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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 26, 1872.

NO. 24.

FATHER CONNELL; A TALE.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

Robin Costigan rapidly hobbled up the little ascent from the river, closely followed by the Babby; and Helen, in her hiding-place, could hear the puffing of his hyena breath, as he stood close to her.

"Is the horse an' car at the cross-roads?" he questioned.

"It is there, an' Terry is guardin' it," answered Dennis.

"An' the kishes\* turned mouth to mouth in id, as I told ye?"

"An' the kishes, as you told us."

"Babby!"

The familiar called came near, and looked up into the eyes of his superior. The full radiance of the moon shone on the face of the boy-monster, revealing the spots and dashes of blood upon it.

"Babby! get the bundle we left behind us—an' hurry!—ye must be at the house by day-dawn, an' be out of id agin in a hand's time. If the horse dropped down dead fur id—I'll go my own way after ye—hurry, hurry!"

The Babby parted with his arm the bushes and briars that shaded Helen's place of concealment, and towards which he had been glancing. Instantly he stood transfixed, as if changed into stone, and he stared as if his eyes would fly from their sockets.

"Hurry, hurry! Didn't I bid you hurry?" growled Costigan's voice, dangerously.

The well-known accents of authority half broke the spell which had bound the precocious villain; he jumped backward, clutched his drenched master by the arm, and with quivering fingers, pointed towards Helen's hiding-place.

"What's the matter?" questioned Costigan, himself shivering.

"We left her below on the bank—dead—stone dead," whispered his pupil, "an' yet, now she is in there—in there."

"Who? who is there?"

"Mary—Mary—that we killed—is in there—I saw her sittin' in id—her eyes wide open, lookin' at me—ay, I saw her—the blood over her cheek too—ay, I saw her."

Robin Costigan advanced, and in turn drew back the screen of wild bushes—

"An' don't you see her yourself?" continued the Babby. "Yis, an' by hell's fire, that other—that old woman is at her back now!"

But Costigan beheld only the horror-stricken and very nearly unconscious Helen, sitting behind the screen, her knees crippled up against her chest; her clenched hands resting on them; her neck and chin bent forward, and her eyes distended, without once winking.

Her great resemblance to her half-sister, poor Mary Cooney, had deceived the conscience-stricken and most unnatural boy; but Robin Costigan was not so taken by surprise. Only for a moment he gazed at Helen—and then seized her, and dragged her forth from her little retreat.

In dreams, while the most terrific circumstances are presented to the fancy, the greatest degree of horror we experience is when we make vain efforts to scream out our agony. Such was the sensation which now oppressed Helen. A shriek would have relieved the freezing terror of her heart, but she could not utter it; no—nor could she make even one struggle, one show of resistance; and a moment after, everything was whirl around her—her heart seemed to burst from its own tightness; and observation and sense quite forsook her. Robin Costigan knew well who she was. Neither was he ignorant of the relationship existing between her and Mary Cooney.

"What are you doin' there? What did you hear, or what did you see, while you were there?" he questioned; but Helen answered not; her eyes closed, her knees bent, and she was supported in Costigan's loutish arms, while he scowled into her face, and showed symptoms of a renewal of the tragedy which had been perpetrated at the river-side.

But Moloch interfered, and swore it should not be.

"She'll hang us—hang us—" growled his chief.

"There's enough of blood spilt," answered Dennis Keegan, "an' fur poor Mary's sake, no finger shall harm this colleen."

"What do you say—what do you say?" questioned Costigan.

"I say that if I tak you by the heels, Darby the devil—an' I'm strong enough to do id,—I say, that if I tak you by the heels, an' put your brains upon that rock, no harm shall come to her."

"I hear you—I hear you," muttered Robin, and there was a threat in his words and tone.

"Heed me, then," retorted the mutineer.

"Here—carry her to the kishes."

Moloch frowned at him. But Paul Finigan remonstrated with his surly comrade, representing that if Helen was left behind, detection of the murder of Mary Cooney must certainly

take place before they could retire, as they had arranged, to a remote extremity of the kingdom, where the rest of their community awaited them; that they might be careful of their prisoner for a while, and then release her; and above all, he whispered that it would be a fatal step to irritate Darby Cooney too far. Moloch yielded to this reasoning. During the short conference, Costigan had been silent and observant.

"Take her to the kishes," he once more commanded.

"Bud no harm is to come to her—mind that—" insisted Moloch.

"Take her—take her from me—an' curses on her an' you!"

Helen was accordingly borne, by the two men, to the "cross-roads," about a quarter of a mile distant, and there deposited by them in the wicker kish, upon some damp straw. Another kish was placed over this one, bottom uppermost, and well secured in its place with ropes. Then the vehicle moved rapidly off.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. Molloy had truly related, that on the evening when Nelly Carly sought the beggar-girl at the priest's house, Mary had retired into her bed-room, with her books and her work.

But her mind was not with either. She moved her lips mechanically, and uttered low, mumbled sounds, as she endeavored to commit her task to memory; or she bent her eyes on her old patron's surplice, and strove to add a sprig or a leaf to its simple embroidery—no use. Her heart still fluttered with the ruffling agitation of the day before. She recalled, again and again, to all the details of the visits of Edmund Fennell's young wife; to the features, the person, the manner, the sweet address, the sweet accents, and the everything fascinating of her successful rival; and then she reflected how very, very happy Edmund must be in the possession of such a bride; and she schooled herself, while tears came gush, gush from her eyes, to pray for a continuation of that happiness to him, and for countless blessings upon them both.

A great yearning to see Edmund Fennell mixed, however, every moment, with her reveries. Mary would give the wide world just to see him once more alone, and to tell him about the new acquaintance she had formed, and how beautiful his young wife was, and how grand, and how kind, and friendly—there surely could be no harm in wanting to speak with him, only for that. Indeed, and indeed, and God himself could witness, she had no other motive. But Edmund was in Dublin, far, far away—Mary believed, almost as far away as the end of the world from her, and from every one that loved him; so it was no use thinking any further about the matter.

At that moment, Edmund Fennell, his head and eyes intently cast down, passed rapidly by her window. Yielding to instantaneous impulse, Mary snatched up her little, coarse straw bonnet and her cloak, and really and truly without a defined intention, and in perfect innocence of heart, stole through the house on tip toe, through the house-door, and through the yard-door, leaving both open after her, as Nelly Carly had found them, and then walked along the suburb street, towards the country, in Edmund's track.

After clearing this suburb street, Edmund Fennell, without looking to the right or to the left, had advanced about half-a-mile along the river-side, or near to it. Mary as yet kept at some distance behind him. There was now a level meadow to his one hand, extending to the water's brink, and immediately to his other hand, a grove crossed the hill side, through which wound the beaten pathway. In this spot Mary Cooney ran forward to overtake him. He heard her rapid, light footsteps behind him,—he turned, and instantly encountered poor Mary, flushed and panting, from the excitement and unusual effort of her race, and laughing and crying together, from her emotions. Unable to speak a word, she clung to his arm. In low and gentle tones, Edmund at first inquired why she had thus followed him. Still deprived of the power of distinct utterance, Mary replied, in gasps, that she could not tell; only her eye had caught him passing by the priest's house, and she had run out just to see him and to speak with him—it was so very, very long since they had had a word together—and to walk a bit at his side, through the green fields, and by the shining river, and—here Mary's breath again quite failed her.

Edmund gently expostulated with her; pointing out the unseemliness of there being thus observed together. She wept, and still clung to his arm. He called to mind what business he had in hand; he looked at his watch—there was now scarcely time to be punctual in his appointment with Helen; and, in a voice and manner less gentle, though still only energetic, he again exhorted Mary to release his arm, and leave him free to walk on as fast as he could; respect for herself, he said, even her sense of delicacy, ought to tell her she was acting wrong. Besides, he had a pressing engagement, and must keep it.

Mary now wept outright; she could well conjecture what engagement he meant, and

upon mere natural impulse clung closer to him. Time still lapsed, Edmund's voice sounded high, and perhaps harshly, though he did not intend it. Suddenly, though even yet not ungently, he freed himself of his poor follower, and the instant he had done so, ran forward with as much speed as he could.

Mary, after standing an instant alone, grew giddy and weak, and dropped on the grass. Soon getting a little better, she listened for the sound of his retreating footsteps; they came not on her ear; it was deep twilight, and she could not at all get a glimpse of his figure. And now, half sitting up, the force of her original feelings towards Edmund, little checked for the moment by the discipline they had lately undergone, took possession of poor Mary's bosom, and she began to give vent, in loud lamentations, to her sense of abandonment and hopelessness—clapping her hands, and rocking her body to and fro.

The fit in a degree subsided; she jumped up and looked about her. But no thought of home came into her head; no thought of Mrs. Molloy's fireside, or of her evening sitting with Father Connell, or of her needlework, or of her books for Mick Dempsey; and she at length mechanically and stupidly wandered forward in the direction which Edmund had taken, without purpose and without hope.

She soon grew weary, and tired, and cold, and wet from the falling mist, and the keen breeze of the autumn evening. She again looked round her. The river was still near at hand, but she had never before been so far along its banks. Home now slightly occurred to her; but she did not want to go home so soon; she sat down on a large stone; and here, along with all her agitation of mind, all her young love's despair, all her weariness, her shivering, and the almost drenching she had encountered, another passion began to seize upon Mary's heart; and that passion was fear! deadly sickening fear, in her present lonely and unprotected situation. Terrible fear—her old fear—her fear of Darby Cooney!

And at that very moment, Darby Cooney's eye was upon her—he was watching her from a hiding-place, as she sat on the large stone.—Her own mother, Nelly Carly, had sent him down to meet her at the river-side, by interrupting his course on the high-road, towards the conclusion of her interview with Gaby McNeary.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ned Fennell rapidly proceeded on his way. He arrived at the place agreed on, between Helen and himself, for their meeting. She was not there. For a long time, he awaited her coming; she did not come. Oppressed with forebodings of evil, Edmund, after a lengthened watching, left the spot, and came within view of Gaby McNeary's little villa. Here all was dark, still, and sad, with the exception of the windows of the bed-room which he knew to be occupied by the master of the house. None of the others had a gleam of light in them; but in this one candles burned brightly; and across the linen blinds, which were drawn down, he could see pass and re-pass the shade of Gaby McNeary's figure. Vainly did he bend his eyes to detect light or sound in Helen's sleeping-chamber. He stole to the rear of the house. Still all was dark and dimly silent. He returned to its front. Gaby McNeary was still paeing up and down his room. He went back to the place of appointed rendezvous—it was lonely. Again he visited the house; again he saw Gaby McNeary's shadow flit from window to window—but nothing more. And thus he spent the livelong night walking from the ground of appointment to the house, and from the house back again to it; and still, Gaby McNeary's shade—as if it had been his veritable ghost, troubled after death, on account of his own monstrous cursing and swearing while in the flesh, appeared on the window-blinds; and there was nought else to afford him subject for observation.

The day dawned. It was twilight. The earliest rising bird, the robin, sang a little ballad, in the joy of the coming day; the little wren next began his chirp, in the green hedge; anon from their far-off rookery, came the serious, industrious crows, cawing and croaking, and giving all kinds of directions, and making all kinds of signals to each other, as they heavily winged their way, in line of march, above Edmund's head; and, ere the sun's rays glanced upwards, over the heavens, imbuing the clouds with gradations of vermilion color, from dense to sober, from sober to glorious, the lark sprung up from his nest—

"—and to morning's gate,  
Soured the god to gratulate."

And then, they were all awake; all the birds, the little and the greater, all that can sing, or utter a cry, or a note; the swift the martin, and the swallow, darting like arrows through the air, and twittering as they shot along; the thrush and the blackbird whistling and gurgling forth their songs; the piping bullfinch; the chaffinch, with his monotonous couplet; the gay linnnet, with his prolonged piece of music; the impudent sparrow, with his bold and noisy chirping; the goldfinch, with his loud and exelling melody; the yellow

hammer, with his musical call; the hedge-sparrow, the lonely tenant of the hedge, with his single sad note; the jackdaw, daw, dawing, but still doing his best to give utterance to his pert and frisky satisfaction; nor must even the Sir Motley of the open fields, the magpie, be forgotten, although his voice of joy broke forth only in a most pragmatical jabber; all, all the birds were awake, and up, and out, and de-ling.

Upon no former morning, during his whole past life, could Edmund Fennell have been un-influenced by those sights and sounds, and all the other sights and sounds of early morning around him; often had they had the power, acting upon his sympathising and ready spirit, of making him jump high and shout out with very joy. Now he heard them not—he saw them not. Fears for the safety of his young wife possessed him, to the full exclusion of every other interest. Her father's rage had suddenly overtaken her in some shape or other, too horrible to conjecture; and her private marriage with him was the cause of the calamity. So he could only loiter and linger near the house, or in the place named for the meeting, long after the morning broke, and until the broad glory of full day warned him, that a longer delay must expose him to disagreeable observation.

He then paced towards the river-side, in deep and troubled thought; and, still absorbed in painful reflection, he came near to a crowd of ten or more persons, before he was aware of their proximity. He glanced at them observantly for a moment. Some were discoursing eagerly, and with excited gestures; while the greater number listened with countenances of terror-stricken interest.

Edmund recollected his soiled and it must be haggard, appearance, the result of a night spent in agitation, without repose, and in the wet and miry fields; and not wishing to attract notice, in such a trim, he turned from the men, re-crossed the stile, which he had just come over, and keeping to the right, continued stealthily by a high and close hedge—still on his way towards the town, however. The hedge ran up a rising ground, but ended at the top of the ascent; he became exposed to the view of the persons whose eyes he wished to avoid, and he continued his way, running. To his great astonishment, these people shouted after him, and amid their shouts or their loud talking with one another, Edmund thought he could catch the sound of his own name, pronounced in angry accents. He looked and listened. The crowd, now increasing in numbers, were in rapid motion towards him, and certainly called out to him by name, and threateningly commanded him to stop. He did stop, and fully confronted them, still in great wonder. Nearer and nearer they came, making a great clamor, addressing him in opprobrious language, and uttering shrill and hoating shouts. They closed upon him, and struck at him. He defended himself against the fierce, and to him, unaccountable aggression, but was soon overpowered. They threw him on his back on the ground, and bound his arms.

"What do you mean?" he asked, amidst the deafening clamor, "what have I done?"

Twenty voices answered together. "You know well what you've done! You have done a frightful murder!" and they groaned at him in the guttural accents of detestation.

Through all their noise, a single whisper pierced its way into his ear, distinctly uttering the following words:—

"Will you stand by the gallows' foot, now, an' Robin Costigan swingin' on it?"

He turned his head, and looked keenly in the direction whence the whisper came; it had been uttered by one of the men who leaned over him, holding him down on his back; this person having jumped up, was now shuffling away through the crowd. Edmund called on the people to seize him, but his voice was drowned in the uproar of threats and revilings directed against himself; and when, perforce, he was obliged to march towards the town, surrounded by his captors, Edmund vainly sought to discover, in the angry faces of those around him, the never-to-be-forgotten features of his inveterate, self-vowed enemy, Robert Costigan.

Bruised and bleeding from the blows he had received—bareheaded too, for his hat had fallen off in the scuffle—bound with ropes—his dress torn, almost to tatters—and preceded and followed by a yelling crowd, that every instant augmented, Edmund Fennell was conveyed along the streets of his native town.

As they passed through the populous suburb, men, women, and children came out in hundreds to meet him, and when they had learned the cause of his being a prisoner, to shout at him with the rest—to groan at him, abuse him, and execrate him.

It was taken to the house of the chief magistrate. The gravity of the charge brought against him ensured a speedy investigation of it; and before seven o'clock that morning the accused was formally committed to prison to stand his trial for his life, in the course of the same day, before the judge whom Gaby McNeary had gone to attend as grand juror upon the previous one.

His sudden capture, the severe ill-treatment

he had received, his rapid committal to jail, together with his preceding agitation on Helen's account, and his sleepless and restless night—everything had so stunned Edmund Fennell, that he could scarcely attend to the evidence adduced against him before the magistrate.—Now, in his lonesome cell, his mind began slightly to settle, and to comprehend the magnitude of his danger, and he could recur somewhat more distinctly to that evidence.

There had been unseen witnesses of his interview with Mary Cooney, late on the previous evening.

It will be recollected that she had come up with him at a point where a grove, ascending a hill, was to his one hand, and the river with a spread of level sward between it and him to his other hand. On the immediate verge of the water, two men were at this moment reclining. They were engaged angling with lines, and thus at their ease inertly watched the progress of their sport.

These men had observed the meeting between the beggar-girl and her young benefactor. Too distant to overhear the conversation of the youthful pair, they could understand, however, that, in the very first instance, the girl wished to remain with Ned Fennell, and that he wished to part from her. When Edmund's voice rose high, they caught its accents, though still not the words he spoke; but they noticed well his separating poor Mary's clinging hands from his arm, his sudden and quick retreat, her as sudden fall upon the grass, which they believed and swore to have been caused by his violence; and then her sobs and cries distinctly reached them; and finally they saw her wander along the path which Edmund had taken, until she was quite lost to their view.

And in conclusion, they swore that, from the tones of his voice, and from his angry gestures at parting from her, the young man had, to the best of their belief, addressed threatening words to the young girl.

The body was not discovered on the spot where, evidently, murder had been perpetrated—evidently according to all the evidence. For on that spot was a stone, smeared with blood, and near it a lock of long shining hair had been found, also clotted with blood; the sward around was much trodden and trampled, and close to the water, on the bank above, was an impression in the grass—plainly one made by a recumbent female figure; while round the imprint of the head, and defining its form, appeared a mass of conglutated gore.

Then, Ned Fennell had been absent from his home all the night, and he was seized near the scene of the murder, while in the very act of returning to it, doubtless, after having conveyed the corpse of his victim to some place of concealment not yet ascertained—and returning to it for the purpose of obliterating all marks and proofs of his abominable crime. And the appearance of his attire proved that he had spent the hours of darkness prowling in muddy places, while the expression of his face suggested that he had recently undergone fatigue and agitation; and what but guilt could have made him skulk away, from the group of persons at the river-side, and creep along the hedges, and run fast when they first called to him?

There were, indeed, no marks of blood upon him; but those he must have washed away, for his clothes were quite wet.

On this evidence Edmund Fennell was committed for trial. Little more than an hour elapsed, however, when additional facts were brought against him, which, in the public eye, fully proved him a murderer.

Gaby McNeary had, the previous night, turned his only daughter and only child out of his house, in consequence of discovering a private intimacy between her and Ned Fennell. This Gaby himself was authority for. The lock of hair found near the blood-covered stone, and which evidently had been torn by force from the wearer's head, he at once recognised as being of the exact color and texture of his daughter's hair. In the little hollow on the hill side, a cloak and bonnet were discovered; also a bundle containing articles of female dress—all of which he knew, and got others to prove, to have been the property of Helen McNeary. The cloak and bonnet were shown to the men who had observed the meeting between Edmund Fennell and an unknown young person the evening before; and although they could not swear to the color or texture of these matters, still, to the best of their belief, they were the self-same cloak and bonnet which the girl had on. Helen McNeary, then, was the individual murdered by Edmund Fennell.—Search had been made for her in every direction; but "tale or tidings" of her no one could supply. And after her expulsion from her father's house she had gone to seek her seducer, and either throw herself upon his protection, or upbraid him as the author of her misfortunes; and she met with him by chance by the river-side, and he flung her off and ran from her, and she followed him, and it must be, again overtook him; and then irritated by her continued reproaches, and giving way to what must have been a long-lurking change in his feelings towards her, the former ardent and successful lover freed himself, by the alter-

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ation.

There were, indeed, no marks of blood upon him; but those he must have washed away, for his clothes were quite wet.

On this evidence Edmund Fennell was committed for trial. Little more than an hour elapsed, however, when additional facts were brought against him, which, in the public eye, fully proved him a murderer.

Gaby McNeary had, the previous night, turned his only daughter and only child out of his house, in consequence of discovering a private intimacy between her and Ned Fennell. This Gaby himself was authority for. The lock of hair found near the blood-covered stone, and which evidently had been torn by force from the wearer's head, he at once recognised as being of the exact color and texture of his daughter's hair. In the little hollow on the hill side, a cloak and bonnet were discovered; also a bundle containing articles of female dress—all of which he knew, and got others to prove, to have been the property of Helen McNeary. The cloak and bonnet were shown to the men who had observed the meeting between Edmund Fennell and an unknown young person the evening before; and although they could not swear to the color or texture of these matters, still, to the best of their belief, they were the self-same cloak and bonnet which the girl had on. Helen McNeary, then, was the individual murdered by Edmund Fennell.—Search had been made for her in every direction; but "tale or tidings" of her no one could supply. And after her expulsion from her father's house she had gone to seek her seducer, and either throw herself upon his protection, or upbraid him as the author of her misfortunes; and she met with him by chance by the river-side, and he flung her off and ran from her, and she followed him, and it must be, again overtook him; and then irritated by her continued reproaches, and giving way to what must have been a long-lurking change in his feelings towards her, the former ardent and successful lover freed himself, by the alter-

\* Kish—a shallow, oblong osier basket, open at top, and fitting close into "the car."

native of murder, of his now hated victim.

CHAPTER XL.

It is not in the power of language to convey even remotely a notion of the overwhelming horror, that tumbled down upon Edmund Fennell, as this new evidence was communicated to him. He had fixed it as certain in his own mind that, after parting from Mary Cooney, she had been encountered and murdered by Robin Costigan. All his recollections of the old villain's threats to the poor beggar-girl, and the indistinct vision caught of him, while Edmund lay bound and prostrate among his captors, plausibly confirmed the truth of this conclusion; and, apart from his own sufferings and danger, he experienced many a bitter pang, while contemplating the supposed fate of his unhappy young friend.

But now it seemed certain, that his own wife had been the victim of the mysterious tragedy! And that he, he was accused as the shedder of her blood! And yet, that was nothing; nay, he was almost glad of it, for in horror, in despair, and in prostration of heart and mind, he grimly felt that public exposure, public revilings, and a public death upon the gallows, were now necessary to suit and to end his inexpressible sense of misery.

There is an old saying—"when a man is down, down with him;" and Edmund Fennell soon proved it to be a truism. Anticipated condemnation was universal against him. No word of pity for his situation was spoken from one to another, throughout his native city; and not one voice was raised in doubt of the guilt of a formerly esteemed, and well-conducted young person.

In his prison, no friendly face appeared to offer him counsel or consolation. Under favor of the jailor, indeed, many came to gaze at him; but, although Edmund could recognise some intimate acquaintances among those curious persons, none of them now stepped forth to offer him the hand of fellowship; but they scowled at him, or else gaped half in fear, upon the haggard murderer.

The hour for his trial drew near. The jailor appeared to warn him of the fact, and to advise him to send for a legal person to prepare his defence. Edmund started at the official stupidity. His mind was one whirl of confusion and dismay; and he could scarcely understand what he was asked to do. But at length comprehending that he was exhorted to take friendly counsel of some one, he desired that Father Connell, and Tom Naddy might be sent for. This request was granted; but the messenger soon returned to say, that the priest was distant in the country since daybreak that morning; and that Tom Naddy had quitted his master's house, and was nowhere to be heard of.

The jailor again proposed that an attorney should be called in, with all dispatch—adding that the grand jury, in the court-house above their heads, had found true bills against Edmund, and that his indictment was in progress of being made out; so that, therefore, not an instant was to be lost. An attorney accordingly attended the accused; and to him Edmund over and over again said—"I am innocent! I am totally innocent of this hideous charge. As God lives and hears me, I am innocent!" But he could not bring his mind further to commune with his legal adviser. The gentleman put questions in detail to him; he answered only by bewailing the loss of his young wife, and wringing his hands, and shuddering at the thoughts of her horrid death.

The attorney quitted his cell, and in strict confidence told the first person who asked him a question on the subject, that he would do all in his power for the young fellow, but that he feared with little chance of success; and very knowingly he shook his head as he made this declaration.

About two hours more went by, and, true to his prognostic, the jailor came to conduct Edmund up to the court-house. After traversing some narrow dark passages, they arrived at a flight of spiral steps, ascended it—and through a trap-door, Edmund suddenly found himself emerged into the dock of the city-court—a sea of heads before him and around him—his judge, clothed in scarlet and ermine straight before him—the galleries also thronged with human faces to his front and to either hand—and every face turned to him—and the hosts of cold detesting eyes fixed on him—a freezing firmament of eyes, poor Edmund vaguely thought.

He was stunned for an instant, and staggered towards the side of the dock.

"And is it Robin Costigan they are going to try for his life to-day?" asked a voice, in a whispering under-growl, close to him.

He jumped round, but again failed to catch a sight of certain well-known features.

The jailor called him to stand forward at the bar. His jury were being sworn, he said, and this was the time for his challenges, if he had any to make.

Edmund really did not understand; but he answered "No; he had no challenges to make; he had nothing to object to any one."

It may be asserted that the anticipated public condemnation, out of doors, accompanied the jury into their box;—that in fact, they had already, each in his own breast, agreed on their verdict. A few there might have been amongst them, who, as they looked at the pale ghastly lad, still in his soiled and torn attire, and his toilet wholly unattended to, because wholly unthought of, said to themselves—"we must divest ourselves of our prejudice;" but this very resolve to guard against their prejudice, only proved its existence.

The trial proceeded. The evidence given before the magistrate was now repeated against the arraigned prisoner at the bar. Edmund seemed to attend to what was going on; but his mind was, for the most part, far away—summoning up before itself a horrid and revolting picture of Helen's murder, by the lonely river-side. A slip of paper reached him from an unknown person, and was delivered into his

hands by the jailor. Edmund read upon it, "Has the prisoner no counsel?" He replied, speaking to the jailor, "No—not one," and took no further notice of the matter. The jailor telegraphed the meaning of this answer to a young gentleman, sitting near the evidence table, who immediately rose, and addressed the court. He was a briefless barrister, just called, and "going circuit," upon the vague hope of being, some time or other, engaged in some case or other, by some attorney or other. But the briefless young barrister had a feeling heart, if not professional notoriety; and this, joined with a little laudable ambition to make himself known in any way, now caused him, as has been said, to address the judge.

"My lord," he began, "the unhappy young prisoner at the bar not having counsel engaged, I will act for him, if he and your lordship are satisfied."

The jailor whispered Ned Fennell, and again nodded assentingly to the volunteer counsel; the judge, after a wide distension of his cheeks, and the emission of a long puff of breath, also nodded.

"Then, my lord, I have at once to submit, that the prisoner having been called on to plead against a charge of murder which no one saw him commit, and which even cannot be proved to have been committed at all—for the case for the prosecution has just closed, without either attempt at such proof having been made—"

"My lord," interrupted a little sharp-faced gentleman, hopping up from the seats assigned to the prosecuting counsel—"I beg Mr. A—a—a—a's pardon; but if he will have a little patience, he may find much of his sagacity anticipated; we have not formally closed our case, my lord; and we paused a moment only to consider a new piece of evidence—"

"New evidence," said his lordship, with an additional glow of red, visible even over his always red face, and his grey eyes sparkled with satisfaction—"new evidence? Go on with it."

The poor briefless young barrister sat down, crest-fallen. James Rafferty was called to the witness-table. A strange-looking boy presented himself,—one whom no one regarded with pleasure or comfort. He was quite unknown in the town or neighborhood, he said; a fatherless and motherless beggar-boy; and he had been making his way into the town by the river-side, late last night, when he heard angry voices approaching him on the path; and being only a poor boy, and no one at his side, he ran and hid himself behind some furze-bushes. A young man and a young girl came up—he believed he ought to call her a young lady, from her "fine speech." She applied hard names to the young man; he did not remember all the names—and what he subsequently beheld terrified him so much, that it was no wonder he should forget them; but he did remember one of them; the young girl called the young man her "destroyer."

(To be Continued.)

HOME RULE.—VIII.

THE ERA OF INDEPENDENCE.

We have now passed in review an eventful period of Ireland's history. We have seen her beaten to the dust in the gloomy times of William, and of Anne. We have beheld her bruised and bleeding, but still occasionally holding up her head, in the melancholy days of the Georgian epoch. We have witnessed the various, but fitful struggles of her patriots for their country's deliverance from thralldom; and we see her at last, in 1833, in full possession, however temporary and evanescent, of those glorious blessings of liberty, for which she long had sighed, and sighed in vain. Like Grattan, we may say—although, of course, we use his honoured and venerated name in all humility—we have traced her progress from injuries to arms; from arms to liberty. Would to heaven that we could say, with him, "Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation; and bowing to her august presence I say *Eta perpetua!*"

We have thus, however, been particular in tracing through so many successive reigns, the generally disheartening story, which has, indeed, little to cheer or encourage the literary student who seeks in the perusal of Irish history, for the happy career of a nation from progress to progress. But there is still a grand moral lesson to be learnt from all this: That no matter what obstacles may arise; no matter what difficulties may be thrown in the way, either by faint-hearted friends, or by false-hearted foes; no matter what opposition may be aroused in those who only labour the harder, all the more they feel power slipping from their grasp; the resurrection of a country from political degradation is always near at hand whenever a spirit of unity begins to animate the people, and the mutual sympathy of a universal brotherhood draws and binds men together in a love of home and of their common country. This is the one great impressive moral which the history of Ireland from 1688 to 1782 inculcates.

The Catholics soon began to feel the benefits of independent native legislation; such a sure and steady barometer of public opinion is the action of Parliament when under the direct and immediate influence of popular feeling. Different acts were passed in their favour; but, unhappily, the old heaven of Protestant ascendancy still worked its evil way; and although the best friends of England and Ireland, at both sides of the Channel, laboured hard to give that relief which they foresaw would have to be granted sooner or later; still it was found too difficult to break down all at once the odious supremacy; the natural action of Parliament was still fettered by a hateful jealousy which prevented the Catholics from obtaining full relief before the unhappy rebellion was precipitated, which stopped all beneficial measures for a long time. Moreover, it must not be forgotten, that no sooner had the Irish Parliament been declared independent of the English Legislature, than it became evident that such independence was but a mockery so long as the Parliament itself was unreformed. Indeed, the necessity of reform became only the more glaringly evident on this account. Of the 300 members who composed the Irish House of Commons, more than a third were placemen and pensioners of the Government. The cry of Parliamentary Reform had already been raised in England; it found more than a responsive echo in Ireland. There was no real representation of the people; no representation of the actual property of the country; a great number of the members were the mere nominees of private individuals. Several of the constituencies did not number a dozen voters, and according to a statement made by Grattan, it would appear that about forty individuals returned a large majority of the House of Commons.

But, nevertheless, it was felt to be an Irish Parliament, influenced more or less by popular sympathies; and it is extraordinary how soon the country at large began to experience the advantages it had anticipated from the enjoyment of free trade, and from the

unfettered action of the legislative powers of its independent Parliament; so much so, that only a few years elapsed when the most evident proofs of an unexampled recovery of political life and national prosperity were exhibited on all sides. The City of Dublin alone, improved by noble public buildings, thronged by native residents, and frequented by multitudes of foreigners, became the gayest and happiest metropolis in Europe; and, in itself, afforded a striking example of the general prosperity of the nation. Who can doubt that, if the Parliament were again restored, Dublin would become the healthy centre of the resuscitated national life, and that one of the crying evils of Ireland—absenteeism—would find an effectual cure? The country would ere long cease to be drained of its native genius, intellect, and material resources.

The wonderful progress made by Ireland during the sixteen years following 1782 is no mere figment of rhetorical exaggeration, but a fact so well authenticated that it is part and parcel of the history of that time. The removal of the restrictions on trade, and the moral elevation of the people created by the general feeling of nationhood, and the sense of dignity arising therefrom, imparted a new spirit to the entire country; so that the nation advanced rapidly in wealth, and all the arts of peace, industry, and civilization. "There is not a nation on the habitable globe" was the admission of Lord Clare in 1800, "which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period." At a meeting of the bankers and merchants of the City of Dublin, held on 18th December, 1798, one of the resolutions proposed by W. Digges Latouche was as follows:

"Resolved—That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased."

Another public meeting of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and citizens of Dublin, held on the preceding day, passed the following resolution: "Resolved unanimously, that by the spirited exertions of the people and Parliament of this kingdom the trade and constitution thereof were settled on principles so liberal that the nation has risen ever since rapidly in wealth and consequence." A few years before this Grattan had declared on the same subject: "The country is rising in prosperity. We prevailed. We on this side of the House, with the assistance of the people, got for the country a free trade and a free constitution. The consequence of our victory was that the country, free from restrictions, shot forth in prosperity and industry, not by the virtue of her present Ministers, but by her native vigour." And when the project of Union was under discussion, Foster, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in his speech in Committee, on the 17th February, 1800, said: "Can those who now hear me deny that, since the period of 1782, Ireland has risen in civilization, in wealth, and in manufactures, in a greater proportion, and with a more rapid progress, than any other country of Europe?"

There was also a meeting of the Catholic body held at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, on 13th of January, 1800, to declare against the Union. Their testimony is valuable as a proof of the rebound made by the nation after the auspicious settlement of '82, whilst their apprehensions of the evils to follow from the treacherous overthrow of that solemn international compact have proved, alas! too truly, the accuracy of their forebodings. This meeting is also specially memorable for the circumstance that it was the immediate occasion of the first public appearance of O'Connell, who had been called to the bar in 1798. His speech on that occasion, and the resolutions prepared and proposed by him, and unanimously adopted, are the best vindication of the Roman Catholics from the unfounded charge of having acquiesced in or supported the Union for their own special interests. It may be deemed desirable to put on record here some of the resolutions there adopted:

"Resolved, that we are of opinion that the proposed incorporate Union of the legislature of Great Britain and Ireland is, in fact, an extinction of the liberty of this country, which would be reduced to the abject condition of a country surrendered to the Minister and legislature of another country, to be bound by their absolute will, and taxed at their pleasure by laws, in the making of which this country would have no efficient participation whatever." Their next resolution was: "That we are of opinion that the improvement of Ireland for the last twenty years, so rapid beyond example, is to be ascribed wholly to the independency of our legislature, so gloriously asserted in the year 1782, by virtue of our Parliament co-operating with the generous recommendation of our most gracious and benevolent sovereign, and backed by the spirit of our people, and so solemnly ratified by both kingdoms as the only true and permanent foundation of Irish prosperity and British connection." And it was further resolved, "That we are of opinion that if that independency should ever be surrendered we must as readily relapse into our former depression and misery, and that Ireland must inevitably lose, with her liberty, all that she has acquired in wealth, and industry, and civilisation." The dreary history of the connection for the last seventy years affords a melancholy confirmation of the foregoing statement, whilst the following resolution disproves the calumny industriously circulated at the time, and unwisely re-echoed by Sir Jonah Barrington, that the Catholic body supported the Union for the promise of Emancipation.

"Resolved, that having heretofore determined not to come forward any more in the distinct character of Catholics, but to consider our claims and our cause, not as those of a sect, but as involved in the general fate of our country, we now think it right, notwithstanding such determination, to publish the present resolutions, in order to undeceive our fellow subjects who may have been led to believe, by a false representation, that we are capable of giving any concurrence whatsoever to so foul and fatal a project; to assure them we are incapable of sacrificing our common country to either pique or pretension; and that we are of opinion that this deadly attack upon the nation is the great call of nature, of country, and posterity upon Irishmen of all descriptions and persuasions, to every constitutional and legal resistance; and that we sacredly pledge ourselves to persevere in obedience to that call as long as we have life." Such an expression of true patriotism deserves to be recorded, and we trust that this vindication of a maligned body will be accepted as our apology for trespassing at such length with these quotations. It should be borne in mind, too, that, whilst the Catholics withheld the coveted sanction of their approval of the Union, the Minister who carried the iniquitous measure ostentatiously held out hopes of relief, as part of the promised blessings of his scheme, which he subsequently ignored, when the time came for fulfilment. Pitt may have been a "heaven-born Minister" for England, but he could not possibly have been a more diabolical enemy to Ireland if his origin had risen from a very much lower source.

—Catholic Opinion.

HIBERNICES.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday the following circular from his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, to the Catholic clergy, secular and regular, of Dublin, was read in all the churches and chapels:—

VERY REVEREND BRETHREN—Allow me to call attention to a serious abuse of which instances are sometimes witnessed in this city. I refer to the practice of holding wakes in private houses and rooms, frequently the residence of whole families, over the lifeless corpse of a friend or relative that may have fallen a victim to a violent or contagious disease. Well-meaning but unreflecting persons cling to this custom, thinking that they honour the dead by

keeping their remains unburied for days and nights, but forgetting that by doing so they may spread contagion through the city, and be the cause of sickness or death to themselves, their friends, or to other citizens. Unhappily those who assemble at wakes oftentimes forget altogether the respect due to the dead, and instead of praying for the souls of the faithful departed, or meditating upon death and the uncertainty of human life, devote themselves to clamorous and improper amusements, or convert the chamber of death into a place for rioting and drunkenness.

At the present moment small-pox and typhoid fever are very general in this city, and cholera may be approaching. In such circumstances it is of the greatest importance that nothing should be done to spread the contagion, or to increase the ravages of those dreadful enemies of human life. You will therefore be pleased to point out to your flocks the dangers of holding wakes at present, and the great responsibility they incur by exposing themselves, their families, and friends to the risk of contracting terrible diseases and losing their lives. The faithful Catholics of this city will not fail to listen with respect to your admonitions, and to abandon, wherever it prevails, a practice so dangerous in itself, and so often accompanied with disgraceful and sinful abuses. Whilst speaking of this matter it will be well to add some words of exhortation to the humbler classes to attend to cleanliness in their houses and their persons, and to remove from their dwellings everything calculated to poison the air they breathe, and to infect themselves and their families with sickness of the most fatal kind. You will also be pleased to caution your flocks against excess in drinking, a custom calculated to break down and weaken the human frame to such an extent as to render it unable to struggle against any virulent disease with which it may be assailed. Unhappily this vice of drunkenness is very common amongst us, and it becomes more common at Christmas—the most holy season of the year—when we should be all inspired with sentiments of thankfulness to God for having sent His divine Son to redeem us from the slavery of hell—and be firmly determined to show our love of our Redeemer by avoiding sin and all its occasions. Drunkenness is to a great extent the occasion of the crimes which sometimes occur in this city, generally so religious and observant of human and divine law, and it is also a frightful source of the distress and misery, of which such frightful scenes are witnessed in our streets.

Undoubtedly, were it not for the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, and for the prevalence of drunkenness, Dublin, excelling as it does in works of religion and charity, would be one of the most prosperous and flourishing cities of Europe. How sad that a wicked and ruinous habit should fill this great city with rags and destitution, and expose us to the scoffs and reproaches of our enemies. Spare, therefore, Rev. Brethren, no exertions to check the growth of a baneful and destructive vice. Preach against it in season and out of season. Show the faithful how it destroys reason, and reduces man to the level of a brute; how it is ignominious to health; how it undermines the constitution; and above all, how it offends God, and merits His severest punishment. Point out to them that as experience shows us that the drunkard is degraded on earth, and falls into every sort of iniquity, so faith teaches us that if he die without satisfying the offended God by sincere penance, his punishment for having indulged his perverse appetites on earth, will be to suffer for ever a devouring thirst with the reprobate in the regions of eternal woe—Wishing you and your faithful flock every grace and blessing, I remain your faithful servant,

Dublin, 15th Dec. 1871.

RELIGION OF A MINOR.—The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has just decided another case, in which the religion of a minor was the point at issue. The father, William Peter Garnett, was a Protestant, and the mother had become a Catholic since her marriage. Since the father's death the mother had removed the child from a Protestant to a Catholic school, and one of the guardians applied to the Court for the custody of the child, in order that he might be brought up a Protestant. Lord O'Hagan, having reserved judgment for a considerable time, now decides that the case is an exceptional one, and that the rule that the religion of the child is that of his father does not apply. It appeared that the father had been twice married; that his first wife had been a Catholic, and that he had permitted all the children of that marriage to be educated as Catholics. Also, that until this child was eight or nine years old, he in no way interfered with his religious bringing up, allowing him to be taken regularly to a Catholic church, although warned that the consequences would be that he would grow up a Catholic. He had, moreover, substituted his Catholic wife as a guardian in the place of a Protestant brother of his own; and finally, the Lord Chancellor had examined the child, who is now 13, and found him remarkably well instructed in the Catholic religion, and desirous of being educated as a Catholic. It is clear that the father had, with his eyes open to the consequences, allowed the child to be brought up as a Catholic, and there could be no reasonable ground for interfering with convictions which were already formed.

THE SMALL POX.—This terrible disease is on the increase. Dr. Robert Aylmer, one of the medical officers to the County Dublin Infirmary, has fallen a victim. He was only 28 years of age, and is deeply regretted.

LAST EMIGRATION.—From May, 1851, to July, 1871, 2,069,409 people emigrated from Ireland.

INCREASE.—The deposits in the saving banks of Ireland. Opinions differ as to whether this is to be regarded as a favorable indication of prosperity or not. Some say if Ireland were prospering in material industry so much capital would not be lying idle, but would be used in promoting the interests of the people of Ireland instead of being used by the capitalists of England, as it really is. On the other hand, it is claimed that these are the surplus funds held as a reserve against the "rainy day" for which the wise and provident prepare.

ANOTHER YEAR FOR IRELAND.—As the dying year with all its sad remembrances and unfulfilled hopes dies away, and the bright visions of the New Year come before us and as quickly pass away, shall we not, amid all the brightness of the new-born year, be given to the Old Land across the sea? Shall present duties or the struggles of the hour blot out all remembrances of that loved spot endeared to us as home, room where we will, fare as we may. Shall prosperity blight poor Ireland in our memory as adversity has stricken her low? Is our misfortune so great, or our distress so abject that the dear land of our birth is forgotten when the New Year calls for new thoughts, ardent hopes and firm resolves. We cannot cease to think of Ireland—she is our home. She is ever before the world's historian—so she comes before us in another year. What has 1872 for Ireland? Another year has opened on Ireland's history, and what will it bring forth? Will this year place her on the borders of the promised land of Independence, or will its events, in their results, but tend towards her political degradation? Will prosperity attend her? Will Home Rule be advanced or secured? Will the educational demands be recognized and acceded to? These and a thousand kindred thoughts fill us with concern, and cause us to view Ireland's prospects for the coming year as hopeful. Thoughtful minds in Ireland are now devoted to the consideration of a redress of those grievances for which the national spirit has striven in a form more in accordance with the enthusiastic natures of the sons of that long oppressed land. The belligerent, and indeed we may in this connection

also sadly add, the discordant element, though still existing, has ceased to manifest itself in the manner alarming alike to the best lovers of the land and destructive of its best interests while retarding its political advancement, and checking the internal development of those resources by which a country alone becomes truly great. Ireland is now deeply agitated, and this year will, at its close, present to us her claims for justice further advanced towards ultimate concession than perhaps the most ardent advocate now hopes for. The National spirit now lives as ever, but more unitedly than ever, save in the time of steeped, though the forces are apparently not so it may be claimed. The present agitation is of two-fold character; that of the politicians, using this word in its better sense, for Home Rule and of the Hierarchy for Education. These are the leaders of the forces, and the people are unitedly seconding the efforts being made in behalf of political government and of religious education. There is no discord, distrust, or dissensions between the Home Rulers and the Educationalists. The rapidity with which Home Rule principles have spread bring to mind the days of Repeal and O'Connell, and is evidence of the devotion of the people to the claim made, in their behalf by the earnest patriots advocating her cause, while the unanimity and enthusiasm with which the people have responded to the call of their Bishops, is testimony that Education for Ireland, in accordance with the history and religion of the country is the demand of her people. Let Home Rule be secured and Educational rights be achieved. With Denominational Education allowed, Home Rule cannot be denied. Thus of Ireland's prosperity, regarded politically, there are hopeful tokens, and by the industry of her sons and the enactment of wise and fostering laws for the development of her agricultural, mining and fishing interests, we may be cheered with the thought that our new year will be a happy one for Ireland.—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard.*

Captain French has been nominated as the Conservative candidate for Parliament, in opposition to Captain Nolan, whom the clergy and the people of Galway, have endorsed. French is put forward in the landlord interests, and to punish Nolan for his aspirations. Our readers will remember Captain Nolan as the landlord who, on learning that some of his tenants had been dispossessed or evicted in his name but without his knowledge, referred the matter to arbitration, in which the tenants were represented. The decision that these tenants should be reinstated was abided by on the part of Captain Nolan, and all Ireland rang with praises of him as a just landlord, of the kind that the tenants desired to have even under the provision of the present Land Bill. The contest, therefore, will be between these two conflicting elements, but we have faith in the men of Galway that the honor of that noble county will not suffer in the coming canvass, and that Capt. Nolan will be returned as the next "man for Galway."

THE ORANGE ASSOCIATION. The cause of denominational education has received an unexpected impetus. The "Orange Association permanent disturber of the peace of Ireland" has resolved that Catholics shall not be permitted to educate their children but as the Association shall dictate. The Rev. Hugh Hanna says 15,000 Irish Protestants will take care of that. Brother Thompson *naively* said "the Protestants of Ireland would insist, not only on their own rights, but that in any education given to the Catholics of Ireland the Word of God (authorized version of course) should be the basis."

A portrait of O'Connell, by Mr. Catterson Smith, has been placed in the Waterford City Hall. The figure is life-size, standing, fronting as it were, an audience; the dress plain walking attire, frock coat, buttoned to the centre of the waistcoat, the fur vest just emerging to sight, with dark trousers, etc. At his right is a small easel, bearing a closed book, over which is an open scroll. On this scroll his right hand rests, and to it he points with his left, which lies upon a handsome chair to the left, a piece of the blue silk lining being skillfully revealed, and in the background appears, with very striking effect, a column partially shrouded with a fine green curtain. The ground is covered with a crimson carpet, and raised upon the centre of the frame, at the foot, is the following inscription:

"O'Connell."  
By subscription  
From Irishmen at home and abroad;  
Solicited by  
Ald. Cornelius Redmond, Mayor, 1869.  
Presented to the City of Waterford  
Council, 1871.

The portrait represents O'Connell as he appeared about 1832, when, in the full vigor of health and intellect, and after his memorable triumph of Emancipation, he appeared at the head of the Irish nation the great moral force champion of the age. Men of every religion, men of all classes, in America and Australia, as well as in Ireland, cheerfully gave their subscriptions towards the fund, so that we may look on the picture as almost a national memorial to O'Connell. The frame, nine feet by five, is carved in wood, by Hawkins Bros., of Dublin.

IN HIS SYMPATHY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.—In no part of Her Majesty's Dominions was the sympathy for the Prince of Wales, during his recent illness, more marked than in Ireland. From recent numbers of the *Dublin Evening Mail* we take the following report of a meeting of the Home Government Association:—

"A meeting of the Home Government Association was held yesterday afternoon, at the Antient Concert Rooms.

"Mr. R. P. Blennerhasset occupied the chair. "Among those present were—Isaac Butt, Q. C., M.P.; Rev. J. A. Galbraith, M.A., F.T.C.D.; Marcus Kenne, J.P.; Alfred Webb, George T. Mearns, D.L.; Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, Alderman Gregg; John O. Blunden, barrister; John Tew Armstrong; Henry O'Neill, George Austin, T.G.; W. Keating Clay, solicitor; Jas. Keilly, A. J. Kettle, Joseph Hegg; R. Blennerhasset, Luke J. O'Shea, J.P.; J. L. Scallan, solicitor; W. Foster Vesey Fitzgerald, J. P.; P. J. Smyth, M.P.; —Burke, solicitor; Jeremiah A. O'Donovan, &c.

Mr. Alfred Webb (Assistant Hon. Secretary) read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were confirmed.

"Mr. Butt, on rising, was received with applause. He said—Mr. Chairman, before the association go into any business, I rise to submit to you a resolution which, I believe, every one here will think ought to be passed under the circumstances in which we meet. It is—"That this association, in consequence of the intelligence as to the illness of the Prince of Wales, should adjourn" (applause). I know that this resolution is anticipated (hear, hear) by some who are here, and by many who are absent.—It was thought that we might have inserted an advertisement in the papers, postponing the meeting, but that must be done on the responsibility of one or two, and it would be irregular. And although some of us have come here, perhaps, at inconvenience, I am not sorry that we have, the more particularly as it gives us an opportunity of testifying our respect and sympathy for the Royal Family in the grief that has befallen them. We would very ill represent the chivalrous and generous Irish nation, if we did not sympathize with the sorrow of a mother over her son's sick bed, and with the anguish of a wife witnessing the sufferings of her husband. It is an occasion on which little can be said. I believe that many a mother's heart and many an Irish wife will offer up prayers to-night to God that the Royal sufferers may be afforded consolation where alone it can be found, under sufferings which place the Royal sufferer on a level with common humanity. I am

sure I will meet the approval of the Irish nation when I propose that, in consequence of the alarming intelligence of the state of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, this association do adjourn to this day week (renewed applause.)

"Mr. P. J. Smyth, M. P., said that the motion made by Mr. Butt was dictated by propriety, sympathy, and good taste. He would, therefore, confine himself simply to seconding it (applause.)

"The resolution was put and unanimously adopted, and the meeting separated."

DEBTS, Dec. 23.—An absolute suspension of political excitement on the eve of Christmas is not a circumstance to be wondered at or regretted. It is a time to give full play to the social virtues, and let the clash of party combats cease. There is, happily, nothing to disturb the harmony and peace which are congenial to the spirit of the season, and which will enjoy her holiday as heartily as any Ireland of the Empire. The fear of a national disaster, which casts its dark shadows over every home, has passed away, and the country waits the advent of the welcome festival with a buoyant heart.

of the welcome festival with a buoyant heart.— Never did it exhibit more abundant and substantial evidence of prosperity. It is not confined to this metropolis, which has within a comparatively few years been transformed from a state of dilapidation and decay into one of stability and elegance, with an enormous expansion of its commercial growth. In the country towns and the rural districts there are signs of improvement which cannot be misinterpreted. The traders are thriving and enterprising. They have cast off their antiquated habits and now emulate the style and system of the city merchants. The extension of railway communication has wrought a practical reform and promoted a healthy rivalry between town and country. With scarcely an exception these marks of contentment and comfort abound in every locality, and what would have been thought some years ago refinements and luxuries quite beyond the reach of the mass of the people are now recognized necessities of life. The experience of every intelligent and candid observer who is acquainted with the present condition of Ireland and remembers what it was in former years attests this fact. In the official records there are proofs of strong progress which are valuable because they come from independent sources, and their authenticity is unquestionable. Of this character are the agricultural returns of the Col. Comptroller, which have borne testimony to the increase of material wealth. The reports of the Poor Law Commissioners afford evidence of another class confirming the same truth. There is one exception to the rule of security and contentment among landlords and tenants. An application was made yesterday to Mr. Justice Keogh in Chambers which shows that in a part of the west the people have put a more liberal interpretation upon the Land Act than its framers intended, and that the effect is not reassuring to the landlord. An English gentleman, Mr. Emanuel Chambers, purchased a portion of the French estate in the county of Mayo, and expected to receive from 2,000l. to 3,000l. a year. The tenants, however, probably thought it a monstrous hardship that an alien and an absentee should have any property in Ireland after the passing of the Land Act, and, following the advice of Mr. Brown, jun., who has been addressing circulars to them from London telling them to pay no rent, they refused to recognize any right on his part, and resolved to become every man his own landlord. The owner resorted to the law, but they showed him that the law was not so formidable an instrument as he supposed, and that there were ways of encountering it to which he was unaccustomed. Organized mobs prevented the service of the necessary notices. The bailiffs were, as counsel observed, "beaten black and blue," and were so intimidated that they positively refused on any terms to venture their lives in the district. A motion was made before another Judge in Chambers, who directed that copies of the notices should be posted on the houses; but this was practically giving no remedy at all, for the bailiffs were still afraid to venture near the place. The facts were represented yesterday, however, to Mr. Justice Keogh, who made a rigorous order to the effect that it should be deemed sufficient service to put the notices in a public place in Ballinacree, the nearest town, which is three miles away, and sending an ordinary letter through the post to each of the defendants. He would not put plaintiff to the expense of sending registered letters, but desired to teach the lawless people on the estate that the law was too strong for them, and that their organized attempt at intimidation would be of no avail.—Times Correspondent.

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH AND THE SHAM SQUIRE.—On Tuesday Mr. Justice Keogh sat in the Consolidated Chamber, and very appropriately heard a motion in the case of Gallagher vs. Freeman. The damages in this case were laid at £1,600, and were sought to be recovered for an assault alleged to have been committed on the plaintiff while he was discussing with the defendant in reference to an article which appeared in "The Sham Squire." The plaintiff is a jeweler in Grafton-street, in this city, and also travels as a commercial agent; and the defendant carries on a grocery business in Kells, county of Meath. The facts of the case are these:—The plaintiff, in the course of his business, went into the defendant's shop, when a conversation arose as to the trial of Kelly, which was then proceeding in this city. The defendant said to the plaintiff—"Thank God, we have no b—y informers in Meath." The plaintiff asked had he (the defendant) ever read "The Sham Squire," and asked—"If you have you will see that in 1798 Meath was remarkable for informers, and that it is even stated there that the priests acted as informers." Upon the plaintiff saying this the defendant struck him and knocked him down. The defendant's account of the occurrence is very different. His version, as given in his affidavit, was to the effect that the plaintiff had called into his shop in his absence, and engaged in a conversation with Mrs. Murtogh. She inquired what brought him down to that part of Ireland, and he in reply said "To the rotten county of Meath, where there was nothing but spies and informers, and where the priests, in 1798, acted as informers, and told the Government what they learned in confession, and were even doing so now." An angry discussion then took place, in the course of which the defendant asked the plaintiff to leave the shop, which the plaintiff refused to do, insisting that he could prove what he said to be true. The defendant then removed the plaintiff, but states positively that he neither struck nor knocked him down. Mr. P. Martin now appeared for the defendant and applied that the case should be transmitted to Kells to be tried before the chairman of the county. Mr. Molyneux, inasmuch as the plaintiff, being a bankrupt, was no mark for costs. Mr. H. McDermott, who was engaged on the other side, resisted this application. He submitted that the amount of damages which the chairman could give would not be sufficient to compensate his client for the injustice which had been done him. Judge Keogh said that although the plaintiff seemed anxious that the case should be tried in the Court of Exchequer, he was under the impression that the suit could very well be disposed of before the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and to be tried without a jury, as he believed that a Meath Jury would never agree to a verdict when such a matter was in dispute.—Irishman.

WRECK ON BLACKWATER BANK.—The *Thermion*, Captain Conroy, of and from Liverpool for Bilbao with coals, struck on Blackwater Bank at one o'clock on Sunday, at highwater, the weather at the time being thick and hazy. She worked very heavily, and the master, expecting to see her break up, ordered the boats out, and directed all the crew to get in. The captain and crew having left the ship for the shore, they perceived that two of their number still remained behind, and though the captain endeavoured

to return, he could not make way against wind at tide. He and the men in the boats reached the shore in safety at Tinnaberna, where they were met by the Morrisestown Coastguards and country people, who gave them every assistance. Immediately on being informed that there were two men on board the ship, a crew of countrymen manned a latibottomed boat, and notwithstanding the danger, put off to save the two lives. The men who behaved so gallantly on this occasion were Jas. Connors, Walter Murphy, Henry Kerwan, John Brien, sen., John Brien, jun., Matthew Brien, and James Regan. Before reaching the ship she had floated off the bank and sunk, whereby one of those on board lost his life, but the life of the other was saved. These men deserve the highest praise for their heroism and humanity, for even though the danger was really imminent at the time, they risked their own lives to save that of a fellow-creature. Upon the arrival of the crew in Wexford, they were cared for by Mr. Allen, Hon. Sec. of the Wexford branch of the Life-Boat Institution, and forwarded by him to Liverpool.

SNOOKING ACCIDENT ON LARNE LOUGH.—On Thursday evening one of the most melancholy accidents which has taken place in the North of Ireland for a great length of time occurred at the entrance to Larne Lough, county Antrim. The chief officer and four men of the Portmuck coastguard station, accompanied by a little boy, son of the chief officer, came to Larne in a boat for the purpose of making some Christmas purchases. About half-past three o'clock they left Larne Harbour on their return voyage. Shortly afterwards cries were heard on shore by a person named McLaverty, who informed a man named Hood of what he had heard. Hood immediately procured a boat and went in search of them. He had not been out long when he discovered the boat bottom upwards, and to it two men were clinging. They were immediately brought to shore, where every attention was paid them, and after considerable difficulty consciousness was restored to one of them. When the boat left the shore no sail was set, ears then being made use of, but when a little distance from the harbor the sails were spread, and as the evening was very stormy she must have been caught in one of the squalls, and hence the dreadful accident which ensued.—"Three of the four men who have in such a melancholy manner lost their lives were married."

THE LAND ACT AND THE LANDLORDS.—The *Spectator*, writing of the purchase by the tenants of their holdings on the estates of the Marquis of Waterford recently, says:—"So eager were the tenants, and so great is the increase in the value of the land created by the novel security of the tenant, that whereas land in Ireland before the act was supposed to be worth from eight to twenty-six years' purchase, the price on the Waterford estate was run up by fierce competition between tenants and investors to thirty-five, forty, and even fifty years' rental. The act has, in fact, given to the 'confiscated' landlord an addition of at least sixty per cent. to his total wealth. The Waterford family, we believe, an excellent reputation as landlords, yet their tenants, merely to be clear of them or their successors, have given these enormous bonuses upon the ordinary price. Whatever the economic result of this transaction, there can be no doubt of its political effect. Individually we question whether these tenants have given too much for their land, as economists will be apt to assert. Experience shows that between the power a tenant will expend upon land, and the power a landlord pressed by narrowness of means can expend upon land there is a very large margin indeed; that there is, to begin with, a capacity of thriftiness, parsimony, or good management created by the mere fact of ownership to which it is hard to assign limits. The profit is not obtained in interest, but in the higher wages which the man who is both owner and cultivator contrives to secure by his additional industry. We will, however, waive that just now, and only remark that the effect of such sales as this of the Waterford estate must be to increase landlords' readiness to sell, and tenants' readiness to buy, until we may yet see the same scene repeated everywhere, and the 'rights of property' become dear to some three or four hundred thousand small proprietors."

ASSAULT ON A POLICEMAN AT BLACKROCK.—At between twelve and one o'clock on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, as Constable Donoghue, 93 F, was on duty at Seapoint-avenue, Blackrock, in plain clothes, four men, who were under the influence of liquor, but not drunk, met him. They were shouting and singing, and he told them to desist—that they ought to keep themselves quiet at that hour of the night. One of the prisoners, named Byrne, drew a sword which he had with him, and aimed a furious blow at the constable's head, cutting through his hat, and inflicting a dangerous wound on the left side of the head. The constable, who had only a stick to defend himself with, parried several other blows, but was in imminent danger, when fortunately Constables 82 F and 112 F came to his assistance. The four men then attempted to run off in different directions, but Constable Daily, 112 F, collared two of them and held them fast, while 82 F followed Byrne. The latter had the drawn sword in his right hand and the scabbard in his left, and when the constable began to gain on him he turned at bay. The constable drew his cutlass and rushed on Byrne, who got frightened and nervous, so much so that he surrendered at discretion, and was carried off to the lock-up upon terms more ignominious than the "honours of war." Byrne, with the other two prisoners, McKenna and McCabe, were brought to the Kingstown Police-station, and when searched there another sword was found concealed under McCabe's coat. Both weapons were of the constabulary old sword bayonet pattern. The fourth man got clear away, but was observed by Constable 118 F skulking rather suspiciously along the railway and questioned, the policeman knowing nothing of the previous murderous assault. The prisoner gave his name and address, and when the constable discovered there was a man still wanting, he and another of the force proceeded to the address indicated and arrested a man named Doyle, lying still dressed on a sofa. The wounded policeman identified him as having been one of the four by whom he had been assaulted. The prisoners were brought before Mr. Barton at the Kingstown Police-office on Wednesday, and remanded for a week. The wounded constable lies in a precarious state, his life being by no means out of danger.—Irishman.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Irish Executive had a disagreeable task to perform on Monday at Derry, but they had no choice. We in England keep no national anniversaries, and we do not perhaps understand why they continue to be solemnized in Ireland. There was a time when the 29th of May was welcomed in town and country with *feu de joie* and processions plentifully adorned with garlands of oak. It was a national festival, and the minority to whom it was distasteful was so limited in numbers that it prudently kept out of sight when the day came round. They had, indeed, their revenge; but they were prudent enough to keep it secret. On the 30th of January they met together and feasted on Calves' Heads, provided the mobs did not get scent of their proceedings and break in upon their haunts. The 6th of November was another day when all England gave thanks for deliverance from the plots of the semi-mythical Guy Fawkes and for the advent of the Glorious Deliverer. All these things have died out, because no one retains the least apprehension of danger from the enemies whose defeats were commemorated by them. It gradually came to be felt that it was a foolish and a mean thing to go on triumphing over the discomfiture of absolutely powerless foes. In the same way we have forgotten the 1st of June, and the rising generation at

taches no significance even to the more memorable 18th. We apprehend no danger abroad or at home. It is otherwise in Ireland. We may think it absurd for the 'Prentice Boys of Derry to wish to celebrate the Shutting of the Gates, even when we are ready to allow that the deed they would commemorate was as heroic as anything told in classic story; but the fact is that the masses of Derry Protestants regard themselves as still standing on their defence against active and powerful Catholic influences. Our consolation is that such apprehensions of danger are confined to the lower stratum of the population of the North; but these apprehensions do exist, and so long as they exist there will be an impulse to band together among those who share them. We may preach for ever and ever against Orange Lodges, but they will be maintained as long as the terror of the Pope is a real feeling in Ulster. Luckily, as we have said, alarm at the power of His Holiness is rapidly decaying, even in Derry. Instead of such a gathering as was habitual not so very long since, when all the Protestants of the Maiden City met together, with a crowd of members of Parliament and magistrates at their head, there was on Monday but a limited number of processionalists, and no one but Mr. Johnston, of Ballykibbeg, and Mr. John Rea to keep them in countenance. Mr. Johnston, like some other Irish agitators, has dwindled immensely in importance since he passed from the unknown to the known. As the martyr of Ulster and the idol of the Orange Democracy he loomed in large vague proportions in the imagination; but his authority as a member of Parliament is so moderate that we are perhaps tempted to underrate his influence outside the House. As for Mr. Rea, of Belfast, can any organization be serious of which he is the "honorary legal adviser?" The sense of humor is not the least developed of Irish gifts, and we are satisfied that the Apprentice Boys themselves must begin to have some shadowy suspicion that their proceedings are a joke when they accept Mr. Rea as their counsellor and guide. There is an irresistible passion for fun in the island. Mr. Rea at Derry must be set off against Mr. George Francis Train lecturing at Cork. It may be said that a celebration of the Shutting of the Gates of Derry is in itself an innocent proceeding, and that the Government ought to restrict itself to the task of preventing any interference with it. This is the line which public opinion forced on the Mayor of New York, with no other consequence than the shooting of a few Catholics who tried to interfere with an Orange procession in that city. The answer to this plausible reasoning is, that the innocence of proceedings must depend upon the range of their consequences. If the performance of any act otherwise within the range of personal liberty involves a breach of the peace beyond the power of the Government to suppress without considerable bloodshed, the Government is justified in prohibiting it, or rather is bound to do so. Mr. O'Leary may claim the protection of the police in lecturing on Republicanism, but if experience showed that his lectures provoked tumults which Magistrates could not quell, the Mayor of any town would be justified in warning him to desist. This is what has happened in the case of Murphy. It was found that his lectures produced considerable riots, and upon sworn information to that effect several Mayors warned him against lecturing. The Irish Government has found itself obliged to act upon these principles, and we think it just possible that even in New York it may be thought next year that it is better to forbid an Orange procession than to kill a dozen men and women for pelting it with stones.—Times.

EMORY DAYS OF DR. LINGARD THE HISTORIAN.—It was on the 17th of July, 1851, in the midst of the excitement caused by the "Papal Aggression," that the Rev. Dr. John Lingard died at Hornby, near Lancaster, in his 81st year. There can be no doubt that his writings helped to bring about a better understanding than had previously existed between English Catholics and the Government; and the fact of his enjoying a pension of £700 a year from the Queen proves that his literary merits were appreciated by the British Government. Born in Winchester while the penal laws were still in operation, he had often heard in childhood how his "rule-fathers of the banulet" had suffered for their faith. His pious mother used to tell him how she and her family in Lincolnshire would be driven in a cart at night to hear Mass. "The priest dressed in a round frock to resemble a poor man." Again and again in early years he had listened to the tale of his grandfather's seizure, trial, imprisonment, fine, and ultimate ruin, in consequence of his unalterable attachment to the religion which England had proscribed. Such stories sank deep into his memory, and deepened in his heart the love of those doctrines and rites which have such an especial hold over the minds of the young. The thoughtfulness and piety which he displayed at an early period of life seemed to mark him as a fit candidate for the priesthood; but the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of obtaining a suitable education in his native country led to his being sent by Bishop Talbot, in 1752, to the English College at Douai. There he continued 19 years, an example of diligence to all around him, remarkable not less for his quick understanding than for the modesty which adorned his varied acquisitions. From the walls of his College he watched the long-gathering storm of revolution that was to burst on France and Europe. He saw the seeds of inhumanity and their deadly fruit ripen. In June, 1790, he narrowly escaped destruction. Seeing a gentleman with whom he was acquainted dragged to execution with frantic yells, he approached the crowd to enquire into the cause of the outrage. His dress betrayed him. A cry of "le colporteur" was raised, "le colporteur à la lanterne" followed; and if Lingard had not taken to his heels, his blood would soon have flowed on the scaffold, or his body have swung from the lamp-post. The soldiers quartered in Douai several times broke loose, invaded the precincts of the College, pointed bayonets at the breasts of the professors; while in the market-place blood was streaming, and innocent citizens were hurled to the gibbet. Superiors and students were alike anxious as to what might be the result of these beginnings of sorrow. Being British subjects, some protection, they thought, must be extended to them through the provisions of the existing treaty of commerce and the presence of an Ambassador at Paris. But when the King had been guillotined, when war had been declared by England and other Powers in the early part of 1793; when three weeks after this declaration, the College was forcibly occupied by an armed rabble, young Lingard, with William, afterwards Lord, Stourton, and two brothers named Oliveira, resolved to escape, and effected their intention on the 21st of February, the third day after the violent entrance of the "National Guards." The fugitives arrived safely in England before the orders of the Revolutionary Government were issued for the removal of the community to Escherquin, and thence to the fortress of Doullens.—Tablet.

THE FOLLOWING OCCURRED IN ENGLAND.—A correspondent writes to the *Standard* that he was the other day at the village of S., a few miles from Bedford. The fever was raging in the place.—On my way to the church I saw a man with a scrap of copper round his hat acting as chief mourner and undertaker to his own child. I found the poor heart-broken father walking mournfully along with a small coffin under his arm to the churchyard. I was quite shocked at the sight, and my astonishment found words as I passed a woman at her cottage door. I said, "My good woman, is it a fact that that man is carrying a relation to the grave?" "Oh, yes, sir," replied the woman, "He's'er father, and only the day afore yesterday he took another on 'em—ce's lost four—the one he took afore this ere one he

wheeled in a berrer." I could scarcely believe what I heard, but on my enquiring at a respectable inn close by I found that the woman's tale was true.

The Tichborne case in England recalls the story of the Smyth Provis contest, which took place in 1853. One Thomas Provis claimed the Smyth baronetcy, but his identity was vigorously disputed, and there was a searching cross examination by one of the leading counsel of the day, Sir Frederick Thesiger—now Lord Chelmsford—touching the claimant's remembrance of personal incidents, and the extent of his educational requirements. The claimant's leading counsel was Mr. Bovill, now presiding judge in the Tichborne trial; and the judge was Mr. Justice Coleridge, father of the present Sir John, the solicitor general.

The case came on at the August assizes at Gloucester, 1853. The claimant professed to be the son of the late Sir Hugh Smyth of Ashton Hall, near Bristol, who, as generally supposed, had died without issue, and whose title had passed to the grandson of his sister, a minor. It was known that he had been twice married; but the claimant asserted that there had been a prior marriage in Ireland in 1796, with Jane, daughter of Count Vandenberg, and that he was the issue of that union, his mother having died in giving him birth. His father, he alleged kept the marriage secret, and shortly after the death of his wife Jane, married a daughter of the Bishop of Bristol. The claimant had been brought up by a carpenter named Provis at Warminster, and passed as his son, but had been educated at Warminster school—he supposed at the expense of Sir Hugh. There he asserted, he was visited by the marchioness of Bath and others (since unfortunately dead), who had recognized him as the real heir to the Smyth estates—worth £3,000 a year.

He produced in court a document purporting to be signed by Sir Hugh, acknowledging him to be his son; letters from the Irish clergyman who had celebrated the marriage; a brooch, and other jewelry marked Jane Gooker, which he asserted was the maiden name of the mother of Jane Vandenberg. An old Bible with the name of Vandenberg written on the fly leaf and an entry of the marriage of Sir Hugh was also produced, besides a large oil-painting, represented as being a portrait of Sir Hugh, with his autograph on the back of the canvas. In the document, a

peculiar mode of spelling, was observable, "set aside," "sett asside," "mappid," "mappil"; "whom," "whome." Those in court not in the secret were surprised at the pertinacity with which Sir Frederick Thesiger questioned the claimant (who stated that he had been a lecturer on educational subjects) as to his mode of spelling certain words. His orthography exactly agreed with the peculiarities in the document, and with amazing audacity he maintained that his spelling was correct and sanctioned by all good authorities. He maintained that he had accidentally found the document in the possession of a lawyer's clerk in London.

Just as Sir Frederick was concluding his cross-examination, one of the most sensational incidents ever witnessed in a court of justice occurred. A message was handed to Sir Frederick, who immediately forwarded a reply, and then looking steadily in the face of the claimant said: "Did you in January last apply to a person in Oxford street to engrave for you the crest upon the rings produced, and the name of Jane Gooker on the brooch?" The man, who had already exhibited signs of confusion, turned deadly pale, and utterly unable to collect his faculties to invent another falsehood stammered out, "I did." A moment of intense excitement ensued, and then the judge asked the claimant's counsel what course they intended to pursue. Mr. Bovill, after a very brief conference with his colleagues, said: "After this most appalling exhibition, after an exposure unparalleled in the courts of justice, we feel it inconsistent with our duty, as gentlemen of the bar, any longer to continue the contest."

The jury, of course, under the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant; the documents, jewelry, Bible and picture were impounded, and the claimant was ordered into custody on the charge of wilful perjury. He was tried for perjury and forgery at the next assizes, and then his history was revealed. He was Tom Provis, and

NOT A BARONET'S SON.

The portrait was that of a member of the Provis family, and he had himself written the name of Sir Hugh on the back. He had married a servant in the Smyth family, and so became acquainted with some particulars of the family history. He had been a school master, disgraced for abominable conduct, and he had been tried and sentenced to death for horse-stealing. The Bible was picked up at a stall in Holborn, and the name Vandenberg written in it had suggested the fictions of the Irish narrative of Jane Vandenberg, with her father, the court entirely imaginary persons. The telegram, which was the first step in exposing the fraud, was forwarded by the engraver, who had read in the *Times*, the report of the first days proceedings.

Provis, more shrewd and worse, was sentenced to TWENTY ONE YEARS IMPRISONMENT, and he died in goal. He maintained in court that he was a baronet's son, and showed a pig-tail (previously hidden in the collar of his coat), which he declared he was born with, and which was an infallible mark of aristocracy! The annals of fraud scarcely record an attempt exhibiting similar audacity and perseverance. It was generally believed and on good ground, that the funds necessary for him to carry on the proceedings were furnished by the subscriptions of speculators, who were to have received enormous percentages had he succeeded. The Smyth family were put to an expense of £6,660 in resisting the claim of this unscrupulous impostor.

THE COMMUNISTS IN LONDON.—Last week some of the walls of the Paris Commune held a meeting at the Blue Posts, Newman street. For the information of our foreign readers we may as well say that the Blue Posts is simply an ordinary public-house in which a French benefit club, calling themselves the "Club of Independents," has a room to meet in. In this room, Citizen Landeck delivered a lecture in French on "Revolution and Revolutionists." Citizen Landeck was a member of the famous Central Committee, and was deputed by it to proceed to Marseilles and organize the Communist insurrection in that city. Citizen Bonstret, another member of the Central Committee, was in the chair, and Citizen Somet, delegate of the Prefecture of Police under the Commune, was named his assessor, or as we should say, vice-chairman. Citizen Landeck was determined, as it would appear, not to leave his audience in any doubt as to the precise nature of his opinions, or his solidarity with the contrivers of the Paris tragedies. He began by saying that the implacable enemy of revolution is God, and that in the book of Genesis—"the bad and absurd book par excellence"—the first three grand acts recorded were acts of revolution, and told his hearers that a pacific revolution was all nonsense, that nothing was to be done without shedding of blood, and that the men of '93 had failed because they had adopted "the absurd maxims of 'Liberty, equality and fraternity'" for that liberty had come to mean public order; equality was "equality of the five-franc piece," while fraternity was not found inconsistent with an institution like Mazas. The next time the people would not fall into the same mistake; no pity would be shown to the band of robbers—meaning people who had got anything to lose. What had been done in the way of shooting the other day was not half enough, he thought 50,000 heads should have been sacrificed to the welfare of the proletariat. In order to be truly humane they would have to massacre one portion of the community for the benefit of the rest. From the *Standard*,

whose informant was present, we learn that not a single voice was raised to protest against what was said. Citizen Eugene Vermersch, of the *Pere Duchesne* and the *Qui Vive*, was present in the centre of a circle of admiring friends, whom he informed that he had "reason to think that an attempt would be made to kidnap him out of England one of these nights." The proceeding no doubt would be irregular, but we doubt if it would inspire very profound indignation or regret. Citizen Vermersch, however, is mistaken in thinking that any one is likely to take the trouble to attempt it. Like many others of his class and school, he thinks himself individually a great deal more important and dangerous than he really is.—Tablet.

LONDON January 15.—While a meeting of Loyalists was being held to-night at Wellington Barracks, in London, a mob of Republicans broke into the hall, and expelled the chairman, and demolished the platform and the furniture belonging to the room. Though the police were gathered outside the building, they made no efforts to prevent the disgraceful behaviour of the rioters, who held possession of the room for an hour, when the gas was turned off, and they retired, singing the "Marseillais" as they went out.

PROFESSOR JOWETT AT GLASGOW.—As signs of the times I note that Prof. Jowett has been preaching before the Senate and students of Glasgow University. His commentaries on the Epistles are well known as the broadest of the broad—going farther than many pretty advanced Germans—so far, in fact, as to give St. Paul a very low place in comparison with our estimate of him, and making his Epistles the mere unauthoritative letters of an able and enthusiastic man. That Glasgow should invite the Professor to its University pulpit speaks of a state of things which if hopeful in some ways is not so in others. It is hard enough to hear such bitter bigotry as I heard from a Scotch Divinity Professor, who consigned both Dean Stanley and Dr. Norman McLeod to a place that shall be named; but, after all, if by these who think so should merely refrain from identifying themselves with one who, accomplished and worthy as he may be, is so completely and so unreservedly and so exaggeratedly laden with legends and questionable allusions.—*Corr. Globe*.

THE *Gibraltar Chronicle*, of the 15th ult., has the following:—"A singular discovery was made at the South on Wednesday afternoon. Some years ago an Irishman, named McCall, and his wife lodged with a Mrs. Underhill in a house in Water-gate-row. The man died, and some time afterwards, in November, 1862, his widow followed him to the grave. They were known to have been possessed of some little money, and to have lived in a comfortable manner in the room. She made a will, but it was not where the money was to be found. Just before she died, however, she pointed with her finger to the foot of the bed, and on examination of it it was found that a brick had not to have been removed, but no money was discovered. Grave suspicion, accordingly attached to those living in the house. The night before yesterday some workmen in the employ of Mr. Keys were making certain alterations in the premises, they found a hole in the wall a stocking containing 120 English sovereigns, and about the missing money. This treasure-trove has been handed over to Her Majesty's Attorney-General."

UNITED STATES.

THE YANKEE ABBOT.—In the first flush of tenderness with which we look back upon the faults of the man whose killing is the sensation of the two hemispheres, let us not forget one great lesson which is taught us by the tragedy. The quarrel, bred in the parlors of a vulgar strumpet, was nursed in the courts and indulged by the legal chicanery and oppression which Fisk and his associates had been four years in bringing to perfection. One of the worst of the long list of crimes which made the Erie Ring infamous was the demoralization of justice. They taught the world that before their money, their effrontery, and their ingenuity, courts were powerless and law a mockery. Almost every step in their career was upon a broken statute. They subsidized Judges to assist them in the illegal over-issue of stock by which they got a standing in the market. They used the writ of injunction in so scandalous a manner that men began to believe that it would be better for the public if ex parte proceedings in equity were abolished altogether. When the officers of the railway company were enjoined from issuing the disputed certificates, Mr. Fisk stole them, and threw them upon the market. When attachments issued for this gross contempt, the Board of Directors ran to Jersey City, with their money and their consciences. From across the ferry they shouted defiance at Judges and laws, and organized gangs of mercenaries to guard the tavern which they called their fort. They maintained this attitude for weeks, and when ready to divide their plunder they came over in broad daylight, and laughed at the Supreme Court. We have more than once told the history of this shameful proceeding, by which the road was first robbed of \$9,000,000, and then handed over to Fisk and Gould, as their personal property. And what became of the order of arrest? Why, Judge Barnard put it in his pocket, and entered the service of the man against whom it had been issued.

The degradation of the bench was now complete. At Fisk's call, Barnard left his mother's death-bed to sign outrageous ex parte orders (if indeed his signature was not fraudulently affixed afterward) in the apartments of Fisk's mistress. At Fisk's order, the telegraph was used to serve writs in Albany purporting to be issued in New York. At Fisk's demand, twenty-eight injunctions were sued out to save the conspirators from the consequences of their ruffled enterprise, and men whom they had swindled were forbidden to appear in court except in the character of criminals. At Fisk's behest, when the English inventors attempted to save their degrading property, Barnard seized sixty thousand shares of stock, and placed them virtually in Fisk's hands to be voted with and cancelled. At Fisk's order, the Supreme Court became a tool of the Erie Company in its raid upon the Albany and Susquehanna road, and persecuted Ramsay with injunctions and fraudulent actions, which have only been dropped since the death of their prime mover.—And as corruption on the bench destroys in time the dignity and purity of the bar, it was possible for these vulgar rogues to use as the instruments of their misdeeds a distinguished advocate, whose sense of honour had been described as "Quixotic," and a lawyer who had but just exposed their very abuses in which he was now to participate. These were the men with whose help Fisk took a gang of ruffians to Albany to carry a railroad election by force when he could not control it by fraud. These were the men with whose help he filled the measure of his offences by violating the personal freedom of his adversaries. The discovery which he made when Mr. Bowles was thrown into prison, that his power over the courts was great enough even to obtain an order of arrest whenever he wanted it, was not forgotten. He tried it at the very beginning of his quarrel with Stokes about this wretched woman, Mansfield, and he would have tried it again if his life had been prolonged. In the lawsuit which ended in his assassination, the opposite party had been harassed with counter suits, enjoined from producing evidence, threatened with incarceration and damages for libel. Rightly or wrongly, it had become a general understanding that Fisk's control over certain Judges was so complete that no litigant could meet him on equal terms. The end came when he caused the Grand Jury to indict Stokes for conspiracy. Then his enemy turned at

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1872.  
Friday, 26—St. Polycarp, B. M.  
Saturday, 27—St. John Chrysostom, B. C.  
Sunday, 28—Septuagesima.  
Monday, 29—St. Francis of Sales, B. C.  
Tuesday, 30—Of the Prayer of Our Lord.  
Wednesday, 31—St. Peter Nolasco, C.  
FEBRUARY—1872.  
Thursday, 1—St. Ignatius, B. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We learn from the Roman correspondent of  
the London Tablet that the affair of the senti-  
nel posted in front of the Vatican, of which  
mention will be found on the sixth page, is attract-  
ing much notice, and is very embarrassing even  
to those Powers that have hitherto looked  
complacently on the Piedmontese invasion of  
the States of the Church. It would seem that  
the violence menaced by the sentinel, was ac-  
tually in pursuance of orders from the Pied-  
montese authorities, who had decreed that fire-  
arms might be used against any person making  
his appearance at a door or window of the Vati-  
can in court dress, whether civil, military, or  
ecclesiastic. The same writer in the Tablet is  
inclined to think that before long the Pied-  
montese will have occupied the Vatican itself,  
and that the Holy Father will be detained in  
prison, unless he can manage to escape to some  
country free from the curse of Piedmontese  
tyranny. Telegrams received last week an-  
nounced the indisposition of the Sovereign Pon-  
tiff. This may be a weak invention of the  
enemy, but in itself the report contains nothing  
improbable.

There has been a crisis in France, in fact we  
can scarcely say that it is actually past. Irritated  
by the opposition to his financial schemes,  
M. Thiers on Saturday last tendered his resig-  
nation of the Presidential Chair, and at the  
same time all his Ministers likewise threw up  
their situations. M. Thiers has, however, al-  
lowed himself to be persuaded by the Assembly  
to resume his office, and the Ministry will, it is  
expected, follow his example. The troubles  
are not, however, over, nor do we expect that  
the present regime can long continue. M.  
Thiers is not strong enough for the place.

The defence in the Titchborne case was  
opened on the 15th inst. by a long and power-  
ful address to the Jury by the Attorney Gen-  
eral—in which that gentleman branded the  
claimant as a rogue, a forger, and a perjurer;  
pledging his high professional reputation to  
make good these his strong assertions, by evi-  
dence which he intended to adduce. The in-  
terest in the case increases day by day; nor is  
it likely that it will slacken during the defence,  
which will be long and arduous. Startling de-  
velopments may be looked for; for it is improbable  
that one so high in his profession as is the At-  
torney General, would have used the strong  
language attributed to him, were he not pre-  
pared to back it with equally strong facts.—  
Small pox still continues its ravages in Dublin,  
but at London and elsewhere it is subsiding.

The dispute betwixt Spain and the United  
States may, we hope, be amicably adjusted.—  
We have to record the death of the Right Rev.  
Dr. John McGill, Bishop of Richmond, Vir-  
ginia, on the 14th inst., in the 62 year of his  
age.

ON THE ROAD TO ROME.—The evangelical  
or Calvinistic section of the Protestant Church  
on this Continent is much excited by the re-  
ported conversion of a Protestant minister be-  
longing to the liberal or Unitarian section of  
that church, the Rev. Dr. Hepworth; and the  
press gives lengthy reports of his explanations  
of his change. The gentleman in question  
was a minister of the Unitarian or liberal  
branch of the Protestant church—and in his  
younger days—knew, admired, and loved the  
late Reverend Theodore Parker, one of the  
most illustrious Protestant divines and theo-  
logians of modern times—and one whose name,  
in connection with that of the Rev. Dr. Chan-

ning, is held in high honor in the American  
Protestant world. Of late years, it seems that  
the Rev. Dr. Hepworth has become much dis-  
satisfied with his position, and has in conse-  
quence, renounced—we will not say Unitarian-  
ism, for that would be equivalent to saying  
that he had embraced Polytheism—well we  
cannot distinctly say what he has renounced,  
or what he has actually put on. All we can  
clearly make out is this:—That he has severed  
his connection with the sect to which he origi-  
nally belonged, and promises in future to act  
with the orthodox or Congregational sect of the  
Protestant church.

His reasons for this step are not given. As  
he does not as yet openly disclaim the great, or  
formal principle of Protestantism, the right of  
"private judgment," as opposed to the Catho-  
lic principle of "authority" in matters of re-  
ligion, that is, in matters supernatural, and  
consequently not within the ken of human  
reason—we must suppose him to be at heart as  
sound a Protestant as ever; and yet if he have  
persuaded himself of the truth of the Nicene  
Christology, he must, unconsciously perhaps,  
but still effectually, have adopted the Romish  
principle of authority; since it is not surely by  
the exercise of his human reason that he can  
have come to the conclusion—that Christ is  
true God of true God; consubstantial to the  
Father, co-eternal and co-equal with the Father  
by Whom all things were made; and yet if he  
believe not this, if he have not come to this  
conclusion, he is as far as ever from the ortho-  
dox doctrine; for to him Christ is still a crea-  
ture, and therefore infinitely lower than God,  
Creator.

Perhaps it is not strictly correct to say that  
the Rev. Dr. Hepworth assigns no reasons for  
the change that has come over him; but if  
good for anything—it good for abandoning the  
particular Protestant sect with which he has  
hitherto been connected, those reasons are  
equally good for renouncing Protestantism, or  
the principle of private judgment in general,  
and for embracing the opposite principle of au-  
thority, that is to say of Catholicity.

He says, as reported in the Witness, that he  
leaves the Unitarian party because it "stands  
for loose, disjointed, discordant ideas of Christ;"  
because "the truth is, there is no cohesion in  
the body itself;" because "it is radical in  
theology;" and because if "you introduce a  
series of negations into this great, convulsive,  
throbbing world of New York, you would have  
bedlam here in six months." It strikes us as  
strange that, whilst preferring this formidable  
bill of indictment against Unitarianism in par-  
ticular, the gentleman did not see that it was  
an equally formidable bill against the "right of  
private judgment;" one which no Grand Jury  
would for one moment hesitate to find as a  
True Bill, if preferred against Protestantism in  
general. Are not "loose, disjointed, and discord-  
ant ideas," not of Christ only, but on all reli-  
gious matters, characteristic of Protestantism?  
Is it not also true that in Protestantism itself  
there is no cohesion? that in its theology—if  
indeed it have any peculiar theology—it is  
radical? And what is Protestantism, as its  
very name implies, but a great negation? In-  
dividual Protestants, several Protestant sects,  
may hold many doctrines in common with the  
Catholic Church; but it is not because of this  
that they are Protestant. They are entitled  
to that name only because of that wherein they  
differ from the Catholic Church, or deny some-  
thing which she teaches. It is in this denial that  
Protestantism consists: neither is there, nor  
can there be, any positive, or affirmative doc-  
trine to which the term Protestant can be pro-  
perly applied. In short Protestantism is so far  
as it is Protestant, is but a "great negation."

For the same reasons then as those which the  
Rev. Mr. Hepworth assigns for abandoning the  
Unitarian sect, should he abandon Protestant-  
ism; and if he be logical, if he but carry out  
the same mental processes, as those which he  
has already applied in the present instance, he  
will soon find himself where hundreds of others,  
who have got upon the same line of thought,  
have found themselves before him, and before  
they were well aware of whether they were  
going; that is to say at the portals of Rome.  
He may linger on the road; he may oppose  
obstacles to his further progress, and resist the  
drawings of divine grace; but if he steadily  
pursue the line he has selected, there can be  
but one end, one terminus to his journey. He  
has much to learn no doubt, he is still a long  
way from that desired end; but he is on the  
road. He has taken the first step from bare  
negation, to affirmation, from the non-credo of  
Protestantism to the credo of Catholicity.—  
What he stands in need of are, first, prayers;  
and secondly, a Catholic child's catechism,  
which will teach him that in God there are no  
parts, that in nature, substance and essence  
God is one. We recommend him to study  
that Catechism; so in the future may we be  
delivered from such a display of ignorance as  
that which—again we copy from the Witness—  
he makes when he tells us that he believes  
Jesus Christ "to have been \* \* \* the

incarnation of a part of the Godhead;" so may  
he be brought to believe in his heart, and to  
confess with his mouth "an everlasting Holy  
Trinity, and the undivided unity thereof."

The following note or memorandum has been  
sent to us for publication, being a comment on  
an article that appeared in the TRUE WITNESS  
of the 9th of June last:—

"The Rev. Robert Manning in his celebrated  
answer to the Rev. C. Lesley's 'Case Stated' affirms  
that 'the Council of Florence, in its definition of the  
Pope's supremacy, tells us expressly that, in the  
person of St. Peter he, the Pope, has received from  
our Lord Jesus Christ full power to feed, rule, and  
govern the whole Church in such a manner as is ex-  
pressed in the Acts of Oecumenical Councils, and the  
Holy Canons.'

"The TRUE WITNESS of June 9, (71), affirms that  
the words, 'in such a manner' as is expressed are a  
forgery, and that the correct translation should be  
'as is also expressed'."

Before discussing the issue of fact which our  
critic raises, he must permit us to correct an  
inaccuracy in his statement. It was not the  
TRUE WITNESS that affirmed that the words of  
the Council of Florence, as given by the Rev.  
Mr. Manning were a forgery, or rather a cor-  
ruption of the text; and that the correct  
translation should be 'as is also expressed';  
but the learned Canon Ceconi of Florence,  
whom the TRUE WITNESS quoted to that ef-  
fect, and who has lately published a work on  
the subject. He it is who is responsible for  
the statement to which our critic objects.—  
Now for the matter of fact at issue.

That issue of fact is this: What were the  
very words of the decree of the General Coun-  
cil of Florence in which the Greek and Latin  
Bishops who sat together, defined the Papal  
Supremacy? This must be determined by in-  
vestigation of the originals of the Decree, if  
any exist, or of well authenticated copies of  
that Decree.

We know from history that the decrees of  
the Council were drawn up both in Latin and  
in Greek; five drafts were made, and signed  
by the Greek and Latin Fathers in lasting tes-  
timony of their union. Of these five original  
drafts, one only is known to exist in the pre-  
sent day, which is preserved in the *Biblioteca  
Laurenziana* of Florence; there are however  
several copies of later date, of which one is  
preserved, in the British Museum, and has  
been carefully perused by Mr. Foulkes, a  
Protestant at present.

Now all of these, both the original draft at  
Florence, and all the copies, contain the dis-  
puted words, *quemadmodum etiam*, on the  
presence, or non-presence of which the entire  
controversy turns. We may also add that  
Bishop England in his works, vol. 1, p. 168,  
quotes at length the decree of the Council, and  
in precisely the same form of words as that in  
which that decree is cited by Canon Ceconi.  
Now certainly Bishop England, though a  
learned and exemplary prelate in his day, was not  
suspected of seeking to exaggerate the pro-  
rogatives of the Papacy. The external testi-  
mony is therefore very strong as to the genui-  
ness of the text which contains the disputed  
words, *quemadmodum etiam*. Let us glance  
at the internal evidence.

According to the text cited by the Rev. Mr.  
Manning, and which our critic for reasons by  
him not assigned, assumes to be genuine, the  
Fathers of the Council recognised that the  
Pope, as successor of St. Peter, "has received  
from Our Lord Jesus Christ full power to feed,  
rule, and govern the whole Church in such a  
manner as is expressed in the Acts of Oecume-  
nical Councils and the Holy Canons."

According to the text for whose genuineness  
we are now contending, the Council asserted  
that the Pope has received that full power from  
Our Lord of feeding, ruling, and governing the  
whole Church, "as is also expressed,—*que-  
madmodum etiam continetur*—in the Acts of  
the Oecumenical Councils, and the Holy  
Canons."

The difference amounts to this: That ac-  
cording to the first version, Our Lord commis-  
sioned St. Peter and his successors to rule the  
Church, but in such a manner only as is ex-  
pressed or set forth in the Acts of the Oecume-  
nical Councils and the Holy Canons. Accord-  
ing to the other version Our Lord in giving to  
St. Peter his sacred commission to feed, rule,  
and govern the whole Church, imposed no such  
restrictions; and did not bind him down to  
follow the Acts of Councils and the Canons;  
which Acts and Canons are only alluded to by the  
Fathers of the Council because recognising the  
divine commission to St. Peter and his suc-  
cessors.

Now considering that, whilst as yet Our  
Lord was on earth, and at the date when He  
conferred on St. Peter the commission to feed,  
rule, and govern the whole Church, no Coun-  
cils had been held, no Acts drawn up, no Holy  
Canons decreed, it does suggest itself to us as  
highly improbable that Our Lord could have  
imposed on St. Peter those particular restric-  
tions of, and limitations to the power conferred  
on him, which the first version,—that to which  
our critic adheres—implies; and as we give  
the Fathers of Florence credit for the posses-  
sion of ordinary intelligence and knowledge of  
historical facts—we do not think it likely that

they could have been guilty of such an ana-  
chronism as that of which they would most  
certainly have been guilty had they decreed  
that the power given by Jesus Christ when on  
earth to St. Peter "to feed, rule, and govern  
the whole Church"—St. John 21—was hampered  
by the condition of feeding, ruling, and gov-  
erning it, "in such a manner as was expressed  
in Acts of Oecumenical Councils and the Holy  
Canons." On the other hand, nothing more  
probable, or more natural than that the Fathers  
of the Council when recognising St. Peter's  
divine commission to rule, feed, and govern the  
Church, should also refer to the fact, that that  
commission had been recognised in Councils,  
and in Canons of the Church from the earliest  
ages. "*Quemadmodum etiam in gestis oecume-  
nicorum conciliorum, et in sacris canonibus  
continetur.*" *Conc. Flor.*, as quoted by Bishop  
England, vol. 1st, p. 168.

Nothing indeed can be plainer than this:—  
That, if, as the Council of Florence without  
doubt asserted—for no one disputes it—the  
Pope holds as successor of St. Peter the right  
or power to feed, rule, and govern the whole  
Church; that right or power cannot be taken  
away, restricted, or in any manner modified by  
man, or by any authority less than that of Him  
Who gave the power to St. Peter and his suc-  
cessors. It is historically certain that Christ,  
when He gave that power to St. Peter, could  
not have imposed on its exercise the limitation  
that the Rev. Mr. Manning's version of the text  
of the definition implies, to wit, "in such a manner  
as is expressed in Acts of Oecumenical Councils  
and the Holy Canons;" since no Councils had  
been held, no Canons drawn up at the time  
when the commission was given. We cannot  
therefore bring ourselves to believe that the  
Council of Florence, composed of learned men,  
would have so stultified themselves as to pre-  
tend, either that it was in their power to limit  
in any manner that which Christ had not so  
limited; or to impose on the successor of St.  
Peter restrictions which in the original com-  
mission were certainly not imposed on the re-  
cipient of the grant. Had it been pretended  
that the Popes held from or through the  
Church, or Fathers of the Church in Synod  
assembled, the power of feeding, ruling, and  
governing the Church, than the Council might  
logically have pretended to determine how and  
in what manner that power should be exer-  
cised; but it is admitted on all hands, that the  
Council recognised that the Popes as successors  
of St. Peter held that power immediately, or  
from Christ Himself.

For these reasons, we think that the text as  
found in the one existing original at Florence,  
in all the old copies, and notably in that in the  
British Museum, examined by Mr. Foulkes,  
and accepted by Bishop England, is genuine;  
and that the text which our critic prefers is  
spurious or a corruption.

STATE-SCHOOLISM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—  
The long expected war on the education ques-  
tion has broken out in the Province of New  
Brunswick. We deeply regret that such a con-  
test should have arisen; but its necessity hav-  
ing been forced by a tyrant Protestant majority  
on the Catholic minority, we cannot but re-  
joice that the latter have accepted frankly the  
gauge of battle thrown to them by the enemy,  
and are to a man determined to fight it out to  
the end. "No surrender" is their motto, and we  
heartily pray the Lord to strengthen them in  
the good fight.

It is the same battle they have to fight,  
that for long years the Catholics of Upper  
Canada had to fight; the battle of Freedom of  
Education as against State-Schoolism, of the  
Family as against the State. It may be a long  
and protracted contest; but we fear not for the  
result if the laity be but united, and take the  
advice of their pastors.

It may be doubted whether the dominant  
Protestant majority of New Brunswick have not  
exceeded their constitutional powers—limited  
and defined as these powers are by the Con-  
federation Act—in seeking to impose their  
schools upon their Catholic fellow-citizens, and  
to destroy the separate schools of the latter.  
This raises a point of law, which the Privy  
Council will have to adjudicate upon; since we  
see that that body has been appealed to by the  
New Brunswick Catholic minority, by way of  
testing the constitutionality of the new school  
act in their Province; it is highly probable  
that it will turn out that they have the law on  
their side, as well as right and justice. In the  
mean time we can assure our friends in the  
Lower Province that they have all the sympa-  
thies of the Catholics of this section, who will  
watch the progress of the strife with anxiety,  
and heartily pray for its happy issue. If it be  
in their power to do more, to give more direct  
aid to their iniquitously treated co-religionists,  
that aid we are sure will be cheerfully given.

We rejoice, we say, not that the war has  
broken out, but that it has been accepted in the  
gallant and determined spirit which the an-  
nexed extracts from our excellent contemporary,  
the *St. John's Freeman*, evince as animating  
the people. Yes we rejoice to see that the

Catholics of New Brunswick are determined  
never to yield, never to submit, no matter what  
the struggle may cost. We rejoice, because  
their cause is our cause; and we should approve  
ourselves unworthy of the civil and religious  
liberties which here in this Province of Quebec  
we enjoy, could we look on unmoved, or indif-  
ferent, at the gallant stand up fight making by  
our New Brunswick co-religionists for Freedom  
of Education, and the rights of the Family.

The subjoined extracts are from the *St.  
John's Freeman* of the 12th inst. :—

A religious persecution as atrocious in its purpose  
as any that has disgraced the Government of Ireland  
or of Poland has now been fully commenced in this  
Province. "The means by which it seeks to attain  
its objects are not, indeed, as rude, violent and bloody  
as those employed in other persecutions; but they  
are more subtle and more dangerous. Formerly the  
purpose of persecution was openly avowed; now the  
greatest pains are taken to disguise it under the spe-  
cious cloak of sham liberality and a pretended love  
of universal enlightenment. Recusants and Non-  
Conformists are no longer threatened with the gibbet,  
the rack or the prison; but pains and penalties of a  
pecuniary character are relied upon. The man whose  
conscience forbids his sending his children to  
schools in which the name of God cannot be men-  
tioned without violation of law, and from which the  
Emblem of Man's Salvation is excluded as something  
hideous and accursed, is, for the present at all events,  
left at liberty to send his children to the school of  
his choice, or to keep them at home if no such  
school is within his reach; but he must nevertheless  
pay his share for the support of a system he detests.  
The constant pressure thus brought to bear upon  
the recusants, the cunning and unscrupulous framers  
of the system imagine, will ultimately overcome all  
opposition; but in this they will find themselves  
mistaken, unless, indeed Catholics have since their  
coming to this Province lost much of the faith and  
the zeal and the earnestness which distinguished them  
in the old world. The history of the Irish  
[The System should convince the promoters of this  
scheme—unless, indeed, they are utterly blinded by  
fanaticism—that all their efforts will prove futile  
and that although they may succeed in stirring up  
strife and ill-will, and distracting a community to  
whose welfare and progress harmony and peace are  
so essential—although they may in the name of law  
harass, oppress and plunder the minority—they can-  
not by such means extirpate Catholicity.]

What the Catholics of Ireland have done, the  
Catholics of New Brunswick, we believe, will do for  
themselves. They will not, indeed, bear wrongs and  
contumely, oppression and injustice, tamely or silent-  
ly. They will use every means their constitution  
places within their reach to obtain redress. They  
will never cease to proclaim to the people of the  
other Provinces the great wrong done them; never  
cease to expose before the world the truculent bigotry  
of which they are the victims; never cease to appeal  
to the justice and sense of fair play of the truly  
liberal and enlightened amongst the people of this  
Province; and ultimately they know religion and  
justice will triumph. The struggle may be long, the  
wrong done them may for a time be rendered more  
intolerable; but they are not the people to be deter-  
red by difficulties or wearied into indifference by  
the length and the apparent hopelessness of a contest  
in which their duty to God and their children re-  
quires them to engage.

There is little room to doubt the course the Catho-  
lics of the Province will take. In all the cities and  
towns they have within a few years erected by  
unparalleled efforts and sacrifices educational estab-  
lishments incomparably superior to those which  
received a much more liberal allowance of State aid.  
In these establishments their children were receiving  
a sound religious and secular education from societies  
of men and women who devoted themselves to  
this arduous work for the love of God. These  
schools they will continue to maintain, and  
the number of pupils in them will proba-  
bly be largely increased, as schools on the  
State establishment taught by Catholics will  
not differ very much from others. In the coun-  
try districts they will do the best they can, according  
to the circumstances of each locality, to make the  
School Act as innocuous as possible. What the  
many Protestants who also believe that education  
should be religious will do is not so well known.—  
The Madras School Board have refused absolutely  
to transfer their school to the State establishment, and  
some Protestant teachers announce their intention  
of keeping their schools independent as hitherto.  
An attempt to meet the views of those Protestants  
who demand that education shall be religious, has  
been made, in violation of the Act, by the regulation  
authorizing Teachers to read the Bible in school.—  
We doubt if this will satisfy those who set a proper  
value on religious education.

These extracts are consoling; they show  
that the Catholic spirit of the people is aroused;  
that even amongst the Protestants there are  
many who are not so base as to submit to the  
vile yoke of State-Schoolism; and we have no  
doubt that a firm opposition to the new school  
law, will be crowned with victory. "No Sur-  
render" should be the motto of Catholics.

THE LAW OF THE CASE.—Sec. No. 93,  
sub-sec. 3 of the British North America Act,  
provides in the matter of Separate Schools  
that:—

"Where in any Province a system of Separate  
Dissenting Schools exists by Law at the Union, or  
is thereafter established by the Legislature of the  
Province, an Appeal shall be to the Governor Gen-  
eral in Council from any Act or Decision of any  
Provincial Authority affecting any Right or Privilege  
of the Protestant or Roman Catholic Minority of the  
Queen's Subjects in relation to Education."

From this it would seem that,—though the  
several Provincial Legislatures may from time  
to time extend the separate school system, so as  
to give to the minority, whether Catholic or  
Protestant, greater advantages—they have no  
legal right to curtail, or take away any privileges  
in the matter of separate schools, either enjoyed  
by the said minority at the time of the Union,  
or subsequently conferred upon them by the Pro-  
vincial Legislatures. If this be the right inter-  
pretation of the law—the Catholic minority of  
New Brunswick have a strong case with which  
to go before the Governor General in Council.

THE MAYORALTY.—A numerous signed  
petition to His Honor Mayor Coursol,  
requesting him to allow himself to be put in  
nomination for the Mayoralty for the ensuing  
year, is in circulation. It is much to be de-  
sired that M. Coursol will accede to the request  
of the signers.

**A NOBLE CHARITY.**—We have much pleasure in copying from the *Montreal Gazette* of the 19th inst., the following report of the generosity of the people of St. Jerome and their worthy priest, the Rev. Mr. Labelle; as also that of the Hon. A. B. Foster. We hope that by the active steps taken to mitigate the horrors of the "fuel famine," the exorbitant prices charged for wood may be a little reduced:—

"Yesterday morning, a short paragraph in the newspapers announced that a large number of the inhabitants of St. Jerome were on their way to this city with a large amount of wood for the relief of our suffering poor.

"About twelve o'clock yesterday the procession, for such it was, arrived, and passing down St. Lawrence Main street, and along Craig and McGill street, depositing a portion of their load in the Haymarket. Returning by Notre Dame street, they went to the Drill Shed where the remainder was deposited.

"The movement, which has had so happy a termination was brought about somewhat as follows: Nearly a month since, our Corporation felt the necessity of obtaining wood from some source or another to supply the wants of poor people who were unable to pay the high price demanded by the wood merchants. Thereupon, a fuel committee was appointed, and Alderman Bastien and Wilson were sent to St. Jerome to see what arrangements could be made for obtaining the much needed wood from there. Their mission was so far successful that the Corporation of St. Jerome unanimously agreed to do all in their power to obtain the requisite supply of fuel, and to engage carters to transport it to Montreal. Later, however, our fuel committee made arrangements with the Grand Trunk, whereby they obtained a large quantity of wood, at considerably less cost than it could be carted for from St. Jerome, and they thereupon wrote to St. Jerome, thanking the Corporation for the good will they had shown and the exertion already made, and telling them of the more suitable arrangement which had been made with the Grand Trunk, thus making any further effort on their part useless. The people of St. Jerome, however, stimulated by their good cure, Rev. Father Labelle, resolved to supplement the action of the Montreal Corporation, and the result is the donation which was yesterday made to the poor of Montreal. The wood, which is sled length, and of good quality, was drawn by 78 teams, 42 of which were double and 36 single. The people before getting home will have been absent nearly three days. Their expenses on the way, which cannot have been inconsiderable were defrayed by themselves.

"The people who had undertaken so kind a mission, were very properly entertained by several members of the Corporation at the Jacques Cartier Hotel. An excellent dinner having been prepared by Mr. Belliveau, the guests to the number of about 100 sat down. The chair was occupied by Alderman David; on his right sat Rev. Cure Labelle and on his left, Mr. Prevost of St. Jerome, and Councillor Loranger.

"The viands having been disposed of, several eloquent speeches were made in which the representatives of the city expressed their hearty thanks for this evidence of the kindly feeling of the people of St. Jerome for our suffering poor. Hopes for the success of the Northern Colonization Railway scheme were also expressed, as well as the branch to St. Jerome. Several gentlemen from St. Jerome also spoke among whom was the Rev. Cure Labelle.

**HON. MR. FOSTER'S CONTRIBUTION.**

Hon. A. B. Foster, President of the South Eastern Counties Junction Railway Company, has also made a most munificent gift to the city, as the following letter will explain:—

MONTREAL, 15th Jan., 1872.

To the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Montreal:—GENTLEMEN,—Having seen by the Press that there is a very great scarcity of firewood in the city, and that the very high price puts it almost beyond the reach of many poor people in the city, it would give me great pleasure if you would accept one hundred cords of wood, and distribute it amongst those who are not able to purchase it themselves, without regard to race or creed.

I can have it delivered at Point St. Charles in about one week after I receive your reply, should you decide to accept.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,  
Truly yours,  
A. B. FOSTER.

A letter apparently from one well posted up in the facts, appears in the *Montreal Gazette* of the 17th inst., meeting fairly, and denying the charges brought in that paper, and in the *Mineur*, against the Crown Lands Department in the matter of not enforcing the law against speculators in wild lands. The writer affirms that the Department has done, and is doing its duty; that the law is enforced, and that within two years, no less than 216,000 acres of Crown Lands have returned to the Crown as forfeited for non-fulfilment of conditions. This certainly seems satisfactory, and no doubt the Crown Lands authorities have often very difficult cases to deal with.

**A GOOD MAN GONE.**—It is with great sorrow that we to-day record the death of one whom we may emphatically call a good man,—C. J. Cusack—merchant of this City, in the 57th year of his age. By his death the Church has lost a zealous and humble son, the public, an honorable and useful member of society, but heaven we believe has gained another inmate. The deceased who was a native of Liverpool where his father carried on business as a merchant, came over in the year 1848 to Montreal, in which City he set up a branch of the business. In this, if he did not acquire a fortune, as sometimes falls to the lot of others, he won what is far more rare, and of infinitely higher value—the esteem of every one with whom he came in contact, or had any dealings, by his strict unswerving integrity, and his scrupulous sense of honor. Of his merits as a Christian, and of his charity, it is not for us to speak. These things are known to God Who will we are sure abundantly reward them. We may say, however, that he has left behind many who will bitterly lament the loss of their kind protector, and benefactor.

Mr. Cusack's death is attributed to an attack of erysipelas, aggravated perhaps by revaccination, a process to which the spread of small-pox had prompted him to submit. Fever supervened; after a few days' illness, on Sa-

turday evening last, he yielded up his soul to God, falling asleep in the Lord. His funeral service was performed on Tuesday last in the St. Patrick's Church, and his remains were afterwards followed to the grave by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and admirers. May his soul through the mercy of God rest in peace.

**NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**—Mr. JOHN GILLIES of this Office intends visiting the Province of Ontario about the beginning of February, for the purpose of calling on our delinquent subscribers, who we regret to say are many, too many to be at all pleasant to us, and very much to their discredit. We hope all those indebted to us will, when called on, pay at once a debt, which to every Newspaper subscriber should be one of honour.

This week, we would request our subscribers in arrears to look at the figures after the address on their papers, and they will see to what time their subscriptions are paid. Hundreds are in arrears to us, and we think it is asking too much if they expect that we should continue sending them the paper year after year without having paid for it. They must, or at least they ought to remember, that it costs a considerable sum in the year to get out a Newspaper; and that as we depend mainly on the remittances from our subscribers to enable us to do so, if they neglect to fulfil their obligations to us, and as we cannot afford to let them have it for nothing, we must stop sending them the paper if they will not pay for it. Those in arrears will find their papers marked this week with a red pencil mark; and we request they will on receipt of their papers remit at once the amount they owe, together with a renewal for the current year. Surely we are not asking too much.

**OUR CHARITIES.**

To the Editor of the *Intelligencer*,

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see from your paper the praiseworthy efforts of the Honorable Billa Flint to found a Charitable Society amongst the Liquor Sellers of Belleville for the relief of people reduced to poverty by whiskey drinking.

On the strength of my former friendship with that Honorable Gentleman, I am preparing a circular to Messrs Gooderham & Worts, and all the whiskey manufacturers of Canada, asking them to become members of Mr. Flint's Society; as any effort in that direction would evidently be incomplete without their co-operation

I have the honor to remain  
Your obed't Serv't.,  
H. BRETTARIE, Priest.

The Presbytery, Trenton,  
Jan. 18th, 1872.

At the meetings of the St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held at its rooms on the 7th and 14th January Inst. The following officers were elected for present year 1872, viz:—Rev'd Aug. Campion, P.P., President and Director; Patrick Jordan, Esquire, 1st. Vice President; Mr. Francis C. Lawlor, 2nd. Vice President; Mr. M. Dunn, Secretary; Mr. Thomas O'Neil, Assistant Secretary; Mr. John Hoolahan, Treasurer; Mr. James Morley, Collecting Treasurer; Mr. Fred. Dillon, Assistant Collecting Treasurer; Mr. Patrick McCall, Grand Marshall; Mr. John O'Brien, Assistant Marshall. Committee of Enquiry—James O'Loughlin, Amherst St.; John Holahan, Wolfe St.; M. Holland, Montcalm St.; Patk. McCall, Beaudry St.; Patk. Kelly, Visitation St.; F. C. Lawlor, Salaberry St.; Jas. Fitzpatrick, Sydenham St.; James Carroll and John Condon, Papineau Road; Charles Phelan, Gain St.; John Lowan, Shaw St.; M. Meehan, Colborne Avenue; John Killeullan, St. Mary St.; John McCall, Craig St.; M. Phelan, Dorchester St.; Mathew King, St. Catherine St.; Mathew Murphy, Fullum and Dufresne Sts.; Thomas Burrows, Water St. The Society is in a flourishing condition having about 200 active and attentive members on its roll Book. It is also financially prosperous having Bank Stock to the amount of \$730.

**PETERS' CATHOLIC CHOR.** January 1872.—J. L. PETERS, 509 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—Terms \$6 per annum. Single Copies \$1. Contents of the Current Number.—Santata Maria. Quartet. Sop., Alto, Ten., and Bass. Himmel; Crudelis Herodes. Vesper Hymn for the Feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord Jesus Christ. And O Salutaris. Mezzo-Soprano Solo and Quartet, Melni; Jesu dulcis memoria. Vesper Hymn for the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. And O Gloriosa Domina. Hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Duet for Mezzo-Soprano or Alto, and Baritone or Bass, Mercadante; Quodcumque in Orbe. Vesper Hymn for the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter. And Miris Modis. Vesper Hymn for the Feast of St. Peter's Chains. Bass Solo and Chorus, Dressler; Egregio Doctor Paule. Vesper Hymn for the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. And Tristes erant Apostoli. Vesper Hymn

for the Feasts of Apostles in Eastertide. Mezzo-Sop. or Tenor Solo and Quartet. J. R. Thomas; Alma Redemptoris Mater. Mezzo-Sop. Solo and Quartet, *ad lib.*, with Flute, *ad lib.*, C. M. Von Weber; Tantum Ergo. Duet. Sop. and Alto and Chorus, Novello; Tu es Petrus, Motet for the Feasts of St. Peter. Chorus and Solo for Mezzo-Sop. and Bass, A. Mine; Short Choral Vespers. Complete. (Domine, Dixit, Confitebor, Beatus vir, Laudate Pucri, Laudate Dominum and Magnificat.) Four Voices, K. Scherbauer.

**THE CATHOLIC WORLD**—January, 1872.—This excellent periodical commences the new year with vigor, furnishing us with a plentiful supply of useful and entertaining literature. We subjoin a list of the contents:—1. Who is to Educate our Children; 2. One Christmas Eve in La Vendee; 3. Thoughts for the Women of the Times; 4. Ever; 5. The House of Yorke, c. 19 and 20; 6. Bethlehem; 7. The Protestant Rule of Faith; 8. Dante's Purgatorio: Canti II.; 9. The Late General Convocation of the Protestant Episcopal Church; 10. Chateau Reguier: A Christmas Story of the 12th century; 11. The Broad School; 12. The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius; 13. The New School of History; 14. Venite Adoremus; 15. Mr. Clarke's Lives of the American Catholic Bishops; 16. New Publications.

**THE LAMP**—An Illustrated Catholic Magazine—Vol. I, part VI.—December to January. London.

This is a publication which well deserves encouragement from the Catholic public, as its literature is entertaining and wholesome.

**THE YOUNG CRUSADER**—January, 1872.—Boston. \$1 per annum.

This little Catholic periodical is addressed to the young of both sexes, and it may be placed with safety in their hands—as the interesting anecdotes which it contains are well calculated to nourish faith, and to inspire the love of religion and morality.

**THE CATHOLIC RECORD**—A Miscellany of Catholic Knowledge and General Literature. January, 1872. Hardy and Mahony, Sanson Street, Philadelphia. \$2.50 per annum.

This excellent periodical enjoys the honor of the public approbation of the Bishop of the diocese in which it is published. Its contents are varied and interesting.

**LA NOUVELLE FRANCE—LE CANADA.**—This is a letter addressed to the distressed classes in France, pointing out the many advantages of Lower Canada, for the settlement of French families who may feel disposed to emigrate.

**THE "INTELLIGENCER" FAMILY ALMANAC**,—1872.—Published at the *Intelligencer* Buildings, Front Street, Belleville.

We must acknowledge this as the best and neatest thing yet out in the way of almanacs. Much trouble has been taken in its compilation, and it contains a large number of pleasing illustrations and interesting anecdotes.

**PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC**—1872.—Geo. Childs, Philadelphia.

A very neatly got up, and useful publication.

**OBITUARY.**

We noticed a few days ago the departure of the Rev. B. McGauran, P.P. of St. Patrick's, to Warwick to attend his brother, Mr. George McGauran, in his dying moments. On Sunday last Mr. McGauran paid the great debt of nature. The anxiety of the members of the congregation of St. Patrick's to show their respect towards their worthy cure was evinced yesterday evening in the large number who crossed to Point Leir to meet the funeral cortege. This morning the service was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church in a most imposing manner, accompanied with all the striking ceremonial of the Catholic Church.—The coffin which held the deceased gentleman was elevated upon a catafalque, surrounded by lights, and the church was filled with the principal members of the congregation. High mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Connolly, of Inverness, assisted by Father Neville as deacon, and Father Maguire as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were seated the Very Rev. Mr. Cazaub. V.G., Reverends Messrs. Bonneau, Harkin, Doherty, Walsh, Lepine, Baillargeon and McGauran. The absolution was pronounced by Father Cazaub in an impressive manner. Mr. Hamel presided at the organ in his usual able style. After mass the remains of Mr. McGauran were conveyed to St. Patrick's Cemetery, followed by a large assemblage of our fellow-citizens. The Committee of Management of St. Patrick's Church attended in a body, and every mark of respect and sympathy was given to Father McGauran in his bereavement. We but add our voices to that of the people of Quebec in tendering to the good P.P. of St. Patrick's our acknowledgments of feeling, and we may add that this is but expressing that which is felt by our fellow-citizens of all denominations.—*Mercury*, 10th.

**BREAKFAST.**—EPP'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. Epps has provided 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.—"James Epps & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epp's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

After perusing the Omaha Legal Enterprise in aid of Mercy Hospital, at Omaha, we must confess that we are astonished at the fairness of the Omaha Library drawing and also the endorsement of this second scheme, under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy, which includes all the authorities of the State, from the Governor down to the civil and military. The tickets are \$3 each or two for \$5;

highest prize \$50,000. The drawing takes place in public, Jan. 30th. Dr. Gardiner, physician to Mercy Hospital, has associated with him Mr. Pattee. Full particulars can be had by addressing, PATTEE & GARDINER, Omaha, Neb.

**Weekly Report of the St. Bridget's Refuge, ending Saturday, 6th inst.**—

Males	305
Females	90
	395
England	50
Ireland	306
Scotland	2
P. Canadians	35
Total	395

**DRINK, SICKNESS AND MISERY.**—In a house in Seaton street on Monday a man named Henry Connovan and his wife were arrested for drunken and disorderly conduct. When the police entered the house they found a male child belonging to the drunken couple lying in a corner almost dead from a fever. The police at once had the child taken to the General Hospital where proper medicines were administered, and it will probably recover. Hard as it is to believe it is nevertheless a fact that while the parents were carousing the life of the infant entirely forgotten, was slowly ebbing away, and had it not been for the timely arrival of the police would no doubt have been sacrificed.

**MILK AND WATER.**—It is to be hoped that a careful eye will be kept on the milk sellers and dealers, as several instances lately have occurred where milk has been served considerably weakened to customers. Should this again occur the names of the parties will be given to the police and made public. The report of the milk inspector, if there is such an officer, should be published in a similar manner to that of the inspectors of bakers.

A boy-correspondent of a Provincial daily contemporary thinks there is something to be said for "boys' rights" as well as for the rights of women, and other entities. We can't, says he, slide on the sidewalk or in the road. We can't skate or play marbles, snowball or play ball, and after having been shut up in school all day we want something that we can play without having a police man after us. Talk of women's rights and men's rights, what right has a boy that the police are bound to respect? Every boy and girl owns a sled, and wants to use it, but none are allowed except swell boys.

A Hamilton contemporary thinks that any stranger visiting that city would naturally come to the conclusion that Hamilton must be blessed with an innumerable lot of idlers and loafers. In the police court of a morning may be seen dozens of strong, stalwart men, fit for any amount of physical labour, lounging lazily against the partition which divides outsiders from those who come there on business, staring with vacant eyes and their mouths open, listening to what was going on, instead of seeking employment so as to enable them to maintain their families without daily asking charity from the corporation.

**THE WEIGHTS OF COAL.**—The frauds in the weighing of coal having become so frequent and so serious, the matter will be brought at once before the City Council, with a view to framing such regulations as shall restrict these frauds to the narrowest limits. Com. Stephens will introduce a by-law for that purpose, of which the following will be the principal provisions:—"All coal to be weighed at public scales, the cost of weighing, five cents, to be paid by the buyer. A penalty is provided in case of fraud in weighing, and also for fraudulently taking off any portion of the load after it has been weighed. A cart load of any article may be required to be weighed at public scales, if the buyer wishes it, and will be at the expense of such weighing. The police are to have power to stop carts laden with coal if they suspect that a portion of the load has been unlawfully removed, and may cause the load to be re-weighed at the public expense; and, if found short of weight, the coal is to be confiscated. Coal is to be sold by weight only, and conveyed in carts whose number and weight are conspicuously marked upon them. Such number and weight, also the name of the owner of the cart, are to be kept in a register by the Chief of Police. Any quantity of coal, over a quarter ton, for domestic purposes, must be weighed at public scales, and a certificate of weight be delivered along with it. When coal is sold in quantities less than a quarter ton, scales must be kept in the yard, and the coal must be weighed therein. Any person designedly selling firewood short of measure, to be fined \$20 or 30 days imprisonment." It will be seen that this does away with the weighing of coal on the private scales of the coal-yard or office. If this be found to be an inconvenience or positive hardship, dealers may thank the dishonest amongst them for the change. It is not flattering to the sellers of any commodity to have taken out of their hands the weighing or measurement of that in which they deal. But protection to the public is paramount to all private considerations; and the public, there is reason to believe, have been too widely and systematically victimized to allow any trifling inconvenience or matters of feeling to come between them and justice.—*From Montreal Witness*.

**BRADFORD, Jan. 15.**—A dwelling-house was destroyed by fire a few rods from this station at two o'clock on Sunday morning, by which five lives were lost in the flames.—A woman named Tessier, her two children and a young woman (her niece) and a man who was boarding in the house. Another man, with his wife and child, barely escaped with their lives by getting out of the bedroom window. The origin of the fire is not known.

A few weeks ago, says the *Fergus New Record*, we published an account of the passing of a counterfeit ten dollar bill in Fergus. Since then counterfeit silver coins, both Canadian and American, have been passed in town. The alterations on the bill which made a one dollar Provincial note into a ten were clumsily done, and might be easily detected. But the silver coins are so well executed that they would readily escape detection from anyone. The impressions or stamps on the sides and faces are perfect—the letters and figures being exactly similar to those on genuine coin. We have been shown two counterfeit fifty cent pieces—one Canadian and one American—which were passed upon Mr. Robert Phillips, druggist, and we must say they are dangerous imitations. They are a little lighter in weight and darker in colour than genuine coin. But probably the best way of detecting the spurious coin is by the touch. A genuine piece of silver, if pressed between the thumb and fingers, has a firm grip, and will not readily move, whereas the counterfeit coin feels greasy and nearly smooth, and will slip around like a piece of lead.

**NAPLES, Jan. 21.**—Last evening about half-past seven, as a man named Van Alstine was proceeding home, he heard cries of distress some distance on the railway track, about a mile distant from this place, which attracted his attention. On going to the spot he found a man named Chas. Beck with lying alongside the track, with one leg smashed below the knee. It appears he was very much under the influence of liquor at the time, and all he remembers is the cow catcher of an engine striking him, and it is supposed part of the train passed over his leg. He was brought to this place, and doctors Tuttan and Bristol amputated the limb below the knee. He is quite lively to-day, and it is thought he will recover in a few weeks.

A few days ago a merchant doing business on Young street Toronto declared himself insolvent, and called a meeting of his creditors. He endeavoured

to show them that his assets would only pay a small percentage on a dollar, and requested them to sign an agreement to accept that amount in payment. The meeting adjourned until the following day in order to consider the proposition, but in the meantime it was discovered that he had a considerable sum deposited in his wife's name in one of our city banks. An order was obtained for his arrest and he was lodged in jail for the night, but next day, having made arrangements with his creditors, he was discharged by their consent.

**L'ALBEN DE LA MINERVE.**—We have received from the office of the *Mineur* a copy of its fortnightly *Echo*, which not only contains a large quantity of current news, but is peculiarly adapted for the fire-side, having departments for the young and old, as also a very well conducted fashion department.

**A CONSIDERABLE TAVERN KEEPER.**—A milkman of Lachine, named Mart, while intoxicated went into a tavern kept by Mr. Arcand, the day before yesterday and called for drink. The tavern keeper seeing the condition of the man and also that he had a good deal of money about him gave him in charge of a policeman and the man and his money was kept safe until next day. The tavern keeper acted like a man of honor and deserves all praise.

**A MAN KILLED.**—Peter Benau, a middle-aged man, while engaged in coupling cars at Point St. Charles yesterday, was crushed between the cars and received such injuries that he died yesterday morning about eleven o'clock. He was a married man and leaves a wife and small family.—*Gazette*, 18th inst.

**THE HOME LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**—During last year 62,353 gallons of liquor (bottled liquor not included) came to Lindsay by rail, about 800 gallons of which passed through to Oakwood, Woodville, &c. In 1870 the number of gallons was 72,681; thus showing a decrease of 9,728 gallons, notwithstanding that the town increased its population last year from five to six hundred and at least two new saloon licenses and one tavern license were granted.—*Lindsay Post*.

**Birth.**

In this city, on the 18th inst., at 150 St. Antoine Street, the wife of Michael O'Reilly, of a daughter.

**Died.**

On Saturday last, 20th inst., at 4 Phillip's Place, of Erysipelas, C. J. Cusack, Esq., aged 57 years.—*R.I.P.*

In this city, on the 23rd inst., Patrick David, aged 12 years, fifth son of Mr. Thomas Barry, of H. M. Customs.



**NOTICE.**

**ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.** THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the above SOCIETY will be held in the SACRISTY of the ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH on SUNDAY the 28th inst., immediately after Vespers for the Election of officers.

(By Order)  
M. MCCREADY, Sect.

**WANTED.**

A MALE TEACHER, holding an Elementary Diploma, for School No. 3 St. Columban, Two Mountains. For particulars apply to JOHN BURKE, President.

**TO CONTRACTORS.**

TENDERS will be received until the 5th February next for the building of a Seminary at Lindsay; white brick; 72 x 54; 3 Stories high; Mansard roof. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. M. STAFFORD, BARR.

Lindsay, Jan. 12, 1872.

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT.  
Dist. of Montreal.

IN the matter of Leon Hurteau, of the City and district of Montreal, Trader.

Insolvent.

On the twenty-sixth day of the month of February next, at half past ten of the clock in the forenoon, the said Insolvent will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

LEON HURTEAU,

By LEBLANC, CASSIDY & LACOSTE,  
His Attorneys at Law.

MONTREAL, January 15th, 1872.

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**

CANADA, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.  
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, }  
Dist. of Montreal.

IN the matter of SUTHERLAND, FORCE & COMPANY, (composed of John Sutherland and Anthony Force),

Insolvents.

ON Saturday the Seventeenth day of February now next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act.

JOHN SUTHERLAND,

By his Attorney at Law L. N. BENJAMIN.

ANTHONY FORCE,

By his Attorney at Law L. N. BENJAMIN.

MONTREAL, 28th December, 1871.

**FOR SALE.**

TWENTY-FIVE SHARES of the CAPITAL STOCK of the ST. PATRICK'S HALL ASSOCIATION. Apply at this Office.

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**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.**

CANADA, } SUPERIOR COURT.  
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, }  
Dist. of Montreal.

IN the matter of NAPOLEON PREFONTAINE and FRANCOIS XAVIER MOISAN, Traders, of Montreal, individually, and as having carried on business there in partnership under the name and firm of "PREFONTAINE & MOISAN"

Insolvents.

ON the Seventeenth day of February next, NAPOLEON PREFONTAINE, one of the Insolvents, individually, and as having been one of said partners, will apply to the said Court for his discharge under the said Act.

NAPOLEON PREFONTAINE,

By DORION, DORION & GEOFFRION,  
His Attorneys at Law.

MONTREAL, 9th January, 1872.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Jan. 18.—The assassin of the Prussian soldier at Lunville a few days since has been arrested at Chalou-sur-Saone, and confesses to having committed the deed. Several petitions have already been sent to Thiers, asking him to pardon the prisoner. The people of France are active in their exertions to relieve the country from the presence of German troops. Throughout all the departments money is being subscribed towards paying the indebtedness to Germany.

PARIS, Jan. 19.—It is rumored that President Thiers threatens to resign if the Assembly rejects the new tariff on raw material.

The National Assembly to-day, by a vote of 376 against 307 adopted a resolution providing that the Government shall only resort to taxation on raw material when other taxes fail to produce a sufficient revenue for the expenses of the nation. A Committee of 17 was appointed, who are in the meantime to make a thorough examination of the tariff.

It is reported this evening that Quetier will retire from the Ministry.

The Principal of the College at Vetry le Francois, who was arrested by the Germans on account of hostile demonstration made by a student of his institution, has been condemned by a German court-martial to three months imprisonment.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.—The parties which compose it are called upon daily to give up their rivalries in the interest of France. France herself might as well be asked to metamorphose herself, and to fuse herself into one and the same party. And those who ask this sacrifice, what are they but party men themselves, calling for the sacrifice of other men's opinions only to obtain the triumph of their own? It is easy to say to the different parties, "Give up your pretensions;" the answer can always be, "Have you given up yours?" No one, unhappily, has yet given up any. The same faults, the same mistakes, the same infatuations are always repeated. It cannot be said that the misfortunes of these last two years have opened people's eyes or minds to the truth. The Assembly, the Press, the nation still continue to judge exclusively from their point of view, according to their own ideas, interests, and prejudices. Indignation is roused at a lesson being taught by the foreigner, at outrages inflicted by the victor upon the vanquished. It would be better to acknowledge faults and amend them. Moral sense has been destroyed in France by revolution, and everything conspires to confirm this work of perversion; even the monuments raised in public places in honour of insurrection, even the names inscribed at the street corners. Revolt is glorified everywhere—in books that are considered the best, in art, in pamphlets, in speeches, in manners. Neither among the highest nor the lowest does respect for law exist, nor the feeling of justice take deep-root. After so many revolutions another is still wanting, the most difficult and least attractive—a revolution in manners and minds. I fear that it may be long in coming, since implacable war and the odious Commune have not effected it.—Cbr. Times.

The Semaine Religieuse of Paris prints the following letter from Pere Gratry to the Archbishop of Paris, and the reply of his Grace:—

Montreux, Vaud, Switzerland, November 25 1871.—Monsieur.—But for my having been ill and unable to write, I would some days since have addressed to you a letter of respects and of welcome. I now desire at least to say to you what perhaps it is almost unnecessary to say—namely, that, as all my brethren in the priesthood have done, I accept the decrees of the Council of the Vatican. Whatever, before the decision, I may have written contrary to the decrees I cancel.

Be pleased, Monsigneur, to send me your blessing. A. GRATRY, Priest of the Diocese of Paris.

Archeveche de Paris, Dec. 8, 1871.

My dear Abbe.—The short but significant letter you have addressed to me from your bed of suffering has edified and consoled me much. I have known you too well to have ever entertained any doubt about your entire docility to the decisions of the Church. Such submission is the glory and the true greatness of the priest and of the Bishop, it is also the sole means of safety for the conscience.

You have written much in defence of the truth; but you have done a greater service to the Church by cancelling the pages last written by your hand, than when you penned those useful and eloquent works which have strengthened so many souls in the faith.

By these noble and generous examples we bring our conduct into harmony with our convictions, and we prove to the world that we are sincere when we affirm, that the light of the faith is superior to the light of our weak and variable reason.

I pray earnestly for the restoration of your health, that you may continue to defend the cause of religion with the talent for which you are distinguished, and with the new authority which you will gain from the honorable act of submission you have just accomplished.

I bless you, my dear Abbe, with all my heart, and I once more assure you of my most affectionate regard.

† J. HIPPOLYTE, Archbishop of Paris.

SPAIN.

It is not difficult to see the main cause of the financial embarrassments in Spain. The Spaniards cannot afford to pay their creditors, or find themselves compelled to reduce their dividends by a heavy percentage, simply because all their resources are exhausted in a vain attempt to achieve the subjugation of Cuba. A jealous sense of honor stands in the way of common honesty. High national aspirations are pleaded in extenuation of financial delinquencies. The resolution never to part with an inch of colonial territory is the one point on which all political parties in Spain agree—or dare not to express disagreement. The strife is as to who shall talk biggest on the subject. The cry is "Cuba must not be lost!" There are hardly two men in the Peninsula who have the same ideas as to the uses to which their great Antilles are to be put when brought back to a state of docility; but tamed they must be, or Spain will perish in the attempt. Nothing, in the meanwhile, can be more melancholy than the history of those West Indian Colonies which are the solitary waifs and strays left to the Spanish Monarchy out of its immense Transatlantic possessions. As the last strongholds of slavery and the slave trade, both those Islands and the mother country were a scandal to civilized nations; and the result of the connivance of grasping Spanish Governors with that infamous traffic was a moral cancer which eat deep into the national life of Spain. The September Revolution of 1868 was to usher in freedom both for Spain and her dependencies. But by "freedom" the Spaniards professed to understand simply better government. The Cubans stood up for self-government, and a civil war ensued, in which the Spaniards have sacrificed from 75,000 to 80,000 of their best troops, maintaining, besides from 40,000 to 50,000 Volunteers out of the loyal population of Havannah, Matanzas, and other cities. Spain has exhausted her strength and her treasure in a desultory and uneventful but sanguinary warfare, the end of which, after more than three years, seems farther off than ever.—Times.

SWITZERLAND.

The Federal Council at Berne has just voted by 82 against nine the exclusion from the territory of the Confederation of the Jesuits and all societies affiliated to them. It has also prohibited by 75 votes against 19 the foundation of new convents, or the re-establishment of those which have been suppressed. As far as the Jesuits themselves are concerned the first of these two enactments is nugatory, they having been expelled from Switzerland at the termination of the war of the Sonderbund. It was principally aimed at communities like the Ursulines of Fribourg, of whom it was alleged that they had some indirect and distant connection with the Society. Nearly at the same time, M. Carteret, the head of the anti-Catholic radicals at Geneva, and now unfortunately President of the Council of State of that canton, presented to the constituent Council a proposition declaring primary education obligatory, and, in the public schools, gratuitous, with lay teachers. He proposed also to forbid members of any religious order or congregation to give instruction either public or private. This bill was thrown out in the fear that it would subsequently be rejected by the popular vote, but a few days afterwards 49 members proposed an article compelling the cantons to provide for gratuitous education, which was to be obligatory and not in the hands of religious orders. The first part of the article was adopted, but not that referring to religious orders, which was rejected by 59 votes to 50. The campaign against the teaching congregations, will of course be reopened, and M. Carteret has by no means got to the end of his programme. He is said to have announced that he will soon turn his attention to dealing with the auxiliary Bishop of Geneva, whose presence is an eyecore to the Reds as well as to the Calvinists. An interesting letter from Sion in the *Univers* expresses the opinion that the Catholic element in Switzerland may be put down, but cannot be altogether conquered. The last census gives the Catholic population at 1,084,665 as against 1,566,001 Protestants. And though in the large and small towns many nominal Catholics have been corrupted by the revolution, yet in the country places, and especially in the Alpine valleys, an excellent spirit prevails. In the Valais, for instance, every village possesses its branch of the Pius-Verein.

ITALY.

ROME, Jan. 18.—The Pope is suffering from a severe cold and has been confined to his bed for one day.

I have to record with sorrow another insult to the Holy Father, which illustrates forcibly the value of the declaration of the Piedmontese as to his perfect liberty. His Holiness is accustomed frequently to take his walk in the middle of the day in the Vatican library. On Monday last when he had passed from his apartments to the gallery of inscriptions, the two Swiss guards that had attended him remained as usual in the corridor outside. Whilst waiting for his return they happened to go to the balcony of a window close at hand. A Piedmontese soldier on guard below no sooner perceived them than he called upon them to retire, repeating his order several times, leading and even pointing his rifle. Mgr. de Merode, Archbishop of Melitane, who was near at the time, hearing of what had occurred, and scarcely able to realise the possibility of such an outrage, went at once himself to the balcony, met with exactly the same treatment, and was obliged to retire. Such an occurrence does not surprise us. It is even what we might have expected at a prison, which the Vatican has now become. At first it was attempted to deny and ridicule the affair. But, as the fact was insisted on by testimony which it was impossible to elude, it is now explained to have been the effect of an unauthorised order, given only by word of mouth and not in due written form. It is also stated, that the head of the sentry-station has been punished with the maximum of severity which the disciplinary scale allows, and that the superintendent captain has been sentenced to twenty days of rigorous imprisonment. They might have spared the Holy Father the additional ignominy of such an explanation and such a reparation.—*Tablet* Cor.

ALLOCATION TO THE FOREIGN COLLEGE.—On the 15th ult., the Holy Father received a deputation from all the foreign colleges in Rome, headed by the Rev. Father Somenenki, rector of the Polish College, who read an address in which allusion was made to the existing persecution of the Church. The Holy Father said in reply:—"The Church has been persecuted from her cradle. She found human society unbelieving, ignorant, full of vices; and she brought it back to the ways of justice, truth, and holiness. But that could not be done without resistance; hence persecutions arose. Reading lately a book written by a learned man, not an Italian, I became convinced that the present persecution is by far the most terrible the Church has ever undergone. 'Etilioli mei, levate oculos vestros in circuitu.' Dear sons, lift up your eyes, and behold what is all around you. Behold society, see what it is, and you will find that it

is not merely blind, as the ancient society was, but apostate. That is why it is much more difficult for it to listen to the voice of God and of the Church, because, of all sinners, the apostate is the most reprobate in the sight of God. And, if this be so, if these who rule society are in the hands of Satan, if they are inspired with hatred of Jesus Christ Himself, then judge what strength, what vigour, what zeal, what exuberance of life, what solidity of doctrine is needed to be shown, in order to convert those who are being led away by empty delusions, such as the present state of society is bringing forth. I therefore exhort you, my dear sons, to show yourselves more and more fervent as churchmen, and every day better, to the end that our enemies' mouths may be stopped by the holiness of your life, and that they may be compelled to respect virtue in priests although they hate you. Persevere then in charity and in zeal, and prepare yourselves to do battle with error. Our good God Himself will put thoughts into your minds, words upon your lips, and strength into your heart, to defend the rights of God and of the Church, now so unworthily assailed. This is the meditation which I give you for this morning, and God, as I hope, will imprint it strongly on your souls that so He may make of you worthy priests of His holy Church." The Holy Father then gave the Apostolic benediction in the usual form.—*Corr. of Tablet*.

IMPUDENCE RAISED TO ITS HIGHEST POWER.—After the wholesale confiscations of religious property throughout Italy, and lately in Rome itself, it is rather too good for the spoilers to turn round and ask those, whom they have so mercilessly and sacrilegiously robbed, to assist them in providing remedies for the wide-spread misery their own proceedings have created. Yet such is the case at this present time in Rome. M. Gadda, the revolutionary prefect of the Eternal City, has just issued an address to the confraternities and archconfraternities, requesting them to come and help him in distributing assistance to the needy poor. Of course it is useless to expect to find any sense of propriety, or any idea of shame in the educated and liberal minds of our revolutionists, so that it is quite in keeping with their practice, if contrary to their professions, to crush the people with oppressive taxes, to rob churches and convents, to waste the public money in organising liberal demonstrations and abortive illuminations, for the profit of liberal speculators—and then to recommend the poor to the care of that priesthood they are ever ready to rob, calumniate and murder.

The Emperor of Brazil, according to the Rome correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; has been endeavouring to play the part of a mediator between the Pope and the King of Italy, but his well meant exertions have been attended with poor success. In the first interview which he had with the Pope he spoke warmly and eloquently on the necessity of a reconciliation. His Holiness listened attentively, and then remarked that he was very much surprised to hear such language from the Emperor of Brazil. "I am for the nonce," replied the Emperor, "only Don Pedro d'Alcantara who address your Holiness." "Very well, my dear Don Pedro d'Alcantara," said the Pope, "people say you are a philosopher, and I believe it. Consult your books and when you find in any one of them that the day unites itself with the night, bring the work to me, and I shall have a precedent for the reconciliation you advocate." Even to the Empress the Pope is said to have made himself very disagreeable by sneering at her conduct in showing her husband over the Royal Palace at Naples, the palace of her ancestors, she being the daughter of Francis I of the Two Sicilies. The oddest part of the affair occurred when the Emperor went to take leave of the Pope, and commenced to talk once more on the subject of reconciliation, and even went so far as to say that he would bring Victor Emmanuel secretly to the Vatican. "I will get him to come here in a cab," said he, "and no one will know anything about it." The Pope was very much agitated at this, and parted very coldly with the Emperor. Strangely enough it seems that the King of Italy had never authorised Don Pedro to negotiate an interview between him and the Holy Father, much less to drive him in a cab to the Vatican. The Emperor of Brazil acted throughout *proprio motu*.

One of the Italian clerical journals, the *Unita Cattolica*, makes an announcement which seems to indicate that the departure of the Pope from Rome is an event that may happen at any moment. It says, in fact, that it holds itself in readiness to change the place of its publication, and to follow the Holy Father wherever he may go. Should he proceed to France, Switzerland or Germany, it will accompany him, and wherever he takes his abode, there the *Unita Cattolica* will be printed and sent to subscribers without extra charge. "And perhaps," adds the clerical journal, "the very patient Pius may be compelled to leave Rome sooner than is expected."

GERMANY.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* states that an augmentation of the already vast armies of the Fatherland has been decreed. The yearly contingent will be annually increased by a number sufficient at the end of 12 years to place a new army of 330,000 men at the disposal of the War Office. This is the reply to the Germans to the dreams of revenge which haunt the people of France.

PROTESTANTISM IN PRUSSIA.—A religious disagreement has sprung up amongst the Protestants of Prussia, on the question of a hymn-book. When the fusion took place between the Lutherans and Calvinists, the King of Prussia appointed the hymn-book of Herr Gerhard, somewhat of a Rationalist, to be used in the parishes. In several parishes however the rival book of Herr Hahn has been adopted; and as the newspapers have spared no pains to fan the flames of discord, the quarrel is daily assuming greater dimensions. We may hope, therefore, that the Protestants of Prussia will give the government something else to think about than Papal Infallibility and the means of persecuting indolent Jesuits.

"An amusing and highly ingenious diagnosis has been made of the Prince's illness by some of the Berlin physicians. They have, by some reasoning very evident, come to entertain the idea that the outbreak at Londerborough Lodge was not one of typhoid, but of trichinosis—a disease which has been very prevalent in some districts of Prussia for the past few years. The character of the outbreak at Scarborough, the slow abatement of the temperature, and the bronchial affection in the Prince's illness, afforded perhaps *a priori* grounds for the strange opinions of the Berlin physicians; but it need not be said that trichinosis neither produces the specific spots, nor does it present the typical variations of the temperature of typhoid fever which were so well marked in his Royal Highness's illness."

RUSSIA.

M. CATAZAY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some particulars as to the recall of M. Catazay from the post of Russian Ambassador at Washington, taken from the *Hamburg Correspondent*. "M. Catazay," says the writer, "has long been one of Prince Gortschakoff's favorites, but he is even less known to Russian society and the Russian public than most of the foreign diplomatic agents employed by Russia, as he is by birth a Greek, and, as such, has no connexion in the country. . . . It is said that Prince Gortschakoff regards him as an adept in Eastern affairs, and he has always shown special eagerness in looking after the 'orthodox' interests of Russia in the Bosphorus. It is this zeal which has led the astute Greek to abandon his usual prudence and burn his fingers at Washington. When at the beginning of the year the Black Sea affair was being considered by the London Conference considerable anxiety prevailed among Russian diplomatists. They feared that in consequence of the improvement

which was just then occurring in the relations between the Washington Cabinet and the English Government, Lord Granville's resistance to the proposal for giving up the neutrality of the Black Sea might become stronger, and Russia's position in London, which was based on her friendship with America, grow more difficult. The appointment of a new American Ambassador in London, which was so propitious for the Alabama affair, was about to be made, and M. Catazay was instructed to do his utmost to prevent the acceptance of the British proposals for an arrangement and to obtain the appointment of an Ambassador who would not be regarded with favour in London." "M. Catazay," continues the *Correspondent*, "was over-zealous in carrying out these instructions; he negotiated with the rival parties in America, and finally entered into an intrigue against President Grant and Mr. Fish, with the view of compelling them by party pressure to adopt the Russian programme in the Alabama question." When the President discovered this he threw the whole responsibility of the intrigue on M. Catazay, the American relations with the Russian Government remaining on the same friendly footing as before. Prince Gortschakoff strove hard to protect his favourite, but in vain, and at length the President behaved to M. Catazay with such "Yankee *sans-gene*" that the latter's position became untenable.

The Vienna *Wanderer*, in an article on the relations between Russia and Germany, observes:—"Russia cannot shut her eyes to the fact that the German Empire is by no means a complete, fully grown State. How far it is destined to extend its boundaries cannot indeed as yet be accurately pointed out; but this much is certain, that the new German Empire has within itself, as consequences of its situation, motives which impel it to extend its boundaries still further. New Germany cannot arbitrarily bid itself to stop growing any more than a growing youth can say, 'I am big enough now, and I won't grow any more.' The German War Minister, M. von Koon, has not asked for any increase in the Prussian fleet this year; but that the first State in Europe cannot long rest satisfied with half a fleet, and that it will endeavour to form a fleet worthy of and corresponding to its greatness, in order to have a voice in maritime affairs, is a matter on which nobody can entertain any doubt. But a Prussian naval Power means domination in the Baltic, and whoever rules the Baltic can close the Russian ports. Furthermore it must be borne in mind that the so-called Russian Baltic provinces, as well as their nationality as by their religion, gravitate towards Germany now that such a dream no longer belongs, as was formerly the case, to the realm of impossibilities, and the very existence of St. Petersburg depends entirely upon the possession of the Baltic provinces and Finland. And if the Russians cannot be made aware of this danger, which arises from the total change produced by the events of the last year in the relative power of the two States (Russia and Germany), it is only a matter of course that they should now look upon the Germans as their natural and most dangerous enemies. And this feeling will with time increase in arithmetical progression, the more they become conscious of the precarious situation in which they have been placed by the unforeseen revolution which has taken place in the relative strength of the two nations. The Russian Empire cannot possibly see a guarantee for its security in the personal friendship which exists between the rulers of the two Empires. It will be obliged to look about for other guarantees, other alliances, and other means of defence. That the existence of this feeling of uneasiness at St. Petersburg was perceived, in Berlin is proved by the brilliant embassy which was sent to the Russian capital to take part in the celebration of the festival of St. George. The Berlin Government wished thereby to remove the Russian feeling of uneasiness and to show its own good will. But if this has really had the effect of momentarily calming the uneasiness felt in the circles of St. Petersburg, and if the feeling of anxious distrust has really been removed for the moment, it cannot fail to break forth again with redoubled strength. For the political future is determined by circumstances and not by the wishes of individuals, and circumstances have not been in any degree changed by the festival of St. George."

It seems hard at Christmas time to have to express any apprehension as to the prospects of a durable European Peace. Nor can we, indeed, bring ourselves to believe that French or German statesmen can be insane enough to desire war. But the smallest spark lying about reveals what a vast store of inflammable tinder is at present lying every where about the Continent of Europe. Of the period of three years which was to elapse between the signature of the Preliminaries at Versailles and the fulfilment of all the conditions of the final Treaty we have barely outlived ten months, and the attitude of the late belligerents has not thus far tended to relieve us from anxiety.—*Times*.

A POOR PAYMASTER.—The poorest paymaster in the world is the farmer who raises poor crops. He may pay his hired help good wages, and pay promptly and honorably; but how does he pay himself? What has he got for his work? How much in grain, cattle, or net cash, as a surplus to apply in payment for the hard work of a year, of himself, and family? That is the question. A man who not only works, but superintends and manages the affairs of his farm, ought to be well paid. He ought to make some clean cash to lay by besides. If it takes all one's mites to pay current expenses and barely get through, there is something wrong in the system of operations pursued. Perhaps you are growing stock that your farm is not adapted to growing. Perhaps you are raising grain when you should go into stock and that almost wholly. You may be trying to grow fine wool when you cannot produce a fine staple on account of the nature of your soil, and long wool would be just what you should grow. A grass farm cannot be made a profitable grain or fruit farm. These points must be looked to with great care and scrutiny, and the right course marked out under all the circumstances, if a man expects to get anything like fair wages for his work. If he don't look out for himself he is doubly at fault, for no one will look out for him. Every farm is adapted to a certain system of culture, and every farmer or gardener will find it more profitable to pursue that system, without much change, than to attempt a variety of systems. Land, like animals, seems to be governed by the laws of habit in a good degree. Animals thrive better under a uniform manner of treatment; cows yield more milk if fed in the same way and milked by the same hand; so the land will yield more if a steady and uniform system is pursued, adapted to its peculiar needs and the needs of the crops it is best fitted to grow.

APPLES FOR FEEDING ANIMALS.—H. H. Doonittle, of Oak's Corners, New York, gives the *Rural New Yorker* a statement of his experiments in feeding apples to horses, cattle and swine. The price for apples being low in market last autumn, he used them to advantage in this way. He took care to give to his animals good sound fruit, and not such as was partly rotten or partly frozen. His two horses were kept in good condition and well fitted for work, which could not have been attained for less than \$15 worth of grain. Two breeding sows were kept as well as they could have been on \$5 to \$10 worth of grain; and three spring pigs were well fattened on apples at a saving in grain of about \$10. The pigs were also tried with boiled apples and a little meal, but they liked the raw apples best. Cows were fed mostly on whole apples, there being none small enough to choke them. A milk cow has increased in milk at least fifty per cent, which made excellent butter.

She fell away one half in yield on changing the apples to sliced turnips, buckwheat shorts, and corn stalks. The loss was partly restored by changing the turnips and shorts to half a bushel of apples daily. The apples in the experiment were regarded as worth from \$5 to \$10. A dry cow was handsomely fattened on apples—worth from \$15 to \$20. The apples fed in this way were a crop of about fifty barrels of Greenings, and one-half as many more of second quality, besides worth at current prices at the time not over \$50. According to the statement in the experiment, from \$50 to \$65 were obtained for them as feed. It also furnishes corroboration of the statements we have made in former years, that rich sour apples are scarcely inferior to sweet ones for this purpose. The flow of milk from the cow from October 1st to November 10th, was two-thirds as much as on good June feed.

HOW TO FIT A COLLAR TO A HORSE.—The plan adopted at the West we are assured by men who have been long in the collar business, does not injure the collar in the least, is to dip it in water until the leather is thoroughly wet, then put it on the horse, securing the harness firmly, keeping it there until it becomes dry. It is all the better if heavy loads are to be drawn, as that causes the collar to be more evenly fitted to the neck and shoulders. If possible, the collar should be kept on from four to five hours, when it will be perfectly dry and retain the same shape ever afterward; and as it is exactly fitted to the form of the neck, will not produce chafes nor sores on the horse's neck.—*Exchange*.

Persons Afflicted, however slightly, with any weakness of the Chest or Throat, involving either the Larynx, Trachea, Bronchial Tubes, or the Lungs themselves, should, on the first symptom commence with FELLOWS' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, as by its use diseases of those organs (even Consumption in its primary stage) are speedily cured and more alarming symptoms prevented. No. 29.

We all consider Iron the embodiment of strength and power, but how few are aware that it is this same element in the system, that gives us strength and vigor, and that an insufficiency of it causes weakness and debility. The Peruvian Syrup, a proximate of iron, is prepared expressly to supply this vitalizing element. 47.

Asthma may be greatly relieved by use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment internally. 23.

LAWLOR'S SEWING MACHINES.—Principal office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. HOSIERY ST. JOSEPH, MONTREAL, August 5th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favour of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, but having recently tested the working qualities of the "Family Singer" manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes. SISTER GAUTHIER. MONTREAL April 23, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry about the working qualities of your Family Singer Sewing Machines, which we have in constant operation on shirts, we beg to say that they are, in every respect, perfectly satisfactory and we consider them superior to any American Machine, and consequently take much pleasure in recommending them as the most perfect, useful and durable Machines now offered to the public. Most respectfully, J. B. MEAD & Co., Shirt Manufacturers, 381 Notre Dame St. VILLA MARIA, Montreal, Sept. 7th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the "Family Singer" Sewing Machine manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing Machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers. Respectfully, THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA. HOTEL DEB DE ST. HYACINTHE, 11th Sept-ember 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Among the different Sewing Machines in use in this Institution, we have a "Singer Family" of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect. THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DEB, ST. HYACINTHE.

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