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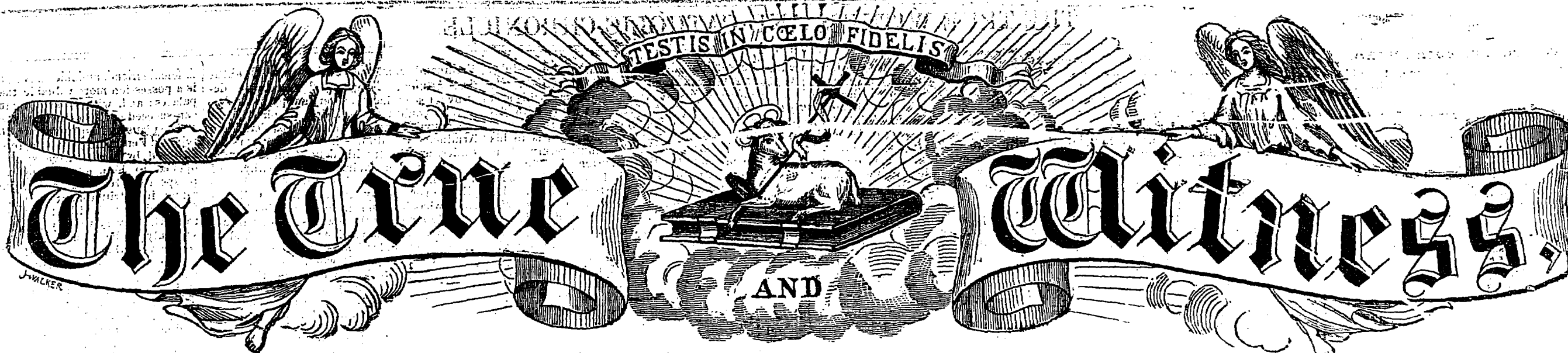
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXX.—NO. 24.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1880.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

Starving to Death.

BY E. A. SETTON. Starving to death! these are words of woe. And oh, sad is the tale they tell!

Starving to death! what words are these? That through the land and now pass borne on the winds, a wail of woe.

Starving to death! O are we dead? Shall pity in vain implore? Starving to death in Christian land.

FAMINE IN IRELAND

Application of the Home Rulers—\$75,000 for Emigration Purposes—Home Rulers in Session—Aggravation of the Famine—Depravity of the Home Rulers—Daly and Brennan Fly an Appearance—Bitter Cold.

DUBLIN, January 20.—A meeting of 33 Home Ruler members of Parliament, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, passed a resolution calling on the Government to institute relief works.

VERE FOSTER, of Belfast, offers to donate \$5,000 to assist emigration from Donegal, Co. Kerry, Cork and Connaught to Canada and the Western States of America.

duced a resolution tendering the sympathy of the Irish members of Parliament and promising their legitimate support to the gallant peasantry of the West of Ireland, now struggling to retain possession of their homes.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts will send Ashmead Bartlett, ex-Commissioner of the Turkish Comptrollerate Fund, to Ireland on a special mission connected with the distress there.

DUBLIN, January 23.—At a meeting of the Mansion House Committee yesterday, the Lord Bishop of the diocese of Clontarf stated that the distress in his diocese was aggravated and instant relief was required.

at 25¢ per quarter, while the price in Liverpool is 26¢ 6d. This indicates that the distress is not caused by a deficiency of food.

DUBLIN, January 23.—Thirty-one of the persons who attacked the ejectment-servers in the recent affair at Tubbercurry, have been examined and committed for trial.

DUBLIN, January 23.—A Tenant Right meeting was held at Ballymoy, to-day, at which a letter was read from John Bright, sympathizing with the movement.

DUBLIN, January 25.—At Saturday's meeting in the Dublin Mansion House the Relief Committee had 80 applications for relief, and grants were made amounting to \$13,000.

DUBLIN, January 21.—Twenty-six Home Ruler members of Parliament were present at a meeting to-day, which was adjourned from yesterday.

From the Telegraph. The first cabin into which I went was a place that an Englishman would think too bad for his pig. Its floor of earth and stones, trodden with damp, and water even stood in the hollows, the only furniture was a few cups and saucers, a stool, or two, and as many tubs and pots; in one corner, a mass of dirty straw had evidently been used as a bed, and on the wretched hearth, smoked rather than burnt an apology for a

AFGHANISTAN.

A Change of Policy. LONDON, January 25.—A Cabul correspondent reports that Ayoub Khan has left Ghaznee.

Not far from this, I was shown by my melancholy attendants into an equally wretched hovel, where a widow with seven young children was fighting the bitter battle of life, and rapidly getting worsted in the struggle.

LONDON, January 26.—Messrs. Daly and Brennan, agitators, have entered an appearance through their attorneys at the Crown office, and stated that they are ready for their trials, which will probably take place at some date early in February.

DUBLIN, January 26.—To-day the Mayor informed the Town Council of the Lord Lieutenant's rejection of the invitation to attend the banquet on February 3rd.

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Death of Daniel O'Connell.

We take the following from an old Irish paper.—We have this day to record the demise of Daniel O'Connell, the greatest political agitator which the world ever saw.

The following is an account of the last hours of the Liberator, written by Dr. Duff, an English physician, who attended him at Genoa.

Some account of the closing scenes of the life of an individual who has filled so remarkable a position in the world as Daniel O'Connell, must prove interesting, and I, therefore, as an English physician, called in to attend him, take leave to lay before you the following statement.

Thomas C. Burt, the mate, substantiated the captain's statement of all that had taken place up to the time the captain went below, and said:—A few minutes after the captain went below I saw a woman's lights; she was probably half a mile off, and bearing right down on us; I thought she was, but came up for four or five minutes was unable to see our lights, so I put a man on the poop with a light light; he was probably there seven minutes; when I saw that she did not alter her course, and was going to run into us, I ran to the cabin door and shouted to the captain twice, but got no reply; then, with the rest of the crew ran forward; a moment later the steamer struck us on the foremast like a leaf; there was great excitement among our crew; we found that the stern of our vessel had been cut clear off, and that the captain and his wife were carried away with it.

CONVEYED TO JUMP INTO THE SEA. They were picked up by the boat one at a time. All the crew jumped into the water and were taken into the boat in safety, except a German about 50 years old, who shipped at Portland; he did not jump far enough, and got entangled in the gear, and must have sunk.

THE DESERT MURDER. Details of the Horror—Apathy of the Authorities. Mr. Wm. Logue, of the Desert Village, furnishes the following additional information re the recent murder on the Galtee mountains.

RECEIVED BY THE LIBERATOR. The following is a report of the post-mortem examination of the body.—The body was opened in the presence of Drs. Duff, Beretta, and Lacour, by Dr. Baller, surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital for the incurables in Genoa, who had been charged with the process of embalming the body of this great man.

St. Jean Baptiste Society. The members of St. Gabriel section held their annual meeting in the hall of the Catholic school, Rev. Father Salmon presiding. The election resulted as follows:—President, Joseph Favre; 2nd Vice-President, C. Pare; 2nd Vice-President, H. D. Cote, Notary; Recording Secretary, Phillip Danseman; Treasurer, M. Bourdon (re-elected); 1st Marshal, J. Maurice; 2nd Marshal, Denis Pilette.

VALUABLE AND RELIABLE.—Brown's Broscorial Trochiscs are valuable to those exposed to sudden changes affording prompt relief in Coughs, Colds, &c.

A WOMAN WHO WAS CONSTANTLY craving food, and grew thin by eating so much, tried some of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS or Worm Lozenges, on the recommendation of her physicians.—She was relieved of them, and then her food nourished her. Before, it only fed the worms. Many persons are sick only from worms.

FOR CRAMPS IN THE STOMACH NOTHING equals BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PAIN-EXPELLER and Family Liniment. It is purely vegetable, and may be used internally or externally with perfect confidence.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Bilious and Liver complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Spasms, Giddiness of the eyes, Habitual Constiveness, &c., is Dr. HARTY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PAIN-EXPELLER. It contains neither mercury or calomel in any form, mild in its operation, it creates appetite, and strengthens the whole nervous system.

his faithful Duggan, he recognised to the last. Our supplications, in the sublime and consoling language of the church, were mingled with our tears, as we knelt around his bed.

"At thirty-minutes past nine, the hand of the priest of God, privileged 'to bind and loose on earth, even as it is done in heaven,' was extended over him. There was no struggle—no change visible upon the features, except that as he gazed it was plain that a dread mystery had cast its shadow over him.

"We are thrown upon our councils with nothing to guide us but what we inherit from his conversations and casually expressed wishes. Acting on this, we have determined to have the heart embalmed, placed in a silver urn, and transported to Rome, as of old the heart of Robert Bruce was carried to Jerusalem, when it was not permitted him by Providence to perform in his own person, that pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre which he had vowed, as O'Connell had vowed, his pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles.

"We have thought it right that his obsequies, though to be renewed no doubt by the Irish nation, should be princely here. It is likely we shall proceed with our sacred charge to Rome on Thursday or Friday next, by way of Civita Vecchia, where our carriage and nearly all our luggage have been for some days.

"I should add that we are satisfied with the physicians. We are certain there was no mistake about the disease, and but for the science and skill of the Continental physicians, it must have had much sooner a fatal termination, or one still more afflictive. I will write to Mr. Fitzpatrick a few lines, but you will oblige me by letting him see this letter, as I am not able to write at length. We have had a cast taken of his hand, which has filled with water the physicians who have seen it. Farewell. May heaven comfort you all. My beloved and reverend friend John—I could not write to him. In writing to you I write to him and all the family. Oh! my ever blessed mother! comfortress of the afflicted, pray for us.—Ever yours,

"To Morgan O'Connell, Esq." The following is a report of the post-mortem examination of the body.—The body was opened in the presence of Drs. Duff, Beretta, and Lacour, by Dr. Baller, surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital for the incurables in Genoa, who had been charged with the process of embalming the body of this great man.

His spiritual adviser and chaplain, Dr. Miley, thus feelingly describes the termination of the hon. and learned gentleman's career in a letter addressed to Mr. Morgan O'Connell:—

Genoa, Sunday, May 16. My dear, dear Sir.—May the God of Mercy sustain and comfort you. The worst has befallen us—the Liberator, your illustrious father—the father of his country—the glory and the wonder of Christendom—is dead. Dead! No, I should say, rather, O'Connell is in Heaven. His death was happy; he received in the most fervent sentiments the last rites, and up to the last sigh, was surrounded by every consolation provided by our holy religion.

On the side of religion everything cheers us, and it is there we have sought for refuge. You are already aware from my last letter, and that which was written by Daniel at a later hour, how matters stood up to six o'clock on last (Saturday) evening. From that hour up to eight o'clock he continued to sink gradually, but without suffering. I knew long before this hour that he was dying, and we had recited the prayers from seven to eight o'clock, in which he joined most fervently, and with all the distinctness his fast-failing powers permitted. I think his agony began at eight, or a little after, but in using this word you are not to understand me to say there was any painful struggle. At no stage, especially for the last two days, was there any thing like pain. At this time the Vicar General, who is a prelate, with the clergy, were round his bed; his breathing became gradually more weak; as the prayers were recited, his hands were firmly clasped upon his noble breast; his countenance perfectly serene; and as I suggested to him all that my sacred office required, and my grief permitted, he responded by word, or sign, so as to express perfectly and fervently the glowing sentiments of his heart. Daniel and me, and

THE PLEA OF MOTHERLAND.

Rachel bewailing her children and would not be comforted. St. MATTHEW II., 18. Our Baschaf's Mother Ireland, Appealing to God on high; For still she sits out, The sickening shout, O nation, rise and fight, And now when the wrong is rampant— And now when the landlords dare To trample right, By force of arms, Our Mother's place is there!

He looked upon the radiant brow of his Henrietta, wreathed with smiles of innocent triumph, sparkling with unalloyed felicity, and beaming with unbroken devotion. Should the shade of a dark passion for a moment cloud that heaven, so bright and so serene? Should even a momentary pang of jealousy or distrust pain that pure and unswerving breast in the midst of contending emotions, he pressed her to his heart with renewed energy, and bending down his head, imprinted an embrace upon her blushing forehead.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

A gentle rustling sounded at the window; Henrietta looked up, but the sight deserted her fading vision, as Ferdinand seized with softness her softer hand, and pressed it to his lips. A moment since, and she had longed for his presence as the infant for its mother; a moment since, and she had murmured that so much of the morn had passed without his society; a moment since, and it had seemed that no time could exhaust the expression of her feelings. How she had sighed for his coming! How she had hoped that this day she might convey to him what last night she had so weakly, so imperfectly attempted! And now she sat trembling and silent, with downcast eyes and changing countenance.

He sat down on the trunk of a tree and buried his face in his hands. His reverie had lasted some time, when a gentle sound disturbed him. He looked up; it was Henrietta. She had driven over the common in her pony-chair, and unattended. She was but a few steps from him; and he looked up, he caught her foot, he saw her smile, he saw her hand, he saw her side in an instant, his heart beat so simultaneously that he could not speak; all dark thoughts were forgotten; he seized with a trembling touch her extended hand, and gazed upon her with a glance of ecstasy. For, indeed, she looked so beautiful that it seemed to him he had never before done justice to her surpassing loveliness. There was a bloom upon her cheek, as upon some choice and delicate fruit; her violet eyes sparkled like gems; while the dapples played and quivered on her cheeks, as you may sometimes watch the sunbeams on the pure surface of fair water.

Impossible! clearly, absolutely, impossible! this is weak indeed! See! he smiles! He smiles at his weakness. He waves his arm as if in contempt. He casts away with defiance his idle apprehensions. His step is more assured, and the color returns to his cheek. And yet her father must return. Was he prepared for that occurrence? This was a searching question. It induced a long, dark train of harassing recollections. He stopped to ponder. In what a web of circumstances was he now involved! However, he might act, self-extraction appeared impossible. Perfect content to Miss Temple might be the destruction of her love; even modified to her father, would certainly produce his banishment from Ducie. As the betrothed of Miss Grandison, Miss Temple would abjure him; as the lover of Miss Temple, under any circumstances, Mr. Temple would reject him. In what light would he appear to Henrietta were he to dare to reveal the truth? Would she not look upon him as the unrelenting libertine of the hour, engaging in levity her heart as he had already trifled with another's? For that absorbing and overwhelming passion, pure, primitive, and profound, to which she now responded with an enthusiasm as fresh, as ardent, and as immaculate, she would only recognize the fleeting fancy of a vain and worldly spirit, eager to add another triumph to a long list of conquests, and proud of another evidence of his irresistible influence. What security was there for her that she should not in turn be forgotten for another? That another eye should not shine brighter than hers, and another voice sound to his ear with a sweeter tone? Oh, no! he dared not disturb and sully the bright flow of his present existence; he shrank from the fatal word that would dissolve the spell that enchanted them, and introduce all the calculating cares of a harsh world into the thoughtless Eden in which they now wandered. And for her father, even if the sad engagement with Miss Grandison did not exist, with what front could Ferdinand solicit the hand of his daughter? What prospect could he hold out of worldly prosperity to the anxious consideration of a parent? Was he himself independent? Was he not worse than a beggar? Could he refer Mr. Temple to Sir Katoifis? Alas! it would be an insult to both! In the meantime, every hour Mr. Temple might return, or something reach the ear of Henrietta fatal to all his aspirations. Armine with all its cares. Bath with all his hopes; his melancholy father, his fond and sanguine mother, the tender-hearted Katherine, the devoted, Father Glastonbury, all rose up before him, and crowded on his tortured imagination. In the agony of his mind, he wished himself alone in the world! he sighed for some earthquake to swallow up Armine and all its fatal fortunes; and as for those parents, so affectionate and virtuous, and to whom he had hitherto been so dutiful and devoted, he turned from their idea with a sensation of weariness, almost of dislike.

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A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and without such a muse, few men can succeed in life, none be content. The plans and aspirations of Henrietta had relieved Ferdinand from a depressing burden. Inspired by her creative sympathy, a scene opened to him, adorned by a magnificent perspective. His sanguine imagination sought refuge in a triumphant future. That love, for which he had hitherto schooled his mind to sacrifice every worldly advantage, appeared suddenly to be transformed into the very source of earthly success. Henrietta Temple was to be the fountain, not only of his bliss, but of his prosperity. In the revel of his audacious fancy he seemed, as it were, by a beautiful retribution, to be already rewarded for having devoted, with such unhesitating readiness, his heart upon the altar of disinterested affection. Lying on his cottage-couch, he indulged in dazzling visions; he wandered in strange lands with his beautiful companion, and offered at her feet the quick rewards of his untrammelled achievements.

mingled air of diffidence and admiration, that you are a fine artist. My wish to excel may have assisted my performance, replied Miss Temple.

Glastonbury relapsed into his accustomed ease and simplicity, and exerted himself to amuse the young lady with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted, and with whom, in all probability, it was his destiny in future to be so intimate.

might he with misery, compared with the quick agony of the instant? So long as she smiled, every difficulty appeared surmountable; so long as he could listen to her accents of tenderness there was no dispensation with which he could not struggle.

Supper to the Poor.—On the 17th inst. another supper to the poor was given in the City Hall. The entertainment started so early, was first held in a small hall in the Cowadams, and since then the numbers of old people attending it have yearly increased.

There are no titles of nobility in Peru. The president by common consent, ranks next to Guano.—Littell's Living Age. It must have been slippery weather when the old man fell on his neck.

borne out by facts, Belgium is only one-third the size of Ireland, yet the population of the former is equal to that of the latter. No one ever heard of a famine in Belgium, and yet they have had their bad harvests.

(To be Continued.)

THE POET'S GRAVE!

The Muse's child has sunk to rest, By all mankind his name is blest; His grave is in some secret spot, Where, tho' alone he shares his lot.

SCOTCH NEWS.

HEALTH OF EDINBURGH.—The deaths for the week ending 3rd January were 101, as against 90 for the preceding week. The rate of mortality was 24 per 1,000.

RAILWAY COLLISION AT LEUCHARS.

Early on Tuesday morning, 6th January, a collision took place at Leuchars Junction. An engine with a passenger carriage, which, since the Tay Bridge accident, runs every morning from St. John's Leuchars to catch the first Edinburgh train, ran into a goods train standing at the siding, the last wagon of which abutted on the main line.

LEITH.—Damage to the Victoria Swing Bridge.

While the steamer Queen was proceeding down the harbour on Sunday morning for Warkworth she ran violently into the Victoria Swing Bridge. Two of the large girders were twisted and broken, upwards of 40 feet of iron railing carried away, and the wood-work considerably damaged.

DANF.—At the monthly meeting of the Danf Town Council on the 5th of January.

Provost Connaughtin, in reply to a communication from Mr. Temple and Sir Basil before Ferdinand had broken his situation to his father. How he now wished he had not postponed his departure for Bath!

The City of Glasgow Bank shareholders' meeting.

on Tuesday, was little more than a formality. No questions were asked about the liquidator's remuneration, but their report was adopted, and they were thanked for their valuable services.

The Duke of Argyll was once giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons on the temperance question.

"But," said a member inquiringly, "one Bailie MacPherson, apparently a person of authority, deposes that he never saw any one drunk in his district?"

ISLAY, PORT ELLEN.—Reasonable Benevolence.

On the 1st of January, Mrs. Ramsay, of Kildalton, entertained about 100 poor people to dinner, in the old parochial school-house here. Mr. Ross, the esteemed old teacher of the village, did the duties of chaplain.

ALABAMA ACCIDENT AT A TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

At a meeting at Kilmarnock Town Council on the 6th of January in the Town Hall, and just as the proceedings were being brought to a close, the large full-length portrait of the late Earl of Eglinton, which formed a prominent object on one of the walls, accidentally fell upon several of the members who happened to be sitting beneath it.

ALABAMA ACCIDENT AT A TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

At the monthly meeting of the Aberdeen Harbour Commissioners was held on 5th January, Provost Jamieson presiding. The accounts for the past year were submitted, and showed that the ordinary revenue had been £13,645, being a decrease of £9825 on that for 1878.

ALABAMA ACCIDENT AT A TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

At a meeting of the Pultneytown Commissioners on the 5th of January, Mr. Petrie, superintendent of police, complained that early on New Year's day he had been taken into custody by a Wick constable. Patrie and another member of his force followed a juvenile torchlight procession for the purpose of seizing the torches and throwing them into the river, and in attempting to do so they crossed the boundary between the two police jurisdictions.

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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

Printed and Published Every Wednesday, MONTREAL, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN 28, 1880.

CALENDAR, JANUARY-1880.

THURSDAY, 29th. Francis of Sales, Bishop of Geneva, died. ...

SUNDAY, 1st. Sexagesima Sunday. Epist. 2 Cor. xi. 19-28 and xii. 1-9. ...

TUESDAY, 3rd. Chair of St. Peter at Rome (Jan. 25). ...

WEDNESDAY, 4th. St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop of Corsica, died. ...

NOTICE. Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Teachers' Attention! We are desirous of obtaining the name and post-office address of every Catholic lady and gentleman school teacher in each province of the Dominion and in Newfoundland.

As yet we have not received the names of one-half the Catholic teachers of the Dominion. ...

EARLY last week we forwarded the sum of \$500 to Archbishop McHale for the relief of the sufferers by famine in Ireland.

We have to congratulate the people of Lachine, and the railroad folks in the vicinity for the noble manner in which they have responded to our appeal on behalf of the Irish famine sufferers.

At a meeting held at Indianapolis, Indiana, 22nd inst., in favor of Irish Relief, it was suggested that the farmers of Indiana be requested to send a ship-load of grain to Ireland.

REVOLUTIONARY delegates from all over Europe have advertised the fact that at an early date they will hold a meeting in London. This meeting will of a certainty be no good to law and order, or to the code of heads and despots of that uneasy continent.

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rising to reply to some Tory celebrity in St. Stephens. So with poets, we have none worth the name, and never had, and our few historians belonged to the second-class.

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Something About the Pyramids of Egypt. The Pyramids of Egypt are one of the wonders of the world. They were, it is supposed, erected shortly after the flood, though for what purpose no one knew until lately.

“Toll us—for doubtless thou canst recollect— To whom we should ascribe the Sphinxes’ form.” Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect of either Pyramid that bears his name?

Travellers in all ages, and from almost every country, have gazed with awe and admiration on the stupendous piles, and tried to fathom the mystery connected with them, but in vain.

Theories and hypotheses have been advanced by scientists concerning them, one more absurd than the other, the last invariably knocking the second last into a cocked hat.

part of the world which came within reach of his local paper with the intelligence that they were erected by the patriarch Job, at Divine command, in order to foretell that the end of the present world would come in 1882.

He believes a great many other things, but those are the principal points. Still later a yet more astonishing discovery has been made by another scientist, which is that the pyramids were erected by Freemasons.

Why? Because a trowel, a square, a compass, an apron and other insignia belonging to that ancient and illustrious order were found (says the correspondent of the N. Y. World) under an obelisk from which the pedestal had been removed.

regarding the origin of the Pyramids had always displaced that immediately preceding, we would not be understood to infer that the Masonic square, compass, etc., just discovered does away with the end of the world business.

On the contrary, one sustains the other in the most remarkable manner, for what were those useful articles placed there for if not to denote that the world was to come to a termination in 1882? It is not likely that respectable old Egyptian gods such as Cheops and Cephrenes would go to the labor and expense of building up the pyramids merely to conceal a square and compass.

These articles could be hidden away in a building half the size of the pyramids of Egypt. Scoffers at masonry may suppose that a brother may have dropped those things in, as there were no newspapers in those days, and when left them in order to puzzle future generations of Browns and Smiths and Robinsons, but that is simply ridiculous.

Another opinion which might be entertained were it not for the absence of one necessary article—that one of the lodges used to meet there before the pyramids were completed (it must be considered it took hundreds of years to finish them) and that they forged the insignia when they were leaving. The only drawback to the excellent theory is that there has been no punch bowl discovered, and, as everybody knows, that is one of the necessary utensils of a Masonic lodge.

But where is the use of diving into mysterious depths when we know that the world will come to a tragic end in 1882? Ye that have stocks prepared to sell them now.

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temperance. Will we not then stand together, as one man, to assuage the wail of the suffering. The puny effort may be of little avail, but save one from the reeking jaws of intemperance and our efforts may be considered as crowned with success.

How often have we seen the young and vigorous become old in iniquity, through the baneful influence of the demon of intemperance. How often have you seen the young enthusiast moving on in the road of a laudable ambition. An orator, perhaps, whose words were fed with milk and honey, giving pleasure to an audience and pride to kindred. He is moving upwards to the pinnacle of his ambition. He stops to feed his ardour by a pernicious draft; he feels his flight the faster; he tries it again, and again; the habit is created; he succumbs to its influence, and his retrograde movements are more rapid than the strides that he made in his laudable ascent.

Is there one amongst us that has not seen, at some period of his life, the man in the full vigor of his talents, his aspirations and his hopes, delighting those around him by his conversations or anecdotes. View the same man in a beastly state of intoxication, and I ask you is there a more disgusting sight in the world than an educated drunkard endeavoring to express ideas that are obliterated. Civility may compel you to listen, but your impulse would lead you far away from the drunkard.

Within the limits of my own personal experience, I have noted it particularly within the last few years. I have been forcibly struck by the recital of the career of many young men in the higher walks of life: One a doctor, another a lawyer, another aiming at a high position in a mercantile pursuit. I have listened with pleasure to the recital of their aims and their views; their high education often acquired by the curtailment to a parent of the necessities of life, their talents of a high order, their ambition unlimited; but in nineteen cases out of twenty the sad sequel would come, that in the flower of their youth, or at an age when their manhood was only developed, that they were dead, or, worse, disgraced by the cursed habit of intemperance. It is that, and I may say that alone, that has been the chief incentive to me to be one of you here to-night. I have been horror-stricken at the contemplation that the fair fame of the nation, the high aspirations of the rising generation, the parent hopes of a distant future, were liable to be dashed to pieces by hung on a reeling fabric, raised on a frail foundation. The genius that is to lead us, the science that is to heal us, the proud pre-eminence of our manhood—is it to succumb to grovel beneath the atmosphere of a polluted intemperance? A thousand times no! Let each one take his motto, and aim as he pleases, for the success of this our little land. Mine is to embrace the youth, to enroll the juvenile untainted before the hideous drunkard's mark is engraven on his forehead. Give me the youth not yet enslaved, with habits free from the degrading vice. Surround him with a bond he freely takes; impress his mind with the sanctity of his obligation. He feels its force, but bears no burden. He grows surrounded by the halo of temperance. He feels no craving for the fill destroyer. He needs no stimulant, for his heart is light. His thirst is natural and not illicitious. He develops into manhood bearing the palm of the truthfulness of his pledge, a freer man under the yoke of his obligation than him that would not submit to the guarding shield; the sublimity of the solemn vow, in the cause of temperance.

Look upon drunkenness in the light of disgrace. The companionship is avoided except by a kindred spirit. The son of the drunkard bears the stigma of his father. The daughter of the inebriate will blush for his sin. Though virtuous and good, the stigma is withheld, but she feels all its force, and is numbered and pained. The wife! I would trust myself to paint that picture, it is too vivid in the minds of the many.

Now take it in the light of profit and loss. Where is the profit on the drunkard's side? Is the bestial state of inanition a profit? Is the deprivation of sanity be a profit the gain is large to the drunkard's credit. Again, and lastly, is the drunkard's surroundings to be placed to his credit? Is the pain that he gives, the sorrow he forces, the hell he creates, the example he gives, the torture multiplied in those surroundings, at which side of the pogo has the drunkard the claim? It is not to profit.

Now then, for the loss. He squanders his money, for which he gets no return. He wastes so much time that he cannot retrieve. His character is such that he cannot be trusted. The bond that binds us is the link of trust. We must trust one another, else the social fabric falls to pieces. Then to whom is attributable the social smash? The drunkard. The drunkard is the delinquent. To the drunkard then is society indebted for being delinquent from social progress. Society cannot progress with the drag-chain of intemperance hanging to her heels. It is then that I say that we are all interested.

Then, worst of all his health is wasted, or rather lost, sickness ensues, and with sickness ill temper. He cannot quench his fevered thirst by the fatal beverage that has wrought his ruin. He trembles, a shattered wreck of his former manhood. Young in years, but old in iniquity. The past is painful; the future gaining; his career is fleeting as his pleasures past. His pillow may be of down, but it is harder than stone. Loath which way he will, there is nothing to cheer him. The gray mist of the past is before his eyes, his future a foreboding hope. He sinks beneath his weight of woe. His ties dishonored, his loss is a gain.

So far I have been treating of the material results of drunkenness here below. The test, the worst of all, drunkenness as a crime. Take the catalogue and select the worst. The murderer, with hands reeking with the blood of his victim. He stands alone with him that was, but is not, through his vengeful deed. He trembles in the commission of his crime, a coward in his bravery. He is surprised by death from a source he expected least. He has a moment to reflect, he makes use of that moment to prepare for death. He has the power, (I lay stress on the word power) to fall on his knees, with clenched hands and upraised eyes; he has the power to ask, God has the power to forgive. All is possible, however improbable, that that guilty soul may be raised within the precincts of the kingdom of Heaven.

Take the robber, the midnight burglar; he enters the house of his neighbor with full intent to stop at nothing, murder if needed, to effect his guilty purpose. He steals his neighbor's property, he hugs the unworthy booty. Flushed with success he is about to depart. The robber is confronted with the robbed. Death stares him in the face; the pistol is raised, and before the awful click ensues that is to launch him into eternity. He too has the power, if he will, to try and make peace with an offended God. Behold the drunkard, drunk. In the depths of your imagination see that horrid mass of human flesh, with soul effaced that once came pure from the hands of God, if I might express it, a particle of the essence of the spirit of God, now lying inanimate a loathsome sight to both God and

temperance. Will we not then stand together, as one man, to assuage the wail of the suffering. The puny effort may be of little avail, but save one from the reeking jaws of intemperance and our efforts may be considered as crowned with success.

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Within the limits of my own personal experience, I have noted it particularly within the last few years. I have been forcibly struck by the recital of the career of many young men in the higher walks of life: One a doctor, another a lawyer, another aiming at a high position in a mercantile pursuit. I have listened with pleasure to the recital of their aims and their views; their high education often acquired by the curtailment to a parent of the necessities of life, their talents of a high order, their ambition unlimited; but in nineteen cases out of twenty the sad sequel would come, that in the flower of their youth, or at an age when their manhood was only developed, that they were dead, or, worse, disgraced by the cursed habit of intemperance. It is that, and I may say that alone, that has been the chief incentive to me to be one of you here to-night. I have been horror-stricken at the contemplation that the fair fame of the nation, the high aspirations of the rising generation, the parent hopes of a distant future, were liable to be dashed to pieces by hung on a reeling fabric, raised on a frail foundation. The genius that is to lead us, the science that is to heal us, the proud pre-eminence of our manhood—is it to succumb to grovel beneath the atmosphere of a polluted intemperance? A thousand times no! Let each one take his motto, and aim as he pleases, for the success of this our little land. Mine is to embrace the youth, to enroll the juvenile untainted before the hideous drunkard's mark is engraven on his forehead. Give me the youth not yet enslaved, with habits free from the degrading vice. Surround him with a bond he freely takes; impress his mind with the sanctity of his obligation. He feels its force, but bears no burden. He grows surrounded by the halo of temperance. He feels no craving for the fill destroyer. He needs no stimulant, for his heart is light. His thirst is natural and not illicitious. He develops into manhood bearing the palm of the truthfulness of his pledge, a freer man under the yoke of his obligation than him that would not submit to the guarding shield; the sublimity of the solemn vow, in the cause of temperance.

Look upon drunkenness in the light of disgrace. The companionship is avoided except by a kindred spirit. The son of the drunkard bears the stigma of his father. The daughter of the inebriate will blush for his sin. Though virtuous and good, the stigma is withheld, but she feels all its force, and is numbered and pained. The wife! I would trust myself to paint that picture, it is too vivid in the minds of the many.

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Now take it in the light of profit and loss. Where is the profit on the drunkard's side? Is the bestial state of inanition a profit? Is the deprivation of sanity be a profit the gain is large to the drunkard's credit. Again, and lastly, is the drunkard's surroundings to be placed to his credit? Is the pain that he gives, the sorrow he forces, the hell he creates, the example he gives, the torture multiplied in those surroundings, at which side of the pogo has the drunkard the claim? It is not to profit.

Now then, for the loss. He squanders his money, for which he gets no return. He wastes so much time that he cannot retrieve. His character is such that he cannot be trusted. The bond that binds us is the link of trust. We must trust one another, else the social fabric falls to pieces. Then to whom is attributable the social smash? The drunkard. The drunkard is the delinquent. To the drunkard then is society indebted for being delinquent from social progress. Society cannot progress with the drag-chain of intemperance hanging to her heels. It is then that I say that we are all interested.

Then, worst of all his health is wasted, or rather lost, sickness ensues, and with sickness ill temper. He cannot quench his fevered thirst by the fatal beverage that has wrought his ruin. He trembles, a shattered wreck of his former manhood. Young in years, but old in iniquity. The past is painful; the future gaining; his career is fleeting as his pleasures past. His pillow may be of down, but it is harder than stone. Loath which way he will, there is nothing to cheer him. The gray mist of the past is before his eyes, his future a foreboding hope. He sinks beneath his weight of woe. His ties dishonored, his loss is a gain.

So far I have been treating of the material results of drunkenness here below. The test, the worst of all, drunkenness as a crime. Take the catalogue and select the worst. The murderer, with hands reeking with the blood of his victim. He stands alone with him that was, but is not, through his vengeful deed. He trembles in the commission of his crime, a coward in his bravery. He is surprised by death from a source he expected least. He has a moment to reflect, he makes use of that moment to prepare for death. He has the power, (I lay stress on the word power) to fall on his knees, with clenched hands and upraised eyes; he has the power to ask, God has the power to forgive. All is possible, however improbable, that that guilty soul may be raised within the precincts of the kingdom of Heaven.

Take the robber, the midnight burglar; he enters the house of his neighbor with full intent to stop at nothing, murder if needed, to effect his guilty purpose. He steals his neighbor's property, he hugs the unworthy booty. Flushed with success he is about to depart. The robber is confronted with the robbed. Death stares him in the face; the pistol is raised, and before the awful click ensues that is to launch him into eternity. He too has the power, if he will, to try and make peace with an offended God. Behold the drunkard, drunk. In the depths of your imagination see that horrid mass of human flesh, with soul effaced that once came pure from the hands of God, if I might express it, a particle of the essence of the spirit of God, now lying inanimate a loathsome sight to both God and

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Montreal Telegraph Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next session, for an Act to extend the powers and franchises of the said Company to all parts of the Dominion of Canada, to allow it to make connections and carry on business elsewhere, and generally to grant to the said Company all such powers and privileges as are now enjoyed by any other telegraph company carrying on business in the Dominion. Montreal, 1st December, 1879. 10-4d

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Statistics show that the failures in Canada during 1879 were more in number than ever, also larger in amounts. We have a register of the false ratings of one Agency for 1879, which, when published, will be found even more disgraceful than last year's. This year we are keeping other agencies' false ratings, as their feeble efforts are not worth noticing. This time last year the leading newspapers misled English creditors and others by making out that business in Canada had taken a fresh start for the better, and that times were returning to permanent prosperity. Newspapers are all very well to record news and to afford freedom of expression, but editors' opinions about business are sometimes some thing like what a business man's opinion would be about medicine—almost certain to do harm if expressed. However, every person's honest opinion is deserving of respect. Permanent prosperity can never be expected until every commercial & acknowledging agency is done away with.

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applied to the relief of only such distressed persons as are virtuous and well conducted. Refusal to pay rent would be a peremptory disqualification, however pressing otherwise might be the destitution. This may be a groundless surmise. But it is widely entertained. Thus there are two objections in the popular mind against the organization which is being carried out under the name of the DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. There is, first, the fear that the benefits of its funds will be confined exclusively to those who pay their rent and are otherwise peaceable and orderly in the general class; and, second, the suspicion that partiality will be shown in the distribution, and that the sympathizers with the proselytizing agencies will manage indirectly to divert some of the money into those channels. It is not likely that any genuine foundation for this popular distrust exists. But the bare existence of this distrust will rob the organization of some of its utility, and is evidence of the singular watchfulness which has to be used in Ireland wherever there may be fear of arousing religious or political susceptibilities. Such watchfulness has certainly been shown hitherto in everything connected with the proceedings of Lord Mayor Gray's relief fund. Men of all parties are on its committees—Catholics, Protestants and those most philanthropic people, the Quakers, are equally associated in all its actions. It remains to be seen how the large funds which, the cable informs us, are coming from America through Mr. Parnell will be administered. There are many very thoughtful persons in Ireland who will presume to doubt that so thoroughly one-sided an organization as the Irish Land League is a suitable body for administering a relief. Can its agents be impartial? Will they not see special merit in the man who had been evicted for non-payment of rent? and will they not look coldly on the misery of the mean spirited creature who satisfied the demands of his landlord? Unhappy Ireland is a country which has scanty experience of impartial dealing, whether at the hands of her own sons or rulers.—N. Y. Herald.

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shut up in their coops, but the coops would get foul and damp; then the turkeys would begin to drop off by ones and by twos, by sixes and by sevens, until pleasant weather came, and we could move and clean the coops. My shed is twenty feet long, eight feet wide, seven feet high in front, four in the rear, rough boarded up and down, with the cracks battened; shed roof shingled, for whatever else I may be deluded into having, I never will have anything for a roof that is not shingled with honest shingles that will keep water out for twenty years. There is a large window in each end of the shed, and a rolling door in front, with another window in that; there is no board floor; the floor is made of nearly a foot of sand and gravel. Along the rear of this shed there is a row of slat coops for confining the mother hens; these coops are of different shapes and sizes, so that each hen knows her own coop, and when let out in pleasant weather, always returns at night to her own domicile. For the first ten days or two weeks after hatching, I kept the hens confined all the time; at the end of that time the young turks were doing finely, the hens had become accustomed to their quarters, and after the dew was off in the morning, the door was rolled back, a slat of the coops let down, and hens and young turks given free range until night. Previous to allowing the hens their liberty, I had, on pleasant days, rolled back the door, and allowed the turkeys to go out on the grass. On rainy days the door was kept closed, and inside it was perfectly dry. I have noticed that when a turkey-hen runs at large, with her brood, she changes her roosting place every night, so I took the hint and every day the coops are moved, and the droppings scraped off, a little fresh sand thrown on, and the coop put back in its place. This makes a little work of course, but it is cheaper than to hatch turkeys and have one-half of them die on your hands. Under the window in one end of the shed is a box or bin, that will hold about three barrels; this is kept filled with sand for use about the coops. The team can be backed up to the window, the window opened (it slides back) and the sand shoveled in with very little trouble. Under the opposite window is a bin of similar size for holding the scrapings from under the coops; outside is a trap door for convenience in removing the contents of the bin.

A Letter from Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., and M. Shee. The following is a translation of a letter which has just appeared in the Paris Union on the Irish question.— M. LE REDACTEUR. The importance of your journal, and the scrupulous care it takes to judge political movements and events according to their principles, lead us to appeal to your courtesy for the publication in your columns of the following summary of the Irish national question. Our primary object is to remove the misconceptions which have been spread, innocently and unintentionally in some cases, upon the true nature of the Home Rule movement. In the first place, there is no foundation for the assertion that the Irish national opposition has an anti-dynastic character. On the contrary, by the very fact of the traditions of our party the Home Rule movement is loyal and constitutional. The Home Rulers, who demand the restoration in Dublin of the Irish Parliament which was only suppressed in the year 1800, fully recognize, just as the Irish Parliament did, the equal sovereignty of the monarch over the two kingdoms of Ireland and Great Britain. Their purpose and their hope is to see the Irish Parliament reassemble for the transaction of the internal affairs of Ireland and to see it reopened by the Queen of Great Britain in her constitutional character of Queen of the kingdom of Ireland. There is no room accordingly for the accusation of anti-dynastic aims. Equally with the Hungarians, who manfully maintain the ancient rights of St. Stephen's crown equally with the Bohemians, who defend against the Centralist party in Austria the rights of the Bohemian kingdom, the Irish Home Rulers also, while demanding the absolute control of their own internal affairs, are actuated by no design hostile to the unity of the state or the dynasty of the sovereign. But, at the same time, their recognition of the one sovereign in no way disposes them to tolerate the ignorant pretensions of English and Scotch representatives to intermeddle in the strictly internal and domestic concerns of the Irish nation. Such, sir, is the essential character of the Irish Home Rule movement. We respect the common sovereignty, we unite with our fellow-subjects in England and Scotland in the maintenance of the common Empire, but we insist upon our right to transact the affairs of Ireland in an Irish Parliament. We have no desire to intermeddle in the private and domestic concerns of the English or the Scotch. We admit the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament within the sphere of the common concerns of the Empire. In the name of the national sentiment, however, in the name of historical right and sound reason, we refuse to endure the continual mismanagement of Irish affairs by a majority of English and Scotch representatives, who would have quite enough to do in attending to their own country, and who know nothing whatever about the wants and requirements of Ireland. This is the great reform which we seek to establish, and we maintain that no reform can be more genuinely conservative than the one which at once provides for the unity of the empire and the satisfaction of the component nationalities. The symbol of our ancient independence—a vicery with the attributes of the sovereign—still holds his court by the authority of the queen, in the capital of Ireland. We desire to see him once more surrounded by the representatives of Ireland duly elected under the same royal authority. You have now before you, sir, the succinct summary of the Irish political question. There remains the social or agrarian question. The agrarian policy of the Irish party is also that of the bishops, the priests, the municipal bodies of Ireland. Protestants as well as Catholics join in the demand for a reform. The manufacturers of Ireland were long ago destroyed by the commercial jealousy of England. Agriculture is left the sole resource of the Irish people. At the same time most of the landed proprietors are strangers to the country, the heirs of the spoilers of times of persecution and confiscation. They squander in England, or anywhere except in Ireland, the rents which they get their mercenary agents to extort from their wretched tenantry. Foreigners to the country as they are, they are in no dread of Irish public opinion, for how can they be reached by the public opinion of Ireland? These evils can no longer be endured. After having for three-quarters of a century seen the country stripped of its annual revenues without any return, after frequent famines, and in the continual presence of the misery of the agricultural population, we find ourselves obliged to demand, by every con-

stitutional means, the termination of this frightful condition of things. The tenantry of Ireland must be defended against the three forms of arbitrary wrong which compose the monstrous wrong of the Irish agrarian situation. 1. We must have an end put to the arbitrary eviction of the cultivator at the caprice of landlord or agent. 2. We must have an end put to the arbitrary increase of rent beyond the just means of the cultivator. 3. We must have an end put to the arbitrary confiscation of the result of the skill and industry of the cultivator. We demand that the law shall allow the tenants to become proprietors. In order to prevent every approach of injustice, we demand the establishment of legal tribunals of arbitration to decide the disputes that may arise. This is our programme, and here again the Irish party pursues a strictly conservative policy. For it is clear to all who have studied social questions that in seeking to confer upon the Irish agriculturist a fixed and staple interest in the soil we tend to deliver him from that system of chance and security which is the natural parent of discontent and revolution. Of course, sir, there may happen, as in every popular movement, incidents from time to time capable of being misrepresented by malvolence and of being misunderstood by the honest and well disposed. We do not desire, however, to enter now upon the discussion of controversial matters in your impartial journal. We are confident that upon every debated point the verdict of public opinion and of the legal tribunals will decisively dispose of the calumnies circulated against the Irish party. Meantime, we expect with confidence that the French nation, our ally in religion and race, will watch—we do not ask with favor, but with calm justice—the efforts of a people which still remembers with pride to-day that between the years 1690 and 1789 five hundred thousand of its sons have fallen upon the field of honor in the Irish Brigade of old France. Signed on behalf of the Irish deputations. FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL, Irish Member of Parliament. R. J. JENRY DE LAVER SHER, Barrister-at-law.

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