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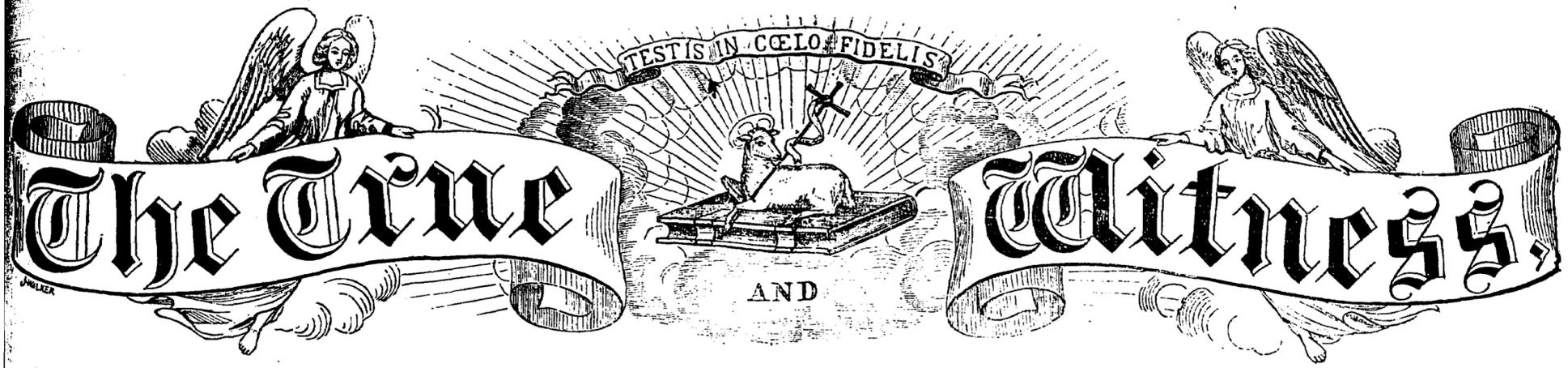
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THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."
(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE STORY OF A PENITENT.

Several weeks have passed since the night on which the Sœur Madeleine became a resident at the chateau, and the hopes which Lady Florence had entertained of a speedy reunion with those she loved had one after another drifted away.

Suspense and deferred hope had pressed heavily on the heart of the invalid. She had heard and had wept over the account of the retreat from Derby, of the cruelties of the military ruffian, General Hawley, of the battle of Falkirk; also, that, excepting a few fresh wounds of little import, the Marshal and Maurice were both well, but that, as the Prince intended at once to attack the English army, it was impossible to return to St. Germain.

The journey was long, the weather unusually bleak and inclement, and unwilling to drag them from the strife in which they were engaged, and resting on the fond delusion that the anticipated battle at Culloden would re-estate on the throne the grandson of the king and queen she had so dearly loved, Lady Florence kept her sorrow to herself, concealed the gravity of her malady, hoped she should be spared to see them again, and fought bravely with her illness.

"Read the letter to me, Sister, and tell me if my Isabel is coming soon," said Lady Florence, placing a letter which had just reached her in the hand of the nun.

"Another disappointment," she had faltered forth when the Sister had perused the few lines the note contained.

Yes, she had looked anxiously for the coming of Isabel, but the hard and pitiless weather still prevailed; it was now March, and as intensely cold as in mid-winter.

"I am better," thus ran the letter, "and long to see you once again, to talk with you about happy days yet to come, but I am forbidden to travel yet lest my illness should return. At the most, however, a few, a very few weeks, and once again, my more than mother, I shall behold you. Providence has indeed interposed wonderfully in my regard. I have now nothing left to wish but the safe and speedy return of Maurice and the Marshal, and your own recovery to health."

And the wind swept in hollow gusts down the hillside, a heavy fall of snow had that morning fallen and was already crisp on the ground, the hoar-frost had gathered on the bare branches of the creeping plants that garlanded the windows, and the leaden hue of the sky betokened that ere long there would be another snow storm.

To Lady Florence, the Sœur Madeleine had long been all in all; to see her move across the room, to listen to the low and gentle tones of her voice as she read to her, to clasp her hand, or lay her throbbing head on her bosom, comforted her exceedingly.

And the Sister, long accustomed to sickness

and death, knew full well that the end was not far off.

Without the chateau, all around was cheerless and desolate; within, warmth and comfort; the doctor had paid his visit, the priest, in case of danger, had anointed the sick lady with the holy oils, and drawing the curtains over the windows in order to shut out the dreary aspect of the weather, and stirring the wood fire into a cheerful blaze, the Sister sat her down to read or talk, according as her patient wished.

A strong feeling of affection had drawn the hearts of these two together. Since last I told you of the Sister of Charity, it had increased with every remaining day, so that the Lady Florence could not bear her out of her sight.

Very often had she pressed her to talk about her youth, of the cause that had led her to seek a convent home. She would merely say, with a soft smile, and mayhap a touch of sadness in her voice the while, "It was my vocation, Madam."

"True, Sister, but there is oftentimes some cause that arises on a sudden which manifests this vocation, and shows God's chosen ones it is His will they should be wholly His."

When she said these words, a bright spot glowed on the Sister's pale cheek, but she made no reply. The Lady Florence said no more just then. She saw there was a deep-seated repugnance in the Sister to speak in any way, however trifling, of her early life.

But when sleep rested on her own eyelids, and the Sœur Madeleine was alone with self, then, the better spirit within her, doomed to do mortal combat with that fierce one which strove, ever and anon, to obtain the mastery over her, visited her with self-reproach.

"To-morrow, to-morrow; yes, it shall be done ere another sun shall set, the rising of which she may never behold. It is the fire yet smouldering within my heart, ready to be fanned into a flame, which seals my lips. Have I trod thus far the rugged path, and yet do my sluggish feet falter at the last step? Have I extended my hand with loving haste to touch the thorny crown, and yet hesitate to take it finally within my grasp, lest one of those which pierced my Saviour's brow should, for a brief period, lacerate my sinful heart? Shall I leave this place with half my work, by far the greater half, undone, for this hesitation shows me self is not yet conquered? Ah! no; it shall be done before to-morrow's sun has set."

A restless movement on the part of the invalid disturbed the Sister's musings. She rose and moistened her feverish lips with a cooling draught, shook up her pillow, kissed the throbbing brow, replenished the fire with fresh logs, and, advancing to the window, raised the curtain to look out on the dreary scene without.

Cold and cheerless, a white waste of country as far as the eye could reach. Looming darkly in the distance stands the Palace, on the summit of the hill which skirted the fields, till it terminated in the valley beneath.

The usually impassible and beautiful face wears a sad smile as she gazes out into the desolate night, and as she lets the curtain fall into its place she says to herself:

"It is well for me, my God, that Thou hast led me here, or I had lacked the strength to keep my hand at the plough without looking back again."

The Sœur Madeleine was well used to hours of watching. Her life was a hard one, as all know who are acquainted with the duties, and who is not, of a Sister of Charity?

Physically, she was not unfitted for the work to which she had devoted herself in a spirit of penance. Thus, when the gray dawn of the bleak, March morning streamed into the room, it found her little couch unpressed, and herself seated by the fire, calmly reading the life of the holy man who founded the admirable institute to which she belonged.

The earlier portion of the night had been spent in rigid commune with self, in long and earnest prayer and penitential tears. The morning found her composed and cheerful, her beautiful countenance radiant with a joy like unto that of Magdalen of old, when she knelt at the Master's feet and bathed them with her tears.

"And how do you find yourself this morning, dearest Madam," said the Sister, on the awaking of the invalid. "Your night's rest has been almost unbroken, and you seem free from pain."

"Better, yes, better, my dear Sister Madeleine. I feel altogether refreshed."

"I rejoice to hear it. You shall have your chocolate, and then when your morning devotions are over, as we shall spend an hour or two quietly together without interruption, I will—"

"Ah, I know what you are going to say. You will read to me. How much I thank you for cheering my long hours of sickness. You read so well; your voice so low and soft, that, like the gentle breeze of a summer day, it lulls me to a delicious sense of rest and quiet."

"No, I am not going to read to you this morning. I will tell you a story instead."

"I thank you, dear Sister. And what shall the story be about?" said the aged lady, much in the tone of a child when full of eager expectation.

"It shall be the story of a Penitent."

"The story of a Penitent! Well, I shall prepare for something very interesting, I assure you. You are going to tell me the history of some great personage, I expect?"

"Oh, no. It shall be the history of a person far from great; only of an obscure individual, whose heart had been the abiding place of many evil passions, but who at last, like Magdalen of old, was drawn by love and repentance to the feet of the Crucified."

"Ah, I see; you have a devotion to that saint yourself, for you are Sœur Madeleine. Well, here is Annette with my chocolate, then I will say my morning prayers, and afterwards I will listen to the story."

Whilst Lady Florence sipped her chocolate, the Sister partook of her own simple breakfast; then the lady performed her morning devotions, after which her eager—

"Now, Sister, I am quite ready, if you are ready also," brought the latter to her side.

She had put self quite away, you know; that was the compact she had made with her God during the long and silent hours of her watch last night. So she drew a chair to the bedside, and placed it so that her pale, lovely face was not at all in the shade; the inmost workings of her mind were about to be laid bare, and why hide the countenance lest its expression should betray the emotion of her heart, when her own lips were about to make all manifest to her auditor?

"I am about to tell you, dear Madam," began she, "a tale of pride and passion, of baffled hope, of jealousy and hatred. I shall try and be very brief. She of whom I am about to speak was carelessly and loved by those around her; she was very beautiful in form and feature, and vain, too, of her charms; and as she merged from youth to womanhood, she conceived the idea that all with whom she came in contact must bow down and give way before her; that her face alone must win her the possession of rank, wealth, and position; her ambition was equal to her pride; and to gain these perishable advantages, she trod beneath her feet every obstacle that presented itself, and guided by the evil spirit by which she was possessed, she scrupled at nothing; she set at naught the most intimate and dearest ties; she was prepared to sacrifice and destroy, if they militated against what she considered her own well-being, everything that offered opposition to her will."

"She was one of those unhappy ones who appear as if they were set upon earth as a warning to others; her passions were unbridled, unrestrained by reason or guided by religion; consequently, they knew no medium either in love or hatred; she loved, indeed, with all the ardor of her fiery, impetuous nature, and she hated fiercely; her pride was indomitable, and was the master passion that ruled her entire life."

"At last, out of His great mercy, God saw fit to stop this woman's career of wickedness by an awful calamity, of which her own base pride was the cause. For some time it still prevailed, though mingled with remorse; therefore, she shrank away and dwelt alone; she would not see those whose hearts yet turned towards her; she would not brook their presence, feeling it a silent reproach to herself."

Here the Sister for a moment paused, for the Lady Florence had started as the Sister had uttered the last words; but she made no comment; therefore she continued:

"But one who was an angel of goodness would not allow her to rest in the solitude she had chosen; she sought her out, came unbidden to her home, careless of her haughty, insolent demeanor, striving to work on the barren soil of that proud woman's heart."

"At first she was rudely repulsed; the servants were ordered to deny her. Poor, lumbly-minded soul! she heeded not the insult, but watched and waited till she met her in the road near her dwelling."

"I pray you let me see you. Do not deny my request," said she, following the quickened steps of this erring sister.

"Nay, have I not told you I will see no one? I will not have my solitude disturbed, and with haughty gesture she motioned her away."

"Day after day, however, she repeated her visit, till after a time she was expected, borne with, endured, rather than welcomed, as one bears quietly with something disagreeable which we cannot lay aside."

"At last, this woman, in God's own good time, came to be a sort of necessity to her erring sister; she grew in fact to like her somewhat though the proud, unregenerate heart still rebelled at its association with this humble, simple soul. But the end was not as yet,

"In course of time she was visited by sickness long and grievous. Ah! it is the ordeal through which many have been purified. She was brought, as it were, to the very gates of death, and was carefully nursed and tended by this patient, faithful woman."

"On one night, when her disorder was at its crisis, she lay to all outward appearance for many hours unconscious; she heard those around her bed declare that in a very few hours she must cease to live."

"So reduced was she, her state so like unto that of death, that she could not lift a finger or make a sign, but the whole of her life lay mapped out before her; not a guilty word, or thought, or action, escaped her remembrance."

"In that awful moment, with the soul trembling, as it were, on the brink of eternity, and seeming already about to appear before the judgment-seat of God, she made a vow in her heart that if time might yet be given her to make atonement for the errors of a still young but misspent life, she would dedicate the rest of her days to God in the service of the poor and suffering."

"Suddenly, as by a miracle, a new life was infused into her exhausted frame; from that moment she steadily recovered, to the astonishment of her medical attendant, and of all who had beheld the state to which she had been reduced."

"After many weeks, she rose from her couch the shadow indeed of her former self, for she was still pale, emaciated, feeble."

"But I spoke rightly when I said a new life had been given to this woman. It was so in many ways. The pleasures she had loved the admiration she had courted, she no longer sighed for. She only awaited the perfect recovery of her health to give herself with a whole heart to God."

"She had learned to love the woman who had sought her so earnestly, and felt no small pain at breaking out the truth that henceforth in another land she must live and die. Not of the Catholic faith, this simple-minded woman could not see why she for whom she had prayed and wept, and who at last had learned abundantly to return her love, should not rest content where she then was, leading as she did a quiet and retired life. But her decision had been made on the night when she had stood on the verge of eternity. She was now not her own, but her Maker's happy in the thought that He, in His boundless mercy, had suffered her to live and make atonement for the past; her renewed health and strength she regarded as the compact ratified between herself and God. She had caused, by the wilfulness of her pride, even the death of one who would have loved her, and with a heart wounded through and through by repentance, and softened by love, she seeks to make reparation for the past under the garb of a Sister of Charity, and—"

"Ah, Sister, Sister, it is of Margaret you are telling me. Nay, nay, can my suspicions be correct? Ah, my God, am I so happy?"

Encircling Lady Florence with her arms, the Sister tenderly embraced her, whilst her tears fell in torrents down her face.

Then the lady put her gently aside, gazed fixedly upon her face, and said:

"Ah, yes, it is the same countenance, but altered too because of the lapse of ten long years. And why should I hesitate to say the truth because Margaret and the Sœur Madeleine are, and yet are not, the same? I could reproach you, too, that you have kept me in ignorance so long as to who you were. My own lips, my Margaret, should never have revived the painful past, nor should you have spoken as you have done but now."

"Dearest Lady Florence, never call me Margaret again; let me ever be to you the Sœur Madeleine; the name of Margaret alone brings back sad memories; and now," added the Sister, kneeling by the bedside, and taking the lady's hand within her own, "I would say a few words more, and then for ever the past must be a sealed book between us."

"She of whom I have been telling you was my gentle aunt, Janet Graham. When I bade her adieu, I traveled straight to France, and at once sought and obtained admission into a convent of Sisters of Charity, resolving at some future time to make myself known to you, for reasons which must be obvious to you. However, my intentions have been frustrated, and I need not hesitate to say to you, to whom all the past is known, that I could not have entered the chateau had he who was the object of my misplaced confidence been here. Moreover, I felt that I must leave you soon after my first arrival, till the illness of poor Isabel and the continued stay of your grandson in Scotland made me feel that I might with perfect safety remain."

"You have often asked me to speak to you of my early life. Alas! from the very thought of doing so I shrank with horror; and yet the determination which I made when I again entered the chateau was not carried out whilst my lips remained sealed as to the past. I had

not conquered self till I had made known to you who I was, and removed the veil which had screened me from you all these long years. Now I have told you all. I wish to be again in your eyes only the Sœur Madeleine."

"As one who was lost and is found, more precious and dear to me in your new life, my child, than the Isabel who, by her very nature free from violent passions, never went astray. How good is God to send you to me, my love!" added Lady Florence, gazing fondly on the upturned, beautiful face, now glowing with a supreme happiness not born of earth. "I mourned for the presence of one who loved me, dearest, unconscious who was by my side. I wept for you, prayed for you, grieved for you, and God has sent you to me—you, even one of his cherished ones. Ah, my child, my Margaret—once more let me call you by the old name—no happiness can surpass that which now I feel."

Leave we Lady Florence and the Sœur Madeleine, for words of mine cannot express the joy of the former, nor the holy and calm repose which reigned in the heart of the Sister. We are told that angels rejoice over the return of the sinner more than over the ninety-nine just that need not repentance.

Verily, the angels themselves might almost have envied a happiness too great for earth.

CHAPTER IX.—THE VETERAN MARSHAL.—SANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

There was no lack of bravery there, No spare of blood or breath, For us to see our foes we dared, For freedom or for death.

[*Jacobite Song.*]

I consider the coming strife by far the most critical in which your Highness has yet been engaged," said the Marshal St. John to Charles Edward the day previous to their march for Culloden Moor. "I agree with Lord George Murray, and advise a night march, take the English soldiers unawares, and attack their camp in the dead of night."

Bearing in mind the unequal struggle in which he was about to engage, the disparity in point of numbers—for the troops in command of the Duke of Cumberland nearly doubled the soldiers of the Prince—also, that the latter had a fleet moving along the coast laden with provisions and other necessary articles, the Prince eagerly listened to the proposal, and it was decided that they should be on the march so as to reach the enemy's camp by two in the morning.

But, alas! during the whole of that day, one small loaf of the coarsest description was all that could be doled out to the unfortunate Highlanders. Its ingredients (for the remains of one of these loaves, or *banocks*, have been handed down to posterity by the care of a Jacobite family) seem to have been formed of the husks of oats and a coarse kind of dust such as is found on the floors of a mill.

As night drew on, the almost famished men not infrequently straggled out of the ranks in search of food, and their only reply to the expostulations of their officers was, that they might shoot them if they pleased, for they would sooner die than starve any longer. Many of those who remained, overcome by hunger and their fatigue, declared they were unable to proceed, and throwing themselves beneath the trees, fell sound asleep.

Thus, they were still some four miles from the English army, when the roll of drums burst upon the ears of their astonished commanders, and they hastened to retreat until they could reassemble their scattered forces.

At a still early hour they were again on Culloden Moor, and were joined by Macdonald of Keppoch, and the Frasers. Charles Edward himself, completely overcome by his night's march, had laid down to rest after partaking of a slight refreshment of bread and whiskey, when Maurice aroused him with the startling information that the English cavalry were within two miles of them.

Immediately all was confusion. The sound of the cannon gathered together the still sleeping Highlanders, the drums were beat, and the pipes began to play the gatherings of their respective clans, but, alas! the majority of both officers and men were scattered in all directions.

And now the battle began by the artillery of the two armies pointing their fire at each other. That of the Prince availed but little, whilst the fire of the English army carried desolation and horror into the ranks of the insurgents, Charles himself narrowly escaping; he was bespattered with mud thrown up by the balls, his horse was wounded, and one of his attendants fell dead by his side.

This 27th of April, 1746, was a sadly unpropitious morning even in point of weather, for a strong northeast wind, accompanied by a blinding shower of sleet and snow, blew the smoke of the artillery in the faces of the mountaineers, and led on by the brave Lord Murray, sword in hand, the Camerons and Stewarts of Appin, rendered furious by the galling fire, and heedless of the smoke and hail which swept

full in their faces, rush against the enemy, and immediately raising one loud shout, the rest of the class brandishing their broadswords, dashed impetuously against the fixed bayonets of their opponents.

Making themselves masters of two pieces of cannon, they still dashed readily forwards, breaking through the first line and coming in contact with the second, which the Duke had strengthened, fearing the onset of the clans.

A compact mass of armed men were they, drawn up three deep, the front rank on their knees, the second bending forward, the third standing upright, carrying death before them by means of their destructive fire.

Then all were mingled in the wildest confusion, with but scant distinction of regiment or of clan. What course before them but to retreat? though here and there indeed, reckless of their lives, a few of them dashed madly forwards, not one of whom returned to tell the tale of his defeat.

The wild valor of the mountaineers on that dreadful day was indeed no match for the steady determination of the English forces.—the tide of the battle might still have won the day for Charles had the clan Macdonald done their duty. Placed on the left instead of the post of honor, "the right," the men fired their muskets instead of making an onset to the charging cry of "Claymore," vainly shouted by the Duke of Perth.

"It rests with you to make the left wing the right," he exclaimed. "Onward to the fight! and proud shall I be to bear your name hereafter."

In vain, too, did the gallant Alexander, chieftain of Keppoch, shout to them to follow him; exclaiming, in the agony of the moment, "My God! have the very children of my tribe forsaken me?" as, with a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, he, too, rushed onwards to the fight.

Then ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. Clans and regiments still mingled together; and, in the midst of a destructive fire, a veteran officer, dearly loved and honored by Charles Edward, bare-headed, his white locks streaming in the wind, and with sword in hand, stood side by side with the valiant Keppoch. Onward, still onward, the brave veteran forces his way, long after Keppoch had been brought to the ground by a musket shot, until he found himself driven by the fury of the fight towards a few straggling bushes that skirted the moor. Then there was a crashing of the withered, stunted shrubs, a plashing of blood over the snowdrift which covered them, and, with uplifted arms, the Marshal veteran of Limerick, carved "God's mercy on his soul," then, he feebly murmured, "Maurice, my boy, take care of yourself—think not of me," and fell senseless on the ground.

He had received a severe blow on the head from a sword, accompanied by the words from the lips of the miscreant Hawley:

"Traitor, at last, then, you have paid the penalty of your treason to your lawful King."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE.

LECTURE BEFORE THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF NEW JERSEY.

SUBJECT:—"DRUNKENNESS THE GREATEST DEGRADATION—TEMPERANCE THE GREATEST BLESSING OF MAN."

(From the New York Irish American.)

Considering the purpose for which we have come together, my friends, I hope you will not consider it out of place if I put a little water in the glass (laughter and applause). You are temperance men. My friends, I thank you for the reception which you have given me; and I am impressed with the solemnity of the occasion which brings us together this evening. As men, mostly of one race—and all of one Faith—it is, indeed, a most solemn occasion, when such men come together to discuss the greatest evil of the age—which is drunkenness—and the greatest blessing of the age—which is temperance (applause). If I were addressing men of the world only, I should only use arguments suited to them. I should tell them of the temporal prosperity and blessings which follow from temperance. If I were addressing Catholics only, I might confine myself to an entirely ecclesiastical and religious view of this great question. But I do not wish to address you here to-night exclusively as men of the world or as Catholics. I have the high honor to be an Irish Catholic Priest (great applause); and I have the equally high honor to address an audience mostly made up of men of Irish name, and of Irish birth (applause). And when an Irish Catholic Priest meets his fellow-countrymen, he has to appeal first of all to their intelligence; for God has blessed the Irish race with the gift of intellect (applause). He has, secondly, to address their faith;—for God has blessed this Irish race with the gift of the one true, holy, Catholic Faith (applause). He has, thirdly, to address the heart as well as the head; because the Omnipotent God has given to the Irish people not only the gift of intelligence—crowned with the gift of faith—but He has also given to them tender affections, strong and pure affections, loving hearts; and he would be a fruitless Irishman, and a fruitless Priest, who, in addressing his fellow-men, would forget to appeal to their hearts as well as their heads (renewed applause).

Coming, therefore, before you this evening, dear friends, to speak to you on this great and solemn subject of temperance, I ask you to consider it first by the light of reason; and the appeal is to your intelligence. Secondly, by the light of revelation; and the appeal is to your Faith, as Catholics; and, thirdly, by the light of your own experience; and the appeal is to your hearts as true Irishmen and true men (applause).

First of all, then, let me consider this great question of temperance by the light of reason: and what do I find? I find,—in reviewing the mighty creation of the Almighty God, and fixing the determined position in the order of nature given to every creature which God has made,—that some He created in the high heaven, pure spirits, like Himself; and they are the blessed angels; some He created upon the earth,—without soul, without intelligence, without a spirit at all, but only an animal existence, animal bodies, animal propensities, and desires, and instincts; and these are the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, that surround us. Now, between these two great orders of beings,—the earthly, with its absence of intelligence, its absence of soul, and the heavenly,—purely spiritual, without the slightest admixture of the material existence,—between these two great orders there lies a mighty chasm,—an abyss,—the gulf that divides spirit from matter. Right in the midst of that chasm stands man. God created him, a mixture of two natures,

God gave him, in his body—in his bodily passions, and appetites, and desires,—the mere nature of a brute; nothing more. And if man had no soul, then he would be a brute beast, like, to the other beasts upon the earth. Everything that regards the body is animal,—of the earth, earthly." The senses that we enjoy are all animal; we share them in the connection with the beasts of the field. We see with our eyes; so do the stag in the forest, the buffalo on the prairie, the eagle on the wing. We eat and drink; so do the beasts. We walk and take exercise; so do they. We clothe ourselves; nature has clothed them. Thus we see that this body of ours, this material flesh, with its eyes, its sense of taste, its sense of hearing, all its powers, is merely the animal or the brute in man. But in that body,—so base, so vile, so animal,—the Almighty God has enshrined a spirit the very image of Himself,—the very reflection of His Divine perfection;—as pure a spirit as God is spirit;—pure as the angels of God are spirit. In this body of man He has enshrined a soul gifted with the power of knowledge; and God is knowledge; gifted with the power of love; and God is love; gifted with freedom of will; and God is eternal and essential freedom. And in this lies the grand nobility of man,—the magnificent place he fills in the creation of God,—that he stands between Heaven and earth, sharing the nature of both: taking from the slime of the earth the body in which he lives; taking from the very mouth of God the spirit that was breathed into him in his glorious, angelic, immortal soul (applause).

Let me fix this in your minds. There was a great chasm or vacuum in the creation of God. God, in the beginning of His ways, made a Heaven, in which He dwells, and the angels who surround Him. God, then, moved out, as it were, unto the very threshold of that Heaven, and saw around Him the immensity of space is chaos and confusion; and He said: "I will create a material world." And He made the world in which we dwell. Five days did He labor. He created the hills and mountains covered with the verdure and beauty which adorn them. He created the earth and the sea, the skies and the atmosphere. He created the fishes that swim in the ocean's depths, the brutes that browse in the field, the birds that fly, the fowls that wing the healthy air. He filled all creation with life. And, yet, for five days there was an immense distance between God and His own work;—the distance that lay between pure spirit and mere material existence. To fill that gap, to connect these two, God created a being who was to be not altogether material, but in whom spirit from Heaven and matter from the earth were to meet, and embrace; and that being is man. In him two things blend,—the nature of the body and the nature of the soul,—as distinct from one another as night is from day. He is the golden link which binds together the Heaven, where God and His angels dwell, and the earth, which is the natural home of only material and animal beings. Such is the man. Now, the philosopher,—even guided by the light of the old pagan knowledge, without a single ray of Divine revelation, will tell you that the whole nobility of man,—the perfection of man,—are not in the body, which he got from the earth or in the bodily senses which are made upon the slime,—but in the soul,—the spiritual being which is within him; that wherever man is to rise—even one inch—towards the perfection of his being, that elevation must come to him through his soul. Why? It stands to reason: if God gave me a principle of immortal life—a principle of knowledge, of love, and of freedom within me; if, moreover, He tied down—chained down—that principle to a mere earthly, material body, destined to walk the earth, to cling to this earth, to die upon this earth, and to go down to a grave and be mingled with itself once more,—it follows from this twofold nature of man that whenever we look up at all, in the order of nature or grace, the upward glance must be from the soul. The nobility of my being lies in the development, in the strengthening, of the knowledge, the love, and the freedom of my immortal spirit within me. Would you say that that man was a noble creature of his kind who merely developed the muscles, and the nerves, and the powers of his body; who became a strong man, developed in every material element of his being; but whose soul was left without a single ray of thought, without a single illumination of reason, without a single noble affection of his heart, without a single generous impulse of his soul? Nay more: let us conceive a man,—a slave,—unable to exercise his freedom, unable to assert himself, unable to speak a language which will reflect one high idea of his mind—only developed in his body: what would you say of such a man? You would say he was a powerful brute: not a man. We sometimes meet idiots,—creatures altogether deprived of their reason, and the doctors will tell you that in proportion as they are deprived of the reason, in the same proportion they become healthy, have huge appetites, and often get to be very strong. Why, in the Lunatic Asylums, they become so powerful and dangerous that they have to be bound down with chains, and the keepers are afraid of them. They become mere brutes, and instead of speaking like men they jabber like monkeys; no human feeling, no humanity about them; only strong animals, going about on two feet instead of four;—only strong animals without souls.

Such is man. All that is noble within him,—all that is capable of perfection in him,—lies in the soul. The more he knows, the clearer and better his thoughts are; the more powerfully he is able to think; the more pure his life, the more steadfast his word, the more honorable his principles, the freer he is from every form of slavery, whether it be slavery of earth or of hell;—the more perfect the man becomes. Thus the light of reason teaches. Now, my friends, the design of God in creating all things is that every creature that God makes should grow to the natural perfection of his being. The design of the devil is to hinder that growth in man, to destroy the soul, to destroy, as far as he can, his natural powers;—to take away from him that glorious image of knowledge, love and freedom, with which God has stamped his soul; to drag man down, as far as he can, to the mere condition of the brute. That is the design of the devil as distinctly opposed to that of God; and I put it on this ground because I am here to speak as a Catholic Priest; and when I appeal to your intelligence I appeal to an intelligence formed not only by natural talent, but informed by the knowledge of Divine faith. I say that wherever there is a sin in man there is degradation. Sin is in the body; sin operates through the body; through the body the soul is vitiated and destroyed. Whenever there is sin in man, that sin pulls him down from the pedestal where God placed him. Take whatever sin you like in the catalogue of sins, and I will prove to you that it is a degradation of man. The man that is seeking a place—the ambitious man—is a degraded man. Why? Because he is seeking for some place here on this earth which he can only enjoy for a few years; going about asking people to give him this piece—praying for it and working for it, as if Almighty God had created him for the sole purpose of filling that place; as if Almighty God intended him, whom He created for eternity, to expend all his energies upon some miserable distinction that must only last him for a few days (applause). And if this is so of the spiritual vice of pride and ambition, what shall I say to you, my friends, even as though I were a pagan talking to pagans, of the one vice that utterly destroys in man every vestige of that immortal and spiritual being that God created in his soul;—the one vice that completely annihilates and extinguishes the light of reason; which completely destroys, for the time, every emotion of life; and that so robs man of his freedom as to make him not only a slave but a hopeless slave? That vice is:

the vice of drink, or drunkenness. It destroys the natural nobility and perfection, ay, and the very nature of man. It is a sin not only against God but against man; not only against grace but against nature; not only against the divinity which ought to be in us, but against the very humanity that is in us. In what consists our human nature? It consists in our power of thinking, of living, and of acting freely. Take away this from a man, and I defy you to tell me in what a vestige of human nature remains in him. Not a vestige remains of that which makes him man; for a man is made by soul as well as body. Take away the soul and you have destroyed his humanity. For instance, if you saw a dead body lying there before you, stiff, cold and stark, you would not say it was a man. You would say it was the remains of a man. They will not write on my grave: "Here lies Father Tom Burke;" but in all probability, they will write,—"Pray for the soul of Thomas Burke, whose remains lie here." The moment you take away the soul, nothing is left but the remains of a man. And what does the remains of a man mean? A mass of putrifying, rotten earth; a mass of sottiness. That is the meaning of "the remains of a man." Why are we so anxious to bury our friends as soon as the breath is out of them? Because we cannot keep them.—"The remains of a man" is a very noxious business. You very soon have to put your fingers up to your nose and say, "We loved him dearly as long as he was with us; but we love him no longer; for the soul has gone."

Now, every sin that the devil can tempt us to commit,—even though we may do it, or fall into it,—no matter what it is, it still leaves us men. The proud man, with all his pride, is a man still, and knows what he is doing. The revengeful man may swear that he will have the heart's blood of the man who has insulted him; he still knows what he is about, even when he stands at night, with the dirk or the gun in his hand, watching for his victim;—he is still a man. The impure man, ravaging for his impurity,—the vilest specimen of a man,—is still a man, and knows what he is doing. There is only one sinner through whom the devil passes with so much power that he leaves him only the remains of a man. A man goes into the saloon or store: he drinks one glass;—that only makes him good natured: he drinks another glass;—that makes him loving,—ready to kiss everybody (laughter): he drinks a third glass;—that makes him cross: he drinks a fourth glass;—then he begins to lisp, and people don't know what he is talking about; they do not know whether he is cursing or blessing; he drinks a fifth and a sixth glass, and falls to the ground,—the remains of a man (applause). Will any man amongst us dare to call that infamous wretch a man? A man means the image of God.—Is there a man amongst you, having the hardihood to blaspheme the eternal and Almighty God, by saying that that speechless, senseless, unreasoning, unloving, lifeless brute there is the image of God (applause)? Stand ever him, my friends, and look at him as he lies there. Speak to him. You might as well speak to a corpse: he does not understand you. Reason with him. You might as well reason with that table. Ask him to look at you. There is no light in his eyes. Did you ever see a man stupidly drunk? Did you ever look into his eyes? I remember, when I was a little boy, seeing, at home, in the kitchen, in Galway, hanging up on a hook behind the kitchen door a hake, that my mother had bought the day before. I was curious enough to go up and look at its eyes. It had been dead about twelve hours. That same day I saw a man drunk, lying in the gutter. Boy as I was, I said to myself, "the hake's eye again!" Let his wife come there and kneel at his side; he does not know her; he is unable to speak to her. Lift him up on his feet, then let go your hands, and down he falls again. May I ask you,—is he a man? Why, if he was a man he could speak, he could reason with you, he could see you and know you if you were there. How can you call this creature a man? He has lost the power of speech, of discerning, of reasoning, of loving, of moving. No, my friends, he is only the remains of a man; with this difference between him and a corpse: A corpse is killed by the Angel of God, commissioned to do God's sentence; but this man has killed himself, by calling in the devil to help him in his infamous suicide. And, remember, that we may insult the Almighty God not only as the author of our redemption and of our sanctification, but we may also insult Him as the author of our nature. I do not speak to you now as Catholics and as Christians, but only as men. I say now nothing more than this, that when God made us, He gave us soul and body together, in all the activity of their powers. The man that annihilates his soul for a single instant, commits an outrage against the God that has made him as the author of his nature.

I might dwell upon this subject. I might show you that as everything in grace is founded in nature, so there is no evil so great as that which destroys even for a time the integrity of our nature; because it destroys the possibility of grace. Every other sinner might cry out to God and get grace, get forgiveness, get redemption. The drunkard alone, is incapable of sending forth that cry. We have the dreadful truth before us,—that if the Son of God came down from Heaven and stood over the drunkard, Omnipotent as He is, He could do nothing for him. I have had the misfortune to stand over such a man, dying in his drunkenness. I have had the misfortune, as a priest, to be called to his side; and I could only say to the heart-broken woman who was there,—the very picture of despair, with her starving children around her,—"My child, I can do nothing for you!" God Himself can do nothing for that man; because he is only the remains of a man.

Now, I ask you, can there be any degradation greater than this? Remember, when a man falls from his manhood, he has nothing to fall to except to brutality. In the steps of creation you mount from the brute to the man, from the man to the angel. If a man makes a step upwards, it must be towards the angel. If a man, on the other hand, falls from his humanity, the only level he can find is that of the brute. And this is the meaning of the words of Scripture;—"Man, when he was in honor, lost his intellect; he has been compared to the senseless brutes, and made like to them."

And yet, unfortunately, he falls below the level of the brute. I would not insult one of God's creatures by comparing them to a drunken man. What right have we? We have a right to take them to the slaughter-house, and to put them to death, but no right to insult them or to degrade in any degree the humblest creature that crawls upon the earth. I would not insult any such by comparing them to a drunken man. Why? Because that poor creature or four-footed dumb beast, you can lead into the slaughter-house, or put him into the shafts to draw as around, or put him into our service any time of the day or night; and you find him such as Almighty God made him with every faculty that God has given him. But the drunkard is not as Almighty God made him; therefore, not equal to the brute. Such a man has ceased to be a man and falls below the level of the brute. The brute can give forth signs of pleasure, sorrow, or pain; the drunkard cannot. The brute can give intelligent signs, by the law of nature, to his fellow-beasts in the field the drunken man cannot converse with his fellow-man. The brute can walk and labor; the drunken man cannot do one or the other. How dare any one of us compare him to the brute? No! there is only one creature of God to whom we can compare him. And that creature of God was seated upon a high throne in Heaven, and now lies in the depths of hell. He is the devil.

Thus by the light of reason; now, by the light

of Revelation, I have to appeal to you as Christian people, through what God has revealed to His people in the inspiration of the Scriptures. In the record of God's dealings with men what do I find, my friends? I find that the very moment that God made man and gave him that glorious humanity which we have seen, that moment Almighty God put that humanity to test; and the test was TEMPERANCE; to abstain. We find God created all things in this world; but He spoke no creature but man. He put an intelligent law upon no creature except man. He gave man the ability of his nature. He made him the master-piece of His creation. And the moment he was created and opened his eyes, he beheld the face and beauty of God, and hearkened to the music of God's voice. The very first thing God said to him was "You are a man. You are the prince and ruler of all this world, which I have made for you. I will test your humanity; abstain from the fruit of that tree; be temperate." The very test of his humanity! "If you are a man, as I have created you,—abstain; be a temperate man." What brought all the miseries, and all the woes from which we suffer into the world? The intemperance of the man and the woman. They could not restrain themselves. They saw the forbidden fruit; took it, and ate it. Just like the drunkard, who will tell you, as they have often told me: "Well, your reverence, if I did not see it, I would not think of it from Monday morning to Saturday night." When they have it before their eyes they cannot help taking it. It is the usual way. Hence we priests are always telling men who are inclined to be drunkards, "In God's name, keep out of the saloon: don't look at it; turn away from it; don't smell it." For the worst of this passion is that when once it has been excited in man, it is the worst of slavery, and leaves a man no will of his own. It not only destroys the reason, but leaves him no will. I have known a man who took the pledge. He swore,—before he went to the priest to take it,—a solemn oath, in the presence of his companions that, if he were to die for it, not one drop of whiskey should ever pass his lips. He went to the priest, and there made a tremendous pledge. His companions had made a bet on it that they would not ask him to drink, nor treat him, in the house, but only fill a glass of whiskey and talk to him, and lead him gradually over until he got a sight of it. The moment he saw it, the hankering for drink took hold of him, and he lifted the glass. Then they gave him another chance. When he had it in his hand they said to him: "Now, remember you took the pledge, and a solemn oath; you become a perjurer before God, and commit a mortal sin if you drink it!" He drank it; and this was the excuse—that he could not stand the smell of it. This was the first precept put before man.

Reflect again. The two greatest crimes recorded in the Scriptures which Almighty God has revealed to us, were expressly committed under the influence of drink. The first, the crime committed by Lot, in the days of Abraham, after he had escaped from Sodom. Secondly, the great public apostasy of the Jewish nation, who worshipped their idol in the very presence of God. The patriarch Lot lived for many years in the city of Sodom. It was the worst and most infamous city in the world. So, Almighty God opened the floodgates, and rained down living fire from Heaven, and destroyed the whole city and nation. In the midst of that city lived Lot. So holy was he, and so pure had he kept himself, that when the three angels were sent by Almighty God to destroy the city, they came to him and said to him: "Go out of the place, take your wife and children and go out." He arose and took his wife and two full-grown daughters, and fled from Sodom. The city was burned by fire; the wife was struck dead for her disobedience; and there remained to him only two women his own daughters. An impious thought came into the minds of these two women. They wished to commit sin with their own father. It is enough to make a man's blood run cold to think of it. What did they do? They got a bottle of strong wine, and made the old man drunk; when he was drunk he committed the sin and thus brought down the greatest curse. So great was the anger of God that of the children born of that infamous act all their race were cursed to the end of time. St. Jerome, looking at this example says: "My God! there was a man able to live in Sodom, the worst place in the whole world; so pure as to be fit to entertain the angels of Heaven; who no sooner got the bottle of wine in his hand than he commits one of the greatest crimes that can be imagined or conceived by man!"

The next crime committed, the greatest recorded in Scripture was this. Moses led the people of Israel through the desert until they came to Mount Sinai. There arose the mighty, solitary, solemn mountain before them. All Israel encamped around it. He said: "I will go up and speak unto God; remain here until I return." The moment he said these words, the clouds covered the mountain tops; the thunders of heaven rattled; the lightnings flashed; and the people were frightened, and they cried, "Oh, God, Thou art present; spare us!" The voice of God ceased thundering forth from the clouds.—Moses ascended the mountain; and the people "sat down to feast and to drink." What did they do?—When they got well warmed up with wine, and half drunk,—while the cloud was upon the hill, and the thunders of God's voice yet echoing in their ears,—with their prophet and leader up in those clouds, and a terrible darkness on Sinai,—the people put up a golden calf, and knelt down and adored it; because the were half drunk! "The people," says the Scripture, "sat down to drink." It was the first great idolatry of Israel; the first great sin since God had brought them forth from Egypt. So great was the sin, that God in His great anger proposed to the prophet and said, "I will destroy them and create a new people for Myself." And it came through drink!

Consider again. We see that the first curse came to and upon Adam and Eve when they refused to abstain, refused to be temperate; and God destroyed the world in the universal Deluge. Noah and his family were spared, and the curse of God was washed away in the first Deluge; nothing remained, therefore, now, but the blessing. How, my friends, I ask you, how did the curse upon the earth come again? How did the curse, extinguished in the waters of the Deluge, revive again to be perpetuated in the whole race? Through the sin of drunkenness.—Noah sat amongst his vines, and pressed the grape; he drank the wine and got drunk. Out of that drunkenness of the Patriarch came the curse that fell upon Canaan and his descendants; upon the whole nations of his posterity to the end of time.—What need have I, therefore, to multiply the examples from revealed truth of the awfulness of this sin of drunkenness? What need that I should tell you that if there is one truth prominently put forth in the Scriptures, more than any other, it is the word that was spoken—"That the drunkard shall never inherit the kingdom of God." The word that was spoken—"If any man wishes to please the Lord, let him abstain from everything that comes from the grape in the old law, what does the Gospel tell us? Oh! my friends, the Sons of Temperance, I ask you to stand in spirit at the foot of the Cross, on which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, hangs dying. Behold Him, wounded from head to foot, bleeding from every member of His body; His heart throbbing faintly within Him, as it approaches its breaking; and the thirst of the agony of death upon His lips! That we may know that He thirsted, with His dying lips. He cried: "I thirst." That crucified man-God, lifted up on the Cross, sent forth this word: "I thirst! I am dying of thirst!" They took a sponge, and steeped it in wine mixed with myrrh and put it upon the end of a cane, and put it up to His lips, the lips of a dying Man, a Man dying of

thirst; the Man permitting the complaint of thirst to come from His lips quivering in agony! Did the Lord take the drink? No! He closed His lips, the dying lips. Oh! that I could send it forth to ring as it came from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself; that word—"I thirst!" Oh! that I could send it forth to ring in every Christian heart, what the Evangelist says—"He refused to drink!" He shut His lips, and turned away His dying head, that we may know that the curse was in the drink.

And now, my friends, I have said enough to you as Catholics. I, now, speak to you as Irishmen (applause). I appeal to your experience. I invite you to go back a little to the past; and when I appeal to you of the past, I ask you to put your hand in mine, and sweep upon the wings of memory, the 3,000 miles of intervening ocean, to stand with me a moment upon the green hills of the dear old land of Ireland (applause). I will only take one instance of our National history; and, of many, I put one before you. In 1798, the weak hand of Ireland, after its 300 years of persecution, civil and national,—just after the 700 years of our National struggle, drew the National sword for the last time. There were 36,000 English soldiers upon Irish soil. The curse of division, the old curse was upon the land; and when the nation was shaken, two counties only arose. Glorious Wicklow arose, with heroic Wexford, unarmed as they were. Taking only, the mower his scythe, and the reaper his sickle, the old man and the young man the gleaming pike in their hands they went out to meet the artillery and musketry of England. And when as the storm rises, a sudden gust blows the chaff of the winnowing grain before it, so the heroic men of Wicklow and Wexford,—rising in their National anger,—drove the brave array of England like chaff before the winds of heaven (great applause). As long as they kept sober, as long as in their sobriety they kept their arms nerve for the struggle, by the strong thoughts that were in their Irish minds, so long no force that England could bring against them could sweep them from the field. But a day came of reverse; a retreat was made from Ross, from Wexford; and the gallant men of these two counties were assembled in their decisions upon the hill adjoining the town of Enniscorthy, called Vinegar Hill. The British soldiers came in their thousands, and surrounded the base of the hill. What does the historian tell us? He says that the English soldiers spent that night in silence, preparing their arms and looking after their powder and ammunition, and putting their batteries of cannon into line; drawing up their cavalry in preparation for the morning. What were the poor fools on the hill doing? He says,—they spent the night in drinking and rioting! They thought the old heart was in them, and it was in them; they thought that the mummy arm might do again what it had so often done before. So it might. But the devil—that hates Irishmen—the demon of drink, went in amongst them; and when the morning light appeared, it found the men exhausted from the riot and orgies of the night, unable to strike a blow for their God and for their country. It is the last memorable record of our National contest. We were beaten to the earth; and the best blood of Wicklow and Wexford flowed in streams from out the hearts of Irishmen, down the sides of that fatal hill, on that day. But it was not the soldiers of England that conquered; it was the demon of drunkenness.

Now, let us leave Ireland, and come to this land. It is a fine land. It is not mine; for until I die, I shall have no other land except some six feet in some old churchyard, where the prayers of Irish mothers shall ascend to Heaven over my grave, and where the shamrock shall bloom out of my body (great applause). But this land of America is God's gift to you. It is your land. It lies before you; and it is for you with the intellects and the energies of Irishmen, to lay hold, each one, of his own portion of the land, so as to be able to say what you were not allowed to say at home: "I stand upon my own" (renewed applause). It is now, my friends, some three or four and twenty years since the heart-broken men of Ireland turned their faces to America. Crushed, saddened, not allowed to live at home, her children turned to the far western mighty land, and said: "Let us go forth and bring our faith and our God with us; and whatever gifts of nature and of grace that God has given us." You came; you landed. I came to see how you were getting on (applause)? Tell me: Why have you not more wealth,—more money? Why, while Ireland has sent nearly eight millions to America of her sons; why have you not, in God's name, eight hundred million acres of American soil in your hands? Is it for want of genius or of talent amongst us? Many nations have sent their children to America; but no nation has sent so much mind to America as Ireland (applause). Is it for want of physical energy, strength and determination? The cities of America, the dockyards of America, attest that no nation has sent such strong arms to America as Ireland (applause). Is it for want of any gift of God? No. We are the only people that touched the American shore, bringing with them an united faith,—a religion which came to us directly from God. Why, then, in God's name, is it that we have not taken a larger hold upon this soil? Why are we not more in the position of the rulers of this land? I am afraid, if I go into the causes of this, I must set at the head of all the sin of drink. I do not mean to say that we drink more than other people. I believe the Scotch drink more than the Irish. (So they say themselves. I would not say a bad word of any man or of any nation: God forbid!) Still we have the evidence of a Scotch poet, that when "Willie brewed a peck of malt" two friends came to see it. And it is said they sat there until the sun in the morning arose, and were able to say—

"We're na aae fu',
But just a wee drap in our ee."

(laughter and applause). Well, it is not a question who drinks more or less but the man who drinks all (cries of "Bravo!"); who, with impious hand, goes and cuts down the fruit tree upon which he lives, laying his axe to the root; and saps his very sustenance and falls it to the ground before his eyes. The question is, who comes with impious hands to sap the very foundations of his own manhood by that deplorable curse of drunkenness? Well, what does our experience in the land tell us? Oh! my friends, a man wrote in Jersey City a letter in which he abused me and printed it in the public press. Well, I never was abused until I came to America. Somebody said to me when I was leaving Ireland: "Father Tom, you had better be careful, and keep quiet in America, and not make any noise at all, for some of these people will come out and abuse you." At first I thought I should feel it keenly; and I have received plenty of abuse since I came; but it goes over me like water off a duck's back (laughter and applause). But I will tell you what I believe, I feel keenly what this man says, when he said: "What right have you to talk of your religion and about your country? Who fill our jails but your Irish people?" Well, I have a word to say about that. I believe a great many people go to jail and take Irish names. I was down in Memphis a few months ago; and while I was there a cabman, driving a cab in the city, stabbed and more than half killed an unfortunate man. When he was arrested, three or four days afterwards, for the deed, it went all over town. "Did you hear that Fatty Maginnis has killed a man?" When I heard of it, I said to myself, "Fatty" must be an Americanism; but surely Maginnis is an Irish name. The next day his real name came out; and it was "Vance." So these men will give themselves this, that or the other name which is purely Irish, but when you will come to scratch a little below the surface you will find an Englishman, or a Scotch-

man, or a native American of pure blood, or a Frenchman, or some other nationality. It is mighty convenient to take an Irish name. They make it cover a multitude of sins, from time to time (applause and laughter).

But, my friend, is there is some truth in what the man said; and if Irishmen are found through the jails of the United States, it is not a bad heart or a hard heart brings them there; it is not a debased and impure nature that brings them there; they are not brought there for dishonoring their own kith and kin in the viler sins that the world commits; it is the demon of drink and nothing else. Unfortunately, we read in the papers: "Last night, at one or two o'clock, in such a saloon, on such a street, two men came in asked for drink. Getting drunk, one of them drew a revolver and shot the other to the death." In nine cases out of ten, every single crime we hear of,—especially where Irishmen are mixed up,—occurs at the saloon, at the bar. It is caused by the drink. What can be more horrible than the case before our eyes a few days ago. God forbid that I should say a word against the dead, especially a man who died invoking that mercy that was never invoked in vain,—as we believe and think. Still his career was instructive to us. Patrick Morrison, the son of an Irish father and mother, is brought to the scaffold; and when the rope is around his neck to swing him out of this world as unworthy to live here,—with his mother's blood red upon his hands; for he had taken a big carving knife from the table, and plunged it to the hilt in his mother's heart! Ah! when he came to that scaffold, and stood face to face with his God, did he not tell the world and tell you that he did not know what he was doing when he did the deed, or where he did it?—the most un-Irish crime that he could commit! Never could a man act more against his own nature as a Christian and as an Irishman. Why, if there be any peculiarity about us that distinguishes us from other people, it is that the old people, as long as they live, leave their place in our hearts. An Irishman may cross the Atlantic, and work like a slave; but the first dollar that comes into his hand goes home to the old father and mother in the old country (great applause). And his one darling thought is to bring them to him, that he may have their blessing when they are dying, or at least to lose sight of the world. That is the Irishman's heart. That is the Irishman's nature. Of all the men in the world, think of an Irishman standing on the scaffold with a rope around his neck, with the blood of his mother on his hands! It was not the Irishman; it was a drunken man. What is your experience? Oh! my God! I could put before you here the woman yet in the prime of life, and who ought to be in the bloom of her age and of her beauty;—the woman who, ten or twelve years ago, had the misfortune to give her Irish virgin heart, and pure, loving, virgin hand to a drunkard. The red was on her lip, and the rose was on her cheek; the light of love and the beam of purity were in her eyes. She was born one of God's own ladies; created a lady; a lady in purity of thought, in delicacy of sentiment, in her gentleness, in her modesty. But now, with her three or four starving, neglected children around her, she stands before me, clothed in unwomanly rags, covered with unwomanly dirt and filth; her languid eye bears only the expression of despair, tempered only with that light of hope that comes to a Christian, at all times, with the prospect of eternity. Her anguished heart has ceased to beat with any interest in the things of this world; her voice has lost its youthful freshness, and has descended to the low, wailing cry of the poverty-stricken and the wretched. Oh! where is the bloom upon her face? Gone! The pallor of the grave is there! Where is the beauty that surrounded her, and followed her footsteps? Gone! Nothing but emaciation is there! Where is the light of love that comes from a pure soul? Gone! Nothing remains but a haggard smile, and an empty laugh, that sounds from her like the echo from the tomb! Whence all this misery; this blighted hope; this abandonment; this longing desire that God, in His mercy, would take her under His grace and care, and come, with His angry hand, and strike the cause of her misfortune? It is all epitomised in that one, debased, beotted, unfeeling drunkard, on whom God has set, and we see, the marks of drunkenness, viz.: the brutality of the mind, the infirmity of the body, the hardness and foolishness of the heart, poverty, and a debased and impure love. These are the offspring of drunkenness; and they are all upon the face of the wretch who has not only destroyed his own life, and shattered his own reputation, but has forfeited and renounced all his prospects in this world and the world to come. Not only has he done this to himself, but he has struck, with unspitting hand, the woman whom he swore, before God, to cherish, and nourish, and protect; and has brought children into this world only to swell the list of our criminals and of our neglected and abandoned little ones. He has, in this world, only fulfilled one mission, and that is to blight and destroy wherever his baneful influence or his infamous breath can reach. This is the drunkard. I will not follow him to his death-bed, and to his grave. I shrink away, in fear and horror, from the thought to follow him to the tribunal seat of God's Judgment, when the catalogue of his crimes comes up before God,—cursing, and lying, and theft, and adultery, and bloodshed,—and the agony, when the cry comes from the nether hell, of the souls whom he has sent down there; in their despair; and when the cry comes, from the other side, of the broken-hearted wife and abandoned children, to whom he brought misery, and destitution, and despair in this world; and destitution, and despair in this world; and from others, whom he shut out almost from every hope of mercy.

Now, my friends, I ask you is not this a great evil! And is not its remedy a great blessing? Is not the mission which, you, men, in this Temperance Society of New Jersey, have, and which Almighty God has put in your hands, the most glorious work which He could ever give you to accomplish? You can do it, with His grace. You can be temperate yourselves, and be lights of temperance, if His grace is in you. The Church takes you to her arms, and invites to her Sacraments. For, without confession and communion, no man can have grace or virtue; and temperance is both one and the other (applause). Yes! I am proud to address you; proud as a Catholic Priest, to address his Catholic brethren; proud, as an Irishman, to address those who love the land from which I came (applause); proud as a man, addressing men,—not the remains of men (cries of Bravo! and applause). Treasure, therefore this virtue of temperance. Refuse that which your Divine Model and Lord refused upon the Cross. Treasure this virtue of temperance as a precious gem from Heaven. Try to disseminate and to propagate it. In doing this you will be making yourselves and your fellow-Irishmen, and the Irish name, an honor to your ancient motherland, a prop and a glory to the land of your adoption, a strength and an argument to the Holy Catholic religion, which you profess. You will be making yourselves all that God intended you to be, when He made you Catholics and Irishmen, and crowned both with the glory of making you American citizens (great applause).

I regret that there is one absent from us this evening, whose presence, certainly, would have lent strength and vigor to my words. I regret that coming before you, I have not had the advantage of that hand lifted more than once on my unworthy head in its Episcopal blessing; that hand, which for so many years has broken to you the Bread of Life. I regret that he is not here to-night whom you will specially have the misfortune (I call it nothing else), of losing. He is going from amongst

you, whose voice and clear eye ever told you the glory of your religion, and the necessity of this magnificent virtue of temperance (applause). His memory you will treasure, because though he may go forth to a higher and wider sphere of ecclesiastical dignity, I believe that his heart and his love will remain in the midst of you. Let every man amongst you remember that his memory can only be embalmed amongst you as long as you live, and practice, and propagate the glorious virtue which he preached and of which he was so prominent an example among the bishops of this land.

Now, nothing remains for me but to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me. If I have instructed, and enlightened, and pleased any amongst you, I am very glad of it. If, on the other hand, I have only annoyed you, or made you feel the time long; all I can say is, I did not do it on purpose.

The Reverend Father retired amid great applause.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CARDINAL CULLEN AND THE HOLY FATHER.—On Sunday, 3d Aug., a pastoral letter from His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, was read in all the Dublin churches. The pastoral announced that a Novena would be held, in preparation for the great feast of the Assumption. Passing to another subject, His Eminence expressed his thanks to the people for the generosity with which they had contributed to the collection for the Holy Father, and said that on many previous occasions, they had shown they were faithful children of so good a father, and that they were determined to do everything in their power to assist him in his difficulties, and to enable him, even in his captivity, to discharge the arduous duties confided to him as supreme pastor of the Church. Whilst he was laboring for their spiritual welfare, His Holiness had a full right to be supported by all the Catholics in the world, who in return would be protected by St. Peter for displaying faith and charity in contributing to the association of Peter's Pence. He recommended continual and fervent prayers for the safety and welfare of his Holiness, who was violently assailed by all the enemies of God and religion, though in the hands of his enemies and in continual danger, steered with a firm hand the barque of Peter, whilst other princes and statesmen during the past years had presented a lamentable picture of weakness or perfidy, and had been tossed about like fragile reeds. The Pope had upheld the principles of eternal justice, and of the Church, and of society, with undaunted courage, at the same time edifying the world by his meekness, his humility, his fortitude, and all the other virtues which should adorn Christ's Vicar on earth. His Eminence called upon the faithful to pray incessantly for the liberation of the Holy Father, for his welfare, and also for the happiness and prosperity of the Church and the salvation of souls.

THE NEW OF KEMMARE.—Monsieur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, whose love of the Irish, and whose admiration of their noble qualities has been often expressed, has written the following kind letter, which will, we are confident, greatly interest our readers, to Sister Mary Frances Clare, the devoted lady whose name is well known and beloved in every quarter of the world where Irishmen have penetrated. The Bishop expresses his admiration of the services of the Sister to Catholic literature; and he says that he has been greatly touched at the destruction caused by the late unhappy fire. A generous gift accompanied the Bishop's letter; and we hope it may stimulate others to assist the Sisters in their trouble.—

“Orleans, Isere, July, 18th, 1873.

“Madame,—You are right in thinking that Ireland is one of the countries for which I have the most profound and lively sympathy. Besides this, I cannot but praise the real with which you have consecrated your talents to the publication of so many and such valuable works, which are destined to sustain and to propagate amongst your compatriots that which has, even to this day, made the greatness of Ireland—the love of religion and devotion to the Church.

“The flattering reception which your works have received from the Press and the Catholic public, makes it unnecessary for me to praise them. If they were translated into French, I would certainly assist with all my heart in ensuring their success.

“Your trouble has touched me deeply. I should, indeed, consider myself happy if I could do anything to assist you. But our own troubles have left great misery after them, and the diocese of Orleans has been deeply ravaged by the war. When better times come, we can show our sympathy for Ireland.

“Believe, Madame, in my profound and sincere sympathy, and accept, I beg of you, the assurance of my highest respect.

† FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

THE BISHOP OF CLOUGH ON HOME RULE.—At the Midsummer Examination of the Waterford College, the Most Rev. Dr. Keane was present, and addressed the students at some length. From the report of his Lordship's speech, which appeared in the columns of the *Waterford News*, we take the following reference to Home Rule:—“Contrasting the restricted education of the past with the comparatively free education of the present, his Lordship adverted to the services of Curran and O'Connell in past days towards the wants and requirements of the country; and then said they had abundant evidence given them that day that they had O'Connell's and Curran's rising amongst them, and he sincerely hoped they would see them sitting in their own Parliament in College-green.”

It is well to take time by the forelock, and it is especially well to do so when you can get a healthy grasp that will manifestly advantage your future. Therefore we think the Home Government Association were wise when speaking, as we presume they did, through Mr. Butt in the House on Monday night—they gave notice to move the following resolution in the next session of Parliament:—“That the present system of government and administration existing in Ireland is in many respects opposed to the principle and spirit of the English Constitution, and inconsistent with the right to equal laws and a participation in English liberty which the people of Ireland became entitled to on the first introduction of English laws; and that, resting as it does on coercive measures, and measures of restriction on popular privileges, it has failed to secure to Ireland a government in accordance with the wants and wishes of the country, and that it is the duty of Parliament to find a remedy for this state of things.” This resolution is comprehensive, mildly yet firmly worded, and it will form a very useful test by which to try public speakers in Ireland during the recess. Few Irishmen will be found to differ from its principles—those who do so will find themselves “out in the cold.”—*Catholic Times*.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.—Now that the Parliamentary Session is at an end, the Home Rule Association is buckling on its armour and preparing for a campaign, the results of which will be seen at the approaching general election. It is reported that they expect to succeed in returning nearly eighty Home Rulers, and even their opponents appear to think it by no means improbable. The Ulster strongholds of Orange bigotry are to be vigorously assailed, and in Monaghan, Cavan, Donegal, etc., Home Rule candidates will go to the poll. Londonderry both county and city, will be contested, and Belfast will be irretrievably lost to the Whigs.

The Ennis correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* says: “I am deeply concerned to state that during

the last three days the disastrous blight so peculiar to the potato crop since its first appearance in bygone times has presented itself in a most virulent form in many districts of this county, causing great dismay. Even the best and most promising gardens in the vicinity of the town, where the esculents had grown to an enormous size, and up to Wednesday last were calculated to be safe and yield an abundant supply, the destroyer has operated with a rapidity and destructiveness unprecedented for the last ten years.”

The Rev. J. L. Conron, of Staten Island, New York, and Mr. P. E. O'Brien, of the *New York Herald*, were entertained on Friday last by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher, at Monaghan, and on Saturday they shared the hospitality of Captain Connelly, M.P., at his mansion in Belleek. Both gentlemen proceeded thence to Lough Derg, and we learn that they are making a complete tour of the north and west of Ireland.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—Under the new “conjoint scheme,” as the system is officially styled, it is proposed to carry into effect the following ordinance:—“That no student shall get credit for medical studies pursued before he shall have passed a preliminary examination in English, Latin, arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, and that no candidate be admitted to his first professional examination until he shall have also passed in Greek and the elements of physics and meteorology.” It is understood that candidates qualified under any of the existing systems of preliminary examination in or before October next would be exempted from the operation of the latter part of the second clause.

THE IRISH POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—The report reaches me on very reliable authority that the Right Hon. W. Monsell resigns the Postmaster-Generalship, having first stipulated for a Peerage, and that the Premier consents to recommend to the Crown that the member for Limerick should be sent to the House of Lords.—*Correspondent Irish Times*.

REPRESENTATION OF TRADE.—The *Cork Examiner* states that a rumour was current in Tralee on Saturday that The O'Donoghue has been appointed Governor of Ceylon, in succession to Mr. W. H. Gregory, who, it is said, has resigned. The office is worth £7,000 a year. A number of candidates for the representation of Tralee are already mentioned, amongst whom the most prominent names are those of a local merchant of considerable influence in the borough; a gentleman officially connected with the Government, and an ex-M.P. for Athlone.

A man named Thomas McCloskey has been returned for trial at the assizes by the Magistrate's bench of magistrates, charged with having fired at and wounded a man named Thomas Donagan, on the 12th July.

The inhabitants of Irvinestown are anxious that the next Fermanagh Farming Show should be held in their town, for which purpose they are willing to contribute £20 towards the prize list. The matter lies over for consideration.

MR. O'NEILL DANCY'S REPORT ON IRISH TAXATION.—We copy from the *London Examiner* the following notice of the above subject recently issued by the Home Government Association:—“The report of the Committee appointed by the Home Government Association to examine the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and the pressure of taxation on Irish resources, deals with an eminently practical phase of the Irish question. It shows that, since the Union, Ireland has been most unfairly treated in the matter of taxation, being compelled to contribute nearly one-ninth of the imperial expenditure, whilst her share of the general wealth of the empire does not exceed a seventeenth. Quoting the words of Grattan: ‘That Ireland would ultimately be compelled for her own subjugation, and that the country that loves her liberty loves her revenues,’ the Committee of the Home Government Association come to the conclusion that Ireland's revenues must be administered by an Irish Parliament. They repudiate the idea which they say permeates the minds of Englishmen, that Ireland has no separate individuality, and is in the position of an English county, and they maintain the absolute necessity of preserving Irish distinctions in matters of finance as our only protection, from the numerous consequences of British rapacity. In perusing this pamphlet, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's emphatic advice to an Irish Unionist. ‘Do not unite with us, sir, we shall only unite with Ireland in order to rob her.’”

THE IRISH CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—The *Anglo Celt* says: “The Catholic Hierarchy presents, at the present moment, peculiar features in relation to the episcopal standing of its members. The 28 Sees are filled and there are also Coadjutors in three dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin, Kilkalee, and Achonry, while the Bishop of Galway is Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Kilmacduagh and Kilmunora. That is, there are 21 individual Bishops, or, connected with, the 28 dioceses. One of these, the Archbishop of Tuam, has distanced all the members of the Episcopal Bench in age; and standing yet, without a coadjutor, his Grace feels equal to all the duties of a vast diocese, and even the visitation of the entire archipelago on the Connaught seaboard. Consecrated the 5th of June, 1825, the venerable Metropolitan of the West has entered the 49th year of his Episcopate, and is the only member of the Hierarchy of the anti-Emanicipation era. His Grace so distances in seniority, all his contemporaries, that there is only one of the other 30 members of the Hierarchy that is of half his standing, Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, consecrated 15th of August, 1847, so that the latter is not 26 years in the Episcopate, against upwards of 48, in the case of his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale. This disparity has, likely, no parallel in the Episcopate of any kingdom. The Archbishop of Tuam is, therefore, the last living link which connects the present generation with the exciting struggles of the Catholic Association, of the Education Agitation of 1826, of the Clare Election, and of Emanicipation. He is the only contemporary of the illustrious Dr. Doyle remaining in the Episcopate. Nay, more, while to most of us it feels only like yesterday when in February, 1853, amid the grief of the nation, without distinction of craft or creed, the Most Rev. Dr. Murray was laid in his honored grave, there are only five of the 31 Catholic Bishops now surviving that were his Episcopal contemporaries—namely, Dr. MacHale, Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry, consecrated 2nd of February, 1851; and of these five, four were less than five years in the Episcopate before the death of Archbishop Murray, about 21 years ago. Of the 30 Archbishops and Bishops, excluding the venerable Archbishop of Tuam, six have been in the Episcopate 20 to 26 years; ten, 15 to 20 years; two, 10 to 15 years; two, 5 to 10 years, and ten much less than five years. If, therefore, the four Bishops who have coadjutors be excluded, Ireland has the youngest Catholic Episcopate that she had for ages.”

DEATH OF THE REV. B. BANNIGAN, C. C., BUNDORAN.—It is with deep and sincere regret we record the death of the above named Clogher priest, in the very prime of life. At the early age of thirty-five, and from his sphere of usefulness, death has beckoned him away. God has called him to his reward. “Fiat voluntas tua.” Father Bannigan was a native of the parish of Carrickmacross, and was born about the year 1838. His early life was a fervent preparation for the Ministry. He read for college at St. MacCartan's, Monaghan, and his superiors were not slow in recognizing his worth. He was speedily promoted to Maynooth, where he studied a full course of Scripture and theology with credit to himself and satisfaction to all who were interested in his welfare. After his ordination he was appointed curate of Bundoran, his first and only mission. In

college he earned for himself the confidence and respect of his superiors, while by his companions he was regarded as an “honest man,” and this high character he well maintained in the mission. In his relations to his parishioners he was kind, and attentive. He was ready at all moments to obey the calls of duty. His faith was strong and his zeal for the glory of God's house unflinching. He died on July 28th, at the residence of a friend, where he had come to spend a short vacation. The funeral ceremonies took place in St. Mary's church, Castleblaney, the Most Rev. J. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher, presiding, celebrant at High Mass. Rev. B. Duffy, deacon, Rev. J. Connelly, and Rev. T. Conlan; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. J. Hoey, P. P., Algheracloon. A very large number of priests were present. The choir was efficiently conducted by the Rev. P. Famin, St. Mary's, Clontarf, whose performance was, as usual, the theme of much praise. The remains of the deceased clergyman were interred in the family burying ground Ballintra, near Ballinlay. Father Bannigan died surrounded by the consolations of the religion which as a priest he taught and as a Catholic he practised, and we feel assured that his old Maynooth friends throughout Ireland will not forget him in the Holy Sacrifice.—*Dublin Freeman*.

THE MAGISTRACY.—The following statement, regarding the exclusion of Catholics from the Magistracy in Ulster, made by Mr. Callan, M.P., in the House of Commons on Tuesday last, illustrates the inequitable character of Catholic Emancipation in that Province:—“He (Mr. Callan) found from the returns in the Hanaper Office that since the day the present Government came to office there had been 17 appointments of magistrates in the County of Antrim, of whom only one was a Catholic. In Armagh there had been 16 appointments, of whom 2 were Catholics. In Cavan 13, and 4 Catholics. In Donegal 19, and 2 Catholics. In the Co. Down 32, and 3 Catholics. In Fermanagh 8, and no Catholic. In Londonderry 25, and 1 Catholic. Monaghan 12, 2 Catholics. Tyrone 18 and 2 Catholics. It would therefore seem that since the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland came into office, instead of looking at the inequalities which existed in the province of Ulster with the view of redressing them he had in reality increased the inequalities. In his (Mr. Callan's) own county (Louth), with a population of 67,000, there were only 6,000 who were not Catholics, but yet out of 54 magistrates only 8 were Catholics. Upon ten benches of magistrates in the county, there were only five Catholics. In Monaghan, with a population of 112,000, of whom 82,000 were Catholics, there were only two Catholic magistrates. In Tyrone with a population of 119,000, out of 25 magistrates only one was a Catholic. He might go on similarly through all counties in Ulster and he would be able to show that the number of Catholic magistrates was altogether inadequate to the wants of the various localities.” This duty of revising the Irish magistracy is one of the most pressing wants of the country. Apart from the question of creed, a large proportion of the justices are absentees, so that Petty Sessions have, in numbers of cases, to be frequently postponed, either because no magistrate, or not the required *quorum*, attend. The industrious classes thus lose valuable time, incur fatigue in travelling, and have to pay the expenses of solicitors and witnesses, yet are denied justice. The obvious remedy is the appointment of none but resident gentry and respectable yeomen, and merchants, of means and intelligence, of whom numbers are to be found amongst Catholics.—*Dublin Cor. of Tablet*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MARRIAGE OF MR. IVOR HERBERT.—The following letter appears in the *Morning Post*:—

“Sir,—In the notice of the above marriage which appears in your paper of to-day, it is stated that ‘it was intended and had been fully arranged that the ceremony should have been performed at the Roman Catholic Oratory, at Brompton, as well as at St. Martin's Church;’ but that, as ‘the necessary licence had not been procured for the Roman Catholic ceremony,’ the marriage at the Oratory could not take place. As this statement may convey an impression that the only obstacle to the double religious ceremony was the want of a *civil licence*, I beg that you will allow me to say that even if the necessary *civil licence* had been obtained, the double ceremony could not possibly have been permitted. The Catholic Church teaches:—1. That when the State recognises no marriage that does not take place before a Protestant Minister, and when, therefore, the Protestant Minister may in such respect be regarded as a *civil officer*, Catholics may lawfully go through a form of marriage in his presence, for the purpose of obtaining legal validity for their union; but 2. That, when no such legal necessity exists (and for many years it has not existed in England), the marriage of a Catholic before a Protestant Minister is grievously wrong, as being necessarily, not a *civil* but a *religious act*, a participation in the religious rites of the Protestant religion, and an implicit adhesion to heresy.” In conformity with this teaching of the Church, Mr. Ivor Herbert was distinctly told, not only by me, but also by Monsignor Capel (whose name is mentioned in your notice of the marriage), that the marriage could not take place in a Catholic Church unless he first gave his assurance that the Catholic marriage should be the only marriage ceremony.—I am, sir, your faithful servant,

“W. A. JOHNSTON.

“Archbishop's House, Westminster, August 1.”

We are in a position to say that the *Morning Post* was in error in stating that the Lords of the Treasury have called upon members of the Civil Service to sign a form of declaration to the effect that they would not communicate information to the members of the Press. Their lordships have, however, recently manifested a desire to learn the names of the conductors of this and other journals.—*Civilian*.

A death, stated by two medical men to be cholera morbus, has taken place in Liverpool. The victim is a blacksmith named Hudson, 50 years of age.—The body was interred shortly after death.

A farmer residing at Bath, has made a valuable discovery. Whilst examining an old wall built on his father's farm, he caught sight of an ancient pitcher, which was found to contain several hundred old guinea pieces.

Several farmers in the neighborhood of Bury St. Edmunds have been cutting wheat, and the condition is favorably reported. The breadstuffs with wheat is, however, not so great as usual. Barley is ripening fast and promise well. White wheat is stated to have suffered from blight in Suffolk. Harvest will become general next week.

THE INCREASE IN ENGLISH CRIME.—The *Daily Telegraph* says:—“The people, we hope and we unfeignedly believe, are not growing more profligate, more felonious, or more fraudulent in proportion to the growth of the population. The ordinary crimes which come under the cognisance of the Courts of Assize have certainly not increased in number; but murder shows no signs of decrease, and carefully balanced statistics might reveal the horrifying fact that twice as many murders are committed in England in five years of the reign of Queen Victoria as were committed in five years of the reign of Queen Anne. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the increase in deeds of blood-guiltiness is mainly due to the fact that ardent spirits are becoming more of a national beverage.”

THE LATE DUCHESS OF INVERNESS.—We announce the death at Kensington Palace after a lengthened illness of the Duchess of Inverness. She was the 9th daughter and thirteenth child of Arthur Saunders second Earl of Argyll, in the Peerage of Ireland; her mother (who was the Earl's third wife) was Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Underwood. The Peerages do not give the exact date of her birth, but she was probably born about the year 1789, or the following year.

Her Grace then Lady Cecilia Letitia Gore—was married on the 14th of May, 1815, to Sir George Buggin, of Great Cumberland-place, the ceremony being performed by special licence. Sir George, who received the honor of knighthood on the 31st of May 1797, is described in the *Gazette* which records that honor as being at that time of Thetford, Norfolk. He died in London on the 12th of April, 1825.

After the death of her first husband, Lady Buggin assumed by virtue of the Royal Sign Manual, her mother's maiden name, and was known in society as Lady Cecilia Underwood. It was generally understood that (in spite of the Royal Marriage Act which had deprived the Duke of Sussex's former wife—Lady Augusta Murray—of the rank of a Royal Duchess) Lady Cecilia was, in the early days of her widowhood, privately married to the Duke of Sussex. The marriage being invalid in the eye of the English law, not having been “sanctioned by the Sovereign in Council,” did not give her the dignity of Duchess of Sussex, but she was created, in 1810, a Peeress of the United Kingdom by the style and title of Duchess of Inverness. The Duke of Sussex counted the Earl of Inverness among his inferior titles.

The late Duchess for many years occupied apartments at Kensington Palace, and was well known in society.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD IN LONDON.—Dr. Muter, analyst to the Wandsworth District Board of Works, states that out of 38 samples of coffee submitted to him by the inspector, he found 21 adulterated and 17 pure. With regard to milk, the proportion between the genuine article and the bad and indifferent was still more unsatisfactory to the purchaser. There were 43 samples of milk submitted to him, only six of which he describes as “good.” The rest is alluded to as “skimmed,” “skimmed and watered,” and twelve of the samples, he says, were watered with proportions of water varying from 11 to 27 per cent. In the case of one of the samples, he believes that the milk had either been skimmed from the top of the can, or had cream purposely added to deceive the analyst; but, he adds, “I am happy to say without success, as I still succeeded in detecting the addition of water to the original milk.”—*South London Press*.

HAND AND BRAIN LABOR.—The great dispute in the building trade of London, says the *Spectator*, is at an end. The men asked 9d. an hour for nine hours' work, and to leave work at twelve on Saturdays, thus claiming 36s. 9d., a week and a Saturday half-holiday. The masters, after a lengthy discussion and many threats of a lock-out, at last agreed to accept these terms unconditionally, and the dispute was at an end. We make no complaint of the arrangement—that will come from the workman's laborers, who are, as a rule, wretchedly underpaid—but we would point out that wages are rapidly reaching a point at which hand labor is better remunerated than brain labor. There must be thousands of educated men in London—thoroughly educated too—to whom the builders' wages would seem fortune, who can no more earn 40s. a week than they could pay the National Debt. We are beginning to distribute remuneration, not according to the skill required in work, but according to its disagreeableness, and the man's wages outstrip those of the tutor.

COOLNESS IN COURT.—“Boreas” and “An Old Indian” write to us, strongly urging the adoption of the Indian punkah in court during the trial of the Tichborne Claimant. The former says that the arrangements could be entirely external, the cost little compared to the object gained, and everything could be finished in a couple of days if a really active officer took the matter in hand. Another correspondent, “Punkah Wallah,” says that punkahs can be put up for 1s. a foot, and one man can pull six of them at a time. They are used in all the churches in Bengal, he says, but are credited with cooling the prayers and sermon.—*Globe*.

THE 18TH ROYAL IRISH.—The 18th Royal Irish has the honor of possessing the oldest soldier in the British Army, or perhaps in the world, in the person of the Colonel of the regiment, General Sir John Foster Fitz-Gerald, G.C.B., the senior general in the army and a veteran of 80 years' service, his first commission as ensign bearing date the 29th of October, 1783. At the early age of 18 this distinguished officer was a major, having obtained his first commission when he was eight years old; in six months and 10 days after he was a captain of 7 years' standing at the age of 16. Sir John has been a full general for the last 19 years, and Colonel of the 18th Royal Irish for 13 years. He commanded a Light Infantry regiment at the battle of Salamanca and a brigade at the Pyrenees in 1813 as Lieutenant-Colonel.

MISSING CHILDREN IN LONDON.—Missing children have been rather numerous of late; and there is hardly a police magistrate in London who has not had an application from some anxious parent. At Worship-street, on Monday, a labouring man stated that his little boy, aged three years, had disappeared last Thursday evening, and that all inquiries had failed to discover his whereabouts.—*South London Press*.

No clue has been obtained to the perpetrators of the attempt to blow up Hounslow Powder Mills. The works have been resumed.

In the *Times* of Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of both halves of a £1,000 note, sent anonymously for income-tax.

At a meeting of miners' delegates, at Glasgow, on Monday, it was resolved to agree to the concession offered by the masters, and to appoint a small committee to draw up rules.

UNITED STATES.

Philadelphia has proved its willingness to support two admirable Catholic papers. It is an encouraging sign of the times to see such excellent papers attaining their well deserved prosperity. What is more our contemporaries made admirable use of their success. They prove that they deserve it by enlarging and otherwise improving their papers. Thus the *Catholic Herald*, which is not much older than a year, has recently changed from being a small quarto to a rather large sixteen page paper. This change of form has allowed many other improvements in make up and arrangement. In the literary department it was always admirable and worthy of the experience and tact of Mr. Valette.—*Brooklyn Catholic Review*.

A self-possessed young man called at a house in Atlanta, Ga., a few evenings since and asked to see his wife. The lady of the house informed him that his wife was not there; only the members of her own family were in the house. “Well,” said the young man, “it's one of them I want to see. I married your eldest daughter last night.”

A Scranton woman locked up her house and went out to spend the evening, and when, after much trouble, the husband succeeded in breaking into his domicile, he was confronted with this note, left on a table: “I have gone out; you will find the door key on one side of the doorstep.”

The True Witness

AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1873.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1873.

Friday, 5—St. Lawrence Justinian, O.
Saturday, 6—Of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 7—Fourteenth after Pentecost.
Monday, 8—Nativity of the B. V. M.
Tuesday, 9—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 10—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.
Thursday, 11—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At Rome a new outrage is said to be in pre-
paration. As a sap to the Italian irreconcilable
the new Premier, Signor Minghetti, is reported
to intend ordaining income and property tax
della ricchezza mobile, to be levied on the Holy
Father and on all the inmates of the Vatican!
With some point, the *Correspondance de Geneve*
enquires how is it to be levied?

The victory of the extreme Liberal party in
the administrative elections in Naples is another
proof of the instability of the Italian Monarchy.
The Republican demonstration in the Villa
Reale was a very serious one, and the cries of
"Viva Garibaldi!" "A basso i Gesuiti!"
"Morte alla Francia!" "Morte al Vaticano!"
were incessant. The Syndic Mordini is an ex-
Garibaldian soldier, one of the "Mille di
Marsala," and a noted Republican, and he
was loudly applauded by the mob on his appear-
ance on the balcony of the Prefecture.

Official statistics prove that France, despite
the pecuniary burdens of the late war, is very
far from being "crushed." The trade returns
for the half year ending in June, which have
just been issued, show a large balance in favour
of the nation's industry as compared with the
corresponding period of last year. The har-
vest of that year was excellent, and again this
year there is a prospect of abundance. There
is an increase in the revenue of £4,500,000, a
matter of supreme importance in the present
peculiar position. France has regained her
old command over the markets of the world;
and, despite the German indemnity, the country
is adding substantially to its wealth.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine will be held
at Trianon, commencing on the 8th October.

The *Journal des Debats* has a significant
article from M. Lemoine in which it says the
Republic is impossible and France must have a
liberal monarchy. The Government has issued
a decree relieving grain and flour from the
surtax or additional imposts levied on account
of the war indemnity and also from the bonding
duty. It is reported that the Government will
pay to Germany the last instalment of the war
indemnity on the 14th of October next.

The Carlist forces have resumed the siege of
Bilboa. The Madrid Government is powerless
to prevent the landing of arms and ammunition
for the Carlists on the Cantabrian coasts, be-
cause of the large force required to operate
against the insurgents. It is reported that the
Republicans have under advisement the plan
of issuing letters of marque to private vessels
to cruise in the Bay of Biscay. Ten thousand
republican troops have arrived at Nitoora, in
the Province of Alava, on their way to Estella.
The military escort of a large train containing
supplies for the Republicans in Berga halted
upon reaching Monrea, 20 miles from their
destination, and refused to go any further. A
battalion of the Republican Chassours stationed
in Viach, thirty-seven miles north-east of that
city, has mutinied.

Dona Margarita, wife of Don Carlos, has en-
tered Spain, travelling as the Countess de
Chardonnet. She was accompanied by a small
escort, and effected the passage of the Pyrenees
on horseback. She has joined her husband,
declaring her proper place is beside him in the
hour of danger. The enthusiasm of the Car-
lists is at its height. The Republican Gen-
erals Lema and Bregua are reported to be trying
to effect a junction at Tolosa. The Carlists
have withdrawn from the vicinity of Yrun,
which is now in an excellent state of defence,
and could only be reduced by artillery or taken
by surprise. The Republicans there affirm
they will fight to the death. San Sebastian
has likewise been put in a good state of de-

fence by engineer officers from Madrid, who
have, among other works, thrown up a *tele de
pont* commanding the road from Fuentarabia
and Valleg. Oyarzun has been relieved by a
Republican column, which left in search of the
enemy after supplying the garrison with provi-
sions and ammunition. A message has been
sent to the director of the Yrun ambulance,
which was attacked by mistake on the road,
explaining that the Basques mistook the red
cross for the revolutionary emblem, but that
the error would not be repeated, as the King
desires that the war should be carried on with
humanity. The tales of brutality on both sides
which have been narrated, are greatly exag-
gerated.

The Bayonne correspondent of the *Voz
della Verita* mentions that General Lizarraga,
the Commandant-General of Guipuscoa, caused
to be celebrated on the Feast of St. Ignatius,
Patron of the Basque Provinces at Loyola, in
the Saint's own house, a solemn service, during
which took place the benediction of the Carlist
banners—so long desired by the troops them-
selves.

More denunciations of priests by the police
have been going on in the Jura district, and at
Zurich the Government has taken upon itself
formally to suspend the Catholic parish priest
and his vicar, and has turned them out of both
church and presbytery. Divine worship, says
the *Liberte* of Fribourg, is now celebrated in
a room hired from a Protestant hotel-keeper
until funds in Zurich can be collected for the
construction of a church.

The Shah has completed his tour of Italy,
and is now on his way to Constantinople. At
Brindisi he was received by the civil and mili-
tary authorities. After resting an hour or two
he proceeded on board the Turkish yacht Sul-
tania.

The Hellenic Government, according to the
Levant Times, has conferred the grand cross of
the Order of the Saviour on Mgr. Patriarch
Anthimos, of Constantinople; and on his im-
mediate predecessor, Mgr. Gregory; and on the
Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Procopius. The
decoration of *Taxiarhis* has been also
bestowed upon the ex-Metropolitan, Mgr. Der-
con Neophitos; on Mgr. Joachim, Bishop of
Varna; Mgr. Anthimos, Bishop of Belgrade;
and Mgr. Nicophorus, Bishop of Imbros.

The return of "deaths from starvation," in
London, for the year 1872 specifies eighty-
three cases in the central division of Middle-
sex, thirteen in the eastern division, and one
in Westminster. None was reported in the
City or in Southwark.

It is a significant fact in connection with
the high wages now received by many working
men that, according to Colonel Henderson's
report for the year 1872, the "drunk and dis-
orderly" cases in the streets of London had in-
creased from 23,007 in 1871 to 33,867.

The *Morning Advertiser* points to Mr. Mon-
sell, the Postmaster-General, as an intended
new Peer.

The Home Rule movement is more than
prospering—it is the theme of the people of
Ireland. For a native Parliament the farmer,
the artisan, the merchant are in earnest, and
the day is not far distant when proof shall be
given of the pre-eminent force of the national
movement.

The United States Treasury and State De-
partments have decided that British Columbia,
not having formed a portion of the Union when
the Treaty of Washington was signed, is not
entitled to the benefits therefrom.

The *Times* of the 1st inst., publishes further
particulars of the negotiations between the
British Vice-Admiral Yelverton and the Car-
tagena insurgents, in regard to the removal of
the Spanish iron-clads *Almansea* and *Vittoria*.
Upon notice from the Admiral of his intention
to take the vessels, the insurgents answered
that the forts would open fire upon the British
squadron if the attempt was made. This was
on the 28th. The ram *Numancia* was brought
to anchor at the entrance of Escombroa Bay,
within range of the Lord Warden, the British
flag ship, and the two vessels lay with their
broad sides towards each other. The Lord
Warden carries 18 guns, and is an iron-plated
screw steamer of 4,080 tons. The *Numancia*
is an iron-clad steamer and carries 40 sixty-
eight pounders. On the 29th, Vice-Admiral
Yelverton replied that he would allow forty
hours for reconsideration, at the expiration of
which time he would take the vessels. On the
30th Senor Aguilas communicated to Vice-
Admiral Yelverton the hope of the Junta that
the affair might be amicably arranged. No
later intelligence has been received from Car-
tagena, but it is believed that the insurgent
Junta intended to propose a compromise, by
which they should consent to the removal of
the *Almansea* and *Vittoria*, on condition that
they be held at Gibraltar under a guarantee
from the British commander not to surrender
them to the Spanish authorities until the differ-
ences between the Madrid Government and
the Junta of Cartagena are settled. There is
little doubt that the insurgents will attack the
British fleet if they attempt to remove the

Spanish vessels without coming to some agree-
ment on the subject.

The members of the insurgent Junta at Car-
tagena, already reported to have been arrested by
Galvez, one of their colleagues, are Sauvalle,
Insurgent Minister of Finance, and General
Contreras, President of the Junta. The latter
was quickly released. The cause of his arrest
is not known. Sauvalle is charged by Galvez
with treachery to the Junta, and with having
altered and falsified the communications of
Vice-Admiral Yelverton to the Junta. It
seems that in the beginning of the affair he was
named by the Junta to carry on negotiations
on their behalf.

The English residents have all fled from
Cartagena, in anticipation of an attack by
Gen. Campes upon the insurgents.

A person who signs himself *A Catholic* writes
to us to the effect that his mind, and the minds
of some of his family and friends, have been
stirred up by the study of some letters in the
Witness signed *E. S.*: that they have been
rather forcibly struck by the historical points
brought out by the writer; and that they feel
rather put off their guard by his citations from
the Rev. Mr. Keenan, author of a catechism
used, we believe, in some parts of Ireland and
the United States, though of course utterly
unknown to the vast majority of the Catholic
world. Our correspondent wishes that some
one would undertake to satisfy the doubts
"which have involuntarily arisen" in his mind.
We tender some remarks on the above commu-
nication.

In the first place, his application of the term
"involuntary" to the doubts which he tells us
have arisen in his mind, is not correct. He
who voluntarily studies the attacks on the
Catholic faith daily published in the *Montreal
Witness*, can no more call any doubts as to its
truth which may thence arise in his mind "in-
voluntary," than could he who should habitu-
ally read the writings of Voltaire, Tom Paine,
Renan and others of that school against the
truth of Christianity, call his doubts "in-
voluntary." and most assuredly there are but
few minds in which doubts as to the truth of
the Christian revelation would not arise from
the habitual study of the works of its enemies.
Therefore is it that just as Protestant parents
and others of influence, always discountenance
the perusal of such works by those under their
care, so also do the pastors of the Catholic
Church warn their people against the danger to
faith, and therefore sin of reading and studying
the writings of the enemies to the Catholic
faith, lest thereby sinful because voluntary
doubts should be engendered in their minds.
If it be retorted that to study both sides of a
question is every man's duty, we rejoine:—
Firstly: that Protestants themselves do not
act upon this principle; for were they to act
upon it they would feel it their duty to place
the works of Tom Paine, of Voltaire, and other
anti-Christian writers in the hands of their
children; therefore Protestants do not recog-
nize the precept of "studying both sides," as
universal, whatsoever, in their controversies
with Catholics, they may hypocritically pretend
to the contrary. In the second place, we
would point out to our correspondent the per-
fect analogy betwixt the writings of the anti-
Catholic press and those of the anti-Christian
school. They resemble one another in this:
That the one attacks the Catholic, the other
the entire Christian religion, not by substituting
some other positive system of religion in
lieu thereof, not by urging against it some con-
tradictory truths; but by suggesting doubts,
and by mere negations. Neither says "this is
true;" but both tell you "this is false." When
all anti-Catholic, and all anti-Christian writers
shall agree upon some common positive system
in lieu of Catholic Christianity, and shall urge
that system on the world, then perhaps, cer-
tainly not before, will it be time to "study both
sides." Upon this point, however, *A Catholic*
will do well to consult his Bishop or his con-
fessor; who will instruct him how far his
"doubts," caused by the study of the *Witness*,
are "involuntary," and therefore free from sin.

In the second place, we suppose that the
"historical points" brought out in the *Witness*
are those alluding to the suppression, or ra-
ther partial suppression, of the Jesuits by a
Pope; to the case of another Pope, Honorius;
and thirdly to the assertion in Keenan's Cate-
chism that the infallibility of the Pope was
not, at the time of writing, a dogma, or defined
article of faith in the Catholic Church. All
these topics have been discussed over and over
again: the "alleged facts" of the enemies of
the Church, have been proved to be false; and
it is because *A Catholic* does not "hear both
sides," but limits his studies to the perusal
of letters in the *Witness* that his mind has been
stirred up. It is wearisome to go over the old
ground, and that so often, but we will never-
theless offer a few suggestions to *A Catholic*
doubter.

(1.) With regard to the partial suppression
of the Order of the Jesuits, it may be men-
tioned that this no more implies condemna-

tion of the Order than does the action of a cap-
tain who in a heavy gale throws some of his
guns overboard, imply a condemnation of his
ship's armament. In the middle of the last
century a violent anti-Catholic storm raged,
and its fury was of course directed, in the first
place, against the Jesuits. Pombal, King's
strumpet Pompadour, and indeed all harlotdom
took up the cry against them; and urged their
royal tools and lovers to insist upon the sup-
pression of an Order upon which harlotdom
and all its children look with natural aversion.
Under these circumstances, and in the hopes of
warding off the fury of a storm which seemed
to menace Christianity, the Pope consented
most reluctantly to the partial suppression of
the Order; hoping that thereby the enemies of
the Church might be pacified. It is not for
us to say whether in so acting the Pope acted
wisely or unwisely; for in so far as the infal-
libility of the Pope, as defined by the Council
of the Vatican, is concerned it matters not.
No one pretends, or ever pretended, that the
Order of the Jesuits is a revealed truth; and
therefore a Pope might err—God forbid that
we should so much as seem to imply that Pope
Clement erred—in suppressing them, without
any impeachment of his infallibility on matters
of revealed faith.

(2.) With regard to Pope Honorius, we re-
mark that it will be time enough to entertain
doubts as to Papal Infallibility when it shall
have been shown that that Pope, speaking *ex
cathedra*, and addressing the universal Church
on the question of the one will—or two Wills—
in the One Person Christ, taught as true, that
which subsequent Popes have decreed to be
false. Pope Honorius was condemned indeed,
not for teaching false doctrine; not for holding
false doctrine, for his language is susceptible of
a strictly orthodox interpretation; but for rem-
issness in that he did not at once energetically,
and in virtue of his authority as successor
of St. Peter, whose duty it was to confirm his
brethren, take measures to formally condemn
the Monothelite heresy in its inception. For
his inactivity he has been condemned; but we
dely any one to adduce a dogmatic defini-
tion *ex cathedra*, or given under the conditions
under which alone a Papal definition is recog-
nized by the Council of the Vatican as infallible
—from Pope Honorius contrary to the faith of
the Catholic Church from the earliest age to
the present day. It is, remember, one thing
to admit that a Pope acted wrongly under cer-
tain circumstances, and failed in his duty; an-
other and very different thing to assert that he
ever taught as Head of the Church that to be
true which is false, or false which is true.
It is for those who pretend that Honorius gave
a proof of Papal fallibility, to cite the truth
which he condemned—or the error which he
by his authority attempted to impose upon the
Church.

(3.) It is quite true that, in Keenan's
Catechism, a work of which we have been able
to obtain a copy, it is laid down that Papal In-
fallibility is not a dogma, or defined doctrine
of the Catholic Church; and at the time he
wrote, such was the case. Mind—and to this
we call the especial attention of our weak-
minded *Catholic*—Keenan does not say or im-
ply that it was a dogma of the Church that the
Pope was fallible, had erred, or ever could err,
when teaching *ex cathedra* the universal
Church; he merely says that his infallibility
was not an article of faith, or in other words
defined. So the doctrine of the consubstan-
tiality of the Son to the Father was at one
time not a defined article of faith, and so
also with many other points of the Catholic
Faith, now defined, and therefore binding un-
der pain of anathema. That the writer of the
Catechism in question himself was a believer
in Papal Infallibility, not indeed as generally
understood by the Protestant vulgar, but as
defined by the Council of the Vatican, taught
by the Church, and accepted by all Catholics
seems to us pretty certain; but writing at a
time, and in a country, when and where it was
prudent to avoid arousing Protestant prej-
udices; and when and where we fear that it was
sometimes deemed expedient to minimize
Catholic doctrine with regard to the Pope, in
so far as that could be done without falling
into actual heresy, the Rev. Mr. Keenan no
doubt did not think it necessary to insist upon
his particular views, which nevertheless then
were, as they are now, and ever have been,
though undefined, the faith of the Catholic
Church. There is therefore no contradiction
betwixt the first and the latest editions of
Keenan's Catechism, because the first does not
teach the fallibility of the Pope, but merely
says that his infallibility was not an article of
faith, or dogmatically defined—which was then
strictly true.

The St. Patrick's Literary Association of
Ottawa held their Annual Pic-Nic, on Thurs-
day, Aug. 28th, in Fleming's Grove, a plea-
sant nook nine miles below the City. Thanks
to Mr. Waller and the Officers of the Associa-
tion, the games and amusements were a success
and a very pleasant day was passed.—*Con.*

The *Times* boasts that, "the arguments
which Bossuet drew long since from the
'divisions of Protestantism' in favor of the
claims of the unchangeable and infallible
Church is growing year by year less cogent;"
that "the tendency of Protestantism especially
within the past quarter of a century, has been
to obliterate sectarian lines of demarcation,
to insist with increasing emphasis upon the great
points of agreement, and to lay less and less
stress upon the minor points of difference."

This is certainly true to a considerable ex-
tent, and in one sense "The tendency of Pro-
testantism"—a tendency becoming more strongly
pronounced every day—is to get rid of all dis-
tinctively Christian dogmas whatsoever, and to
eliminate the supernatural from the Christian
system. Of course when this tendency shall
have been fully realized or carried out, there
will be nothing left in the Protestant system
for Protestants to differ with one another about.
In the days of Bossuet, however, the majority
of the latter still retained many Christian
dogmas—the Incarnation, the Atonement, the
Divinity of Christ, the Trinity, &c.;—but to-
day few attach any importance whatsoever to
these things, and with the majority of Protest-
ants, Christianity is but a republication of the
law of nature. In short, the tendency of Pro-
testantism is to obliterate the lines of demarca-
tion betwixt, not only the several sects of
which it is itself composed, but betwixt Christ-
ianity and pure deism. Here and there you may
meet with a handful of straight-laced Protest-
ants, who have been unable to keep up with
the progress of the age, and who, therefore,
still repeat the ancient shibboleth of their par-
ticular sect, who will do battle for its formulas.
But betwixt Anglican dignitaries, such as the
Bishop Colenso, or the authors of *Essays
and Reviews*, and our great non-conforming
Protestant divines like the late Rev. Theodore
Parker, there are really no "variations" worth
speaking about. The fact, triumphantly cited
by the *Times*, is merely a proof of what Catho-
lics have been incessantly repeating for years:
that the tendency of Protestantism is to elimi-
nate from its system all supernaturalism, and to
fall back on the simple religion of nature. Its
Credo cannot at best go beyond this, "I be-
lieve in God;" but whether that God be a
person distinct from his work,—whether he be
a God *Creator*, or whether there be two eter-
nal self-existing substances,—are matters upon
which Protestants are not agreed; upon which,
as we have seen it stated in the *Montreal Wit-
ness*, sound Protestant Christians in good re-
pute differ in opinion, but about which they
no longer care to wrangle, and on which they
lay no stress. The progress towards unity
which the Protestant world has made since the
days of Bossuet, is the exact measure of the
distance that it has receded from Christianity.

The very existence of the Protestant Church
of England, of that glorious scheme of salva-
tion established by Act of Parliament, is at
stake; like a "clipt guinea" the fate of Angli-
canism "trembles in the scales." The Pro-
testant world is in a flutter of excitement.

But what is it all about? some people will
ask. What new wickedness have the Ritual-
ists planned? what monstrous plot against the
Protestant character of the Church as by Law
Established have these enemies of all that is
good devised for the overthrow of the holy
Protestant faith?

They have—and this is what has thrown the
evangelical world into dismay—they have pro-
posed, and have petitioned the government
Bishop of London for leave to erect a Balda-
chino over the communion tables what they
call their altar. This is the last straw, and
under its weight the patience of the London
Times breaks down. If this petition be
granted it is all up with the Church of Eng-
land, it cries out in its indignation Holy oils,
and sacramental confession are dreadful things
to contemplate. "Vestments, banners, pic-
tures, and processions are bad enough; but if
a Baldachino can be erected over Church of
England Communion Tables, every distinctive
mark of Protestantism may as well be surren-
dered."—*Times*, Aug. 8th.

A "Baldachino," as the *Times* informs its
readers, "is a canopy often raised in Roman
Catholic churches over the Altar." Of these
abominations there is but one in England, in
a church at Oxford; but now it seems that
the Vicar, and churchwardens of St. Barnabas,
Pimlico, have made application for permission
to erect one in their church! "After that
we can be surprised at nothing," cries out the
great organ of Protestant opinion in England;
it regards the erection of a Baldachino in much
the same light as did the Jews the obtru-
sion of the idolatrous ensigns of the Romans
within the precincts of the Holy City; and it
invokes the prompt and energetic action of the
authorities against the Baldachino innovation.
As it stands the law is impotent to prevent the
outrage, for "Baldachinos" are not forbidden
by the rubrics; and the only means therefore
by which the menaced evil can be checked will
be the making of new laws on the subject of

Anglican worship. Meantime the Bishop of London knows not what to say, or what answer to give to the petitioners; and he has therefore referred their request to the consideration of the gentleman who is called Chancellor of the Diocese. Upon his decision it depends whether the distinctive Protestant character of the Anglican church is to be retained or surrendered. All now depends upon the Balduino question.

BRITISH FINANCIAL PROSPERITY.—During the course of discussion on the Budget in the Imperial House of Commons Mr. W. Smith pointed out that the financial prosperity of the year was based chiefly upon drunkenness. The more the people drink, the more they degrade themselves below the level of the beasts, the more they give themselves over to the sin of intemperance, the more does the country thrive in a financial point of view. A Temperance Reform would, next to the giving out of the Coal Measures, be the greatest material calamity that could befall Great Britain, such is the peculiar social and moral condition of the "land of the open bible."

Indeed the speaker seemed to apprehend much financial embarrassment from the cheapening of coal, and consequent probable reduction in prices; for this would bring about a lowering of wages, a lowering of wages would lead to a general strike; and during a strike the men are unable to pay for their usual quantity of intoxicating drinks. Cheap coal therefore, as well as Temperance, would be prejudicial to what in the common cant of the day is termed "prosperity." We give the links of the speaker's argument:—

"So that to suppose that the enormous iron trade of the country would be maintained at its present figure when the cost of the manufacture of iron from the crude material was £3 per ton higher than it was three years ago, and that solely in the article of coal, was to take a very sanguine view indeed. But, in addition to that, higher wages were now paid than formerly. There was, therefore, reason to apprehend that the present exceedingly prosperous state of the country might be followed by a considerable diminution of that prosperity—that prices must fall, that the demand for the raw material must fall also, and that there would be a diminution also in the demand for coal, and probably for iron. The consequence of such an absence of demand would be an attempt on the part of employers to reduce wages. Reduced wages would probably—be said it with regret—be succeeded by strikes, and strikes would have a very serious effect upon the consumption of the article on which the Chancellor of the Exchequer counted so much—namely, spirits. [Hear, hear.] The prosperity which the Exchequer enjoyed was largely based upon the consumption of excisable articles, beer and spirits—chiefly spirits; and although the return this year had been far higher than it ever was before, the right hon. gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer calculated upon a return next year £600,000 in excess of that of the present year."

From these considerations it is easy to see that nations faithful to Catholic principles can never expect to be "prosperous" in the sense that Great Britain is prosperous.

The Grey Nun's Institute, N. D. du Sacre Cœur, Rideau Street, Ottawa, re-opened on Monday last with a large attendance of Pupils. We commend this establishment to our numerous friends, particularly in Central Canada and the Northern States.—See Advertisement on Page 7.

In consequence of the threatening state of the weather, on the morning of Monday last, the Pic-Nic of the St. Patrick's Temperance Society was postponed until Monday next, 8th inst.

SINGULAR STORY.—Last Tuesday morning the people of this town were thrown into a state of great excitement by a rumour that a murder had been committed in the swamp on its southern boundary. Our ubiquitous reporter was speedily on the alert, and, as the inquest has not yet been held, we will be the first to lay the particulars—obtained by interviewing a number of prominent townsmen who heard them related by the principal witness—before the public. It appears that this man, one Campbell, who has been in Orillia some time, seeing certain persons whom he knew had sworn to take his life entering his room in Merle's Railway Restaurant, jumped from the window and fled into the swamp, whither his enemies pursued him, unobserved by the other occupants of the house. After some time Campbell returned, his clothes covered with mud, and bearing other evidences of a most desperate conflict. He stated that he was formerly a resident of Montreal, and there procured and read a work giving a full exposition of the mysteries of Masonry. By some means this book fell into hands of his children, who not only perused it themselves, but allowed others to do so, until these long hidden mysteries became known to all the residents of the neighbourhood. This fact of course reached the ears of the members of the fraternity, and it was decided that the unfortunate owner of the book must die. Finding his life in jeopardy, Campbell fled to Montreal and came to Orillia, where he lived quietly and worked faithfully, without receiving any intimation that his whereabouts had been discovered, until four Masons from Montreal entered his room on Tuesday morning, when he immediately fled as stated above. His relentless enemies overtook him in the swamp, and a fearful struggle ensued, in which one of the Masons was killed, and the other shot took effect in one of the Masons, who was instantly killed. The others, as soon as they saw what had been done, fled, and departed from the vicinity upon the 5 a.m. train on the Northern Railway, leaving him who they had sought to kill with their dead companion, and so exhausted that a considerable time elapsed before he was able to return to the hotel and relate what had occurred. An immediate investigation resulted that Campbell was suffering from a violent attack of delirium tremens.—Orillia Expositor.

NOTE OF THANKS.—At a meeting of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society, held in their hall, Toupin's block, on Wednesday, the 27th ult., it was moved and resolved,—"That the thanks of the Society are

due, and are hereby tendered, to W. Wilson, Esq., for his kindness in presenting a valuable cup, to be competed for at the annual picnic of the Society, held on St. Helen's Island on Saturday last." It was further moved and resolved,—"That the thanks of the Society should be tendered to W. Wilson, Esq., M. P. Ryan, Esq., M.P.; Hon. H. Starnes, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bacon, who kindly officiated as judges on that occasion."

A RIVAL TO VIGOR GARDEN.—Dominion Square, which will be the largest addition to our public squares, will be completed and opened to the public within three years. The total superficial contents of the land acquired for the purpose are 334,900 square feet. Dorchester street runs through it, and the ground on the south side of the latter measures 620 feet by 260, and that on the north 590 feet by 290; the whole being about one-fourth larger than Vigor Square.

THE NEW CITY HALL.—The building operations on the new City Hall, which will undoubtedly prove one of the finest buildings in Montreal, are progressing very satisfactorily, the foundations being almost completed.

MR. BELLAW.—It is said that Mr. Bellaw will return to this continent in a few weeks, and will repeat his highly satisfactory performances, beginning with New York, on the second October.

LIGHTHOUSES.—Six lighthouses are to be erected by the Government upon the Ottawa River, two at Sts. Placide, and the remainder below St. Ann's Canal.

HAY, GRAIN AND ROOT CROPS THROUGHOUT NOVA SCOTIA AND CAPE BRETON YIELDED WELL, AND ARE UP TO THE AVERAGE OF FORMER YEARS.

A postal card interchange between the United States and Newfoundland has been negotiated upon the same terms as that with the Dominion of Canada.

BOGUS MONEY.—The Globe cautions the public to be on their guard against receiving bogus Canadian half-dollar pieces which are in circulation. The false coin is made of very hard metal, and has a close resemblance to the genuine. On the former are to be seen even the miniature initials which appear at the bottom of the Queen's head on the latter.

FORT GARY, Aug. 27.—Upwards of 2,500 emigrants have arrived this year. They are arriving daily still by the Dawson and American routes, principally by the former. A party has just arrived by the former in nine and a half days from Fort William. Both large steamers are now running on the lakes. Emigrants arriving take up land at once.

We were pleased to meet here on the steamer Norseman last Saturday morning Mr. Richard O'Neill, of the firm of J. & R. O'Neill, of Montreal and Port Hope, who was just returning from Europe where he had been making extensive purchases for the fall and winter trade of the firm's extensive wholesale warehouse in Montreal. Mr. O'Neill never looked better, more vigorous and healthy, and evidently enjoyed his trip across the Atlantic. He is one of those genial, wholesaled Irishmen whose hand it does one good to grasp and to know that his warm, kindly heart is with his generous *ead m'ille fialthe*. This firm, so long and favorably known in their retail business in Port Hope, which business has proved so successful that it has expanded into a large wholesale house in Montreal, and which latter is more immediately under the charge of Mr. James O'Neill, have been so very fortunate in business that they justly rank amongst the most successful business men of the Dominion. Their wholesale house has scarcely been established two years, and yet we notice by our Montreal exchanges that their business has attained to very large dimensions, and the success of the wholesale house is assured. They are fully deserving of this success. Prudence, economy, good judgment and firmness have carried J. & R. O'Neill successfully through the many rough passages that men engaged in extensive business operations have to encounter, and they stand to-day amongst the foremost rank of the business men of the Dominion. May their shadows never grow less.—*Colony Sentinel*.

HALIFAX, August 28.—A barque and two schooners are ashore below Pughwash. The tide at Wallace, Cumberland County, rose three feet higher than ordinary during the storm. Ten vessels are ashore between Antigonish and Harbor au Bouche.

The losses to Halifax underwriters by the recent gale in Cape Breton, so far as known, is \$200,000.

A despatch from Glace Bay to-day says there are four vessels ashore there. The shipping facilities at that port are unimpaired by the storm, and the coal supply is being continued as usual.

A late despatch from Cow Bay gives the number of vessels ashore as twenty-six, ten afloat, partly damaged, and two dismantled; twenty fishing craft saved. The vessels saved were inside the breakwater. At Port Caledonia several vessels are dismantled, and many are aground. The destruction of so many colliers has advanced freights, and it is thought that the price of coal this fall will be materially advanced. The gale did considerable damage in the vicinity of Charlottetown, P. E. I. About two miles of the railway track at Charlottetown is destroyed.

The United States frigate "Powhattan" sailed for New York this p.m.

The "Falmouth" arrived from Portland at eleven last night, and sailed at 8:20 p.m. to return.

The Allans steamer "Nestorian," from Halifax, arrived at St. John, N. F. this morning, and sailed again for Liverpool at noon.

A lad named Hayden, twelve years of age, was drowned while bathing at Lochepont on the 22nd inst.

Reports of the damage by the gale of Sunday night and Monday, continue to be received from all parts of the country. There is great excitement at North Sydney, C.B., where the disastrous effects of the gale were so severely felt. McKay, Corbett's Moore and Ingraham's wharves were damaged to a considerable extent. The Presbyterian Church was lifted thirty-feet; a number of buildings were unroofed; the chimneys were blown off the telegraph office and six bridges were carried away. The estimated loss to shipping in Sydney, is \$75,000. The barque Lancashire is also among the list of wrecked vessels in Sydney. The barque Eureka of New York is reported bottom up off Bras d'Or Light, with a corpse lashed to her rigging, and floating beside the wreck. It is thought that many lives have been lost, but it is impossible now to obtain a complete list of casualties. The schooner Samuel Jones is ashore at Chetremt, C.B., and the schr Flirt is ashore at Guysboro, and the cargo lost. It is reported that upwards of thirty vessels are ashore at Port Caledonia, C. B., but particulars from that place and Glace Bay have not yet been received. The schooner Chester is also among the list of wrecked vessels at Cow Bay. All the vessels dismantled and beached there extend round the head of the Bay from the break water. Besides the colliers, a large number of French fishing schooners, names unknown, which had taken refuge there during the gale, were crushed by coming into contact with other vessels swamped. When the gale commenced there were 40 vessels in the harbor of Cow Bay. About 5 p.m., some of them began to drift, and by 7 p.m. of the 30 in sight of the steamer "Alpha" all but two were afloat. Scarcely a single sailing vessel escaped damage. There were ten lady passengers on board the "Alpha," who although alarmed, bore themselves bravely, and by the constant vigilance of Captain Hunter and his officers and crew the "Alpha" was saved from destruction. A messenger rode over yesterday from Glace Bay to Cow Bay, and reported immense damage

there to the roads fences and bridges. It is feared that the damage to the shipping in the gulf is serious. The Prince Edward Island ship "James Duncan" is ashore near Wallace. The barque "Undine" is reported ashore at the North Cape, P.E.I. The northern shore of Prince Edward Island is reported to be literally strewn with wrecks and wrecked material. Further intelligence from Cape Breton is anxiously looked for, as it is apprehended that many vessels in addition to those reported have been lost or are ashore at some of the coal ports there. As most of the vessels in Cape Breton ports at present are insured, the loss to some of the insurance will be heavy. Over 10,000 tons of shipping chartered by the Block House Mining Co., were destroyed in Coal Bay. At Chatham, N. B., on the Gulf shore, the storm was fearful, the booms on the river were nearly all destroyed; also, an immense amount of property. Three vessels are ashore at Richibucto, and it is feared many others, which have yet to be heard from.

TAKING THE VAIL.—At the Convent of the Nuns of the Sacred Names of Jesus and Mary, Hochelaga, on Saturday morning the following ladies took, the three first their first vows, and the others their last. Bishop Fabre officiated, and there was a large attendance of parents and friends.—Georgina Senecal, who took the religious name of Sister Marie Charles Borrome; Anne Vignault, Sister Marie de la Visitation; Diana St. Louis, Sister Marie Louis de Goussage; M. L. de Lorme, Sister Marie Expurger; Marie Daze, Sister Marie Hermeline; Lea Broodshaw, Sister Marie Donatien; Aurelie Racette, Sister Marie Hermenegilde; Philomene Poirier, Sister Marie Bernardin, and Celina Voiron, Sister Marie Ferdinand.

Canada has altogether too much newspaper competition to allow of her newspapers reaching a creditable standard. There is scarcely a country in Ontario in which there are not from five to a dozen newspapers, nearly all of which eke out but a miserable existence, and very many of them do not last a year after being started. Every little hamlet has an ambition for a newspaper, and every village schoolmaster imagines himself perfectly capable of an editorship, and often willing to expend his hoarded-up little pile in order to gratify his ambition to lead public opinion, and the printing material is introduced into the village. There are plenty of silly mottoes ready as soon as one drops away from the enterprise to take his place, and when this one has discovered his mistake there are always others equally foolish, and so on ad infinitum to the injury of legitimate business in other places.—*Roswell's Newspaper Reporter*. N. Y.

FIRE AT LAPRAIRIS.—On Saturday evening at half-past nine o'clock a large barn on the outskirts of Laprairie village, was found to be on fire. There were within some 2,000 bundles of hay, straw, agricultural implements, &c., which with the building were consumed. The barn was owned at St. Lambert, while its contents were the property of M. Lascelles, hotel-keeper in the village. The loss is estimated to be over \$800. The fire is believed to be the work of incendiaries.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—We are glad to learn that the City Surveyor has put a staff of men to work to open up a new avenue to the exhibition grounds by St. Famille street. This will be an enormous convenience, not simply for visitors to the exhibition but also for exhibitors, especially of cattle who will thus be able to get them to the grounds without going through the crowded thoroughfare of St. Lawrence Main street. We are sure the fact that this street is to be opened will add very much to the convenience of exhibitors and visitors alike, and consequently to the success of the exhibition itself.

Amongst the arrivals at the St. Lawrence Hall we notice the name of Hon. Richard O'Gorman, of New York, one of the leading and most distinguished Irish advocates of that city, having, besides other positions, filled that of Corporation attorney, and with unblemished integrity during the "Rings" regime. Mr. O'Gorman in his youth, in the old country, was conspicuous amongst those with the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, John Mitchell, Devin Reilly and others, were ardent in the cause of their native Isle, and who gave the first impulse to the late reforms in Ireland.—*Irish*.

FOUND DROWNED.—The body of a man was found floating down the river on Saturday morning. It was afterwards identified as that of William Hughes, saddler, of Quebec, who, on Tuesday last, fell from a barge lying at Molson's wharf. A verdict of accidental death was returned at the inquest.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED

Lindsay, W. P. Mc G, \$2; Morriskurg, P. W. 2; Pockmouche, N. B. J. B. Sr. 1; Grand Anse, N. B. Rev. F. D. for Club, 16.50; Pakenham, J. H. 2; Hamlet, E. B. 2; Ormatown, M. F. 1.50; Rapides des Joachim, B. S. 2; Jamaica Plain, Mass. Y. M. C. A. 2; Gaspe, J. J. K. 2; Newmarket, J. K. 2; Brockville, J. H. K. 2; L'Ardoise, N. S. Rev. J. M. Q. 2; Paris, Rev. J. T. D. 2; L'Assomption, Rev. J. M. L. 2; St. Agnes, Rev. P. F. 2; Two Mountains, Rev. M. R. 2; Ancienne Lorette, Rev. A. C. H. P. 2; Wyoming, Rev. F. X. D. 2; Cornwall, L. M. D. 2; Nenagh, D. M. 2; Hamilton, P. S. McH, 2; Carillon, J. M. 4; Per J. B. Mitchell—P. R. 1.50; Per P. H. Oscuela—Pembroke—P. A. 1; Per D. A. McA, Alexandria—A. M. D. 2; Per W. C. Dalhousie Mills—Glennville, F. M. L. 2; Per D. O'S, Picton—Capt. W. H. G. 2; Per P. B. Brantford—F. D. 1; J. H. 1; Per E. Mc G, Danville—P. C. 2; Per D. A. C, Alexandria—A. C. 2; D. M. D. 2; Per Rev. L. P. St. Pierre de Broughton—Self, 2; P. D. 2.

BREAKFAST.—EPH'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, Homoeopathic Chemists, London."

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles at their works in the Euston Road, London.—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly white, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York. Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and dealers in Medicines at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

Few People unacquainted with physiological chemistry are aware of the quantity of iron in the blood, but all should know the importance of keeping up the supply, for debility, disease and death are sure to follow when the quantity becomes too much reduced. The Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of iron) supplies this vital element, and has cured many chronic diseases.

DIED.—At Rawdon, on the 26th ult., Margaret Ann, infant daughter of James D. Daly, Esq., aged eleven months.

A man named John Rancy, while attending a circular saw at Cote St. Paul, on Saturday afternoon, had all the fingers of his right hand accidentally cut off. He was removed to the Montreal Dispensary where his wounds were attended to by Drs. Gardner and Wilkins, after which he was conveyed to his home in Richmond street.

RENTREW, Aug. 30.—In accordance with a notice given in the Rentrew Mercury, a meeting of the farmers and ratepayers was held in the Town Hall to form a Joint Stock Company to erect a woollen factory, to cost about thirty thousand dollars. A committee was appointed to draft a prospectus and solicit farmers and others to take stock. Considerable interest was taken in the matter by all present.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price per unit, and Price per unit. Includes items like Flour, Superior Extra, Extra, Fancy, Wheat, Suppers from Western Wheat, Fresh Ground, Canada Supers, Western States, Fine, Fresh Suppers, Ordinary Suppers, Strong Bakers, Middlings, U. C. bag flour, City bags, Barley, Lord, Cheese, do do do Finest new, Oats, Oatmeal, Corn, Pork, Old Mess, New Canada Mess.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Price per unit, and Price per unit. Includes items like Butter, large rolls, tub dairy, Eggs, Apples, Cabbage, Onions, Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, Turnips, Hay, Straw.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Good markets because of good weather this past week. FLOUR—XXX retail \$8.25 per barrel or \$4.25 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$3.15 per 100 lbs., and Fancy \$3.50. GRAIN—nominal; Rye 60c. Barley none. Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.20. Peas 60 to 65c. Oats sold in stores at 45c; on market from 42 to 44c. POTATOES 60 to 75c per bag, and very plentiful. Other Vegetables in good supply but not sold by bush. BUTTER—Ordinary packed by the tub or cask sells at 16 to 17c per lb.; fresh selling on market at 20 to 25c. Eggs are selling at 15 to 17c. Cheese worth 11 to 12c; in stores 13c. MEAT—beef, grass \$4.50 to 5.25; grain fed, none in market; Pork \$6.50 to 7.50; Mess Pork \$18 to \$19; Mutton from 4 to 7c; 16 to 17c. Veal, none. HAMS—sugar-cured, 16 to 17c. Lamb 5 to 8c. Bacon 13 to 14c. POULTRY—Turkeys from 75c to \$1.00. Fowls per pair 50 to 55c. Chickens 30 to 40c. Hay steady, \$13 to \$17. Straw \$6.00 to \$6.50. Wood selling at \$3.25 to \$3.50 for hard, and \$3.25 to \$3.75 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 for stove, delivered, per ton; \$7.00 if contracted for in quantity. Soft \$8. HIDES—Market unchanged, quiet, \$6.00 for No. 1 untrimmed per 100 lbs. Wool 30c for good Fleeces; little doing. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7 to 7 1/2c per lb., rendered; 4 1/2c rough. Deacon Skins 30 to 50c. Pot Ashes \$5.75 to \$6.00 per 100 pounds.—*British Whig*.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE

AND BENEFIT SOCIETY. The above Society will hold their Grand Annual PICNIC AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, ON MONDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER. For Particulars See Hand-Bills.

The Steamer "MONTREAL" will leave Wharf opposite Jacques Cartier Square at 9 A.M., 11 A.M., 1.30, 2.30, and 4 P.M. Return trips at 4.30, 5.30, and 6.30 P.M. TICKETS—Adults, 25c.; Children, 10c.; to be had from Members of the Committee, and at the Boat on the morning of the Pic-Nic. SAMUEL CROSS, Sec.

MASSON COLLEGE.—The RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES will take place on the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

THE ENTRY OF THE PUPILS OF LONGUEUIL CONVENT will take place on the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

WANTED. We will give men and women Business that will Pay from \$4 to \$8 per day, can be pursued in your own neighborhood; it is a rare chance for those out of employment or having leisure time; girls and boys frequently do as well as men. Particulars free. Address J. LATHAM & CO., 292 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER COMMERCIAL NURSERIES. ESTABLISHED 1830. If you wish to plant, send for our New Price List per doz., 100, or 1000 Autumn, 1873—and save all commissions. Try it! Address S. W. LITTLE, Rochester, N.Y.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, at its approaching Session, to obtain the passing of an Act, having for object to make disappear all doubts concerning the limits of ST. BAZILE LE GRAND, in the Diocese of Montreal, and to give Civil effect to the Decrees of the Bishop of the Diocese passed to that effect. Montreal, 26th August, 1873. 1m-2

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, OF MONTREAL.

PARENTS' ENTRANCE; NO. 699 ST. CATHERINE STREET. PUPILS' ENTRANCE; NO. 846. ONTARIO STREET.

The re-opening of Classes will take place on MONDAY, the FIRST SEPTEMBER NEXT. Former pupils should present themselves on the first day; otherwise, they expose themselves to be crowded out by the new applications, who are unusually numerous for the next year.

BUSINESS CLASS. Youths somewhat advanced in age, or having special reasons, to be submitted to the approval of the Principal, may be admitted to follow the classes of Arithmetic Book-keeping, Commercial Correspondence and Penmanship only.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT. Young men desirous of qualifying themselves for industrial pursuits, Civil Engineering, Mining, &c., are invited to follow this Class, in which Physical and Chemistry will be taught in the most practical manner, and ably illustrated by the aid of experiments performed with the most perfected instruments. Mathematics applied to science and industry, Architectural Drawing, Logic, &c., &c., will likewise be taught with the greatest care. For terms and other particulars, apply to the Principal, at the Academy. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, CHAMBLEY.

In point of situation and salubrity, this institution offers every advantage. It is situated on the border of Chambley Basin. The grounds are extensive and comprise a delightful flower garden. The house is large, commodious and fitted up in a style of comfort.

French being the language of the house, ample facilities are also afforded for the perfect acquisition of English.

TERMS: Board and Tuition per month \$5.50 Bed and bedding (if furnished by the Institution) 75 Washing 1.00 Music, piano 2.00 " vocal 50 Drawing and painting in water colours 50 Payments to be made quarterly in advance. Each boarder should have a sufficiency of linen and clothing.

UNIFORM (Black) MONTREAL, CHAMBLEY and SOREL Railway.—Trains Leave MONTREAL at 8.30 A.M., and at 5.30 P.M.; and Chambley 7.45 A.M., and 6 P.M. 2-3

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, LOCKSMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER AND GENERAL JOBBER No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HERBY GIVEN that the LADIES of the HOTEL DIEU, of this city, want to borrow two hundred thousand dollars, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per centum per annum. The said ladies would borrow by sums of one hundred dollars and over, payable after one month's previous notice to that effect. Apply at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, to Rev. Sister BONNEAU, or to the undersigned. J. G. GUIMOND, Agent to said Ladies. August 22.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

PRO. OF QUEBEC, } In the SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Montreal. } In the matter of ISAAC ERBITTS, An Insolvent. On Wednesday, the Twenty-Fourth day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Montreal, 14th August, 1873. ISAAC ERBITTS, By his Attorney at law, L. N. BENJAMIN.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of EDOUARD DUHAMEL, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 30th day of September next, at 2 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 26th August, 1873. 2-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of MICHEL PLOUFF & CIE, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 30th day of September next, at 4 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 27 August, 1873. 2-3

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of JEAN BTE. DUHAMEL FILS, Insolvent. I, the undersigned, GEORGES HYACINTHE DUMESNIL, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims before me within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my office, No. 5, St. Sacrament Street, on the 30th day of September next, at 4 o'clock P.M., for the examination of the Insolvent, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally. The Insolvent is hereby notified to attend said meeting. G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee, Montreal, 26th August, 1873. 2-3

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

DEFLECTION OF THE RADICALS.—The Radicals are absolutely furious with their recent defeat and the contempt with which the Assembly received the interpellation of M. Favre. The message of Marshal MacMahon, calm, dignified, rendering all due justice to his predecessor, but evincing the firmest resolve to maintain order and repress all attacks on the Assembly, has acted as a cold shower bath on the vacation project of the Left. M. Gambetta does not disguise his opinion that the Republican and dissolutionist campaign is now impossible. "We must do as we did under the Empire," he said, a few days since to the members of the Union Republicaine, "and wait for some event which may embarrass the Government; to act as matters now stand would be to strengthen its hands." It is, however, by no means certain that M. Gambetta will be listened to, and the Radical press announces its intention of agitating for dissolution, and of provoking if possible a resignation en masse of the Republican municipalities, etc. With all due respect to Republican disinterestedness, I hardly think it will go so far as this; such a riddance would be a salvation of France, as plenty of honest and able Conservatives could be found to fill the vacant posts, but the Radical party as a rule are not given to resigning place or power once acquired, and it may be taken as an empty threat.

Marshal MacMahon remains with the Ministers at Versailles during the vacation, and has no intention of imitating M. Thiers, by courting popularity in Paris, or wasting the public time at the seaside. The gallant soldier considers himself as bound to remain at his post. He cares nothing for popular ovation, or for a miserable imitation of a court circle; what he has not sought, he has received, in the voluntary devotion of all ranks of Frenchmen, who know his disinterestedness and abnegation. What M. Thiers asked in vain from the aristocracy of France has been given freely to Marshal MacMahon, and no such brilliant court has been seen in Paris since the days of Charles X. as has recently gathered round the President.

He knows, however, that he is not placed where he is for the ovations and gauderies which would distract him from a high and solemn task, and he gives himself to it with the single-minded and soldierly earnestness which is the leading feature of his character.—Catholic Opinion.

PROJECTS OF THE BONAPARTISTS.—On their side, the Bonapartists too are moving. Two days ago people were talking about a report which did not seem well-founded and yet was too definitely stated to be entirely disregarded. It was although the chiefs of the Bonapartist party have, almost up to the present time, made their leading principle to consist in an appeal to universal suffrage, yet that they have now made the discovery that this doctrine is an impracticable one under existing circumstances. In fact, it is not easy to conceive of any circumstances under which it would be possible to put to the country the following direct queries: "Are you for the Empire? Are you for the Monarchy? Are you for the Republic?" French history shows that if the plebiscite was the form of procedure by which Bonapartism was established; it was because the plebiscite never appeared until it was merely wanted to sanction a fait accompli: nor could it ever really have had any other use. What is said is, that the chiefs of Bonapartism, being convinced that, under present conditions, the appeal to the people cannot be had—have come to an understanding with the Empress to adopt the following scheme: Either by the direct action of the party or by some indirect agency the Assembly must be prevailed on to sanction the proposition for giving Marshal MacMahon a three years tenure of power. Both the Marshal and the Duc de Broglie will, it is thought, readily lead themselves to that proposal, and will support it with all their influence. That period will give time to the Prince Imperial to have attained his majority, and to have married—guess whom—the daughter of the Duke of Magenta, aged thirteen! It is asserted that her Majesty the Empress has become very favorable to the alliance, which would make the Marshal MacMahon father-in-law to an Emperor: of course conditionally on a majority of the nation being got to sanction these ingenious projects; failing which majority the Bonapartists will return once more to their reliance on universal suffrage, and will demand that the appointment of the Chief of the Executive be taken away from the Assembly, and made dependent on the direct vote of the people.—Paris Cor. of London Tablet.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The papers publish a letter from Prince Napoleon to Marshal MacMahon, claiming the re-insertion of his name in the Army List, as lieutenant general, a rank conferred upon him by the Empire in 1854. The prince reminds the marshal that he commanded a division in the Crimea, where he "contributed to the victories of the Alma and Inkerman," and in Italy; he also calls his recollection to the fact that the "marshal witnessed the births of his children." He wants to know on what grounds he can have been struck off the Army List, or whether the omission of his name be a mistake. There is no doubt that if the political question be eliminated Prince Napoleon has a right to his rank in the French army. But can the political question be eliminated?

THE TRIAL OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.—It is stated that the report which has been drawn up by General Riviere in support of the charges against Marshal Bazaine, fills four octavo volumes. It has been communicated to the Duc d'Aumale, the President of the Council, and to M. Lauchaud, who will defend the accused. Marshal Bazaine is charged, 1st, with having capitulated with the enemy and surrendered Metz without having exhausted all

the means of defence; and, 2nd, with having signed a capitulation, the result of which was to compel his troops to lay down their arms without having previously done everything he was bound to do by duty and honour.

The ladies of France have just offered a magnificent marble bust of Henri V. to his Queen. Her Majesty has thanked them in a beautiful and touching letter, in which she says that she daily prays with them for France and for the Church.

THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE.—The Daily News says:—After three years of patriotic anguish, borne with a noble patience for which few had previously given them credit, the French people received back the remaining portion of their occupied territory. Plunged precipitately into war, outnumbered and overpowered, they have, nevertheless, risen superior to misfortunes of a magnitude without precedent, and now stand once more before Europe stronger than they were when their Cabinets waited upon the will of their chief. Marshal MacMahon has recently declared that the firm resolution of his Government is to "maintain the peace which is the first necessity of the country, and place France in complete possession of herself. France will be better capable even than before of maintaining with all foreign powers sincerely friendly relations." Such a foreign policy is all that is wanted to elevate France to a higher influence than she has ever yet exercised among the leaders of European civilisation.

The visit made by the Count de Paris to the Count de Chambord is not unlikely to mark an epoch in the history of France. The personages are of the same family, but one represents legitimate right, the other the tide to the throne made amidst the blazing fires of revolution. It has been held by the republicans that so long as no fusion took place the chances of the Monarchists were nil. "The day," they said, "that France desired to re-establish Royalty she would find herself placed between two royal houses and between two claimants." But the step taken by the Count de Paris, and which had the formal approval of all his family, is held to indicate clearly that the Princes of Orleans do not look on themselves as claimants to the throne, that they see in the Count de Chambord the representative of the monarchical idea, and that between him and them there is no competition. So far a great obstacle to the final settlement of the country has been removed. But though a step has been made, there remains much more to be accomplished. The veteran Louis Veullot thus speaks on the matter in the Univers:—"We believe that the majority in our country is for the monarchy, but this majority is but a coalition of minorities and cannot exist but through a chief.—The revolutionary party, which is compact (qui fait bloc) is stronger than any of the monarchical parties taken singly. By a stroke of its peculiar legality, it can now, as at all times, fling us into a Republic. Thus it succeeded at the Bastille, on the 10th of August, in the days of July, on the 23rd of February, on the 4th of September. The point is to break up its organization, and to do, but completely, what has been always half done and done to its profit. The Count de Chambord has not concealed the conditions on which the thing appears to him possible. It may be said that the most important is fulfilled thanks to his wisdom. The royal family is constituted—there is no longer a counter-revolutionary in the political order. This has been achieved without costing a drop of blood, a tear, or a broken pane of glass. It will not cost more dearly to finish it. What do you wish. It is for you to say. For his part the King has said all. You know his conditions; he maintains them. He asks you the force of which he has need and of which you have more need than he. He will live without you, as he ought to live, with his honor intact. You will not live without him." Thus the old legitimist addresses France. It is quite true that it concerns France more deeply whether it will elect to be ruled by the representative of ancient rights, of order and religion, or plunge into the unknown sea which Republicanism rolls before it, than it does the personage who maintains an almost recluse dignity at Frohsdorf. But while we know this we are far from being satisfied as to what the solution of the problem will be. One of the most fatal signs of the times is that men are so largely content to think rightly without putting their thought into action. The world of late years is really ruled by minorities. The minorities shriek, and cry, and threaten, and hold up the dagger, and the four millions of Italy rule the twenty-four, and the handful of federalists in Spain have a Cortes in their own hands, and France, which wishes for the peace, order, and religion that the reign of a legitimate monarch promises, is compelled to have itself kept in a transition state which is neither monarchy nor Republicanism—a kind of proterocrite. If men would only have the courage of their opinions, many wrongs would be set right and much turbulence and misery be spared to the world.—Cork Examiner.

SPAIN.—The Carlists.—Don Carlos has been taking the oath to the Basque fueros under the oak at Guernica, if that famous tree is still standing, or at all events on the site which from an immemorial antiquity has been devoted to the assemblies of the provinces, and his progress is described by a correspondent of the Standard as "a military promenade." The same correspondent, whose despatch is dated the 2nd August, is much surprised by the equipment of the Carlists, many of their regiments being entirely armed with Remingtons and Chassepots. He describes Pena de la Plata as an inaccessible fortress well armed with mountain guns, and says that at Fera they have a shell foundry managed by artillery officers, and another factory for the transformation of small arms. He is of opinion that if arms arrive in sufficient quantities—and the importation of them seems now to have become an affair of comparatively little difficulty—30,000 men might be in the field in the course of three weeks. The latest intelligence from the North of Spain is that the Royalists experienced a repulse at Portugalete last week, and have since gained a victory at Elgueta, in which the Republican General Loma and 600 men were taken prisoner, and the Carlist General Lizarraga was wounded.—Tablet.

The celebrated Carlist leader, General Saballs has, it is said, obtained a short leave of absence in order to recruit his health. This gallant soldier, in whom the ancient heroes of Spain appear to be again revived, was about seventeen years old when he first drew sword in the Legitimist cause, in 1823, his father was in the Carlist army, where he was joined by his son. From that period Saballs has

been a true Catholic warrior, remarkable above all others for his constancy and faith in the success of the cause he has so much at heart. When the cause was, for the time, abandoned, he took service in the little army of the Duke of Modena. At the peace of Villafranca he became a captain in Pontifical Zouaves, with which gallant body he was present at Mentana. Upon the entry of the troops of the Robber-King into Rome, he sent the following message to a friend, who had access to Charles VII.:—"Since his Holiness no longer needs my services, let the king know that I am in Nice, and that I await his orders." From an article in Blackwood, we take the following testimony to the great military qualities of this gallant soldier, who is, we believe, destined to play no unimportant part in the approaching restoration of the King of Spain:—"Saballs is a strict disciplinarian, severe, but just; he is very popular with his men, who admire his courage, and have unbounded confidence in his judgment. His men have been so well organized as to become regular battalions. There are no haughtiness on his camp, none of the vulgar malefactors who always infest a country in civil war, and particularly in Catalonia; and when any are caught plundering on their own account, they meet with sharp justice. Saballs is an enthusiast, but an earnest and disinterested one if the account given of him by those who know him well be true. His one great object is the triumph of Legitimacy in Spain; and the proudest day of his existence would be that when he should see the prince whom he serves enter the palace of his ancestors, and proclaimed in Madrid as King Charles VII., to the acclamations of the crowd." That this will yet arrive we believe and trust; and, when it comes, General Saballs will have the proud pleasure of reflecting that, under God, he has been permitted to assist in the consummation of the triumph of the cause to the service of which his life has been truly given.—Catholic Opinion.

The "Dissolution" in Spain is so far an accomplished fact that it is absurd to continue to speak of a "Republican Government" as existing. The provinces have gone off from the capital, and the towns and villages are setting up their own account. This is not "federation," nor the Republic one and indivisible. Excepting the Carlists, Spain at this moment presents probably the most terrible picture of anarchy ever presented to the world. A correspondent says: "Towns rebel, and fall away and become independent with distracting suddenness; and the perplexities produced by the crossfire of rebellious regulars becoming insurgents, and then coming back again; insurgents putting down insurgents against themselves; troops fighting for the Government in one place, and fighting against the Government in another; the Government bombarding a city of the insurgents on one part of the coast and the insurgents bombarding a city of the Government on another, all in the same day, with the smaller villages perpetually breaking out into independence, both against Madrid and against their neighbors, are so confusing that it becomes scarcely possible to take in at one view the position of Spanish affairs." No wonder that Don Caslos is received everywhere enthusiastically, for his cause evidently is the cause of order.—Catholic Opinion.

ITALY.—Rome, August 1.—Another member of the Pope's family has just expired, and that by no means advanced age; this was the Cardinal Mileti Ferretti, cousin to His Holiness. The eminent deceased died from the effects of congestion of the brain. He had been indisposed for some days past, and at the time of his demise was only in his fifty-fourth year, an unusually early age for one of his family. Cardinal Ferretti was a man of learning, and had filled several important positions in the Papal government. He had been Minister for some years, and of late was Pontifical Legate at Bologna. Before he expired he received the Pope's especial benediction, and passed away in full possession of his faculties, after having received the last Sacrament of the Church. This death is a sad one for Pius IX., who within the last few years has mourned the loss of many persons dear to him by ties of blood and friendship.

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE To Count D'Abbadie de Barau and to all the French Deputies who joined in the National Pilgrimage to the Sacred Heart, at Paray-le-Monial.

TUS IX. POPE. DEAR SONS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION: We never doubted that the sun of justice would sooner or later rise over France, after so many years of darkness and storm, for we had for a long time past perceived that its aurora was heralded by the Mother of grace. It is this holy Mother who has awakened France from her lethargy of indifference; it is she who has gently led the nation to the altar of her Son, and who has formed out of all the people a kingdom for him. Already, dear sons, have you been led to him by this most sweet Mother; already have you been to the shrine of his holy Heart, and there consecrated to him your prayers, your possessions and your fatherland. It is a sight worthy of angelic witnesses these countless crowds of Christians, hastening to the shrines of Jesus and Mary without any incitement from the ecclesiastical authorities, but simply in obedience to their own devout feelings, and to the great joy of the priesthood—a joy which we most heartily share, when we behold the people prostrated before God's altars, asking his pardon for their many errors with contrite and humble hearts.

When we remember that the origin of all our troubles dates from the last century, when certain perverse doctrines were spread abroad, and the civil and military powers were in league to propagate them, we feel a great consolation on beholding that France, the country which first began this system of corruption, is fast returning to God in the most public manner, and that the leaders of this holy movement are the Deputies to the National Assembly and the chiefs of the armies of land and sea. This leads me to foresee a not distant time when God in his wisdom will cause the inauguration of a reign when error will cease, and this germ of all evils having been destroyed, a perfect organization of things on a solid basis of peace will take place, and France be restored to a position of grandeur and glory. For God is great and wise, and will doubtless shed the rays of his benediction upon all those who believe firmly in him with a pure and humble faith, and will, moreover, endow them with countless graces and mercies. This is what we heartily wish you and your country, dear sons, and in the hope that our desires will be speedily realized, We accord you and to all France, Our apostolic benediction.

Given in Rome, at the Vatican, on July 24th, 1873 in the twenty-eighth year of our Pontificate.

Pius IX. POPE.—Catholic Review. A committee has been formed at Florence for the celebration in 1874 of the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's birth. M. Peruzzi is the chairman, and the members are Messrs. de Fabris, Passerini, and Alardi.

A new telescopic comet was discovered at Milan by the well-known comet discoverer, Tempel, on the 3rd ult., a little after midnight, in the constellation Piscis. It was observed by Dr. Bruhns at Leipzig on the 21st of July, being then in Cetus. He states that it was somewhat elongated, with an eccentric condensation, a nucleus-like appearance, and about 2 min. in diameter.

SWITZERLAND.—The Bund announces a serious split amongst the "Old-Atholics" in Switzerland, from which, it says, the movement will with difficulty recover. They had been called together at Zurich, to hear a lecture from Micholis on "Jesuitism," and when that was concluded "an

angry discussion, which did not end in a very dignified manner" arose on the question of the establishment of a "national bishopric." Herr Baumgartner denied the necessity for having a bishop at all; Micholis insisted that it was essential to have one; and their motly followers of course took sides one way or the other. It is curious to remark, that once out of the Church "Protestants" and "Reformers" can never agree with one another.

GERMANY.—SITUATION OF THE CHURCH IN GERMANY.—The Prussian Government is, it is believed, resolved to carry out the new ecclesiastical laws with the utmost rigour. Having failed in obtaining a satisfactory decision from the Courts of First Instance, which have nearly everywhere gone on the common-sense principle that Catholics form one communion and the new sectaries another, it has carried the question before the German Court of Appeal, which has shown itself more compliant, and has decided that both have an equal right to represent the Catholic Church. It has contrived to obscure the unquestionable fact that hitherto the most distinctive mark of a Catholic has been that he is one who submits to the authority of a well-known communion—whether that authority be expressed through Pope or Council is for the present purpose immaterial, since the "Old Catholics" have rebelled against both—and that to claim for one who refuses to submit to that authority the name of Catholic is as absurd as to insist on treating as a Protestant a man who has given in his full adherence to the Pope. And it must be remembered that this is not a question of words or terms; it is not a claim like that of the high Anglicans to be called Catholics, in their sense of the word, while they remain in distinct communion it is an understanding between the sectaries and a Government which cares little for conscience with a view to divert Catholic benefices, and perhaps Catholic Sees also, from the uses of the Catholic Church to the profit of a schism which is ready to be the obedient slave of the State. Nothing could be more atrociously unscrupulous, if the liberty of conscience which is so much talked of is still held to be worth anything, but nothing could be more cleverly managed. The recent legislation has been so contrived that no ecclesiastical vacancy whatever can occur without a certain conflict between the State and the Bishop of the Diocese, and without bringing down an inevitable persecution on the head of the latter. And in the case of the Bishopric itself being vacant, the State claims to appoint its own Bishop, refusing absolutely, as we understand the law, to take any cognizance whatever of confirmation or institution by the Holy See. If it should take it into its head to name a heretic, who is there who can venture to remonstrate?—Tablet.

THE RESULTS OF "SECULAR" EDUCATION.—The Deutsche Nachrichten says:—"The decrease of the numbers of students of protestant theology has not only been felt in Germany, but also in Holland and France. Ten years ago there were still 1,100 protestant theological students at the universities in the six Eastern provinces of Prussia, but during last winter there were only 680. The number of theological students has decreased at all German universities with the exception of Leipzig, and the want of theological candidates is already being much felt in Wurtemberg and Baden." When young men are taught to scoff and deride all religion, none but the meanest hypocrites amongst them could be expected to join the theological classes.

Justitia fundamentum regnorum, is the motto under which the Centre or Catholic party in the German Parliament have resolved to do their utmost at the ensuing elections to the Reichstag. No better warranty could have been found than this. It contains a principle which no one will have the hardihood to deny, even when by its acknowledgment the conduct of the German Government must be necessarily reprobated. The programme of the party is; 1st the maintenance of the constitutional character of the Empire as a federal state, unity in things essential, and free autonomy and Home Rule in the individual states of the Empire; 2nd, the promotion of the welfare of the population, guarantees of civil and religious liberty for all the people, and the defence of congregational right against the encroachments of the legislature. In this programme we find the principles of Real Liberalism, as wide as the poles apart from the sham liberalism of the same name with which modern Europe is so familiar. It also demonstrates the truth of the assertion for which Catholics are so often ridiculed—that the Church is the Mother of Liberty and the encourager of true Progress. We have no doubt that principles such as these are not acceptable in the sight of the German despot, since they tend to create and foster a nation of men in places where none but slaves have been seen for many ages. We hope that the election in Germany will teach Prince Bismarck a lesson and show the futility of his attempts to make the State lord of the souls as well as the bodies of the people.—Catholic Opinion.

A DEN OF MURDERERS.—KERRVILLE, TEXAS, Aug. 10.—Vague and contradictory reports have been published of the wiping out of a gang of outlaws who infested this county. It is therefore proposed to give a correct history of the affair. About a year ago Frank Eastwood, a noted thief and desperado, well known all over Western Texas, settled near the head waters of the south fork of the Guadalupe river, and began his old vocation of maverick killing, besides changing the marks and brands of old stock. He drew around him several men of a similar disposition, and they devised a plan to drive honest settlers from the vicinity. A Scotchman named Madison, from Minnesota, a bachelor and an upright man, settled on Cypress Creek, near their den, and he was particularly obnoxious to them. Six months ago Eastwood's clan, then numbering about twenty-five of the worst horse thieves, renegades, and murderers in the country, began a regular system of attack on the property of their neighbors. When their place on south fork was visited they dodged to the cedar brakes, leaving only women and saddles in the houses. About May they drove off from Kerr county a herd of cattle, and returned, defying arrest, and on the 8th of June the body of Madison was found in the brush near the house, pierced by several bullets. On June 26th a man named William Baker, who had been seen riding off on Madison's horse, was arrested by citizens and betrayed the whole clan. He implicated about fifty persons of Kerr and neighbouring counties, and said that they had perpetrated many deeds which were laid to the charges of Indians. He also showed their rendezvous, which was furnished with all sorts of Indian garb and false faces. He said that the leaders of the party were F. Eastwood, J. Pingleton, alias John Jamieson, G. De Grafentief, and James Radeleff. The result of these disclosures was the formation of a vigilance committee to the gang. On June 24th J. Pingleton was shot dead from an ambush, and on the same day F. Eastwood and James Olden, also of the murderer's party, were shot and severely wounded. Eastwood made his way to this place and was arrested this day on a charge of murder. When committed to goal he boasted that there were forty men ready to rescue him. On Sunday, the 26th, he was killed while attempting to escape. In the course of the next three days De Grafentief and James Radeleff were arrested and lodged in goal. On the night of Sunday, July 6, a party of disguised men, forty-five in number, obtained the keys from the Sheriff and hanged Radeleff and De Grafentief to a tree about a mile from town. The other outlaws have dispersed.

POOR FELLOW! There is a girl in Georgia who extorted a confession from her lover that he was worth but \$100 and some clothes, and was too poor to marry. Now this cruel creature looked searchingly into his face and said "And this is the reason

you postponed so often our marriage?" "Yes," he replied. "Then," she said, "it shall be so no longer—we will get married." And the poor young fellow was cut off in the prime of his youth and single blessedness.

ACADEMY OF MARY IMMACULATE. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GREY NUNS. PEMROKE, ONT. THE Scholastic Year commences on the FIRST MONDAY in SEPTEMBER. Every facility is given for the advancement of pupils in the French and English languages. For particulars apply to the LADY SUPERIOR.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, SAULT AU RECOLLET, NEAR MONTREAL. THIS Institution is beautifully and healthfully located about six miles from Montreal. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the French language. TERMS: Boards and Tuition for the Scholastic year, \$150. Piano, Vocal Music, Harp, German, &c., are extras. For further particulars apply to the LADY SUPERIOR.

VILLE MARIE LOTTERY. THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS has thought it proper, at the request of its Agents, to postpone the day chosen for the drawing until the First of October next. All the Agents of the Lottery are requested to send in their reports to the undersigned from this date to the Fifteenth of September now next ensuing, for the reason that at that date all tickets, the report whereof shall not have been made, shall be sold to other parties. Consequently all persons who have purchased tickets must make themselves sure, either by referring to the Nouveau Monde, or by addressing themselves to the undersigned, if their numbers are entered in the registers; for otherwise they shall not take part in the drawing; and it is for the purpose of allowing time to the holders of tickets that the drawing is postponed, so as to give the least rise possible to criticism. An official list of all winning numbers shall be sent to all holders of tickets immediately after the drawing, which shall definitely take place on the First of October, 1873. (By order,) G. H. DUMESNIL, Manager.

Montreal, 28th July, 1873.

\$5 TO \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO, Portland, Maine.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO, 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are our Agents for procuring advertisements for our paper (THE TRUE WITNESS) in the above cities, and authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

Wm. E. DORAN, ARCHITECT, 199 St. James Street, 199 (Opposite Molson's Bank) MONTREAL. MEASUREMENTS AND VALUATIONS ATTENDED TO.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. CANADA, Pro. of Quebec, Dist. of Montreal. In the SUPERIOR COURT. In the matter of ROBERT BYERS DODDS, of the City of Montreal, Grocer and Trader.

An Insolvent. On Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. R. B. DODDS, per his Attorneys ad litem, ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON. Montreal, 6th Aug. 1873. 5-52

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869, AND ITS AMENDMENTS. CANADA, Pro. of Quebec, Dist. of Montreal. In the SUPERIOR COURT. In the matter of HUGH MCGILL, trading at Montreal, under the name and style of HUGH MCGILL & COMPANY.

An Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the Office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by his creditors, and on Thursday, the Eighteenth Day of September next, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. HUGH MCGILL, per his Attorneys ad litem, ABBOTT, TAIT, & WOTHERSPOON. Montreal, 6th Aug., 1873. 5-52

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. Pro. of Quebec, Dist. of Montreal. In the SUPERIOR COURT. In the matter of JOSEPH DION and CYRILLE J. B. DION, both of the City of Montreal, Traders, heretofore Copartners under the name of DION BROTHERS.

Insolvents. The undersigned have filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge executed by their creditors, and on Wednesday, the Twenty-fourth day of September now next, they will apply to the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge thereby effected. Montreal, 13th August, 1873. JOSEPH DION, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN, CYRILLE J. B. DION, By his Attorney ad litem, L. N. BENJAMIN.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of MICHEL PLOUFFE and OVIDE LACAS, of the City of Montreal, Grocers and Traders, as well individually, as doing business together under the name of "MICHEL PLOUFFE & CO."

Insolvents. THE Insolvents have made an Assignment of their Estate to me, and their creditors are notified to meet at their place of business, No. 343, Wolfe Street, Montreal, on the 26th day of August, instant, at Ten O'clock, A.M., to receive statements of their affairs and to appoint an Assignee. Montreal, 12th August, 1873. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Instantaneous relief guaranteed to any one afflicted with catarrh or cold in the head, by using Dr. William's (the noted Indian doctor) cure for Catarrh, (a vegetable remedy, prepared from roots and gums.) One box will cure the worst case—has cured cases of 25 and 30 years standing. It cures when every other remedy fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. William's Proprietary Medicine Company, Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A., P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES.

Dr. William, the noted Indian Physician, has discovered a positive cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles, (a powerful healing Vegetable Ointment.) One box is warranted to cure the worst case. Not one single failure in five years. Sent by mail, securely sealed from observation, for \$1.00. Those who now suffer with the loathsome disease should suffer if they don't use Dr. William's Remedy. William's Proprietary Medicine Company Sole Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa. U. S. A. P. O. Box 1236. 45-3m

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