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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' id," 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 harrum 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 harrum 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 harrum 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, mumbling 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 east 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-ing.

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 hoisting 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.

He 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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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 sentinel posted in front of the Vatican, of which mention will be found on the sixth page, is attracting 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.

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 resignation of the Presidential Chair, and at the same time all his Ministers likewise threw up their situations.

The defence in the Titchborne case was opened on the 15th inst. by a long and powerful address to the Jury by the Attorney General—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 evidence which he intended to adduce.

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, Virginia, 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 reported conversion of a Protestant minister belonging 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.

ning, is held in high honor in the American Protestant world. Of late years, it seems that the Rev. Dr. Hepworth has become much dissatisfied with his position, and has in consequence, renounced—we will not say Unitarianism, 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.

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 Catholic principle of "authority" in matters of religion, 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 orthodox doctrine; for to him Christ is still a creature, 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 authority, 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 particular, 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 discordant ideas," not of Christ only, but on all religious 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? Individual 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 something which she teaches. It is in this denial that Protestantism consists: neither is there, nor can there be, any positive, or affirmative doctrine to which the term Protestant can be properly 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 Protestantism; 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 expressed in the Acts of Œcumenical 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 corruption 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 effect, 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 Council of Florence in which the Greek and Latin Bishops who sat together, defined the Papal Supremacy? This must be determined by investigation 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 testimony of their union. Of these five original drafts, one only is known to exist in the present day, which is preserved in the Biblioteca Laurentiana 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 disputed 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 prerogatives of the Papacy. The external testimony is therefore very strong as to the genuineness 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 Œcumenical 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,—quemadmodum etiam continetur—in the Acts of the Œcumenical Councils, and the Holy Canons."

The difference amounts to this: That according to the first version, Our Lord commissioned St. Peter and his successors to rule the Church, but in such a manner only as is expressed or set forth in the Acts of the Œcumenical Councils and the Holy Canons. According 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 successors.

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 Councils 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 restrictions 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 possession of ordinary intelligence and knowledge of historical facts—we do not think it likely that

they could have been guilty of such an anachronism 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 governing it, "in such a manner as was expressed in Acts of Œcumenical 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 œcumenicorum 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 successors. 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 Œcumenical 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 pretend, 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 commission were certainly not imposed on the recipient 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 exercised; 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 question has broken out in the Province of New Brunswick. We deeply regret that such a contest should have arisen; but its necessity having been forced by a tyrant Protestant majority on the Catholic minority, we cannot but rejoice that the latter have accepted frankly the gage 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 Confederation 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 sympathies 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 annexed 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 indifferent, 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 specious 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 mentioned 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 cannot by such means extirpate Catholicity.]

What the Catholics of Ireland have done, the Catholics of New Brunswick, we believe, will do for necessary. They will not, indeed, bear wrongs and contumely, oppression and injustice, tamely or silently. 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 deterred 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 requires them to engage.

There is little room to doubt the course the Catholics of the Province will take. In all the cities and towns they have within a few years erected by unparalleled efforts and sacrifices educational establishments 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 probably be largely increased, as schools on the State establishment taught by Catholics will not differ very much from others. In the country 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 Surrender" 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 or 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 General 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 Provincial Legislatures. If this be the right interpretation 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 requisition to His Honor Mayor Coursol, praying him to allow himself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty for the ensuing year, is in circulation. It is much to be desired that M. Coursol will accede to the request of the signers.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

quencies. 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.

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.

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.

ALLOCATION TO THE FORMER 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.

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.

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.

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.

One of the Italian clerical journals, the Italia 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.

GERMANY.

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times states that an augmentation of the already vast armies of the Fatherland has been decreed.

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.

"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.

RUSSIA.

M. CATACEZY.—The Pall Mall Gazette gives some particulars as to the recall of M. Catacezy from the post of Russian Ambassador at Washington, taken from the Hamburg Correspondent.

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 VIENNA WANDERER.

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.

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.

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.

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.

APPLES FOR FEEDING ANIMALS.—H. H. Doolittle, of Oak's Corners, New York, gives the Rural New Yorker a statement of his experiments in feeding apples to horses, cattle and swine.

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.

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.

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 Felle's 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.

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.

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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.

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