead of '46 and '47, though they lie in their own land without a monument inscribed to their heroism, though their bones are whitening in the depths of the Atlantic, though they lie beside us almost unheeded and forgotten, though they sleep in thousands on a distant isle of the St. Lawrence, with nought but the wild rees to mark their graves, and the surging tide to chant their dirge, have not been those who have added the least glory to our national faith, for their names are written on the brightest roll of Heaven's martyrs. The incessant calamities that strewed Ireland with her bravest and her best, toll not, as some imagine, a tale of weakness and dishonour; rather, they loudly proclaim the highest victory that a people can achieve—the victory of Divine Faith over the powers of Hell; they place on our nation's brow a diadem that no other people has worn—the crown of martyrdom; they signalize her from her sister nations as the special inheritance of God, so deeply cherished by Him that He has made her national existence resemble the life of our Divine Lord, "the author and consummator of faith who having joy set before him, embraced the Cross." No, my dearly beloved brethren, that nation that received the faith so spontaneously and unreservedly, that did not disfigure, as other nations did, its conversion with the shedding of the Apostle's blood, that gave to Heaven so many illustrious saints, that became in the days of St. Patrick one vast monastery, could not have undergone the innumerable and indescribable afflictions of the last three hundred years without some special dispensation of Divine Providence. And to-day, if we cast but a glance at the state of the world, we may catch some slight glimpse of God's mighty design upon our country. How have other civilized nations kept the talent of Divine Faith, which God committed to their safe keeping? They have never felt the suffering of our country, their histories are more or less illumined with earthly prosperity. But how has it fared with their faith—that greatest and noblest gift of Heaven? In some its life is precarious, in others its existence is no more than felt, in others again it is entirely gone. But Ireland, the martyred nation, whose earthly life was crushed as the grape beneath the press, has kept the faith as bright, as pure, and strong as when it broke from the lips of its Apostle on the hills of Tara. Yes, without wishing to construe wrongly the workings of God's inscrutable counsels, I am forcibly induced to believe that God has placed our nation in the shade of the Cross, in order to preserve within her bosom the life of Divine Faith, that one day she might quicken those in whom this faith has dropped or failed to exist—that God has crucified our nation that redemption might come to other countries;

A land become a monument,
Man's work, but God's concealed intent,
Converts his worst to best.
The first of altars was a tomb,
Ireland thy gravest one shall become—
God's altar in the West.

What a grand and glorious mission—Ireland the Apostle of nations! This honour is assuredly the highest a people can receive; but glorious as it is, it is one that has brought many a pang to our country's heart. She could bear to see her sons give up their life-blood upon her own soil, but to part with them was a still greater sacrifice. Still, ever faithful to her Divine Master, she shrank not for a moment before this great call; but with hopeful blessing she sent them forth an exiled but apostolic race throughout the world. Little you thought, my dear brethren, as, with streaming eyes and grief-swollen hearts, you beheld the last outlines of the dear country, fade from your view, that God had such wondrous designs upon you, that He had chosen you to be the special instruments of his saving power, the pioneers and champions of divine truth in the lands in which a mysterious destiny was wafting you. But such seemed the Divine will—the tears of Ireland were to be the well-spring of benediction to other countries. This mission of the Irish people reveals to us how wisely God deals with men and things for his own glory, how He utilizes for the triumph of his holy cause what would seem most adverse to it. He allowed a foreign nation to place its yoke upon his faithful people, and even to press the power of conquest so far as to deprive us of our native tongue. But time is fast disclosing that this humiliation is but the prelude of a mighty victory. The British Empire holds today beneath its sway upwards of 200,000,000 of subjects; its influence and relations are world-wide; its language, which is spoken by 90,000,000, is heard in every clime. This mighty power, it would seem, God wishes to wrest from the spirit of error, and the instrument that he has chosen for this work is our country. He has prepared and fortified Ireland in her long sufferings for this glorious but arduous undertaking; He has even allowed her tongue, which for so many centuries had sung His praises to be sacrificed that she might the more easily accomplish the enlightenment of the millions of darkened souls that live under this power, or use this language. And well is Ireland doing this noble work; there is not a spot where the English language is heard that does not bear testimony to the zeal of the Irish people to plant and spread the Gospel. It was Irish faith that gave rise and impetus to the Catholic movement in England and Scotland; it was the missionary priest and the emigrant labourer that fostered and preserved in those countries, enveloped in heresy, the life of truth, whose rapid progress to-day gives such hope to the Catholic heart. In Australia, New Zealand, India and all the Eastern and Southern Britanic possessions Catholicity owes its immense growth to Irish energy and zeal. But it is when we turn our eyes to the vast continent of America that we can more advantageously see and admire the wonders of Ireland's Apostolic Faith. In the neighbouring republic, which, though in its infancy, can compete with any other nation in industrial progress; Catholicity is keeping pace with its fast spreading material prosperity; half a century ago its adherents could be counted by thousands now they have swelled into several millions. The children of St. Patrick have been admitted by all to have done by far the largest share of his truly stupendous work. To you, my dear brethren, was not reserved the privilege of building up the faith in this land; but, though you have settled in a country where you have found your Divine Religion established and flourishing still the Apostolic spirit that ex-patriated you has tended and is destined to increase and encourage the great work of religion. During the last fifty years that you have been here, you have never allowed yourselves to be surpassed in any effort tending to sustain and promote its honour; the noble generosity with which you have met every demand that has favoured the interests of your faith has won for you the esteem of other creeds and nationalities. Your strong and unyielding religious convictions; your innate respect for ecclesiastical authority; your deep esteem for all that breathes a Catholic spirit, will be so many bulwarks to protect the true faith against the aggression of religious indifference which is fast flooding the land. Oh! how wonderfully God has avenged our country's wrongs; the very means that men thought fatal to it, have, by this dispensation, become the occasion of its triumph! How the Spirit of Evil must have raged when he beheld in the Council of the Vatican—that

illustrious assemblage of the strength and wisdom of Christendom—that no other nationality was so largely represented as the poor persecuted Irish, against whom, with unrelenting fury, he had directed every affliction to which his fiendish ingenuity could devise. How our Catholic hearts should throbb as we recall this mighty victory! How they should overflow with enthusiasm as we consider that, in almost every spot of the habitable globe, from some Christian altar: that no Apostle, St. Peter alone excepted, has his anniversary celebrated in so many countries and with such demonstration of joy as St. Patrick! Surely our nation has realized the prophetic words of St. John, "this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." It is indeed the great triumph of the age.—Well may we surround the festival of the age—who first preached us the faith with every token of the deepest affection and esteem.—As we have seen the faith has been to us a grand inheritance that for nearly fifteen hundred years has never ceased to ennoble our race. It has placed upon our country's brow the triple crown of sanctity, martyrdom and apostleship. It has made us, to use the words of one whose mighty eloquence resounds throughout this continent, "the most Christian in character of any people of the world." It has been the soul of our nationality. Whatever lasting triumphs we may be proud of, have mainly been achieved through its instrumentality. Moreover, whatever may be the after fate of Ireland, if it ever regain peace, happiness and prosperity, to which it has been so long a stranger, it will be, if we can infer from the events of the last half-century through the influence and co-operation of their holy faith. But whatever may be the future intent of Divine Providence on that dear country, let us for the present fulfil the glorious mission that is allotted to the Irish race—the diffusion and upholding of our holy faith. Cling to it as the dearest relic of that land from which neither time nor space sever you affection. And to you, young and rising generation, to you who have never seen that green isle, do I also address these words, for your toes are the sons and daughters of Ireland; in your veins flows Irish blood, and in your hearts your parents have sowed the seeds of Irish faith. Let us one and all esteem and preserve every time-honoured tradition, that surrounds this faith, every characteristic that adorns it, and if their be one characteristic that I would exhort you to respect more than another, it is that deep reverence that the Irish Catholic has for his Church's authority that singular love he entertains for his clergy. This has been the secret of our religious undecaying strength in the old land, and it is the cause of its purpose and prosperity in the new one. Under the influence of this intelligent and well directed faith, our race with its quick energies, its vast resources of physical and moral strength will, in this opening century, override every obstacle and assert for itself a position inferior to none possessed by any other nationality. Let us be true to this faith, for in it are found our life, union and power. To-day especially when collected and united together by its divine bonds let us show to our fellow-citizens how highly we esteem it, how elevating and ennobling are its influences. Let us, as we shall see the Cross and Shamrock borne aloft through the streets of our city, as we shall hear the soul-inspiring strains of our national music, remember that we are the heroes of 300 years of martyrdom and 1400 years of sanctity, that we are the descendants of an illustrious line of saints and martyrs, who to-day from their golden thrones are looking down lovingly upon us, and praying their eternal King that we may walk worthily in their footsteps here below, and hereafter share with them the endless glory they now enjoy.
The reverend preacher having concluded, Mass was proceeded with, at the termination of which the congregation, to the number of about 6,000 persons, poured out of the Church to the strains of "St. Patrick's Day," played on the organ by Mr. Fowler, organist of St. Patrick Church.
The Procession was then re-formed, and starting from Budegonds street, proceeded through Victoria Square, marched down McGill street, and turning into Wellington St., passed under the triumphal arch, amidst the cheers of a large crowd assembled there. They then marched down Wellington street to St. Ann's Church, turned up McCord street to St. Joseph street, and back to the ruins of the St. Patricks Hall, where the large assembly, amounting to several thousands, surrounded a platform which had been erected on one corner of the ruins. Heroic speeches were delivered by His Worship the Mayor, Mr. M. P. Ryan, M.P., Mr. Howley, Mr. McShane, Dr. Kingston, and several other gentlemen, after which the immense concourse of people separated, to meet again in the evening at the

CONCERN.

The City Hall was crowded with an audience such as is seldom seen there, and who seemed to highly appreciate the addresses that were delivered and the songs and glee that were sung. Shortly after 9 o'clock, a procession, consisting of His Worship the Mayor, Mr. Howley, President of the St. Patrick's Society, Mr. Justice Coursol, M. P. Ryan, M. P., Father Landrigan, Mr. J. Stewart (*Herald*), and the Presidents of the different Societies, together with ladies and gentlemen forming the musicians, who afterwards delighted the audience by the way in which they rendered the different solos, &c., awarded to them, as well as several other ladies and gentlemen, entered the Hall to the music of "St. Patrick's Day," performed by the Irishman Independent Band, and ascended the platform. The President took the chair, and was supported on his right by His Worship the Mayor and Mr. Justice Coursol, and on his left by Father Landrigan and M. P. Ryan, M. P. After waiting till all were seated, Mr. Howley on rising said that with regard to the re-building of the St. Patrick's Hall, within one hour after the proposition had been made, he met an Irishman who told him he was prepared to back the St. Patrick's Society to the extent of \$5,000. After speaking in praise of Father Burke, he quoted the comparison made by Wendel Phillips between Froude the historian and Father Burke, he mentioned in the highest terms of praise Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, and to show the humorous side of Irishmen, quoted several passages from Lever's works which were received with much laughter. He then referred to Lever's last work "Lord Kilgobbin," and stated that the hero of the work was a Fenian Head Centre, and drew a short sketch of the work which was received with loud applause. He then quoted from Lever by reciting a verse from "Rory O'Moore" as an instance of what Irish wives are. He then concluded with reciting William Tell's address to the Mountains and sat down amidst loud applause. Miss Wilson then sang "Erin go Bragh" in a way that drew a hearty encore from the audience. She was followed by Mr. H. Hamall, who (by request) sang "Barney, come back" and for an encore sang "Mollie Darling," both songs being rendered in a very able manner. Madame Ledue sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" in a very sweet way. Master Jas. Howley then recited an incident of '98, which was received with loud cheers. Several songs followed all of which were very good; but, for want of space, we cannot particularize them.
After intermission, Mr. Howley introduced Rev. Father Landrigan, who said he had the misfortune to be born out of his native country, although he had found out that he was born from an Irish family, and was very proud of it. He wished that he had been one of those racy Irishmen whose eloquence was natural to them, especially on St. Patrick's Day when he most required it. He stated that a few days since, he was speaking about music, on the occasion of the opening of an organ, and he forgot that an organ not made by hands, namely, an Irish

man's heart, which throbs and beats on every St. Patrick's Day. Other nations had their Saints, but none of them were celebrated as St. Patrick's Day because all Irishmen were proud of the Saint who introduced into Ireland that great Christian faith which Ireland has clung through every trial and affliction. They might be proud of the glory of Ireland, for it was at the time that the British were over-running the Roman Empire that Ireland was a little favoured green spot as the God selected a refuge, wisdom, and beauty. All nations refuge of learning, wisdom, and beauty. All nations were to be found there, as it was an asylum for all. It was at that time that Ireland produced such great men as St. Brendan, for whom he claimed the glory of having discovered America, and with such glory of having discovered America, and with such an example, Ireland had been, and as he hoped she so many years she had little Emerald Isle, with her own Government and her own Rule.

Mr. Howley then called for three cheers for Father Landrigan, which were given with an earnestness that rather astonished him.

Father Landrigan returned his thanks in a few words and then left.

Several songs followed that were well rendered and received much applause, and the concert was concluded with God Save the Queen.

Addresses were also delivered by Mr. J. J. Curran and Mr. B. Devlin, the latter of whom was loudly called for by the audience, and who spoke on the subject of the re-building of the St. Patrick's Hall.

During the evening His Worship the Mayor, on behalf of the St. Patrick's Society, presented Master James Howley with a gold cross, in acknowledgment of the many services by him rendered at their concert, both with songs and recitations.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.—The present Ministry seems to have at its command a small majority, but party movements are so very uncertain that it is impossible to foresee the result of the campaign. In the House of Commons, M. Mercier has made a motion for the production of all papers, and correspondence that may have passed betwixt the Federal and Provincial Governments, and the Law Officers of Great Britain on the subject of the constitutionality of the New Brunswick School Law of 1871.

It is pretty evident that the Protestant majority of New Brunswick are determined to exert their power over the Catholic minority to the utmost; but we still hope that the finding of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council may be in favor of the latter. Should it be otherwise, they will be in the condition of the Catholic minority in the United States; but by organization, and a firm determination never to submit to the odious yoke of State-Schoolism, they may yet compel justice. If they cannot get Denominational Schools, then their policy should be to insist upon the Voluntary Principle, for the School as for the Church. The State has no more right to interfere for the one than for the other; and no one but a fool or a knave will ever dare to argue that if Voluntaryism suffice for Religion it is insufficient for Education. "Down with all State Schools" must then be the cry of our New Brunswick brethren—for Education is not a legitimate function of the civil ruler.

We see by a report given in the Montreal Witness of the 4th inst., of the proceedings at a meeting of the office-bearers of the Boys Home—a (institution of which we would speak with sincere respect though its managers are not of our creed)—that several gentlemen remonstrated energetically but most justly, against the sending out to Canada of lads from the Reformatories in England. These lads are of course as a general rule the very worst of scoundrels, the very "hardest of hard cases;" and it is a shame that our soil should be polluted with them. On this head one of the speakers, Mr. J. R. Dougal, told the following story:—

"He knew of a certain Reformatory School in Glasgow where the superintendent whenever he got hold of the name of any secretary or official connected with benevolent societies in this country, would send him two or three boys he thought suitable, with a letter of recommendation guaranteeing their good behaviour. He once got such a note with four boys. He procured them situations, and in a week they had left, to wander around the city, and to contaminate those they associated with."

It is but the old, old story of the utter worthlessness of State Reformatories; and to the truth of which we in Canada are now beginning to wake up, even as our fellow subjects in Australia did more than a quarter of a century ago. You may take it as a rule, admitting of scarce a single exception, that the youngster who has served some years in a "State Reformatory" comes out tenfold more the child of the devil than he was when he went in. This truth we ventured to insist upon some weeks ago when defending against the strictures of the Montreal Gazette, the policy of the Quebec Government in entrusting, in so far as juvenile Catholic delinquents are concerned, to the Brothers of a Catholic Order the control of the Reformatory in Miguonne Street. We have already known by sad experience that secular or State Reformatories are but training houses of iniquity, whose inmates therein graduate for high honors in hell—as witness the scoundrels, the unmitigated and irredeemable blackguards, whom the British Reformatories vomit upon our shores, to the tainting of our moral atmosphere, and the polluting of our soil. How this evil is to be met, we are at a loss to say. It would be well if it were possible to decree that any youngster, coming

to Canada from a State Reformatory, should immediately upon detection receive four dozen lashes, and be shipped back to his native land. Or might we not imitate Australian legislation? and, making our Penal settlements in Liverpool, Glasgow and other cities of the United Kingdom, transport to them, under penalty of death should they ever again set foot in Canada, these convicts whom the prevalent sickly sentimentality, and maudlin tenderness for criminals, prevent us from hanging right off? Something should be done, and that quickly, to put a stop to the influx of the double-dyed villains that come from State Reformatories; and certainly we should take a warning from the miserable, hopeless failure of these institutions in England, against tolerating for one moment their existence in Canada.

MIXED MARRIAGES.—Of these, so wretchedly do they invariably turn out to the parties thereto, almost may it be said that they are unmixd evils. They are in a word, certain and fertile causes of strife, of misery, and often of infidelity. The parents whilst living fight with one another about the children, who thus become, not bonds of union, but bones of discord; and even after death, the survivor still wrangles over the coffin in which are nailed up the remains of the departed wife or husband, as the case may be. An instance of the latter we find in the Witness of the 11th inst., as of recent occurrence at Brockville. A Catholic man, married to a Protestant woman died, having expressly desired that his body should be laid in the Catholic burial ground. The Protestant widow would not allow this; pleaded her legal right to dispose of the body of her husband—we know not with what justice on her side; and finally backed by her Protestant relations pretended that the corpse of her husband should remain unburied in the house for years, rather than that it should be deposited in a Catholic cemetery. If young men and women would but note how "mixed marriages" turn out, they would surely refrain for their own sakes, from contracting such ill starred unions, and would avoid such unequal yoking together.

Troubles are multiplying around the Great Britisher. He has reasons to fear that his big coal cellar is nearly exhausted, and he has the assurance that his horses are fast failing him. These have risen in price some sixty or seventy per cent of late years; and in short horses can hardly be procured at any price, whether for labor on the farm, for mounting the cavalry, or horsing the batteries of the artillery. This scarcity of horses has attracted the attention of the Government, and it is proposed to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into its causes, and suggest if possible a remedy. This too is we suppose one of the outward and visible signs of that great "prosperity" of which we read so much in the papers. Well would it be for Great Britain if the non-prosperous times could be restored to her.

The Orangemen of Toronto it seems made an attempt to get up a Mass Meeting to censure Mr. Crooks for his opposition to the Orange Incorporation Bill. The attempt was a failure; about 150 persons attended, and they could not obtain the use of a hall. They were however addressed in the street, but broke up without having done anything.

The Toronto Globe publishes the correspondence between His Grace, Mgr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, and the Trustees of the Toronto Hospital. His Grace's liberal offers to give the services of the Sisters of Charity gratuitously to the Hospital are therein declined, one of the Trustees, Mr. Merrick, dissenting.

Our new Chief Magistrate, F. Cassidy, Esq., was duly installed in office as Mayor on the 10th inst. We wish him a glorious and prosperous career; and have no doubt but that the City of Montreal will thrive under his rule, as it did under that of his respected predecessor, M. Coursol.

There are not, we are happy to say, any valid grounds for the report which has been freely circulated as to domestic unhappiness in the family of the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. his wife.

The death of the Rev. M. Lavergne of the Seminary of Quebec is announced, and will cause much sorrow in the community, by whom the deceased was loved and respected.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Agents for the True Witness for the undermentioned places:—

Mr. PATRICK HARR, Osoola, Admaston and Douglas.
Mr. PATRICK CORP, Brudenell.
Mr. P. LYON, Escott, Calntown, Farmersville and Charleston.

English Detectives, who have been in Canada looking after bogus \$5 notes, are reported to have arrived in New York, on the track of forgers concerned in the late heavy Bank of England frauds.

A report of a rebellion being imminent in Manitoba has been received in Ottawa, but it is considered an exaggeration. There is also a report of trouble with Indians in the North West.

The following circular has been sent to all the Roman Catholic Priests in the Province of Quebec.
MONTREAL, 23rd November, 1872.

REV. SIR,
At the last Annual Meeting of the Quebec (Provincial) Temperance and Prohibitory League, the undersigned were appointed to wait upon, or correspond with the Roman Catholic Temperance Organizations of the Province, with a view to enlisting their co-operation in efforts to secure the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

The precept and example of temperance men and temperance societies, have undoubtedly secured great blessings to humanity; but something more is required to meet the circumstances of our times.

The evils resulting from the habit of using alcoholic drinks have assumed a social and political magnitude, that philanthropists, medical men, scientific men, magistrates, and legislators must grasp, consider and resolve upon.

So long as alcohol is manufactured for beverages, and its sale for that purpose licensed in this Dominion, common commercial energy enforcing sales will distribute it to every quarter, and so long as its poison is hidden in pleasant drinks cunningly made sweet and aromatic to suit gratefully every palate from the most gross to the most refined, there will everywhere be found purchasers.

The action and power of government are required to bring about the emancipation of many of our fellow men from the thralldom of drinking habits by removing the temptation, and punishing the tempter.

It is the intention of the society we represent to unite with the friends of the temperance cause in the other Provinces, in petitioning the Dominion Legislature, for an act to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.

On respectfully solicit the concurrence and support of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the Temperance Societies under their direction, and shall feel obliged if you will consider the subject of this communication, and favor us with an early reply containing your views, addressed to Mr. T. S. Brown, Montreal.

We are,
Yours respectfully
(Signed)

T. S. BROWN,
J. A. MATHEWSON,
C. G. JONES,
G. A. SARGENT,
THOS. GALES, Gen. Sec. of Q. T. & P. League

GREAT FIRE.

ST. JAMES HOTEL IN FLAMES.—ALMOST A REPETITION OF THE FIFTH AVENUE CATASTROPHE.—ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.—THREE MEN FALL FROM THE WINDOWS.—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF ONE WOMAN.—INCIDENTS.

At a quarter to one o'clock this morning (March 18) the alarm sounded, and the cry rang through the streets that St. James Hotel, the splendid five storey building, on Victoria Square, was on fire. No. 1 reel was almost immediately on the spot, followed by No. 5, No. 2, and others. At first the flames seemed to burn low, but soon they broke out in sheets, and the whole heavens were illuminated with a ghastly, lurid light. It seems that the conflagration

ORIGINATED

in a little building behind the hotel and communicated itself through the laundry into a passage of the fourth flat, and at once attacked the stairway leading from that storey to the fifth. In the fifth flat the servant-maids of the establishment, five or six in number, were sleeping. The seat of danger was immediately discovered by the firemen, who introduced a hose up through the building and directed their branch to the blazing staircase. To act with due efficiency, the hose was found wanting, and while fifty additional feet were being sent for, Mr. Anderson lay prone on his face, holding bravely to his branch and almost suffocated by the smoke. The extra hose being soon attached two firemen bent their energies towards the stair when suddenly the water was unaccountably cut off for a few minutes, leaving them to view with horror the progress of the flames, while the shrieks and screams of the poor girls above sounded to their ears like the cries of doom. Seeing their hope of escape cut off temporarily from the stairs, the women turned in despair to the windows and three of them threw themselves headlong on the sidewalk, where their fall was only partially broken by mattresses and other soft material. They were transported to the General Hospital where they lie in a very precarious state. Another girl named Matilde Sava, hung out from the window, with the points of her feet lightly resting on the wall and remained in that terrible position for fully twenty minutes. It was a fearful spectacle. At every moment she was expected to drop down. Mattresses were spread out for her, and many cried out to her to let go. But, in her desperate battle for life, she clung on, till, after many useless efforts, owing to defective ladders, the firemen succeeded in reaching her and bringing her down safely, amid three rounds of cheers from the excited multitude. The names of the heroic firemen deserve to be recorded. John Nolan was on the ladder, and Jack Beckingham took poor Matilde in his arms. These scenes were enacted in the windows of the fifth flat facing Bonaventure Street. On the side facing the Square, a man jumped down to the pavement below, and was so badly hurt, that he must be dead at the moment we write (3 a.m.), or very near his end. He and Matilde Sava were, immediately cared for. Matilde was insensible, but beyond the shock to her nervous system is probably uninjured. Having thus saved life, the brigade devoted itself to subduing the flames. Notwithstanding their best efforts, however, and they worked with rapid energy and skill—they could not save the roof nor the fifth and fourth flats. The fire was checked by flooding the other storeys, and by the firemen going into the blazing furnace within doors with their streams. The Salvage Corps, under McCrobie, likewise did efficient work, by spreading canvass upon the roof of Winks' building which was in danger. The St. James Hotel was insured to a large amount, but how far covered we cannot stop at this late hour of the night to detail more fully. The want of ladders was clearly demonstrated at this great fire, and the Corporation will be guilty of criminal negligence if it delays any longer providing the Brigade with a full set of them.

LAYER.

At the last moment, we learn that three gentlemen have been transported to the General Hospital. Mr. Thomas of the Ontario Bank, made a ladder of quilts, which broke and he fell to the ground. Mr. Belcher, of Niold & Co., did the same and met with a like fate. Mr. Heildrich climbed from one window pane to another, dropping down, and finally slipped down to the pavement.

The hose leaked badly at the couplings. We suppose they must have been the old patent. It likewise leaked very much from the rivets. We must have hose in better order, by all means, and instead of one man, there should be two or three to make and mend the hose, and these extra men should be added to No. 1 Station.

We noticed also a decided want of steam-fire engines to pump direct from the hydrants and to throw streams not only on the roof, but also into the rooms on fire. They would serve also to protect the neighboring buildings, for the water pressure of the city is totally inadequate for fire work and the saving of surrounding property.

LATEST.

It now turns out that the women were saved by the firemen helping them down the stairs. It was the three who fall from the windows.—Montreal Gazette.

It is with pleasure that we learn of the election of the Hon. M. Cassidy, M.P.P., as Mayor of Montreal, Canada. Mr. Cassidy is the first Irish Roman Catholic who has been honored with the dignity of Mayor of the "Rome of America." He is a graduate of the Sulpician College, and as a lawyer has held a prominent position among the leading members of the Bar of Her Majesty's dominions. We congratulate the Irish Catholics of Montreal on the election, without any opposition, of the distinguished gentleman to the office of Chief Magistrate of the first commercial city of the Dominion of Canada. We understand that the Honorable gentleman will shortly lead to the altar a most estimable lady of that city, to assist in the discharge of those duties pertaining to the *Lady Mayors*. We extend to him and the bride elect our heartiest congratulations.—Catholic Reflector, Albany, N.Y.

The Montreal Physicians have declared by manifesto against the use of liquor in the preparation of medicines, giving as their opinions that such use is dangerous to health. The Doctors have met the hearty approval of the people. Father O'Connor of Alexandria, an ardent Temperance man, writes to the Gazette approving the action of the M.D.s, but a "countryman" who loves his glass faithfully and too well, crosses swords with Father O'Connor, and a Temperance war is the result. Father O'Connor with his 1,600 men of Alexandria are in the field.—Western Catholic Times.

The following is taken from the Brantford Courier of the 10th instant, and was by it obtained from Mr. Welsh, a respectable citizen of that town, and father of the man Welsh, who mysteriously disappeared from Brantford last summer. One James Edgar, of Dunnville, on his death-bed, confessed to Perry Bowen who is now dying at St. Catharines, that Thomas Boyle, in company with Gaffney, who was hung at Buffalo about a fortnight ago, smothered Robert Welsh, and then threw him into the Niagara river.

A heavy express robbery has been committed. It appears that the American Express Company have been robbed of two packages of money amounting to \$10,200, received from the Quebec Bank for expressing to Toronto, and that a messenger named John Bowden got them in his possession and on Wednesday night last started for parts unknown, where he is still, as no one has any idea of where he has gone to. The loss is a heavy one, and will undoubtedly fall on the Company, as the Bank holds their receipt of the same.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED PARRICIDE.—Our readers will remember that on the third of June last an old man named Francois Labelle, met with his death at St. Jerome under suspicious circumstances. He lived alone. Early in the morning of the above mentioned day, an alarm of fire was raised and it was found that his dwelling was in a blaze. Foremost among those who rushed to the scene, was his son, Moise, who it appears, made no attempt to save his father's life but occupied himself in removing vehicles and other articles from the shed adjoining the house. It was rumored that the son had murdered his father in order to obtain possession of about \$300 he expected to find and that he had then fired the house so as to conceal his crime. At an inquest held by the Coroner of the District, a verdict of willful murder was rendered against Moise Labelle who had meanwhile escaped to the States. Yesterday however, information conveyed to High Constable Bissonnette by the Postmaster of St. Jerome, induced him to visit that locality in company of Constable Lamontagne. It was thought, and it proved to be true that Moise Labelle was once more on Canadian soil. At the post-office Mr. Bissonnette obtained possession of letters addressed to a man named Pilon and of one addressed to the alleged murderer. They did not find Pilon at home as he was out procuring wood, so they proceeded to Labelle's house where they at first only saw his wife. They handed her the letter for her husband, but on her declaring she could not read, Mr. Bissonnette read it to her. It was from a brother of the alleged murderer, who lives in Saginaw, Michigan. Just as the officers were about to leave the house, they observed that the bed appeared to have been recently occupied. They thereupon commenced a thorough search, which resulted in discovering Moise Labelle under the bed. He stoutly denied the accusation of murder preferred against him, saying that his neighbors were all "down upon him." The officers took him into custody, and arrived with him in this city early yesterday morning. His trial is to take place at the next session of the Court of Queen's Bench at St. Scholastique.

TESTIMONIAL.—Yesterday afternoon a testimonial of peculiar gratifying character took place in Montreal. The happy recipient of this mark of esteem is Mr. James Kearney, who for the last nineteen years has been a conductor on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and has, by his politeness, affability and readiness to do all in his power to provide for the comfort and convenience of the passengers, won so large a number of friends from the highest to the lowest, that on his retirement, a few of his most regular customers conceived the happy idea which yesterday was consummated. The list of subscribers is a large and influential one, and includes the names of three Bishops, five members of Parliament, a large number of the most influential citizens of the towns between Montreal and Acton, as well as a number of his friends and admirers of all grades and classes. The delegation deputed to make the testimonial consisted of Capt. de Montenech (who originated and presented the testimonial), Col. de Bellefeuille, Capt. Doherty of St. Hyacinthe, Mr. W. Campbell, of St. Hilare, and Mr. Bruce Campbell, who acted as Secretary. They waited on Mr. Kearney at his residence in St. Francois de Salles Street yesterday afternoon, and presented him with an illuminated address with the list of subscribers, and a handsome morocco portmanteau, beautifully got up and ornamented, containing the sum of \$165. Mr. Kearney acknowledged the receipt of the testimonial in a few well chosen words, and the delegation then retired.—Montreal Herald 11th inst.

John Simmons, one of the accomplices in the express robbery, returned yesterday to St. Catharines, and was arrested. At first he pleaded ignorance of the matter, but afterwards admitted that he and Bowden, after securing the money, took the night train for Buffalo, where they remained all day Thursday; they then proceeded to Cleveland, where he left Bowden. He states that all the money he received was twenty dollars. He was brought before the Police Magistrate and remanded.

SAD.—On Monday last, the Chief of Police received a letter from Mr. James Muir, Agent for a person named Foley, informing him that at No. 605 La-gauchetiere street, there were a number of people who, not being tenants, were trespassing on the premises. Detective Bouchard was accordingly sent to look into the matter, and he discovered a truly pitiable state of things. The windows had been removed both in front and in the rear of the house. Half a dozen old people of both sexes were huddled in the centre of a room, having built a perfect wigwag of all their movable chattels to protect themselves from the freezing drafts. It is stated that the landlord caused the windows to be removed. It needs no stretch of imagination to conceive what the miserable wretches endured, because they had not paid their rent. The detective having no authority to arrest them, went his way.—Montreal Gazette.

Prof. Agassiz is credited with the opinion that Niagara Falls will not last more than nineteen centuries longer. We are sorry that his decision has been made public, least those grasping landlords should raise their prices to a still more atrocious

figure; and the hackman become more fierce than ever in facing the unprotected stranger. They will feel that they must make hay while the sun shines.

From nearly all parts of the Province we have reports of the prevalence of an epidemic resembling influenza of a severe type. It begins with a cold in the head, and then develops into sore throat, cough and general prostration, sometimes attended with rheumatism. It has been prevailing very extensively in this town and vicinity, and many persons are now afflicted with it. We hear of whole families being stricken with the distemper.—Yarmouth Herald.

ISON IN THE BLOOD.—When the blood is well supplied with its iron element, we feel vigorous and full of animation. It is an insufficiency of this vital element that makes us feel weak and low-spirited; in such cases, the *Peruvian Syrup* (a protoxide of iron) can supply this deficiency, and its use will invigorate us wonderfully.

OFFICE OF THEODORE METCALF & CO.,
TRUNKS STREET, BOSTON, Oct. 7, 1871.
MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS—Sir: We are happy to say that the sale of your Syrup has been very large for the past two years. It is prescribed by some of our first physicians. We remain, yours very truly,
THEODORE METCALF & CO.

DIED.
On Sunday, the 9th of March, at the age of 27 years, Ellen, eldest daughter of John Burke, Esq., of St. Columban, P.Q.

HEAD TEACHER WANTED.
FOR THE SCHOOL of the Village of Belle River, Essex Co., Ontario; must be able to speak and teach both languages. Good references required. Salary liberal. Applications addressed immediately to Mr. Bisson, School Trustee, Rochester, Essex Co., Ont.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the matter of WALTER DUFOUR, of the City of Montreal, and there doing business under the name and firm of W. DUFOUR & CO., Auctioneer.
An Insolvent.
I, the undersigned, L. JOS. LAJOIE, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.
Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 97, St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Thursday, the seventeenth day of April, 1873, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the examination of the insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.
L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Assignee.
Montreal, 17th March, 1873.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1860.
CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } In the Superior Court. District of Montreal. }
In the matter of EDWARD COOTE, late of the City of Montreal, Trader and heretofore carrying on business at the said City of Montreal under the style of E. Coote and Company.
Insolvent.
On the seventeenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act.
EDWARD COOTE
by A. POWER
his Attorney ad litem. 30-5
Montreal, 15th March 1873.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the Matter of WALTER DUFOUR, of the City of Montreal, there doing business under the style and firm of W. DUFOUR & CO., Auctioneer & Trader.
Insolvent.
The insolvent has made an assignment of his estate and effects to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his place of business, No. 235 St. James Street in Montreal, on Monday, the Seventeenth day of March, next, to receive statements of his affairs and to appoint an Assignee.
L. JOS. LAJOIE
Interim Assignee.
Montreal, 5 March 1873. 30-2w

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the Matter of NAPOLEON CHOQUETTE of the City of Montreal, Trader.
Insolvent.
I, the undersigned, L. JOS. LAJOIE, of the City and District of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.
Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month,
L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Official Assignee.
Office, No. 97 St James St.
Montreal, 5 March 1873, 30-2w

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
In the matter of NAPOLEON CHOQUETTE, of the City of Montreal, Trader.
Insolvent.
Notice is hereby given, that the Insolvent filed my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors, as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice said three days expiring on Thursday the Twenty seventh day of March, 1873 the undersigned Assignee will act upon the said deed of composition and discharge, according to the terms thereof.
L. JOS. LAJOIE,
Official Assignee.
Montreal, 7th March 1873 30-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.
CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC } In the Superior Court. District of Montreal. }
In the matter of FRANCOIS DUPLANTIS, Upholsterer of St. Jean Baptiste Village, in the Parish and District of Montreal, as much as in his own and proper name, as having done business in co-partnership with James McCloy, under the name and firm of "Duplantis & McCloy," and also as having done business in co-partnership with Joseph Rousseau, as Upholsterers, under the name and firm of "Duplantis & Rousseau."
An Insolvent.
THE undersigned has filed in the office of this Court, a deed of composition and discharge duly executed by his creditors, and on the seventeenth day of April next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby granted.
Montreal, 10th March, 1873.
FRANCOIS DUPLANTIS.
By LUCIEN HUOT,
His Attorney ad litem.
5w-30

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next session of the Dominion Parliament for an act to incorporate the Labrador Company with power to fish in the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and acquire lands.—
Montreal 28th February 1873
IVAN WATERSPOON
Solicitor for Applicants. 30-2m

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

VARENNES, March 13.—The Assembly to-day adopted the Constitutional project reported by the Committee of Thirty. The vote stood 411 yeas to 234 nays.

PARIS, Feb. 23.—For several days past a manuscript letter has been in circulation here written by the Comte de Chambord to Monsieigneur Dupanloup in reply to the pressing intervention of the Bishop, urging concessions that might lead to a Fusion. The letter, on account of its singular character and its unexpected conclusion, had been declared by the Legationists to be apocryphal. But it now appears that the letter has been published in an authorized country newspaper, and it is now reproduced in an evening paper. It may, therefore, unless further proof to the contrary be given, be considered as authentic. It runs as follows:—

“VINNA, FEB. 8.—Monsieur l’Evêque.—Like you, I can have no other interest in this world than the welfare of France, nor any other desire than to witness the arrival of better days for the Church. The Comte de Blacas, charged by me to bear to you a verbal reply to the letters which you addressed to me, certainly cannot have failed to acquaint you with the conformity of my sentiments in this respect with your own. I desire now only to express myself to you in a few words the regret I feel at not being able to follow the counsels which your patriotism suggests. You seem to attribute to chimerical scruples the want of success of efforts which have been so frequently renewed to bring about a closer union between the two branches of my family. After searching thoroughly my conscience, I do not find an hour or a day in my life in which the difficulties I am assailed to have raised have imposed any serious obstacle to a sincere reconciliation. Without prejudice or rancour against any persons, my duty was to preserve in its integrity the principle beyond which I shall never cease to repeat I am nothing, and with which I am all. That is what people will not sufficiently understand. I may be permitted to suppose from your allusions that among the chief sacrifices which you regard as indispensable to meet the wishes of the country you place that of the Flag. That is a pretext invented by those who, while recognizing the necessity for a return to a traditional Monarchy, desire at least to preserve the symbol of the Revolution. Believe me, notwithstanding all its failings, France has not so far lost the sentiment of honour. It no more understands the Head of the House of Bourbon denying the standard of Algiers than it would have understood the Bishop of Orleans consenting to continue to occupy a seat in the French Academy in company with rascals and Atheists. I have not learnt with less pleasure than the true friends of the country the presence of the Princess, my Cousins, at the Chapelle Expiatoire on January 21, for, in appearing there to pray publicly in that monument consecrated to the memory of the Martyr King, they must have felt the full influence of a place so propitious to great teaching and generous inspirations. I have, then, neither sacrifices to make nor conditions to receive. I expect little from the ability of man, and much from the justice of God. When I am too bitterly tried, a glance at the Vatican re-animates my courage and strengthens my hopes. It is at this school of the illustrious captive that one acquires the spirit of firmness, resignation, and peace—of that peace which is assured to every one who takes his conscience as a guide, and Pius IX. as a model.

“Believe me, M. l’Evêque, yours, &c., ‘HENRI.’”

—Times Cor.

A SCORN IN THE ASSEMBLY.—PARIS, Feb. 18.—The even tenor of the protracted crisis through which we are passing—for I believe we are still in a crisis—was pleasantly varied yesterday in the Assembly at Versailles by the most lively war dance which has yet been witnessed within the theatrical precincts of the Chamber. As is usual in the case of all really effective “rows,” the incident from which it sprang was a personal one. It maintained its exclusively personal character throughout, and only terminated without broken heads owing to the native preference which characterizes the race for using their tongues instead of their fists. Nevertheless, not since the Chamber has met has there been so near an approximation to what in America would be called a “downright rough and tumble” as when a whole benchful of the Left charged an unfortunate member of the Right and with uplifted palms threatened him then and there with summary chastisement. The prime cause of the *melee* was the old accusation which M. Carayon Latour brought against M. Challemel Lacour of having during the war ordered both him and the Mobiles he commanded to be shot. When M. Challemel Lacour alluded to the valour of his Mobiles, and to the fact that he had lost half of them in the campaign of the Vosges, a certain elderly member of the Right astonished everybody by shouting out in a spasm of enthusiasm, “They were not Republicans.” Instantly the greater part of the Left sprang to their feet as if they had been sitting on springs to which M. Champvallier (the Legitimist deputy in question) had the key, and had shot them all into the air for his amusement. These curious effects are not to be observed among the more cold-blooded races of the North, but the peculiarity of a French *esprit* is that it can act upon a whole mass like an instantaneous stinging. Every one seemed to have an epidermis of exactly the same thickness; then a multitude flung themselves precipitately on the unhappy M. Champvallier. It seems a perfectly recognized part of Parliamentary proceedings among the Radicals that any number of them may fall upon and assault a single deputy of the Opposition by whom they conceive themselves insulted. Such, at least, appears to be the view taken in the *Republique Française* this morning, which describes the scene as follows:—

“The insult was immediately surrounded by the honest man whom he had insulted, and his deplorable attitude would have caused them pity, if it had been possible to pardon such an insult. The deputies of the Left on the first bench who precipitated themselves upon this personage to inflict upon him the chastisement which he deserved were M. M. Langlois, A. Gent, Edmond Adam, Laurent-Pichat, &c.; but we have said enough for the present.—*Incident next pas clos*.”

This is a most cheering prospect. There is no saying what new development of the Democratic theory of personal Parliamentary chastisement we may not yet have in store for us, as practiced probably among themselves, by the new *couches sociales* to which we are to be before long introduced. In the meantime a duel or two seems one of the inevitable consequences of having any decided political opinion. It need scarcely be said that the person who was not insulted on the occasion was poor M. Gravy. In vain did he shout and ring his bell. He produced no more effect upon the conduct of his audience than if he had been a fashionable London preacher, and they only calmed down at last, without proceeding to further extremities, because they do not like blows, and their throats got exhausted with roaring. After this, a storm succeeded storm for the rest of the *séance*. Nothing was said worth repeating here, and indeed very little was heard; but that was no great loss, for what could be said on such a subject worth listening to? Finally, Jules Favre, of all men in the world, came to the rescue. His appearance in the Tribune always acts on the Assembly like a red flag on a Bull; but it was opportune nevertheless, for while they were tumultuously trying to find a way out of the personal slough in which they had become involved by the help of *ordres du jour*, he reminded them that in the case of the interpellation of one member by another *ordres du jour* are not per-

mitted. So that the *cloture* was voted and the members went off remarking appropriately, “*Quel gachis!*” —*Times Cor.*

SPAIN.

DISSOLUTION OF THE ASSEMBLY.—A CONSTITUENT CONGRESS.—MINISTERIAL CHANGES.—MADRID, March 12.—The Assembly yesterday definitively sanctioned the bill introduced by the Government suspending its sittings, and convoking the Constituent Cortes on the 1st May.

Malaga to-day proclaimed the Federal Republic.

A special despatch to the *Standard* from Spain, via Paris, says Gen. Nouvilhas has been defeated by the Carlists near Pampoluna. The Government troops attacked the Carlists on the heights of Montreal, failed to dislodge them and were forced to retreat. They lost three commanding officers, and twenty privates killed, and 20 officers and 100 men wounded. The Carlist loss was heavy, but the particulars are not yet known.

PORTUGAL.

REPUBLICANISM IN PORTUGAL.—LONDON, March 11.—Portuguese journals say that at no time in the history of the country have such efforts been made to organize a Republican party as are now making. They compare England's delay in recognizing the Spanish Republic with her speedy recognition of Napoleon's Government in 1832.

ITALY.

ROME, March 11.—Yesterday being the anniversary of Mazzini's death, a deputation of Democrats attempted to visit the patriot's tomb, but the police refused them admission. For a time the greatest excitement prevailed and a riot was imminent. The troops were called out and prevented disturbance.

The King has appointed Amadeus Lieut. General in the Italian army.

BARN CISTERNS.—ONE OF THE most important appendages to the barn or stable is a well built capacious cistern. Having a full supply of pure water in the barn yard is not only convenient, saving much time in taking horses and cattle to the pond or brook to drink, but the water from a well kept cistern is much more healthful to the stock than the water from many of the stock ponds, which during the summer months, when water is most needed, are but little more than mud holes. The water that falls upon an ordinary sized barn in the course of a year is sufficient for all the stock that will probably find shelter in and around the barn; in the winter time, when the ponds are frozen, having water in the yard is a great convenience, not only for watering stock, but for wetting the cut straw and hay that should be fed with meal to the farm horses and cattle. Many farmers who have never experienced the advantages of barn cisterns would avail themselves of them if they knew with how little cost and trouble they can be built. In ordinary clay soils a cistern may be built without brick, except for the arch, by merely making the excavation of the size and depth required and laying the mortar immediately on the clay sides; if well done with good hydraulic cement, and clean, coarse sand, it will be as permanent as if plastered upon a brick wall. Brick will be required for an arch. To turn this, about eighteen inches below the surface of the ground, a shoulder should be made the width of the brick on which the arch is to rest. One thousand brick will be sufficient for a cistern of the capacity of one hundred barrels; constructed on this plan, and the whole may be built at a cost of \$75. On many farms, brick may be already on hand, and some farmers, perhaps, would prefer to wall the entire cistern from the bottom. To do this, two-thirds or perhaps three-fourths more bricks would be required. The most proper form, and the one which gives the greatest strength to a cistern, is that of an ordinary jug, say 10 or 12 feet deep and 6 or 8 feet diameter, at the bottom, increasing in the middle upward the size should be contracted to the base of the arch 6 feet or less. Such a cistern will hold from 100 to 150 barrels, and would afford a supply of water for 20 head of animals continually. It is important to secure as freshly burnt hydraulic cements as possible. The coarsest sand makes the strongest mortar. This should be clean, that is, free from any clayey or marly substances. Every good mason knows the proportion in which these should be mixed.—*Rural World*.

Frost Bite is the result of blood becoming so cold as not to circulate, and mortification and the death of the part takes place. When a limb on any part of the body is frozen it loses all sensibility and the skin becomes white; as soon as this is noticed, rub it gently with snow; the next best is ice water, for that is slightly warmer we believe than the frozen part, and thus changes the temperature by very slow degrees; keep it in cold water until the feeling returns, and for two or three minutes later, then add a little warm water, and in two or three minutes a little more, rubbing the part gently with the hand so as to promote the circulation. If a person seems to be nearly frozen to death, remove all the clothing and cover the whole person, excepting the mouth and nose, in snow; if this cannot be had, use ice-water, containing lumps of ice; after remaining a few moments long enough to have some sensibility, take out the body and wipe it with it rags dipped in cold water until the muscles begin to relax, then remove to a cold bed, cover the body over with the warm hands under the cover, patiently rub the whole surface for hours if necessary; two or three persons might be rubbing at the same time, in order to get up a circulation. If signs of life appear, give an injection of camphor water, and put a few drops of spirits of camphor on the tongue. As soon as the person can notice things, give a teaspoonful of strong tea or coffee, and after a while give him half a cup hot at a time; not only parents, but all young persons ought to know these things. Two winters ago, a young gentleman advised a young lady, who was returning from skating with feet benumbed with cold, to put them in warm water as soon as she reached home; she did to one foot, which had to be taken off.—*Nath's Jour. of Health*.

NATURE OF CROUP.—Dr. Jordan, in a recent lecture upon croup, as reported in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, takes occasion to refute the hypothesis, that croup is the result of a membranous exudation in the larynx or trachea, and maintains that whenever this occurs the actual disease is diphtheria. The usual cause of croup is a membranous inflammation of the mucous membrane of the larynx and trachea accompanied with secretion of tenacious mucus, and also considerable swelling, caused by effusion into their submucous areolar tissue—in fact, a catarrhal inflammation of the larynx and trachea. The danger of the disease is in consequence of the obstruction to the entrance and exit of air to and from the lungs, which frequently requires a very prompt treatment. For this the patient is to be placed in a warm room having no draughts, at a temperature of at least 70 degrees F. The air breathed is to be thoroughly saturated with moisture, this being sometimes accomplished very effectually by the steam from a boiling kettle in the room. Whatever applications be adopted, it is to be remembered that the soft moist vapor is an important agent in the treatment. A linseed poultice to the throat helps, and has a soothing power. These external applications being attended to, an emetic of ipecacuanha is then to be given, and repeated every twenty minutes or half hour until not only copious vomiting, but perspiration is induced. The result of this is to cause the secretions of the air passages to become thinner and more easily got rid of, a looser cough always bespeaking a lessened danger. Other modifications of the treatment are, of course, suggested by the attendant physician.

A NOBLE REVENUE.—Two French noblemen, the Marquis de Valz and the Count de Merc, were educated under the same masters, and reputed amongst all who knew them to be patterns of friendship, honor, courage and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment; when, one unfortunate evening, the two friends having indulged freely in some fine Burgundy, repaired to a public coffee-house, and there engaged in a game of back-gammon. Fortune declared herself in favor of the Marquis, and the Count was in despair of success; in vain did he depend on the fickleness of the goddess, and that he should win her over to his side; for once she was constant. The Marquis laughed with exultation at his unusual good luck. The Count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the Marquis for enjoying the pain which he saw excited in the bosom of his friend. At last, upon a fortunate throw of the Marquis, the infuriated Count threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.

The whole company in the room were in amazement, and every gentleman in the room waited with impatience for the moment in which the Marquis would sheathe his sword in the bosom of the now repentant Count.

“Gentlemen,” said the Marquis, “I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and I acknowledge the laws of honor, and will obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in putting to death the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own. Our days, our education, our temperaments and our friendships are coeval. But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France. I will stab him to the heart.” So saying, he threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said, “My dear de Merc, I forgive you, if you deign to forgive me for the irritation I have given to a sensitive friend, by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen,” added the Marquis, “though he has interpreted the laws of honor my own way, if there remains one Frenchman in the room who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, let him accompany me; my sword is by my side to resent an affront, but not to murder a friend for whom I would die, and who sits there, a monument of contrition and bravery, ready with me, to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat, if any man dare to think amiss even of the transaction.”

The noble conduct of these two friends was applauded by the company present, who felt that “to err was human, to forgive was divine.” The pardon of the Count was sealed by the embraces of the Marquis, and the king so far applauded both the disputants that he gave them the *cordón bleu*.

FRIDAY AS A FAST DAY.—Everyone, I presume, is aware that Sunday is but a weekly repetition, through the year, of Easter-day; for the Apostles transferred the sabbatical rest from the last to the first day of the week to commemorate our Lord's resurrection. Now, a similar spirit consecrated, from the beginning of the Church, the sixth day of every week as a day of humiliation, in continued remembrance of the day whereon He was crucified. From the beginning, Friday was kept as a fast, and that of so strict observance that the blessed martyr, Fructuosus, bishop of Tarragona, in Spain, when led to execution, in 259, though standing much in need of refreshment, refused to drink, it being Friday, and about ten of the clock. The motive for this fast, as well as of that on Saturdays the remains of which yet exist in the observance of these two days as days of abstinence, is clearly stated to be what I have described it, by Pope Innocent I., about the year 402. For, writing to Decentius, he says: “On Friday we fast on account of our Lord's passion. Saturday ought not to be passed over, because it is included between the sorrow and the joy of the season. This form of fasting may be observed every week, because the commemoration of that day is ever to be observed.” Julius Pollux, in his chronicle, says of Constantine: “He ordered Friday and Saturday to be honored; that on account of the cross (or crucifixion) of Christ, and this for His resurrection.” In after ages, this custom was rigidly observed, as a learned and pious living author has proved by examples. In an old French poem upon the Order of Clivalry, Hue de Tabariac informs Saldin of the four things which a true knight should observe; one is abstinence or temperance. He then says: “And to tell you the truth, he should on Friday, fast, in holy remembrance, that, on that day, Jesus Christ, with a lance, for our redemption was pierced; throughout his life on that day he must fast for our Lord.” It is recorded, in old memoirs of the Mareschal de Boucaut, that he held Friday in great reverence, would eat nothing on it which had possessed life, and dressed in black to commemorate our Saviour's passion. And hence, on the other hand, the people of his time held it for one of Robert le Diable's worst characteristics that he neglected that day's fast. This powerful association of one day in the week, with the lesson of meekness and forgiveness which we have seen its prototype inculcate, and this one day observed with humble devotion, in honor of man's redemption, must have kept alive a truly Christian spirit, or at least have acted as a check, salutary and powerful, upon the course, otherwise unrestrained, of passion.—*Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Holy Week*.

Jews of JERUSALEM.—It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem, are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner. The young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and, although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in broades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw. Her skin whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish.—*Curon's Visit to the Monasteries in the Levant*.

IRISH COMPLIMENTS.—The following compliments were paid to Sheridan, in Norfolk, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him on his shooting excursion, and which Sheridan retold with great glee: Shot the 1st (the birds all getting away)—“More power to your honour. Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again.” Shot 2nd (ditto)—“Tare an'gers, there they go! But didn't yer honour hear the shot rattle among them like piss agin a window? They'll pray never to see yer honour agin on this side of the county.” Shot 3rd (birds all off again)—“Tunder an' ouns! but they've coched it! (After watching them awhile.) There's three wounded, anyhow, for they had hardly stringed to fly over yonder hedge; the devil avin'k of sleep they'll get this blessed night.” Shot 4th (a pheasant gets away)—“Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honour many a long day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would sit up an ironmonger at Sidberren.” Shot 6th (a snipe gets off)—“Bether! you may cry crake, my fine fellow—you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll walk to-morrow morning with a lamberg in your soft head.” Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

WORK OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTREAL.

The following are the sums collected in the different parishes for the twelvemonths:—

Parish	Amount
St. Agathe	\$ 25
St. Agnes (for 9 mo.)	14 33
St. Adelaide	16 80
St. Alexis	29 39
St. Alphonse	25 40
St. Ambrose of Kildare	31 66
St. Andre d'Argenteuil	15 90
St. Ange Gardiens de Lachine	107 52
St. Anicet	14 82
St. Anne de Yarenes	37 95
St. Anne du Bout de l'Île	20 47
St. Anne des Plaines	44 50
St. Anne de Montreal	277 37
Annocation de the Lake of Two Montains	12 00
St. Antoine de Longueuil	131 55
St. Antoine Abbe	19 00
St. Antoine de LaValtrie	27 82
L'Assomption	42 00
St. Augustin	21 57
St. Bartholomi	33 20
St. Basile	14 15
St. Benoit	13 80
St. Bernard de Lacolle	10 60
St. Brigid de Montreal	80 11
St. Bruno	23 58
St. Calixte	11 70
St. Cecile	17 62
St. Charles Borromeo de Joliette	105 09
St. Charles de Lachenaie	31 80
St. Clement de Pacaharnais	49 65
St. Clet	25 25
St. Colomban	12 57
St. Constant	27 90
Conversion de St Paul de Joliette (for 3 mo)	13 50
St. Cuthbert	39 10
St. Cyrien	19 49
St. Dorothee	13 25
St. Edouard	30 00
St. Etienne de Beaulharmais	15 75
St. Elisabeth	56 00
St. Enfant-Jesus de la Pointe-aux-Trembles	34 78
St. Enfant-Jesus du Coteau St. Louis	69 15
L'Epiphanie	56 85
St. Esprit	44 05
St. Eustache	31 99
St. Famille de Boucherville	102 55
St. Felix de Valois	16 09
St. Francois d'Assise of Long Point	28 20
St. Francois de Sales	19 75
St. Francois-Xavier du Sault St. Louis	17 50
St. Francois-Xavier de Vercheres	22 70
St. Gabriel de Brandon	17 82
St. Genevieve de Berthier	27 62
St. Genevieve de l'Île de Montreal	43 25
St. Henri de Mascouche	22 51
St. Henri des Tanneries	29 20
St. Hermas	6 42
St. Hubert	40 52
St. Ignace du Coteau du Lac	26 33
St. Jacques-le-Mineur	15 75
St. Jacques de Lachigan	59 25
St. Jacques de Montreal	239 29
St. Janvier	12 93
St. Isidore	69 25
St. Jean de Matha	9 00
St. Jean l'Evangiliste	95 13
St. Jean Chrysostome	24 90
St. Jeanne de Chantal de l'Île Perrot	12 62
St. Jerome	37 89
St. Joachim de Chateaugay	27 41
St. Joachim de la Pointe-Claire	25 53
St. Joseph de La Noiraie	64 50
St. Joseph de Chambly	41 31
St. Joseph de Huntingdon	23 30
St. Joseph de la Riviere des Prairies	14 07
St. Joseph de Soulanges	19 94
St. Joseph de Montreal	96 87
St. Julie	13 85
St. Justienne	11 50
St. Justine de Newton	14 01
St. Laurent	24 19
St. Lignori	25 12
St. Louis	42 36
St. Louis de Gonzague	28 35
St. Louis de Terrebonne	62 90
St. Luc	8 97
St. Magdelaine de Rigaud	44 75
St. Marguerite de l'Acadie	18 16
St. Malachi d'Ormatown	9 75
St. Marthe	12 39
St. Martin	32 75
St. Martin	10 32
St. Melanie de Daillibout	15 00
St. Michel de la Pigeonniere	34 91
St. Michel de Vandreuil	22 70
Nativite de Laprairie	125 74
St. Nom de Marie de Montreal	468 69
Notre-Dame de Grace	55 24
St. Norbert	7 45
St. Patrice d'Hinchinbrooke	11 75
St. Patrice de Sherrington	15 75
St. Patrick's of Montreal	215 80
Patronage de St Joseph du Lac	7 42
St. Paul l'Ermite	51 45
St. Philippe	26 01
St. Philome	28 50
St. Placide	6 47
St. Polycarpe	62 71
Purification de Repeignity	13 77
St. Raphael de l'Île Bizard (for 9 months)	11 50
St. Remi	38 49
St. Roch de Pachigan	15 65
St. Romain d'Hemmingford	8 25
St. Rose	80 74
St. Sauveur	19 69
St. Scholastique	17 19
St. Sophie	18 86
St. Stanislas Kostka	28 25
St. Sulpice	13 87
St. Terese	27 90
St. Timothee	31 18
St. Thomas de Joliette	16 00
St. Trinite de Contrecoeur	25 70
St. Urban	46 00
St. Valentin	36 35
St. Vincent de Paul	35 50
Visitation de l'Île Dupas	64 55
Visitation du Sault-au-Recollet	49 54
St. Zolique	38 39
La Cathedrale	409 29
N. D. des Anges (Con. des Hommes)	96 87
N. D. de Bonsecours	26 50
L'Eglise de l'Hotel-Dieu	60 10
L'Eglise de l'Hospice St Joseph Chapelle des Petites Servantes des Pauvres	36 90
Chapelle de St. Gabriel (Par. de St. Henri de St. T.)	19 40
Cong. des Hommes, (Par. de St. Jacques de Montreal)	26 73

We don't know that anything more equisitely touching can be found in the whole domain of *republican* than the well known epitaph on our celebrated printer. Although familiar to every one, it will still bear transcription:—

“The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer, (Like the cover of an old book, Its contents worn out, And strip of its lettering and gilding,) Lies here food for worms. Yet the work shall not be lost, For it will (as he believed) appear once more—in a new And more beautiful edition Corrected and amended By The Author.”

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has prepared our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled “Jamon Eppe's & Co, Homoeopathic Chemists, London.” MANUFACTURERS OF COCOA.—“We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Eppe & Co, manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Boston Road, London.”—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

ARTISAN'S MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY. Notice is hereby given that the subscription book of the Society for shares in the new class of 1873, of the Accumulating Stock, will be open at the office of the Society, No. 13, James Street, on Saturday the first day of March next, and the ensuing days, if required.

By order of the Directors,
J. B. LAWLEUR,
Secy.-Treasurer.
26-1m

MONTREAL, 1st February, 1873.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that applications will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company under the name of “The Landed Credit of Canada,” with a head office at Montreal.

MONTREAL, 6th February, 1873. 26-2m

JUST RECEIVED
NEW SPRING STYLES,
IN
Gents, Youths, and Boys' Hats

R. W. COWAN'S,
Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Str's.

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY,
Office, 55 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

APPROPRIATION STOCK.—Subscribed Capital \$3,000,000. PERMANENT STOCK—\$100,000.—Open for Subscription. Shares \$100 00 payable ten per cent quarterly. Dividends of nine or ten per cent can be expected by Permanent Shareholders; the demand for money at high rates equivalent by compound interest to 14 or 16 per cent, has been so great that up to this the Society has been unable to supply all applicants, and that the Directors, in order to procure more funds, have deemed it profitable to establish the following rates in the

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT:

For sums under \$500 00 lent at short notice

For sums over \$500 00 lent at short notice

For sums over \$25 00 up to \$5,000 00 lent for fixed periods of over three months

As the Society lends only on Real Estate of the very best description, it offers the best of security to Investors at short or long dates.

In the Appropriation Department, Books are now selling at \$10 premium.

In the Permanent Department Shares are now at par; the dividends, judging from the business done up to date, shall send the Stock up to a premium, thus giving to Investors more profit than if they invested in Bank Stock.

Any further information can be obtained from
F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

SINITE PARVULOS VENIRE AD MR.
COLLEGE OF NOTRE-DAME,
COTES DES NEIGES—NEAR MONTREAL.

PROSPECTUS.

This Institution is conducted by the fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

It is located on the north side of Mount Royal and about one mile from Montreal. The locality is both picturesque and beautiful, overlooking a delightful country, and is without doubt unsurpassed for salubrity of climate by any portion of Canada besides, its proximity to the city will enable parents to visit their children without inconvenience.

Parents and Guardians will find in this Institution an excellent opportunity of procuring for their children a primary education, nurtured and protected by the benign influence of religion, and which nothing will be omitted to preserve their innocence, and implant in their young hearts the seeds of Christian virtues. Pupils will be received between the ages of five and twelve; the discipline and mode of teaching will be adapted to their tender age. Unremitting attention will be given to their physical, intellectual and moral culture of the youthful pupils so early withdrawn from the anxious care and loving smiles of affectionate parents. The course of studies will comprise a good elementary education in both the French and English languages viz.: Reading, Spelling, Writing, the elements of Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography and History besides a course of Religion suitable to the age and capacity of the pupils.

TERMS:

1. The scholastic year is of ten months. The classes begin every year in the first week of September and finish in the first week in July.
2. Parents are perfectly free to leave their children in the college during the vacation.
3. Board and Tuition, \$10.00 per month, payable quarterly in advance, bankable money.
4. Washing, bed and bedding, together with furniture, will be furnished by the house at the rate of \$2.00 per month.
5. The house furnishes a bed and straw mattress and also takes charge of the boots or shoes, providing the pupil has at least two pairs.
6. Doctor's fees and medicines are extra.
7. A music master is engaged in the Institution. The piano lessons, including use of piano, will be \$2.50 per month.
8. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire without any deduction.
9. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit with the Superior of the house a sum proportionate to the clothing required.
10. Parents will receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, an account of the health, conduct, assiduity and improvement of their children.—3m

A RARE CHANCE.
GOING TO IRELAND AND BACK FOR ONE DOLLAR.

To be Drawn at the Fair to be held April, 1873, the Building of the Immaculate Conception Church, (Oblate Fathers) Lowell, Mass.

A First Class Cabin Passage from New York to Ireland and Back, donated by the Inman Steamship Company.

TICKETS, \$1.00

Can be had at this Office, or by addressing Rev. McGrath, O.M., Box 360, Lowell, Mass.

The Oblate Fathers appear with confidence their friends on this occasion.

N.B.—Winning number will be published in the paper.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,
 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN,
ST. REMI, (Near Montreal, Can.)
 THIS institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself both by the elegant style of the building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.

JOHN BURNS,
 (Successor to Kearney & Bro.)
PLUMBER, GAS & STEAM FITTER,
 TIN & SHEET IRON WORKER, &c.
 Importer and Dealer in all kinds of **WOOD AND COAL STOVES AND STOVE FITTINGS,**
 675 CRAIG STREET
 (Two doors west of Bleury.)
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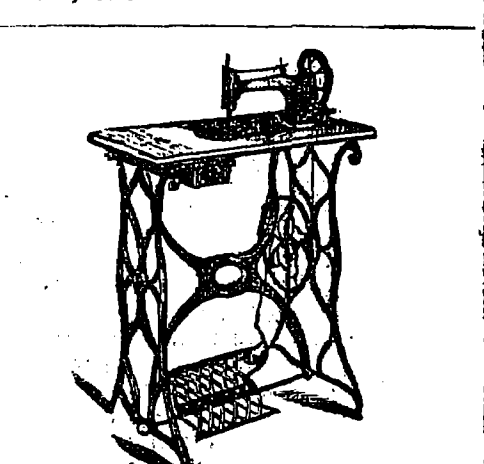


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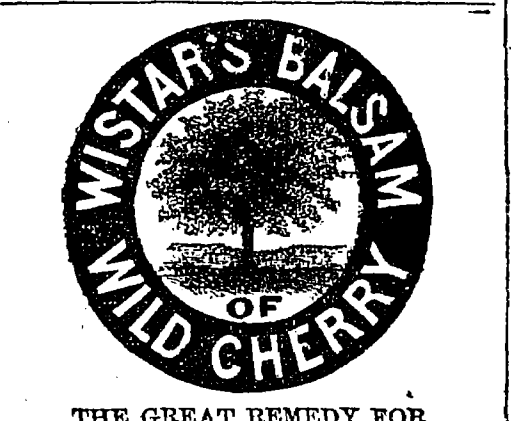
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BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSEs, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges.

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PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM-FITTER,
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WORKER, &c.,
Importer and Dealer in all kinds of
WOOD AND COAL STOVES
712 CRAIG STREET,

VILLA MARIA LOTTERY,
In aid of Several Religious Institutions.
32,000 Tickets, at \$1 Each.

Table listing lottery prizes: 2 residences on Basin Street (\$5,000), 2 lots on St. Denis (\$700), etc.

READ THE FOLLOWING LIST OF VALUABLE PRIZES:—

The money will be deposited in the hands of the Attorney of the Bishop's Palace, of Montreal.

WILLIAM H. HODSON,
ARCHITECT,
No. 59 St. BONAVENTURE STREET
MONTREAL.

THE MENEELY
BELL FOUNDRY,
[ESTABLISHED IN 1826.]

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their Superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL.
Under the direction of the
SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,
744 PALACE STREET.
HOURS OF ATTENDANCE—From 9 o'clk A.M.; and from 1 to 4 P.M.

GRAY'S SYRUP
OR
RED SPRUCE GUM
FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF VOICE, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL AND THROAT AFFECTIONS.

THE GUM which exudes from the Red Spruce tree is, without doubt, the most valuable native Gum for Medicinal purposes.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA.
1872-73 WINTER ARRANGEMENTS 1872-3

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—
GOING WEST.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at 8.40 a.m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central, at 2.30 p.m.

Mail Train for St. John's and Rouse's Point, connecting with Trains on the Stanstead, Shefford and Chambly, and South Eastern Counties Junction Railways, at 3.00 p.m.

Express for Quebec, stopping at St. Hyacinthe and St. Yvan, at 10.30 p.m.

Through Tickets issued at the Company's principal stations.

PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.
Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.20 a.m. and 2.15 p.m.

PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY.
Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A.M., 11.50 A.M., 4.00 P.M., 8.00 P.M., 5.30 P.M.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trains leave Toronto at 7.45 A.M., 3.45 P.M., 1.30 A.M., 9.20 P.M.