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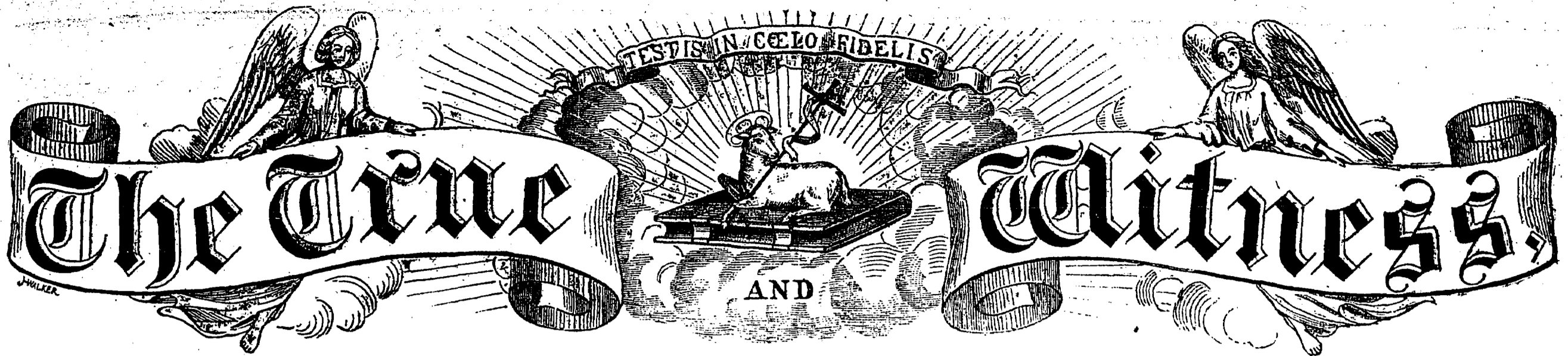
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

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NO. 23

BOOKS FOR JANUARY.

- THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED, being a series of Five Lectures delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in reply to a Course of Lectures by James Anthony Froude, the English Historian; to which is added, and for the first time published, a response to Mr. Froude's last lecture, reviewing this course of lectures, together with notes and appendix, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 1 50
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FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

(From the Dublin Weekly Freeman)

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

An hour after Mark Bindon again left Oakfield. The rain poured in torrents and everything looked bleak and cheerless, but thankfulness and joy was in his heart, for he believed Eda's assurance, "Kate loves you."
As Mark Bindon sprang up the steps of the terminus he glanced at the clock, whose hands pointed to half-past three. "I am too soon," he thought, "but it is all the better; I will run no chance of missing Kate." Then he enquired of a porter, "When will the next train arrive from Bray?"
" There is one just coming, Sir," and as the man spoke the whistle of the approaching engine sounded.
Mark stationed himself at the foot of the steps down which the passengers from Bray must come, and eagerly scanned the faces in the closely packed throng. He saw some he knew, some who afterwards remarked they saw Bindon standing at Harcourt-street station like a sentry, or a police detective. One young lady told her mother in confidence that "though Mr. Bindon was heir to a baronetcy he was forgetting all gentlemanly politeness. For mamma, dear, he actually passed me without raising his hat, although I bowed twice."
It was perfectly true, Mr. Bindon had overlooked the insipid face of the artless Julia, as he happened at that very moment to be intently gazing in the direction of the very shining stars in the Dublin firmament. The Misses Millar, who were rustling down in pride and consequence, arrayed as usual, the eldest, in lavender silk and pink trimmings, the younger in silver grey and sky blue.
" Look, Selina," the latter damsel whispered with playful consciousness, "There is Mr. Bindon looking at you, too, I declare."
Thereupon the two beauties smiled their sweetest smile, and looked as if they had come from Paradise instead of Bray for the benefit of Mr. Bindon.
He, poor fellow, was looking for sincerity and bravery under a mean garb, instead of courting dry as dust hearts under finery.
" How exceedingly disagreeable," whispered Miss Selina in her thin treble voice. "That person next me is crushing my dress shockingly," and as she spoke she gathered her robe round her fastidious self to shield it from contamination. Before she continued her amiable remarks, "I really wonder why a woman of that description should be allowed to inconvenience first class passengers."
" Tell her to keep back, responded silver-blue, while she bestowed a smile of bewitching sweetness upon Mr. Bindon, to whom she was now quite close.
But how fell the woman who was compelled to hear those heartless insults?—the brave, true woman, whose saturated garments were steaming around her, and whose tottering limbs almost refused to move. She too had seen Mark, and her heart sunk in despair. She noted his stern-set face, his anxious scrutiny of the passers by, and she knew he was seeking

her. "He has come to upbraid me, to dis-eruce me, and I cannot avoid him," she moaned in bitter wretchedness of spirit. "I cannot explain, I must keep Eda's secret, and he will never trust me again."
Poor wearied woman, with fainting frame and sinking heart, cheer up; thy good deed will bring its own reward, yielding thee a hundred fold of gladness in return.
The last step was gained; could she pass Mark without observation? and she tried to quicken her pace; but in her anxiety she forgot the last step, and with a groan of pain, fell heavily on the pavement. There were hands outstretched to assist, murmurs of sympathy heard, and the societized Misses Millar ejaculated, "Oh dear me!" Mark Bindon it was who tenderly raised the woman and placed her on a seat. He stood there with her until the crowd had passed along; then to the silent woman he bent, and she dreaded what the coming words might be. A moment more, and a bewildering sense of happiness bounded through her heart. Was it a dream? Were the sweet words only fantasies, wrought by an excited—a delirious brain? No, it was truth, tangible and real. He had lifted her up, and his touch was loving. He had stood beside the seeming beggar when the rich and fashionable saw him. He had spoken to her, and that hurried whisper had breathed of love and trust.
"Kate, Eda told me all. I have come to help you, my own darling. Go to the Jerolds' house; I have clothes, everything there, for you."
She rose from where she had rested; cold, wet, hunger, pride—all were now forgotten by her. Had not Mark called her his darling? and then she went, as he had told her, to the Jerolds' house.
Kate followed the kind old woman who met her at the door into the dining-room. A dim feeling of peace and rest came over her; she stretched out her poor stiff fingers and grasped the back of a chair. Then, had not Mark caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. Fatigue and exposure had done their work; a terrible reaction had set in, and poor Kate was unconscious of Mark's loving words. There she lay on the sofa, and devoid of all pulsation, deathly cold, her eyes sunk under their colorless lids, and the long dark lashes sweeping the pallid cheek. A fearful face it was to look upon, with its clear-cut features, like the carved image of one who sleeps an eternal sleep, when the illuminating light of the soul has fled for ever.
" She's coming to, I think, Sir," said the woman, as she sprinkled water in Kate's face. "The swoon is well nigh over." Even as the housekeeper spoke, the drooping lids were raised, and the faithful eyes were turned to Mark, who bent down to catch her faint whisper: "Mark, you will not blame me."
" Blame you, my darling! I only blame you for not trusting me. Do you not know I would brave any danger sooner than let you endure another day like this?" He drew down her head and rested it on his shoulder, while her wealth of hair waved in rippling masses over his arm, and fell like a veil around her.
" Kate," he continued, as he bent fondly towards her, "has not instinct told you I have loved you for years? Your pride would never let you fathom the depth of my love. I would have given worlds to have spoken unrestrainedly to you, but your pride has always fettered me. Now, my darling, it is different. Eda has told me you love me. Keep quiet. Sit still, Kate, for I will not let you go until I have my answer. Do you love me, Kate, and will you give me the right to guard you for ever? Come, Katie darling, look up and answer me, for I have waited long enough." Mark raised her face, and looked into her eyes for his answer.
When the heart speaks through the eyes, can one doubt love?—and, as Kate raised hers Mark knew her love was his; that Kate Vero was his very own for ever, as she softly whispered—"Mark, Mark, you know I love you."

Seven o'clock, and Eda stood at the school-room window, tapping nervously on the pane, watching eagerly for Mark's return, as she fervently hoped Kate would accompany him. Her face wore a wearied, anxious look, and more than once she pressed her throbbing brow hard against the cold glass. Her face was very nearly as white as the dress she wore, no wonder was it then, that the old butler remarked in the servants' hall, "Miss Eda, poor child, looks like a spirit." Eustace had met her on her way to the school-room, and he had told Harry she was there. Accordingly he followed Harry, and playfully reproached her for running away from them all.
" Weenie pet, you are an extraordinary little mope. Is it here you are. I knew I would find you at last, but why did you fly off from the drawing-room? The Maternal is by no means pleased at it; she has just told the Governor, her family is a most extraordinary one,

for she cannot possibly imagine what took Mark and Kate out in the rain. Father is in a regular "put out" humor; he always is cranky when Kate is away. For my part I do not know what would happen, if she took it into her sapient head to marry—out of the family!" he quietly added with a twinkle of his merry eye, as he watched Eda drumming energetically on the pane.
Very demure the little lady looked as she replied—"But Kate will not marry out of the family."
" My darling little prophetess," whispered Harry, as he drew Eda's slight figure lovingly towards him. "You foretell happiness for Mark. Will you not look into the future for me and give me some words of hope to think over when I am far away? Darling, prophesy you will wish for me to be with you then.—Eda, tell me you will say when I return.—Harry, never go away again," and his hands stroked the golden head while he kissed the floating golden hair.
But Eda looked straight into his frank face and unshrinkingly met his loving eyes, while in a low firm voice she answered, "Cousin Harry, I love you as well as I would a brother. I love you a thousand times better than Mark, and even better than Kate, but I dare not prophesy as you wish. Wherever you go people will love you, and whatever you do must prosper. Listen, Harry, is not that the lodge gate creaking. They must be coming now," and Eda ran into the hall to welcome Mark and Kate.
Yes, Kate was with him, and a handsome couple they looked side by side. Eda knew all doubt between them was at an end, for the unmistakable glow of happiness shone over Kate Vero's noble face.
" What on earth shall I say to Aunt?" Kate whispered, as Mark assisted her out of the phaeton.
" Never mind, dear, I will settle all that." He kept his word in a highly creditable manner, for just as Lady Bindon had given her opinion, "Kate must be quite mad," he coolly replied, "On the contrary, mother, she is remarkably sane for —," and what Mark whispered in her ear wrought a magical change in a second.
" You do not say so, Mark," she joyfully exclaimed, as she caught her son's hands. "My dear, dear boy, I am so thankful," and she turned to speak to Kate. Kate, however, had gone up stairs, followed by Eda, to avoid the scene she knew was inevitable.
There is an old saying, bad news travels fast, but surely no news ever flew more rapidly than the tidings Mark had brought to his mother. Lady Bindon had told Sir Stuart, and he fussed about nearly shaking Mark's hand off, quite forgetting in his glee dinner was nearly an hour late. Harry capered round the house congratulating everyone, even down to old Eustace the butler who instantly carried the news to the household in general, so that when Kate entered the dining-room the smile on every face welcomed her as the future mistress of Oakfield. Mark's chosen wife.
Poor Lady Bindon was so joyful that she quite forgot to ask inconvenient questions. Sir Stuart had Kate sitting close to him at dinner, and between every surreptitious squeeze of her hand, repeated, "It is just as I wished, Katie, my dear." Of course his dignity prevented him from saying more, but his jovial looks and hearty chuckles spoke his satisfaction quite as evidently. As for Eda, she almost forgot her own heart's trouble in witnessing Kate's happiness.
That night Kate came to Eda's room and told her the day's events, while giving her Aymer's message and gift. When Kate glided off to her own room, Eda went over and kissed the little pencil case, the gift of her first love. "I will keep it always, for ever," she whispered, as she pressed it to her lips, "and when I look at it, it will always satisfy me that I really did win my Aymer's love."
With thought to comfort her heart, and with tears of thankfulness trembling on her lashes, she sunk into the slumber she so sorely needed. Her waking thoughts floated through her dream. Once more she was with Aymer: she leaned upon his arm, and listened to his voice. His hand pressed hers, his voice spoke in deep whispers of his passionate love, while they watched the rippling waters of the deep, quiet-flowing Rhine as they slowly drifted on its tide with the summer moon gleaming in sparkles over that beautiful river. Oh, how calmly happy she felt. Her heart was too full for words. Was not the magical spell of love cast o'er her?

So dreamt the sleeping girl while her lover stood alone on the deck of the mail boat, watching it out swiftly through the waves. His yearning, hopeless thought was for his darling, around whose parted lips smiles were playing. Was she not dreaming of being with him?
But, alas! the moon that innocent child gazed upon was only the light of her pure

thought, and the shining waters only sparkles of fancy, glistening over the river, obbing through Dreamland.

CHAPTER X.

For a wonder Harry Bindon was in a contemplative mood, ay, a regular brown study. Mark and himself were standing out on the lawn, and as they puffed away at their cigars, watched the dogs coursing over the green sward.
" I say, Mark," at last Harry exclaimed, "when is the wedding to be? See here, old fellow, there is nothing like promptitude; delays are dangerous. Seriously, my leave is up on the 1st of October, and, as Eda returns with me, I do not think it fair to deprive us of the fun. So when is it to be?"
" I wish to goodness I could tell you," Mark impatiently answered. "I said something about it this morning to Kate, but off she bolted; then I spoke to mother, and she actually told me Christmas was soon enough."
" Christmas!" echoed Harry. "What the deuce do women want such a lot of preparation for? Four months devoted to the purchase of finery, as if a man wanted to marry a chest of clothes instead of a sensible girl." And Harry knocked the ashes off his cigar, with a muttered execration on the whole tribe of milliners and dress-makers, who, with lawyers attorneys, always do their best to postpone the happy event.
For awhile the two men puffed away in silence, but it was not in the natural order of things for Harry to keep quiet long. "I tell you what, Mark, my name is not Harry Bindon if I do not settle the wedding day before twelve o'clock, and it is eleven now. Come along into the schoolroom—the girls are there."

Harry was soon established in Kate's easiest chair, looking the very picture of impudence and good-nature.
" What a bump of destructiveness women must possess," he soliloquized as he watched Eda and Kate, busy as usual with their embroidery. "You cut nice white calico all to bits, then with a touch of feminine compunction you try to repair the damage by stitching it up again. Ah! there are very few sensible people in the world; and he heaved a deep sigh intended to be mournful, but which made Mark and the girls laugh most heartily. However, not a muscle of the sailor's face moved. Was he not mourning over the shortcomings of humanity in general!
" I never knew but two sensible people in my life," he continued, with something between a sigh and a groan; "a man and a woman, a gentleman and a gentlewoman. He was a parson from Kerry, she was a maiden from Derry; they met at a religious tea-light—I mean a pious conversation, where there was a capital supper as a wind-up. Underwood handed the lady down, and helped her to chicken and port wine. She enjoyed the fowl so much that Underwood reflected—good appetite, sound constitution, no dyspepsy, would suit me; so there and then popped the question: 'Will you marry me?' She stammered, stuttered, blushed, and people gaped as they saw her present a fork-full of chicken at her eye, instead of receiving it into her month. Old Underwood was a sensible man, so down came his fist on the table with a bang that made the wine glasses dance rigadoons. 'Now or never!' he cried, while the amazed company stared. 'Now, now, now!' the lady answered in hot haste; so this sensible pair got married next day by special licence. Now, Kate, that's what I call an above-board transaction. Apopos of weddings, when is yours to be. I was just reminding Mark; Eda and I go off on the 29th; so won't you give us a chance of dancing at your wedding? Come, Birdie, join with me and persuade Kate to change her name before we go."
(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Our Catholic Young Men, as Children of the Church and Citizens of the Republic."

PROF. FROUDE'S VIEW OF CATHOLICITY REFUTED. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH NOT THE ENEMY OF THE STATE. (From the New York Irish American.)
The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association, attached to St. James' Cathedral. The reverend gentleman spoke as follows:—
Ladies and gentlemen,—I have had the honor, on other occasions, to stand here and address you. I have had the honor of addressing audiences in various parts of this mighty country. But, I confess to you that, not since I arrived in America, have I had a subject so important,

so interesting, or so pleasing to myself as that which I propose for your consideration this evening (applause). And it is "The Catholic Young Man, considered as a Child of the Church and a Citizen of the State" (applause).
First of all, my dear friends, any man who reflects upon the position of the world, and the state of society to-day, must immediately see that all the evils that afflict us—all the misery that torments our lives, all the confusion and disruption that surround us, all the world over, comes from some imperfect organization, or from some evil that operates on our youth.—The ancient Pagan philosophers said that, although age was honorable, youth was still more honorable. "Magna reverentia parvo debetur," was the word of the ancient sage,—the greatest honor, the greatest reverence is due to the young man. And why? Because as it is in nature, so it is in the life of man. There are certain seasons that mark the life of every man. The most important season in the year is the Spring, when the ground is opened up, ploughed, harrowed and cleaned. Then the farmer takes his seed and throws it into the bountiful earth, and closes the earth upon it, and waits in quiet the nursing of the Summer and the maturity of the Autumn. But, well the agriculturist knows that, although he looks forward, full of hope, the fulfillment of his hopes depends upon his own work in the Spring season. Well he knows that, if he expects a full field, it is because he has scattered the seed with no sparing or miserly hand.—Well he knows that, if he expects a harvest of generous, pure and faithful issue, it all depends upon the nature of the seed which he cast into the bosom of the earth in the early Spring of the year. If he took bad seed, if he took indifferent seed, he cannot expect a ripe abundance, or rich or precious harvest. If he is not prepared his ground properly,—if he neglects the work of the Spring, the reaction comes upon him months after he had labored indifferently, and consequently in vain, when he beholds the weeds springing up, choking his corn, until he sees the scanty harvest, scarcely worth his while to put the sickle into it. He has only to recall the past, with shame and sorrow, and to say—"When I planted, when I ploughed, when I did the Spring work, I neglected my duty; and now I behold the result."
As it is with nature, so it is with man.—Youth is the Spring-time of life. How beautifully it is expressed in the Protestant Bible: "Abraham sat at the door of his tent,"—according to our Douai version,—"in the early morning;"—according to the other version, "Abraham sat in the door of his tent, in the spring of the day." Youth is the Spring-time of life; it is the time of sowing; it is the time of ploughing; it is the time for preparing the soil; and it is the time when cultivation determines what the Summer of man's manhood shall be; and above all what he shall garner in the Autumn of his life when he is bending down to the Winter of extreme old age, when every fruit of his early habits of life begins to ripen; and the problem of his life is solved;—for the old man tells us what manner of man the youth has been (applause). It is for us the most precious and important time of man's life; and it is also the time when the enemy of our humanity, the enemy of our nature, as well as the supernatural gift of grace, lies in wait to poison the fountain-head of life, to poison the spring, to send forth from a polluted, degraded, and defiled youth those streams of impurity and of error, and of perversity, that spoil all the purposes of man's life, and that brings down his gray hairs, in old age, in sin as well as in sorrow, to a dishonored grave.
Hence it is that we behold, and note by our own sad experience, that not only are the passions strongest in youth, but, also, in youth, every snare that hell can invent is laid before the young man, to poison his mind by error and to pollute and destroy his heart by sin.—And, yet, upon that young man depend all the hopes of the Church of God and all the hopes and prospects of human society, or for the State in this world (applause).
Every man born in this world, my friends, comes into it as a creature of God, and also as a future hope of society. Almighty God makes His claim upon that youth, through the Church. Society demands of him his duties as a man. Therefore, we can consider, and we must consider, the young man, as a child of the Church and a citizen of the State. One relation is scarcely inferior to the other. So much do man's duties, as a citizen of the State, enter into his duties as a child of God, that he cannot fulfill the one without being the other.—No man can be a good citizen of the State unless he be a true child of God, and a true son of the Church of God. No man, on the other hand, can be a true son of the Church,—consequently a child of God,—without being a magnificent citizen of the State which has the honor and glory to possess him. What does

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

the Church demand?—What does the State demand of every man amongst us? My friends, I take it for granted that I am speaking to Catholics. And I also know that I have the honor to address American citizens. On other occasions, and on other topics, I have loved, as I would love to-night, if I were within the range of the subject before me, to address you, and to remind you of the land of your fathers (cheers). I know, by your responses, that I would go nearer to you, by speaking to you of the venerable, green old land, from which the most of us have sprung. But you must remember that, in this land, you have entered into the grand position of American citizens (applause); that this land is yours; that America, in her generosity, and the grandeur of her heart, opens herself up to every exile and stricken man that lands upon her soil, and says, "Whatever you were at home, whatever you were in the traditions of your people's history, are a freeman, destined for freedom; and, if you have only intelligence and virtue, destined to possess wealth, influence, power, and glory in this magnificent land to which you have come" (applause). I ask you, therefore, to permit me to address you entirely as American citizens, promising, for your consolation, and certainly for mine, that it is as American citizens that the motherland of Ireland regards you. It is as American citizens that she looks to you, one day to lift her drooping head, and to place upon that head its ancient crown of national glory (great applause).

Why should those waves ebb from him? Why should the barque be there and the waters be gone? Why should every purpose of that glorious sailing forth from the port of youth be destroyed and wrecked? Oh! why, but that he mistook the ocean upon which he set sail; and, instead of spreading his sails upon the waters of purity, of integrity and of manhood, and bending his prow heavenward through every path of human honor, usefulness and glory, he preferred to move and sail upon the shifting waters of sin, and of pleasure and of pollution, which receded from him and left him shipwrecked in the mid-day of his life.

not speaking from the pulpit to-night. I am speaking from the platform, and not so much as a priest as a man addressing the intellects of his fellow-men. I proclaim here, as far as I am concerned individually, I admit that equality; and I am a republican in every drop of blood that is in my veins (great cheering). America, therefore, not permitting the genius and the power and the virtue of the humblest of her citizens to be hampered or fettered or repressed by any of these class distinctions, every man in the land being born equal, the great question now comes, what is the first thing America demands of her citizens is genius, intelligence and intellect. Whatever chance the booby has in any other land, he has not a chance in America (applause and laughter). Did any of you hear of "Lord Dundreary"?—a born booby, a born fool. All in the world he knows how to do is to curl his hair, and to pull out his whiskers. And yet, my friends, he gets on remarkably well for a fool, because he happens to be a Lord. Now, in America, Lord Dundreary would go to the wall and starve, and some hard-headed, keen, intelligent Irish boy would come to the front, and Lord Dundreary would be no where in the world (applause). The first demand therefore America makes on her citizens is intellect. Bring to whatever state of life is whatever occupation you have chosen for yourselves, ripeness of intellect, keenness of apprehension, sharpness, combined with the strictest honesty, and you have the main elements of success in this mighty nation that recognizes only the aristocracy of genius and of virtue (applause).

bauch that man for ever, and sow the seedling of hell in that pure young mind. On the other hand, if you leave this youth alone, he has within him the elements of corruption. Even though nothing evil approaches him, the whispers of hell will resound in his passionate young heart, and bring with them the suggestions of evil. The first thing that is necessary for that young man, in order to make him a son of the Church, and to meet her requirements, is to surround him with good associations, with good companions, and to feed his young mind with the proper food of high, intellectual, yet holy and Catholic instruction. The next thing that is necessary is to surround him with companions whose example may be as a light to his path; whose words may be an encouragement to him in virtue; whose very association may be an influence preserving the purity that is there, and fortifying it, by inspiring, by their words and their bright lives a horror, loathing and detestation of sin. It is for such an organization as this that I am come here this evening to speak. I think I have suggested to you enough as to its importance and necessity. A few years ago, here in Brooklyn, if a Catholic young man was in any business, as soon as the store or the office was closed where he was to turn—after his day's work, where was he to turn for amusement? Where was he to turn for relaxation for his mind, if he had no Catholic friends? True, he had the theatre open to him, displaying, under the most insidious and fascinating forms, the lurking demons of vice and impurity. He had Protestant associations around; but if he joined one of these, the moment he entered the club-room, or other place: the first thing he heard was a word of insult against his religion, and in the weakness of his young nature perhaps, he is tempted to blush for bearing the name of Catholic, and, in a moment of deplorable weakness, passes himself off as one of themselves. The books that are put into his hands are all philosophical assaults upon his religion, books written by gentlemen like Mr. Froude (laughter); books that make him, uneducated and untrained as he was,—books that actually made the young man's intellect ashamed of professing such a tissue of absurdities as these books represent the high religion of the Catholic Church to be. I confess that, if I had not knowledge enough to know that they are not lying,—if I could let into my mind that the Catholic Church is what these men describe it to be, I would renounce the Catholic religion to-night before you. But it is precisely because I can lay my hands upon the lie, and the source of the lie, that I am strengthened in reading these books (applause). But put before you the case of a young man, a partly uneducated man, merely receiving the elements of education and training, and then sent out to the business of life, and flung upon the mercy of those intellectual tyrants, who would force the life into his mind and into his intelligence, by putting before him the vilest caricatures of the religion of his fathers;—what follows? He gets ashamed of that religion which he is not learned enough to defend; he becomes ashamed of the name of Catholic; and God only knows how many of our youth in America have fallen away from their faith because of the intellectual trials which Protestant association has brought with it.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—The taunt that the Irish people are ignorant, has long and often been thrown in our faces by American speakers and writers, who were quiet willing to take the assertion, on English authority, without waiting to question its correctness, or inquire into its cause. The taunt is provocative of the reverse of good feeling, when made by an American, but coming from the mouth of an Englishman, whence it first originated, it brings to the Irish mind bitter memories of by-gone days, and a just indignation against the nation that did it, in its power to tear from our clasp the jewel of education, and then upbraids us for our poverty in that which she basely sought to deprive us. Well may England scoff at the ignorance which she has vainly tried to force upon us, but which, with all her power and wonderful mechanism of cruelty, she has never been able to attach to our nation; well may she seek to cast the infamy upon the head of her victims and declare that the "Irish are naturally a ignorant lot." If the Irish were so naturally inclined to reject education, why was it that England did to attach such heavy penalties to the crime of instructing the children of Irish Catholics? Why did she make of the school-master a felon, and visit upon his head the severest rigors of her satanic vengeance for the sole offence of instructing Irish Catholic children? Why did she forbid education at home and attempt to enforce the law by the most cruel penalties? Why did she command all parents having children at school in distant countries to cause them to return, and inflict a heavy fine upon parents refusing to comply, and in the case of the person refusing to return subjects him to capital punishment, should he ever be found within the realm, if the Irish loved ignorance so well? Why did the hedge school-master become a peculiarly Irish character, and why, in defiance of law, of imprisonment and confiscation, did Irish parents cause their little ones to gather like sheep on the shady side of hedges, and in secluded places, to learn to read and spell, if they were opposed to education? As well might the highwayman call his victim a beggar, as an Englishman apply the term "ignorant" to the Irish people, although if we are not ignorant, it is not due to want of exertion or to squeamishness in the practice of cruelty on the part of England. It is true that the masses in Ireland are not as well educated as are the masses of some other countries which enjoy the blessing of home government. The landlord takes all his poor tenant can spare, and the Government agents take all the rest that they can lay their hands on. One-third of the product of his labor goes to the landlord for the privilege of living in the miserable cabin that is scarcely sufficient to protect him from sun and rain, another third is demanded by the government for its great magnanimity in permitting him to exist beneath its heel, leaving about one-third of his scanty earnings to support himself and the little one which, in his direst poverty and distress, he ever haled as his precious gifts from the Dispenser of all good. How shall he educate them? The Government says:—"Here are my national schools, send them there, expose them to the proselytizing influence of my evangelical carpet-baggers and I will educate them." But the Irishman says:—"No. Ignorance is better than the knowledge of evil." He has not the means to pay for their education, and even if he had, he cannot support them whilst they are acquiring an education. Gantt Poverty stands waiting at the door and it requires the exertion of every arm, great and small, to drive him away. Our remarks are applicable only to the poorer classes. No one will deny that the wealthier class in Ireland, are the equals in intelligence and education, of any people living. It is also an undeniable fact, that Ireland, with all the disadvantages, her poverty and misery, and with the poor excluded from the recurring ground, has furnished more than her quota of the scholars and statesmen of the age. Nor have her brightest ornaments been furnished by the imported aristocracy sent to govern her, but by the hardy peasantry who had been raised sufficiently above want to be able to give some attention to the intellectual culture of their children. Witness the names that stand brightest on the dark pages of Ireland's long era of woe—witness a name just added, one which shines with a lustre inferior to none other—"Father Tom Burke, the son of poor Galway peasants. Who says the Irish are an ignorant race? The English, whose object it has ever been to belie us, and who have spared no pains to make us as they represent us. It is like a "thumping English lie" to the audacity of which the long struggle and dawning triumph of Christian education bear witness. No other nation has fought and suffered and bled in the cause of education, as the Irish; none prize it more highly, none purchased it at such an immense cost. What has Ireland done for education during the last year? Besides paying for the support of the national schools, from which not one in five of them derive any benefit, she has contributed \$800,000 for the foundation and maintenance of an Irish Catholic University; she has expended \$1,813,759, in the purchase of sites, and the erection of schools thereon; she has spent over \$662,000 in educating the 5,500 pupils contained in these institutions, besides the amount necessary for the support and tuition of about 300 boys at school in England and on the Continent. These are a few hard facts, which should curb the smile of John Bull, when he wrinkles his cheeks, made plump by Irish beef steak, illegally stolen, to laugh at the "Hignornat Hiriish."—Catholic Vindicator.

Another poet of our age,—our own poet,—looks back in the spirit of the age in which he lives,—looks back upon the golden days of youth, when the ship of his life set forth on the journey of years, not upon the sea of purity, or self-restraint, or manliness, which would have borne him along without shipwreck until he entered the golden gates of the de-

Why should those waves ebb from him? Why should the barque be there and the waters be gone? Why should every purpose of that glorious sailing forth from the port of youth be destroyed and wrecked? Oh! why, but that he mistook the ocean upon which he set sail; and, instead of spreading his sails upon the waters of purity, of integrity and of manhood, and bending his prow heavenward through every path of human honor, usefulness and glory, he preferred to move and sail upon the shifting waters of sin, and of pleasure and of pollution, which receded from him and left him shipwrecked in the mid-day of his life.

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clauses has been tested. The tenants held at low rents, in many cases less than the general tenements valuation, which is much less than the real value. Tenant-right prevails, and the tenants have, therefore, a valuable interest in their holdings. The estate a valuable interest in their holdings. The estate a valuable interest in their holdings. The estate a valuable interest in their holdings.

the brilliant, but helplessly confused, writer sometimes "not only lends his reader to forget the dates, but forgets them himself." Evidence of the truth of the charge is given, and the reviewer declares in despair that Mr. Froude's way of "dodging about from one thing to another has simply produced an effect of utter confusion."

procession to move from the late residence of the Emperor, it was 30 minutes after that time when the hearse which was to convey the remains to the chapel drew up in front of the grand entrance of the mansion. A deputation of Paris workmen who were to walk at the head of the procession arrived at the same time. They wore immortelles in their coats and carried wreaths of yellow flowers in their hands.

another friendly greetings. The Bishop of Manchester presided, and the Bishop of Salford was called to the chair to put a vote of thanks to the chairman. In performing this task, Bishop Vaughan remarked that not only for his presence that day, but for all his public acts Bishop Fraser deserved their thanks.

Mr. Froude's Departure.—The circumstance that Mr. Froude sailed from New York for England on Saturday last will almost be construed as a confession that the discussion which his lectures created had become uncomfortably warm for him. It is well known that Mr. Froude came over to this country with the intention of making a lecture tour through the prominent cities. He certainly cannot complain that he has been discourteously treated.

THE GATES OF DERRY.—The anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry passed off quietly on the 18th ult. The Orangemen had their usual ceremonies, but the Catholics did not interfere, and therefore the spirit of conciliation has again triumphed. It is an omen of good for this distracted country.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—At the Ennis petty sessions, a case was tried which appeared to create considerable interest in the locality. Mr. Lawrence Cuffe was the complainant, and Laurence McCloskey was the defendant. He had been employed by plaintiff as a herd, part of his salary being a cottage and garden. The plaintiff had, after a month's notice, dismissed him from his employment, and now sought, under one of the clauses in Denny's Act, to obtain possession of the house &c. For the defendant it was contended that according to a local custom herds were entitled to three months' notice to quit.

DEATH OF LORD STOURTON.—We have to announce to-day the decease of Charles, Lord Stourton, which event happened on Monday last at his seat in Yorkshire, in the 71st year of his age. His Lordship, who was the eldest son of William, 17th Baron, by Catharine, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lutworth Castle, Dorsetshire, was born in July, 1802, and succeeded to the honors in December, 1846.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURES.—We reproduce here the preface to Father Burke's volume of lectures in reply to Mr. Froude's malvoletent attack on Ireland and Ireland's faith. "When I was first asked to reply to Mr. Froude's lecture, I was very unwilling to do it. As a priest, I felt very reluctant to enter upon a controversy which promised to be purely secular. As an Irishman, I thought that Mr. Froude's was only one other utterance of those old anti-Irish cantonments which it has been the fashion of English writers to invent and repeat, and which have been discussed, answered, refuted a hundred times.

There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and then proceeded to measure his body with a tape-line. The infatuated groom entertained an idea that this might, perhaps, be a man sent around by his tailor. After the ceremony in church, however, the husband was surprised to observe the same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as they were starting off the carriage window, and whispered to the bride: "Got a ready-made one that'll just suit him! Beautiful fit—beautiful!"

DRUGGINESS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The disorders alleged to have occurred at a wreck on our southern coast, were snatched at by English journalists to the discredit of the Irish character. We have learned, with satisfaction, that the circumstances described in the first instance were greatly exaggerated, and that our people were in no wise to blame. The very novelty of the allegation made, is remarkable; and it is thus Irish crime is bruited abroad while English horrors are silently endured.

THE LATE RIOTS IN LURGAN.—At the Lurgan presentment sessions numerous claims arising out of the late riots were disposed of. Mr. O'Donnell's was the largest, £157, but it was agreed to accept £85. Reductions were made in the other claims, but most of them were granted. The court house was crowded, and great interest was evinced in the proceedings.

THE LONDON "TIMES" ON PROTESTANT MISSIONS.—The simple fact with regard to the Missions of the Church of England is that they occupy a very considerable place in the interests and even the information of good and zealous Church people. There really is no human enterprise possessing organization, receiving subscriptions, and publishing "Reports" that has so little to show for itself in the way of fruits, or in the less palpable influences with which it might be credited. There are Colonial Bishops whom everybody, from the Prime Minister to a Metropolitan Curate, takes a peculiar pleasure in depreciating. It must be confessed that they seem to prefer the pavement of Pall Mall to either Africa or America or Polynesia, whichever may be the scene of their triumphs if any.

OUR ENGLISH PAUL AND BARNABAS.—It seems to be general opinion in Congress that, if Mr. Froude has got a tail, he would do well to run home with it and make it as little conspicuous as possible. He came to this country generally favored, although less widely known than the publishers and critics would make it appear. A reaction existed against Irish municipal politics in our cities; and the big ecclesiastical movement of the King of Prussia, and of Dollinger and the secular Catholic party in Europe, had excited some sympathy amongst us. But it was soon evident that Mr. Froude was not amongst us as a literary man, animated by the enthusiasm of a historian; but that he occupied a sort of emissary relation to the British Government, either self-assumed or commissioned. He struck us as occupying Mr. Barton's literary position toward the Danish Treaty, or towards Butler at New Orleans—half-tooter half-author, and with a contingent for something about his breeches. So, while Mr. Froude was filling his bellows and expanding his frogship, so as to make it appear that he had a big errand indeed amongst us, to which the Episcopate was nothing, a great many people were silently taking down their histories of Ireland and arbitrating in advance between the parties. Some such genial little book, for example, as W. C. Taylor's Irish History, written by a Church of England man, and republished by Harper & Brothers, probably on advantageous terms to the author, in 1833. There we read enough of centuries of selfish, shameless, bloody rule to nearly explain the blind stupidity of Fenianism. And by the time Mr. Froude got up and proceeded to sneer [the favorite form of English logic] at the whole career of an unfortunate people, whose Christian carers were the apostles to Switzerland and Germany, while the barbarous pirates of the North were laying the heathen timbers of our race, we felt, from knowledge, that he was spinning a yarn for a special purpose, and putting incongruous things and inferences together, not warranted by the books. His trip here has been a failure to move any great mass of sentiment, and he will do well to get home with his reputation as a general historian safe.—Washington Correspondent of Chicago Tribune.

It is stated that a Belgian publisher has in press a book purporting to give the letters received by the Grand Duke Alexis, from ladies, during his sojourn in the United States. These epistles, it is also said, were all contained in a single trunk, and with a large lot of miscellaneous Archducal baggage, confided to a valet at Havana, to deliver in St. Petersburg. All the chests, save the one packed with the letters, the servant forwarded to the Russian capital, and the contents of the stolen trunk he sold to the Belgian publisher who announces the novel volume. It is reported the Russian government has demanded the extradition of the rascally servant. Justice would seem to demand the punishment of the greater criminal, the book-maker.

Cardinal Cullen calls upon the clergy in Ireland to use their influence in preventing "wakes," and speaks of them as "dangerous in time of contagious diseases, and the source of great scandals, great dissipations and innumerable sins."

There was an Orange riot at Belfast on the 4th of January. The first meeting of the Catholic Union of Ireland was held lately, Lord Granard in the chair.

WORK FOR THE SCHOOL BOARDS.—The following simple application [says the Chester Courant] will give some little notion of the difficulty experienced by public bodies, and especially Boards of Guardians, in obtaining competent officials. It is in reply to an advertisement for a school-mistress:—"December 12 1872 Honourable Sir as a stranger I take the liberty of answering your Advertiser Columns in want of a school Mistress at the Chester house of Industry Sir I am at home I propose myself to the vacant office age 21, last birth able to instruct in reading writing counting, sewing knitting crocheting marking and all other useful instruction to girls learning I have not been from home I am the youngest of four and only Daughter I have been one year teaching the second class in school in addition to the learning I shall be quiet willing to take charge of the other Duties Sir if enquirer be required as to steadiness and respectability the church Minister will kindly add his name yours truly obedient servant remaining yours truly address ———— sir will you kindly answer this note."

ONE OF THE INCIDENTS of a meeting in Manchester to-day in aid of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society was the meeting for the first time of the Protestant Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, and the Catholic Bishop of Salford, Dr. Vaughan, who were introduced to each other before the proceedings commenced, and appeared to find no reason for not giving one

Dr. Harrimore, in an able article upon the "Effects of Animalcules upon the Teeth," proves that a cubic inch of tartar contained 250,000,000 of this order of life all preying upon the tooth! Cleanliness is necessary for preservation. Those who have spongy gums, loose teeth, and absorbed alveolar processes, will do well to look for tooth-brushes and Boiss silk.

MR. FROUDE AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."—The most severe castigation which the writer of that amusing but mischievous, romance, "The English in Ireland" has yet received, now lies on our editorial desk. It is not the trenchant letter of the great Prendergast, nor the eloquent oration of the great Irish Dominican—it is an article from the pages of the Saturday Review. We need scarcely say that the Saturday Review is not a journal the writers for which would be led astray by any passionate sympathies with the wrongs, or any strong liking for the people of Ireland. The writer of the article in question speaks, indeed, in more than one place, of Ireland with that contemptuous hauteur which marks the true-born Englishman. But the writer a sound and erudite critic. He examines Mr. Froude's book by the light of the great canons of the critical art, and he shows, beyond ye a and y, that it is an utterly worthless rhapsody that "great paradox" called the History of England, which in truth was merely a very eloquent and ingenious effort to prove that Henry the Eighth was a good but suffering husband, a model of purity of intention, a mild sovereign, a self-sacrificing ruler, a patriot king. Mr. Froude's last work is, it is not a history, he says, if by a history we are to understand a narrative with some approach to chronological order; "for the story is constantly going backward and forward; later events are constantly put before earlier ones, till it is only by the dates charitably thrown in here and there that we have any means of guessing with what generation we are dealing." The reader of Mr. Froude's book, the reviewer says, is compelled to go "leaping backward and forward" through the volume, and

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1873

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1873.

- Friday, 24—St. Timothy, B. M.
- Saturday, 25—Conversion of St. Paul.
- Sunday, 26—Third after Epiphany.
- Monday, 27—St. John Chrysostom, B. C.
- Tuesday, 28—St. Agnes, V.
- Wednesday, 29—St. Francis of Sales, B. C.
- Thursday, 30—St. Martin, V. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The funeral rites of the deceased Louis Napoleon, ex-Emperor, were celebrated with much magnificence at Chiselhurst, where for the present the body remains interred. Whether the mortal remains of the man whose renown once filled the world will remain there, or whether permission will be granted to transfer them to France is uncertain. There is amongst the military, a Bouapartist party in France no doubt, whose members would avail themselves of any opportunity for a political demonstration; but the mass of the people can hardly be supposed to entertain any very warm feelings towards the Man of Sedan. His son, at Woolwich, is addressed by his immediate friends as Sire, and there is a report that a Proclamation will appear declaring Eugenie Regent of the Empire during her son's minority. Prince Napoleon, better known as Plou-Plou, loudly proclaims his intention to keep aloof from all, and any Imperialistic intrigues. The political situation in France remains unchanged. The extirpated Carlists are giving much trouble to the intrusive government of King Amadeo; the partisans of the legitimate sovereign are to all appearance still very numerous in the North of Spain, and they associate the cause of legitimacy with that of their ancient *fueros*, or right to municipal self-government.

The late Allocution of the Holy Father has created much excitement in the camp of the Revolution whose headquarters are at Berlin and at Rome. His Holiness protests against, and condemns the measures of spoliation meditated by the Sub-Alpine government that has taken military possession of the Holy City, and the inalienable Domain of the Church; reminding the authors and abettors of these measures that thereby they have, *ipso facto*, incurred the penalties of excommunication. From Italy the Holy Father passes on to Germany, and discusses the persecution now raging in the last named country against the Catholic Church; and wherein men, not members of the Church, and ignorant of her doctrines, assume to legislate for her, and arrogate to themselves the right of sitting in judgment upon her teachings, and of defining the limits of her authority: adding falsehood to persecution, and insult to injury by pretending whilst doing all these things, that they are guiltless of any wrong towards her, and that the Church is the aggressor in this cruel conflict. The persecution of the Church in Switzerland is also dwelt upon, where as in Germany, the State has assumed the right to settle articles of faith; and the deplorable condition of Spain is also dwelt upon. Amidst the calamities which the Holy Father thus signalises and deplores, a ray of consolation presents itself in the courage and fidelity of the Bishops; who regardless of threats, display their loyalty to the Holy See, and their firm determination to obey God rather than man, Christ's Vicar on earth rather than Caesar.—The Allocution concludes with an earnest exhortation to pray for the Church—that her calamities may cease, and that she may be delivered from the hands of her enemies.

These latter are not without their misgivings as to the permanence of the regime that they have inaugurated. As the annexation of Rome to the domains of the King of Sardinia was brought about by force, and the scandalous violation of existing Treaties—so it can only be maintained by brute force. "It is certain"—writes the *Times* correspondent from Rome, under date 23th ult.—"that a large number of persons here of the upper and middle classes—and possibly also of the lower orders, al-

though this it is more difficult positively to ascertain—look upon the present state of things as entirely transitory, and are convinced that in some way or other, as a consequence of European wars or of revolutions, or of some great coming catastrophe, the Italian power will be broken up, and the Pope will enjoy his own again." This opinion is general throughout Europe; and everywhere millions of Catholics, in Italy, in Germany, in France, in Great Britain, cease not to pray day and night for the overthrow and humiliation of the enemies of Pius IX. and Holy Church. "Ut inimicos sancto Ecclesiae humiliare digneris—Te rogamus Domine."

Of the great prosperity of England of which we have heard so much, and which when examined closely, simply means this—that everything has so risen in price that the necessities of life are beyond the reach of the poorer classes of society—we have a signal instance in the fact recorded in the *London Times* that "famine fever" has broken out again, and is carrying off its victims, aided of course by an aggravated form of typhus also very prevalent and fatal. To the rich, high prices may be a sign of prosperity; but from such prosperity will may the poor pray the Lord to deliver them. Apropos of this prosperity the *London Times* of the 1st inst., in an editorial review of the past year, and of the prospects of that on which we have entered, indulges in some reflections on the actual social condition of the country, which suggest some rather curious ideas as to the sort of Christianity that therein obtains, and of which that social condition is the natural outgrowth. The *Times* speaks vauntingly of its great prosperity:—

"It would almost seem now as if the entire population of these Isles had the rising fever." (Those miserable wretches of course excepted who have sickened with, and are painfully dying of *famine fever*.) "Everybody and every class and condition would emerge into the higher rank and larger space and ampler range of facilities. All would grow, even though that growth be at the necessary expense of those about them. It would not be easy to name any, unless they be the merest wrecks and logs"—(like *Loanus*, for instance, a contemptible creature, famine stricken and dying at the gates of *Dives*)—"with life hardly left in them, that do not share the universal instinct, certainly much developed in those days. . . . Each class, each employment, each trade, each office, and department, honestly and seriously endeavors to throw off some yoke, to dispense with some encumbrance, or some shares of its gains, to subordinate all the rest, or at least make the connexion all gain on its own side, and all loss on theirs."—*London Times*, Jan. 1st, 1873.

Who, contemplating this picture by the *Times*, of English society in 1873, can fail to be deeply impressed with the conviction that that society is thoroughly imbued or saturated with the spirit of the religion which Christ taught on the Mount! With what pride and joy would not St. Paul and St. James, could they appear to-day in London, hail the dwellers in the land of the "open bible" as their disciples indeed, as the faithful observers of their precepts. It is true that here and there there are some, indeed a good many, ugly spots to be seen—some wretched hovel from whence arise to heaven the moaning of the dying wretch, whom "prosperity" and "high prices" have stricken with famine fever, and the wailings of the wife soon to be left a widow, of the little children soon to be left orphans. But what of that! Has not the enhanced cost of food and fuel that has reduced Lazarus to misery, enabled *Dives*, the favored of heaven, to purchase a suburban villa, and to give his wife a new carriage and turn-out wherewith to drive gloriously and piously to meeting on Sunday. Let us not then speak lightly of "prosperity" or blaspheme the Gospel according to * * * the nineteenth century.

Stokes' counsel are making strenuous efforts to defraud the gallows of their due, and it is to be feared, such is the moral atmosphere of New York, may prove only too successful. Judge Boardman was to have pronounced his decision on the case submitted to him on Thursday.

Our Canadian Parliament has been prorogued to the 8th of February.

SHUFFLING OUT.—We have waited patiently for some weeks, but hitherto in vain, for the expected rejoinder from the *Montreal Witness*, to our acceptance of the challenge to disprove the authenticity and genuineness of a pamphlet issued from the *Montreal Witness* office, and purporting to be a correct report of a speech delivered before the Fathers of the Council of the Vatican by Mgr. Strossmayer. We proved, by quotations,—whose accuracy the *Witness* cannot impugn—that the said pamphlet was false in its historical details "bristling with lies;" and with lies so gross and palpable to any at all acquainted with Church history, and ecclesiastical literature, that it was morally impossible that a prelate like Mgr. Strossmayer, addressing an audience of educated Catholic Prelates, would have dared to commit himself to the false statements attributed to him by the pamphlet in question. The issue, in short, we raised was one simply of facts. It was this:—Were the quotations from certain authors, from the *Council of Trent*, and St. Augustin, given by the TRUE WITNESS in its issue of the 3rd instant, true or false? If true, then is the pamphlet issued from the *Montreal Witness* office, a lying pamphlet. If false, why does

not the *Witness* convict us of error? and thus retort on us the charge of deliberate lying and falsification of documents, which we again press against the pamphlet in question, against its authors, and against all who have been accessory to its circulation, or taken part in recommending it to the notice of the public. The silence of the *Witness*, should he still keep silent, must be taken as a confession of guilt on his part; and if he be not willing to allow judgment against him by default, he must take up the cudgels in behalf of the pamphlet for whose truthfulness he has been the guarantee, and whose truth he has defied any one to impugn.

That there may be no shirking, no raising of side issues, we call upon the *Witness* to answer the following questions:—

"Is it historically true, as pretended by the pamphlet in question, that St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and the entire Christian world of their days, interpreted the words of Christ, St. Matt. 16, 18, "Thou art Cephas" in the sense that not the Apostle to whom these words were addressed, but only his confession of faith, was *cephas*, or the rock on which the Church was built by Christ?"

Or:—"Is it historically true, as affirmed by the TRUE WITNESS, that St. Augustin adopts in his writings both interpretations, and finally expressly leaves it to the reader to determine which is the more probable? That St. Ambrose, in hymns by him composed, and publicly chanted by his contemporaries, expressly assigned to St. Peter the title of "Petra Ecclesiae;" and that this interpretation was in the days of St. Augustin publicly professed by multitudes, *ore multorum*, who in their worship chanted the said words of St. Ambrose?"

These simple historical questions we are prepared to discuss with the *Witness*; and on the answer that may be elicited we are quite content to stake the other question at issue, to wit, that of the credibility of the pamphlet published at the *Witness* office as the report of Mgr. Strossmayer's Vatican speech. Of two things one: either the author of that pamphlet, or the TRUE WITNESS, must be a most egregious liar.

When on this subject we may mention that M. Larocque *fits*, who so nobly distinguished himself in the service of the Sovereign Pontiff, has published a letter in the *Witness* suggesting the simple expedient of submitting the pamphlet itself to Mgr. Strossmayer, and asking that Prelate to be so good as to say whether he acknowledges it, or whether he repudiates it?—This plan, which we hope our gallant friend will carry out, will bring the question of genuineness to a conclusion. But with the *Witness* we admit that the question of authenticity, that is to say of the historical truth of the statements attributed to Mgr. Strossmayer, is the more important; and this question, if the quotations given by the TRUE WITNESS from St. Augustin be correct, has been determined in the negative.

The same quotations will serve also as a reply to some queries addressed to us by an *English Catholic* with reference to an anonymous brochure purporting to be a reply to a little article from the pen of the Rev. Father Weingier, S.J., with the caption "Infallibility In a Nutshell." In the reply to this, the same falsehoods, or suppressions of truth, are resorted to as those which we have exposed in the case of the *Witness* office pamphlet; for the writer, whilst quoting one opinion from St. Augustin, dishonestly, but characteristically, refrains from mentioning that, elsewhere, the same Doctor expresses a different opinion; and that, finally, he does not commit himself to either the one or the other. This is we say another notable instance of the lie known as *suppressio veri*.

Our correspondent also wishes to know where in the writings of St. Augustin the familiar expression "*Roma locuta est, causa finita est*" is to be found. The exact words of St. Augustin are "Jam enim de hac causa duo concilia missa sunt ad Sedem Apostolicam: inde etiam rescripta venerunt."—Sermo 131. The only difference therefore betwixt the familiar expression, and the very words of St. Augustin, is the substitution of "*Rome*" for "*Apostolic See*" and "*has spoken*," for, the *answer or rescript has come back*; in substance the two phrases are identical. The Apostolic See or Rome, had confirmed the acts of the Councils of Carthage and Milevi; in other words Rome had spoken out on the matters discussed in these Councils:—therefore, says St. Augustin, "*causa finita est*," the cause is ended, there is no more to be said on the matter, no longer room for argument, or place for discussion. To be sure St. Augustin also expresses a wish that with the cause, the errors which the aforesaid Councils had condemned were also at an end. But this does not in the least modify his opinion that the Apostolic See, or Rome, was the one supreme or final Court of Appeal in all matters of faith and morals; since the error of Arius did not come to an end with the final decision of the Council of Nice, that the Son was consubstantial to the Father. That decision finished the *cause*, for after its delivery

there could be no cause or discussion within the Church: All who did not accept it unreservedly were *ipso facto* excommunicate, and ceased to be members of the Church.

We can not give the name of any Father of the Council of the Vatican, or Prelate of the Church who offered £1,000 for a single testimony in favor of infallibility from the early Church. The story is absurd.

His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor General, accompanied by the Countess of Dufferin, paid a visit on Thursday afternoon, 16th inst., to the Catholic Commercial Academy under the charge of M. Archambault, Principal of the institution. The distinguished guests were received by His Honor the Mayor, and Made. Coursol, the Catholic School Commissioners, and several of our most distinguished citizens—the Band at the same time playing the National Anthem.

Their Excellencies were then conducted to the Hall where a suitable dais had been erected on a platform on which Lord Dufferin took his place; and the programme for the afternoon, consisting of exercises by the pupils, and the delivery of vocal and instrumental music, was at once proceeded with. The Principal, M. Archambault, then came forward and presented an Address in French on the part of himself and the Professors of the College, to which His Excellency replied in the same language. An Address in English, on the part of the pupils was then read by Master J. Gillies, son of Mr. Gillies of the TRUE WITNESS, to which Lord Dufferin again made a kind reply; not the less acceptable to the pupils because accompanied by the proclamation of two holidays granted to the pupils at the request of His Excellency, and Countess Dufferin. With three cheers for their visitors from the pupils, and God Save the Queen from the Band, whose performance of the musical portion of the programme gave great satisfaction, the ceremony was brought to a conclusion.

Of the Academy itself and management by M. Archambault under the Catholic School Commissioners, the *Montreal Gazette* speaks in the following terms:—

"The Catholic Commercial Academy is in all its interior fittings and appointments, a superior house of education. In answer as to our enquiries as to its management, we were assured that M. U. E. Archambault, the Principal, was in every way equal to the great responsibilities resting upon him. He is not only thoroughly versed in the technicalities of commercial instruction but is also a model disciplinarian."

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW—LAST SERIES—VOL. 1, No. 1.—January 1873.—

The sight of the face of our old friend has caused us much pleasure, and the more so, as we see that he is stout and vigorous as ever in the cause of Catholic truth. There is not, we are happy to say, the slightest sign of Liberalism, or of other decrepitude about him; and in strong, plain terms he announces that he will conform to the Syllabus, and the decrees of the Council of the Vatican; and will insist on the supremacy of the successor of Peter in the See of Rome in governing, and on his infallibility in teaching, the Universal Church, as integral and essential dogmas of the Catholic Faith, p. 7. From the subjoined list of contents of the current number it will be seen that the *Reviewer* gives his readers a most excellent bill of fare:—Introduction to the Last Series; The Papacy and the Republic; The Dollingerites, Rationalists, and the Papacy; Religious Novels, and Woman *versus* Woman; Archbishop Manning's Lectures; What is the Need of Revelation? Politics at Home; European Politics; Literary Notices and Criticisms.

In his article on the domestic policy of the country since the conquest and subjugation of the Southern by the Northern States, the *Reviewer* confesses his disappointment. He was a supporter of the war, and was so—strange to say—because he hoped it would "have the effect of checking the growth and spread of radical and centralised democracy;" though to an impartial outside observer, it was clear from the first, that the triumph of the North meant the triumph of centralised democracy, and the extinction of the grand saving principle of State-Rights, the only existing bulwark on this Continent against absolutism. The choice lay betwixt Territory and the Constitution; it was morally impossible to save both, for the seceding Southern States could only be coerced back into the Union by sacrificing the latter. The radicals and revolutionists whom the *Reviewer* condemns for their policy after the close of the war, pursued the only course of policy open to them, and in harmony with the principles on which the war had been waged. They revolutionised the State, it is true, and destroyed the Constitution, which it was as impossible to restore after the first gun had been fired, as it is to mend a broken egg.

In his article on European politics, written before the death of Louis Napoleon, the writer expresses the same opinion on the suicidal policy of the late Emperor in his Italian campaign of 1859, as did the TRUE WITNESS in its last issue. The *Reviewer* does not expect the deliverance of the Pope from his captivity

from the action of any of the European Powers. These have all ceased to be distinctly Christian, and there is nothing to hope from the best of them. Our trust is in God alone, for there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou Our Lord.

Heartily do we bid *Brownson's Review* God speed, and invoke for it a long and prosperous career.

CONVERSION.—We find in the *Boston Pilot* of the 11th inst., a paragraph from the *Fred. erickton Reporter* of New Brunswick, announcing the conversion to the Catholic faith, and reception into the Catholic Church of the Rev. Mr. Donald Bliss of Westmoreland. This gentleman was a Protestant minister connected with the Anglican denomination; according to the paragraph before us he officiated as a minister of that sect on the 8th of December last when he preached his last Protestant sermon. He is, so the *Fred. erickton Reporter* goes on to say, the second Protestant minister who has within a few months embraced the Catholic faith, and been received into the one fold of Christ. We trust that he will not be the last.

The *Canadian* of Quebec publishes a letter with details of the journey of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, and his *compagnons de voyage*. His Grace writes from the famous shrine of Our Lady at *Lourdes*, just before Christmas. During his short sojourn in London Mgr. Taschereau had an interview with His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, who proposed to ship to Canada a lot of the youngsters who roam about, and go to ruin in the streets of London. The particulars of the scheme will, we believe, be submitted to the proper authorities of the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Quebec and Toronto.

Mr. Goldwin Smith loudly proclaims his low opinion of the veracity of Mr. Froude as a writer of history. In the course of a lecture lately delivered at Toronto, and reported in the *Globe*, Mr. Smith is represented as thus expressing himself:—

He had not read Mr Froude's lectures. He did not much care to read historical romances. Fact spoilt fiction and fiction spoilt fact—the gas spoilt the daylight. (Applause) The part of a small portion of his History of England had satisfied him that whatever graces they might look for in Mr. Froude's works they could not look for the grace of truth. Nothing more was needed than the way in which he garbled history in favour of Henry VIII., and apologised for that tyrant's conduct to his victims Fisher and More, to lead him to repudiate Froude as a reliable historian.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS.

No. XXIV.

"Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you."

If then, Christian soul, you wish never to be forgiven; if you wish to remain before God in a state of sin; if at death you wish to be precipitated into hell for all eternity, you need only to cherish your enmities, to refuse to forgive injuries, and to form in your soul plots of vengeance. This do, and there shall be for you no heaven, no grace, no remission of sin, no eternal salvation. Though you have the purity of the angels, the faith of the patriarchs and the zeal of the apostles; though your austerities be more unrelenting and unremitting than those of the ancient anchorites; though you be wrapt up with St. Paul to the third heaven—all will avail you nothing, if you renounce no in your heart all hatred; if you pardon not, nay, if you love not all those who have any ways injured you. Tell me not that your injuries are so great and so continuous that you cannot forgive. Almighty God has assigned no limit to your injuries, no limit to your love. "Forgive and it shall be forgiven unto you." "Love your enemies." Here is no limitation, here is no boundary line assigned to the territory of universal forgiveness and of Christian love.

But cannot we obtain salvation through the powerful means of prayer and the holy Sacraments, without forgiving our enemies? Alas, Christian soul, deceive not yourself. Prayer though it is powerful enough to penetrate the highest heaven; the holy Sacraments though they draw their immense efficacy from the all powerful death and passion of our Divine Lord, neither the one nor the other, nor both will avail you anything, if you forgive not your brother from your heart. Your prayer may penetrate to heaven, but it will not reach the ear of God, whilst enmities rankle in your bosom. Pray as often and as long as you will, God will not listen; for He has told you thousands of years ago by the mouth of the great Isaiah—"When you shall have multiplied your prayers I will not listen, because your hands are full of blood." And in very sooth, Christian soul, what prayer will you dare to utter? Beware! the prayers of the vindictive are turned to curses. Listen to that first and greatest and most efficacious of all prayers because made by Christ himself, and behold even this model prayer turned against you as a curse. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." *As we forgive—but you have not forgiven. Is not*

this then a curse? If I forgive others, do thou forgive me O Lord. I, who hate my enemies; I who refuse to pardon them; I, who am plotting their destruction, forgive me as I forgive them. I hate my enemies; do thou hate me O Lord. I pardon them not; do thou then not pardon me. I plot their destruction; do thou O Lord determine on my destruction. Will such a prayer as this, think you obtain salvation? Will it not undoubtedly ensure damnation? Yes, Christian soul, if you will continue to hate your enemies—if you will refuse to give them, that love which God demands of you, do not I pray you dare for one moment to utter one single prayer within hearing of the great God of heaven. Better, far better, that your whole life should be passed in one unbroken silence before God, than that entering his presence by prayer, your petitions be turned to curses. Better, far better, that you should offer no sacrifices to God, than that with Cain you offer one offensive to Him. The prayer of the vindictive is an arrow and a sword with which they transfuse themselves, as the insane man compasses his own death says St. Chrysostom (II. 9, in Mat.) And in another place he says—How greatly do the demons rejoice! how great an object of their contempt and sarcasm do the vindictive become when they pray!

And as to the Sacraments, Christian soul, which of them will you approach to obtain salvation? Confession? The Holy Eucharist? Both will be useless if you cherish hatred in your heart. Confession cannot avail because its efficacy is in forgiving sin; but Christ has declared that he will not forgive your offences, if you forgive not your brother from your heart. The Sacrament of Penance then is shorn of all its efficacy in your behalf. Holy Eucharist will be of no avail, because it is the great Sacrament of union and love, and union and love cannot co-exist with hatred. But what have I said? They will be useless? Alas! they will be pernicious—they will be turned to curses.—Confession instead of losing from sin will bind the soul more strongly; instead of obtaining forgiveness of past sins will add another present sin to the former catalogue; instead of opening the gates of heaven will bar them with another and a ponderous chain. Holy Communion even though it is the body and blood of Jesus Christ, instead of uniting you to Him will only separate you from Him, because having invited yourself to the marriage feast without being clothed in the wedding garment of Christian love, He will command that you be bound hand and foot and cast into the exterior darkness. Even the Sacraments then; those channels through which the flood of God's grace is led to the Christian soul from the foot of the Cross of Calvary—even these holy Sacraments are turned in your case to curses.

And beware, Christian soul, lest this hatred cause not only your present sins to be unforgiven, but lest it cause also your former sins to be again imputed to you. Remember the parable. There was a certain king who would take an account of his servants. And when he had begun to take an account, one was brought to him that owed him ten thousand talents. And as he had not wherewith to pay, his lord commanded that he be sold, and his wife and children and all that he had, and payment to be made. And the servant falling down besought him saying—Have patience with me and I will pay thee all. And the lord of that servant being moved with pity, let him go and forgave him his debt. But when that servant was gone out he found one of his fellow-servants that owed him a hundred pence; and laying hold of him he throttled him saying—Pay what thou owest. And his fellow-servant falling down besought him, saying—Have patience with me and I will pay thee all. And he would not; but went and cast him into prison till he paid the debt.

Mark well, Christian soul, what this king did when he heard of this conduct of his servant. Calling him he said to him. Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all thy debt, because thou besoughtest me; shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow-servant even as I had compassion on thee? And the Lord being angry delivered him to the torturers until he paid all the debt. And our divine Lord narrating this parable tells you—So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from his heart.

Oh words truly terrible for the vindictive man! "So also will my heavenly Father do to you." Oh, Christian souls, if there be one amongst you who having received an injury dares to refuse forgiveness; if there be one amongst you, who entertains thoughts of revenge in his mind; if there be one amongst you, that forgives not his brother from his heart, tremble at those terrible words "so also will my heavenly Father do." Let them ring ever in your ears; let them sink ever to the innermost recesses of your heart. The servant was cast into prison to pay a debt already forgiven, because he refused to forgive a fellow-

servant. So also will your heavenly Father do to you. You have sinned, Christian soul, for who has not? By that sin you have become indebted to God more than ten thousand talents; more than all the treasures of the earth could ever repay. By that sin you have done an injury to God which not all the Angels in heaven nor all the creatures on earth however agreeable to God they might be, could ever repair. You sought mercy, and you obtained it even to the forgiveness of all this enormous debt. But your neighbor has injured you, and there by become indebted to you in the miserable sum of a hundred pence. You seek to reclaim it and he asks for mercy. You refuse it—you will not forgive. Pay what thou owest, you say. I will have my revenge. Alas, Christian soul, it will not require me or your neighbor to accuse you to God, in order to bring you to punishment. No sooner has the first refusal of mercy escaped your lips; no sooner has it entered your heart than there is heard in heaven that terrible rebuke—Thou wicked servant I forgave thee all thy debt; oughtest thou not to have forgiven thy fellow-servant all his debt. Deliver him to the torturers until he has paid the last farthing; even his former sins shall not be forgiven him. Is this the sentence, Christian soul, that you would wish to hear thundered to you at the last day? Is this the fate you would wish await you? If you would not wish that thing, there is only one way open to you; you have only one hope of reconciliation. Forgive and it shall be forgiven unto you. Forgive your debtors as you would have your debts forgiven.

A DIALOGUE.—(Continued.)

MODERNUS AND ANTIQUUS. Antiquus. To show, you Modernus, after what manner the sacred Scriptures were wont to be read in Catholic monasteries by the lazy monks long before Luther's time, and to show you that the modern practice of reading publicly the whole Bible every year in all Catholic ecclesiastical institutions, is as old as the hills, and to show you how exceedingly mature Luther's ignorance of the Bible must have been, let us see what was the practice in the monastery of Clugni as early as the eleventh century as set forth by their rules. As the extract would be too long for our present purpose, I will epitomize, drawing your attention to the fact, that the rule at the very commencement speaks of this practice as "a general custom" "as it is in other churches" so that the rule of Clugni cannot be considered singular in this respect. "The betateuch was to be read on Septuagesima." "In one week the whole book of Genesis is read through in the church only." On Sexagesima Exodus is begun and together with the other books which are read, it also is read both in the Church and in the refectory; and the whole betateuch is read through, if not before, by the beginning of Lent. During Lent besides the Bible, St. Augustine's exposition of the psalms was read. Purgant week found the good monks at the prophet Jeremiah, which however was read in the Church only, and was finished by Holy Thursday as far as Lamentations. In Easter week the Acts of the Apostles are read. After this Revelations and the cononical Epistles until Ascension. Then the Acts of the Apostles re-read until Pentecost. All these books were re-read in the refectory, as also the books of Kings, Solomon, Job, Tobit, Judith, Esther, Ezra and the Maccabees, which last however were not all read in the Church. The prophet Ezekiel was for the Church only; and was finished by St. Martin's day. Then the prophet Daniel and the twelve minor prophets, and as these would not hold out as long as they were wanted, extracts were read from the homilies of Pope Gregory on Ezekiel. In Advent Isaiah was read and was often finished in six nights. Such an Epistle as that to the Romans was read through in two common nights, and when certain lazy monks who portioned out the lessons had made them shorter they were rebuked in full chapter. When it so happened that the Epistles did not hold out until Septuagesima, St. John Chrysostom's Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews was supplemented. "This my dear Modernus was very respectable bible reading for one year on the part of our lazy monks, and is scarcely I suspect surpassed, if equalled, by your modern reforming ministers, who have taken wives and begat children to themselves. But these poor monks were sometimes caught napping at their lessons, and small blame to them, albeit they were in danger of the wooden lantern. Whether they napped as much as Luther appears to have done, is extremely improbable as we are about to shew. Hard manual labour by day psalm singing and Bible reading by night, with short hours and hard beds, are apt to make healthy men with clean consciences, and inclined to be corpulent withal, somewhat somnolent. But the rule of St. Benedict was prepared for the emergency Ulrich a monk of Clugni in his book still extant, thus describes the remedy. "If however during the lessons he who carries round the wooden lantern shall come to him and supposing him to be asleep shall throw the light on his face, let him, if awake bow reverently. But if he was asleep and the lantern shall have been placed before him, as soon as he is awake he must take it up and first examine the right side of the choir, and then returning through the middle do the same in the outer choir and lastly the left side. Shall he find any one asleep he must show the light in his eyes three times; if on the third time he does not wake, he must put the lantern before him that when he is awakened he may take it up and carry it in like manner." So far the remedy of the wooden lantern. Pity 'tis that Luther never came across it. He would then have discovered portions of the Bible other than the Gospels and Epistles prescribed to be read on the Sundays throughout year.

Modernus. But Antiquus, these were monks. The Bible was kept from the laity—the people. Antiquus. Why! Modernus, what a ridiculous objection—that a rash assertion, and what a large concession. Were not the monks, the people? were they not blood of his blood and bone of his bone? were they not drawn from the people? were they not in fact the very cream of the people? and if the cream was to have so much Bible instilled into it; what reason is there to suppose that the milk was not to get into it too? These monks mixed more or less with the people. Protestant travellers in Catholic countries complain that every third man you meet is either a monk or a priest or a soldier, and Protestant artists professing to paint actual scenes in these countries invariably introduce these monks into their groups. Now, either these tourists and artists are lying, or the Catholic monk mixed to a great extent amongst that people from which they sprang. This granted, it is possible to suppose that the Bible which was so constantly in his mouth in his monastery, could be carefully excluded from his conversation whilst in the city? The Catholic Church evidently had made a great mistake in thus steeping

her monks in Bible, if she feared the contagion being caught up by the laity. How Luther escaped being inoculated before his 20th year is past my comprehension. But you are beginning to acknowledge, I see, that at least the Catholic monk used the Bible. This is a large concession for modern ignorance and prejudice to make. But you are right. If there were one half the bible reading and psalm singing before the invention of printing, that we read in our ancient chronicles, there was more Bible used in one month before the Reformation, than is used in one year in all the Protestant countries of the present day. This, at least, is something. But to show you, my dear Modernus, how thoroughly the monks of those days were steeped in Bible, let me relate to you what happened to several of these holy men as handed down to us in ancient chronicles. Whilst Thierry, afterwards Abbot of St. Hubert's (born 1007) was a simple monk at Stavelo, he was attending his Abbot Poppe to Liege, when somehow (perchance intent on psalm singing, says his biographer) he suffered his horse to wander from the company and follow a by path just as they were coming to the Ambleve. Though the river was swelled with the winter rains, the abbot and the rest of his train passed over the ford in safety; and having arrived at the other side they saw the poor monk, still muffled in his hood and wholly unconscious of his situation, riding on a lofty wooden bridge constructed for foot passengers only and supposed to be altogether impassable for any others. Our monk never once looked about him and knew nothing of his danger until he learned it through the congratulations of his friends, who hastened to him as he descended in safety amongst them. Now, Modernus, although to us in these days of Blondinism there is nothing very exciting in this narrative, one thing at least is worthy of attention; the extreme glibness with which the ancient chronicler—a contemporary of the good Abbot—scribes our good monk's abstraction to psalm singing. He at least, whilst narrating the events of the day, looked upon psalm-singing as a monkish amusement of the day, and must doubtless have felt astonished on hearing Luther's ignorance of the Bible when the news of it reached him afterwards, as it no doubt must have done, in Heaven.

To be continued.

FIRE INVESTIGATION.

This important inquiry which has for some weeks past occupied public attention, was finally brought to a close on the 13th inst. From the evidence adduced one thing must appear clear—that the apparatus and appliances in use by the Brigade are quite inadequate to the present requirements of our prosperous and growing city. This was fully demonstrated at the destructive fire at St. Patrick's Hall, also at the public trial which took place afterwards. No doubt the investigation, no matter what may be the report of the Committee, will be productive of good results; and already we see the Fire Committee, conscious of past wants, making application for \$8,000 to be applied towards the immediate reconstruction of the department. Had this been done a few months ago, one of the magnificent structures of which our city was so justly proud, would not, in all probability, lie a heap of ruins to-day. We must keep pace with the times, and in this respect our council are not altogether free from censure. The paltry amount heretofore expended for the improvement of the different appliances for extinguishing fires, has been universally admitted to have been too sparing. It has been fully proved that on the night of the burning of the Hall, the hose used was quite out of repair and useless, whilst the men had no ladders; indeed the very disgraceful state of the appliances in general was sworn to by the different witnesses. The part the St. Patrick's Society has taken in the matter highly redounds to the credit of that association. A national society, they were right to see whether ignorant prejudice or culpable negligence took any share in the destruction of that noble, national monument, the offspring of the hard earnings of Ireland's sons, and so fitly dedicated to their glorious patron saint. The report of the Committee will no doubt be anxiously looked for. Mr. Coyle, Advocate, acted in the matter for the St. Patrick's Society, whilst Mr. E. C. Monk represented the Fire Brigade.—Com.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—On the 16th instant a musical and literary scene under the auspices of the name of the congregation of Notre Dame, was given by the pupils of the convent in Williamstown. His Lordship, Dr. Horan, Bishop of Kingston presided, and was supported by the Rev. Father McCarthy and the clergy of the county. A number of musical and dramatic pieces were rendered with great success reflecting the highest credit on the pupils and their teachers. The music of the Gael so popular in Glenagary was not overlooked.

There was a large attendance from the surrounding villages and some persons from Cornwall and Montreal, were present.

At the conclusion his Lordship Bishop Horan complimented the nuns on the proficiency of their pupils and the continued usefulness of their institution which now comprises a large number of boarders and externs.—Com.

On Saturday last an accident happened to the Prescott and Ottawa Railway train, on which most of the members of the Dominion Board of Trade residing in the Provinces of Quebec, and Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were returning to their homes. When about half a mile from Prescott the locomotive passed over a broken rail; and immediately throughout the line of cars that disagreeable and menacing motion which betokens a coming railway crash up was felt. The cars danced madly up and down on the sleepers, and the passengers were thrown about in helpless consternation. But the crisis lasted only a few seconds; fortunately the couplings of the passenger cars broke, and the foremost of them was cast on its side on the left hand side of the track. Only the hind truck of the rear car was off the platform and a good deal of the glass was smashed to pieces. In that car the passengers generally were hardly thrown from their seats; but Mr. J. J. Abbott, who was one of them, jumping up to pull the check string, was jerked forward against the door and met with a sprained ankle. In the capsized car, of course, everyone was thrown down upon the lower side; but, except a cut from the broken glass received by one gentleman, every one was happy enough to escape injury. They soon contrived to get out, and the momentary appearance of fire from the hot ashes strewn about from the stoves was speedily extinguished.

During the cholera epidemic which prevailed in Europe several years ago, it was observed in Paris and elsewhere that workers in copper appeared to enjoy an almost absolute immunity from the disease and a similar experience has been met with in Bagdad, where the disease was very prevalent the past year—indeed, to such an extent that between the end of April and the end of October about eight thousand persons died in a population of eighty thousand persons. Out of this number about five hundred were engaged in making or selling copper articles, and it is asserted that among them there was not a single victim to the cholera.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 17.—In consequence of the spread of small-pox the Local Government have appointed a further number of boards of health in the counties of Kings, Shelburne, Inverness, Richmond, and Hants.

Hon. Alex. Vidal, of Sarnia, has been summoned to the Senate, to fill the vacancy created by the decease of the late Hon. B. Matheson.

The Canada Gazette contains the appointment of the Hon Mr. Muirhead to be Senator.

STARKE'S POCKET ALMANAC, FOR 1873.—J. Starke & Co., Job Printers, 54 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

We have to thank the publishers for a copy of this well compiled and useful little Almanac, which we can conscientiously recommend to the favorable notice of the public.

PAINTING.—Messrs. Jones and Toomey, late of St. Patrick's Hall, have removed their Painting Establishment to No. 660 Graig street, where, after the many drawbacks they had lately to contend with, they are prepared once more to execute painting in all its various branches.

Sign Writing, Window Shades and Wire-Screens done in first-class style.

P. S.—Parties wanting their Painting, Paper hanging, &c., done in good style, would do well to give Messrs. J. & T. a call before the spring hurry comes on as they will be certain to get work done to their satisfaction.

It is reported that there is a large circulation of counterfeit twenty-five cent pieces in and about Ottawa.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The New York Herald of Monday says.—We publish in to-day's Herald the story of Dr. John Vavasseur Noel, who is at present confined in the jail at Camden, N. J., under circumstances which appear to be peculiarly unfortunate. Dr. Noel is a Canadian, who married a young lady residing in New Jersey. Circumstances compelled him to return to Canada for a year, and when he left his wife there was no discussion or misunderstanding between them. During his absence, however some influences turned Mrs. Noel so bitterly against her husband that she refused to see him, and commenced proceedings for a divorce. Dr. Noel returned to Camden in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with his wife, but was arrested as a foreigner, under an old statute still in force in New Jersey and thrown into jail. Being destitute of money he has remained for some time, and now certain philanthropic citizens are interesting themselves to procure his release. It is bad enough to lose a rich and handsome wife without just cause, but in addition to this, to be deprived of liberty without having been guilty of any offence against the laws is certainly a very hard fortune. When Dr. Noel gets out of jail he will probably have less objection to get rid of the bonds of matrimony.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.—Mr. James Carpenter, one of the oldest residents of Chatham Township, County of Argenteuil, died last week at the advanced age of 161 years. He was one of the veterans of Copenhagen, in 1801, at which battle he was a sergeant in the 8th Regiment. He afterwards fought at Lundy's Lane, the taking of Buffalo, at Black Rock, Stony Creek and other memorable battles. Although a very old man when the late rebellion in the United States broke out, his love for adventure induced him to enlist again, and he fought all through that terrible struggle. He was one of the few heroes left who won imperishable laurels under the great Lord Nelson.

A few days since a man named Gaetz, residing at Lawrence town, N. S., died under rather singular circumstances. It appears that he had, while on a visit to town, procured a quantity of rat-poison. When about to use it he—impelled by curiosity—smelt and inhaled a quantity of course without intending to absorb any into his system. A few moments afterwards he was taken ill. Neglecting to send for a physician till it was too late he lingered for a time and then died in terrible suffering.—Toronto Globe.

WANTS TO GO TO THE PENITENTIARY.—Patrick Powers an old man who lodged at the Police Station on Sunday night, made his appearance again last night, and handed to the Policeman in charge a scrap of paper on which he had written the following, which he requested should be shown to the Police Magistrate:—

Yours Honor.

Sir, Please to send me to the Penitentiary for a month or two as I cannot get employment at Present.

Respect your

PATR. POWERS.

N. B.—I don't want to commit an undecent act. He will probably be sent to the Alms House.—St. John Freeman.

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe 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 Eppe's & Co. Homeopathic Chemists, London."

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

MARRIED.

In St. Columba's Church, Cornwall, Ont., at 5.30 P. M. on Tuesday, the 14th inst., by Rev. Father Chas. B. Murray, P. P., M. E. Park, Esq. of Montreal, to Miss Louisa C. only daughter of R. McDonald, Esq. M. D. of Cornwall, Ont.

At St. Raphael, Ont. on Tuesday, January 14th, 1873, Mr. Alexandre Leclair, to Miss Bridget Masterson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Masterson, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Leclair, P. S. S., Vicar at St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

DIED.

In Kingston, on the 15th instant, Mr. Daniel Lynch, aged 73 years.—R. I. P.

At the residence of the Rev. R. P. McPhee, P. P. Rustico, P. E. I. on the 30th ult., of inflammation of the lungs, Miss Catherine McKinnon daughter of Mr. David McKinnon, Brackley Point, aged 31 years.—Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour 4/ brl. of 196 lb.—Pollards.....	\$2.25 @ \$3.00
Superior Extra.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Extra.....	7.00 @ 7.20
Fancy.....	6.50 @ 6.70
Fresh Supers, (Western wheat).....	0.00 @ 0.00
Ordinary Supers, (Canada wheat).....	6.15 @ 6.20
Strong Bakers'.....	5.30 @ 6.48
Supers from Western Wheat [Wolland Canal].....	0.00 @ 0.00
Supers City Brands [Western wheat].....	0.00 @ 6.00
Fresh Ground.....	0.00 @ 6.00
Canada Supers, No. 2.....	5.65 @ 5.75
Western States, No. 2.....	0.00 @ 0.00
Fine.....	5.00 @ 5.10
Middlings.....	4.00 @ 4.25
U. C. bag flour, per 100 lbs.....	2.65 @ 2.85
City bags, [delivered].....	3.10 @ 3.15
Wheat, per bushel of 60 lbs.....	0.00 @ 1.40
Barley, per bushel of 48 lbs.....	0.55 @ 0.60
Lard, per lbs.....	0.94 @ 0.18
Cheese, per lbs.....	0.11 @ 0.11 1/2
Oats, per bushel of 32 lbs.....	0.32 @ 0.34
Oatmeal, per bushel of 200 lbs.....	5.00 @ 5.20
Corn, per bushel of 56 lbs.....	0.87 @ 0.60
Pease, per bushel of 66 lbs.....	0.77 1/2 @ 0.80

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$1 25 1 38
do spring do.....	1 22 1 23

Barley do.....	0 68	0 69
Oats do.....	0 41	0 42
Peas do.....	0 66	0 70
Rye do.....	0 00	0 65
Dressed hogs per 100 lbs.....	5 25	5 75
Beef, hind-qrs. per lb.....	0 06	0 08
do fore-quarters ".....	0 03	0 04
Mutton, by carcass, per lb.....	0 05 1/2	0 07
Chickens, per pair.....	0 30	0 50
Ducks, per brace.....	0 40	0 60
Geese, each.....	0 40	0 60
Turkeys.....	0 48	1 00
Butter, lb. rolls.....	0 18	0 20
do large rolls.....	0 14	0 16
do tub dairy.....	0 15	0 17
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 00	0 09
do packed.....	0 18	0 22
Apples, per brl.....	2 00	3 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 60
Onions, per bush.....	1 50	
Tomatoes, per bush.....	none	
Turnips, per bush.....	0 30	0 40
Carrots do.....	0 40	0 50
Beets do.....	0 60	0 75
Parsnips do.....	0 40	
Cabbage, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Hay.....	20 00	25 00
Straw.....	12 00	13 00

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Barish Wine Office, }
Jan. 16th. }
Poor market, and nominal prices in sympathy with slight decline in Britain. Both Toronto and Montreal are slightly easier, prices though remain the same.

Flour—little change; XXX at \$7.50 to \$8.50 per barrel spring extra; \$6.50 a \$7.00, and No 1 superfine wholesale \$3.00, retail \$3.30, per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Barley selling at 55c to 60c. Rye 56c. Wheat \$1.00 @ \$1.20. Peas 65c. Oats 33 @ 35c.

POTATOES are plentiful, at about 55 @ 65c per bag. Turnips and carrots are scarce at 40 @ 50c per bushel.

BUTTER—Ordinary 15 @ 16c, packed by the tub or cask; choice lots bringing 2 cents higher; fresh sells at 18 @ 20c for lb. rolls. Eggs scarce at 25 @ 30c. Cheese, on market, 12c; in store 13 @ 14c.

MEAT.—Beef steady at \$3.50 @ \$5.50 per 100 lbs. Pork sells mostly at \$6.00, but may be quoted from \$5.50 to \$6.50. Mess Pork \$16 @ \$17; prime mess \$14 @ \$15. Mutton and lamb sell at 6 @ 6c. Hams 15c @ 16c. Smoked shoulders.


POULTRY—Turkeys from 75 to 1.25c upwards; Geese 60c to 70c; Fowls per pair 60 to 75c, latter outside price.

Hay \$14.00 to 16.00 a ton; Straw \$9.

Wool selling at \$4.75 to 5.25 for hard, and \$2.50 to \$3.35 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 delivered, per ton.

HIDES.—Market has declined, \$7 to \$8 per 100 lbs. First class pelts \$1.10 to \$1.40; Lamb skins the same. Puled Wool, 35c. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7c per lb., rendered; 4 1/2 rough. Deacon Skins 30 @ 60c. Pot Ashes \$6 per 100 lbs.

NOTICE.



THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY will be held in the SACRISTY of the St. Patrick's Church, on SUNDAY, the 26th inst., immediately after Vespers, for the Election of Officers.

Every member is requested to be present, as business of great importance will be laid before the Society.

(By Order), A. BROGAN, Sec.

WANTED.

A MALE OR FEMALE TEACHER for School Section No. 3, Grattan, County Renfrew. Application stating salary, to be made to

THOMAS POWER, } Trustees
DAVID BEHAM, }
JOHN POWER. }

to, S. HOWARD, Sec.-TREAS.

SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF HIS LORDSHIP MONSEIGNEUR BOURGET, BISHOP OF MONTREAL, Now for sale at the principal Book Stores, and at the House of the Brothers of the Christian School, Cotte Street, Price \$1.00.

A RARE CHANCE OF GOING TO IRELAND AND BACK FOR ONE DOLLAR, To be Drawn at the Fair to be held April, 1873, for the Building of the Immaculate Conception Church, (Oblate Fathers) Lowell, Mass.

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

TICKETS, \$1 00

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

The Oblate Fathers appeal with confidence to their friends on this occasion.

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

JANUARY 1873. GREAT CLEARING SALE OF FURS ALL THIS MONTH AT R. W. COWAN'S, Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Str's.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. AND ITS AMENDMENTS.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, } In the SUPERIOR COURT District of Montreal }
On the twenty-first day of February next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said act

EMERY LALONDE, per D. D. BONDY his attorney ad litem.

MONTREAL, Jan. 15th 1873

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of SYLVESTRE BONNEVILLE and ALFRED GARIEPY traders of the City of Montreal and there doing business together in partnership under the name and firm of BONNEVILLE and GARIEPY.

INSOLVENTS. I, the Undersigned, L. JOS. LAJOIE of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter.

Creditors are requested to file their claims before me, within one month, and are hereby notified to meet at my Office, No. 97 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on Tuesday the fourth day of February next at 3 O'clock P. M. for the examination of the insolvent and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

L. JOS. LAJOIE, Assignee.

Montreal, 4th January 1873.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

"L'ORRE" AND NAPOLEON'S HEIR.—A MANIFESTO.—PARIS, January 15.—L'Orre, a Bonapartist journal of this city publishes a special English edition this evening containing two leading articles. The first thanks quiet England for the kindness which she has shown the exiled Imperial family. The other is a manifesto headed "No Surrender," signed by Granier de Cassagnac and Dugris de La Francherrie. It concludes as follows:—The Emperor is dead; the Empire lives, because France feels the want of a popular and energetic action. In the heir, unblameable as he is irresponsible, in the clever mother, in the love and respect of France, the Empire will be re-established.

NAPOLEON'S FUNERAL.—LONDON, Jan. 16.—Careful estimates of the number of persons at Chislehurst yesterday fix it at 60,000. Many stores in London and throughout the country were partly closed while the funeral procession was moving. While the Prince Imperial was returning to the family mansion he was saluted with the cry, "Vive l'Empereur!"

A somewhat improbable coalition between the Orleansists and Bonapartists is spoken of as already effected. Will the leopard change his spots?

The French Minister of War has issued to Marshal McMahon orders prohibiting the circulation of Bonapartist addresses among the troops, under severe penalties.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The Daily Telegraph publishes a letter from the Duc de Grammont announcing an early refutation of Count Von Bismarck's statements as to Austria's policy towards France at the beginning of the Franco-German war. The Duke says he will prove that Austria, after the declaration of war, promised France material support, saying that she only required time to arm herself and find a pretext for hostilities with Prussia. An opportunity was to have been furnished by the ultimatum to Prussia, demanding the observance of the stipulations of the treaty of Prague. This would be refused and Austria would then join France in alliance, offensive and defensive.

PARIS, Jan. 15.—During the session of the National Assembly at Versailles to-day M. Belcastel moved an interpellation of the Government with regard to the resignation of Count Bourgoing, the French Ambassador to the Holy See. He insisted upon the continuation of the protectorate at the Vatican. The Minister of Justice explained the circumstances which caused the resignation of Count Bourgoing. The explanation was regarded by the Right as satisfactory, and the matter dropped.

SWITZERLAND.

The authorities of Solence have notified the Bishop of Bale that if the sentence of excommunication on the apostate Gochwind be not recalled within three weeks, his Lordship will be escorted across the frontier. The bishop smiles at such a threat, and meanwhile the people are organizing a force to protect their pastor and to defy the government. In a pastoral, his Lordship declares that he fears no earthly power, and exhorts his people to stand firm to the principles of the Church and their forefathers. The pastoral is signed "Eugene, Bishop of Bale," and is dated on the feast of St. Eugene, bishop and martyr.

ITALY.

MILAN, Jan. 15.—Obsequies for the late Emperor of France was celebrated in this city to-day, and participated in by immense crowds of people. The Mayor, Prefect, and the troops stationed in the city also took part in the ceremonies.

THE NEW GENERAL THE VANDAL.—King Victor Emmanuel, was poisoning last week on the Campagna and caught a feverish cold that laid him by the heels for some days. The wires all over Europe were twittering away at a great rate over the most melancholy (?) news, and amongst other items of intelligence, the Daily Telegraph informs us that the royal animal—should we not use a more expressive word?—is likely to die of gluttony; here are words:—"He is a bad subject for such a seizure, however slight, since he has grown so stout and fleshy that it is with the greatest difficulty that horses can be found in the royal stables to carry his weight far afield.

Prince Humbert has warned his father that he will leave Rome, if the latter declares his marriage with the Countess Marfiori legal.

The Minister of Public Works and the Minister of Justice and other ecclesiastical officers have resigned. Their successors have not yet been appointed.

The long delays of criminal procedure in this country are ground of constant complaint. The state of the prisons is also, the Government is unable to deny, far from satisfactory. A great deal has been done, M. Lanza says, since 1862; but he admits that some of the Italian prisons are in a deplorable and shameful state. Many persons seem to think that in ten years more might have been accomplished. A Deputy declared that at the end of 1871, out of 46,587 prisoners languishing in the judicial prisons of the kingdom, 28,293 had not undergone any condemnation. And he affirmed that the number of criminals in confinement in this country had largely increased of late years and had risen from 58,000 in 1845 to 80,000 at the present time. Allowance must be made for some increase of population, but still this is a great augmentation.—Times Cor.

The Piedmontese Government, when it took possession of portions of the Papal States by Royal decrees, abolished the taxes on salt and flour, and established a commission to examine into the financial conditions of the poorer clergy in order to make a provision for them. In these times, now the poor people, to whom the tax upon salt was remitted, have to pay five times as great a tax upon salt as they did in the Pope's days.

The following is a conversation between the *Unita Cattolica*, and Lanza the President of the Council in Italy, which though imaginary contains a great deal of truth.

Unita Cattolica.—Sir, how many are there in prison in Italy?

Lanza.—Very many. There are (A) 46,587 in the ordinary prisons; (B) 10,911, condemned to hard labour; (C) 15,313 at the galleys, and (D) 3,725, in other places of detention. In all there are 76,536 prisoners in the prisons of Italy. (This is the official account of those in prison, Dec. 31st, 1871).

Unita Cattolica.—Well done, Lanza. Then all the scoundrels of the Kingdom of Italy are at the galleys or in prison.

Lanza.—Dear me no. There are many more at large. In the first nine months of this year we have had 2,865 homicides, 29,512 assaults, 3,568 highway attacks, 8,471 robberies in the country, 43,795 robberies in towns and cities, and in 52,268 robberies in only nine months.

Unita Cattolica.—Then, we have made progress in the matter of thieving since we have had Rome as our Capital.

Lanza.—Progress certainly has been made, for the excess of robberies in the first nine months of 1872 over the corresponding period of 1871 is more than two thousand two hundred.

Unita Cattolica.—And now, Sir, what have you done to put down this state of things, and restore better order?

Lanza.—Well I have commissioned the Minister of Grace and Justice to bring forward in Parliament a law to suppress the Convents and other ecclesiastical establishments in Rome.

Unita Cattolica.—Oh indeed! And now who commit crime in Italy?

Lanza.—In 1871 there were to be tried in our

courts for serious charges, 273 boys under 16 years of age, and 26,507 men, 49 girls under 16 years of age, and 1,464 women over 16. The year was too short to try all the cases, 18,294 cases were tried and the same number were found guilty. A large number of cases were not tried.

Unita Cattolica.—And now finally how much does it cost Italy to keep all these rogues and vagabonds?

Lanza.—I can only tell you through the reporter of the financial statement for the Home Department. In his report, p. 14, he says that it will probably be a sum rather more than 18 millions of francs.

Rome.—A telegram dated Rome, Dec. 23, gives the following:—The Pope to-day held a Consistory, at which 22 Cardinals were present. His Holiness, in his Allocution, spoke as follows:—"The Church continues to be sorely persecuted. This persecution has for its object the destruction of the Catholic Church. This is manifested by the acts of the Italian Government, which summons the clergy to serve in the army, deprives the Bishops of the faculty of teaching, and heavily taxes the property of the Church. Above all it is manifested by the law presented to Parliament on the subject of religious corporations, a law that deeply wounds the rights of possession of the Universal Church and violates the right of our Apostolic Mission." The Pope added, "In face of the presentation of this law, we raise our voice before you and the entire Church, and condemn every law which restricts or suppresses the religious communities in Rome or the neighbouring provinces. We consequently declare every acquisition of their property made under any title whatsoever to be null and void." His Holiness recalled to the minds of the promoters of this law the censures directed against those who encroach on the rights of the Church. He said:—"But the grief we feel at the injuries inflicted on the Church in Italy is much aggravated by the cruel persecutions to which the Church is subjected in the German Empire, where not only by stratagem but even by open violence it is sought to destroy her. In that country, men who not only do not profess our holy religion, but who even do not know it, arrogate to themselves the power of defining the teachings and the rights of the Catholic Church. These men, adding calumny and mockery to the other means they employ, do not blush to inflict persecution on Catholics, by bringing against the Bishops, the clergy, and laity the accusation that they refuse to place the laws and the will of the State before the sacred commands of the Church. The men who are at the head of public affairs have cause to know that none of their subjects better than the Catholics render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and for that very reason they render to God the things that are God's." The Pope added that some cantons of Switzerland appear to be pursuing the same path as Germany, and he recalled to recollection the events that have occurred at Geneva. His Holiness further spoke of Spain, declaring that the Clergy Donation Law was opposed to the Concordats and to justice, and he protested against that law. The Holy Father spoke of schism among the Armenians of Constantinople, who persist in their rebellion, and who by a ruse have deprived the Catholics of their immunities. The Pope rejoiced at the constancy and the activity displayed by the episcopate and clergy of all countries, where, jointly with the faithful people, they defend the rights of the Church. His Holiness enjoined the Metropolitan to assemble their suffragans for consultation, in order to battle against iniquity, and concluded by invoking the Almighty to come and aid the Church.

The *Journal de Rome* mentions a report, which has not yet reached me, that a large number of Garibaldians, including some superior officers, have left for Spain to reinforce the ranks of the Republicans and aid a fresh outbreak. The rumour may be unfounded; but it would not be the first time that Spanish Revolutionists had been reinforced by kindred spirits from Italy. In 1854, behind the barricades in Madrid, an air was often heard which certainly was not one of the old stock melodies handed down from one Spanish war to another. It fell upon my ear as new and foreign-sounding. In 1859 I found it was an old Garibaldian tune, which doubtless, had often been heard within the walls of Rome in 1849, and possibly had come over from South America with the daring leader whose red shirt has since become a banner and a rallying point in Europe. There must be many Garibaldians out of work just now, and perhaps, short of bread, especially since the Colosseum *fiasco*, which has so damped their hopes and it would not be surprising if some of them were to make their way to Spain to fight against Victor Emmanuel's son, having found the father too much for them.—Times Cor.

GERMANY.

The Imperial Crown Prince has just chosen a pastor of the name of Persius, a brother of the minister who so valiantly defended the new "Kreis Ordnung" laws. The following paragraph on the subject has gone the round of the German officious and official papers, and we therefore reproduce it, although we hardly believed it to be true, when we first heard it. We must previously instruct the reader—if he does not know it already—that the "Protestant Union" is composed of the most extreme rationalists, and that one of its first principles is the denial of the Divinity of Our Lord. The paragraph is as follows:—"It is well known that the Crown Prince of Germany has chosen Pastor Persius to be his eldest son's tutor. As a member of the Protestant Union, Pastor Persius had scruples on the subject and openly avowed them to the Crown Prince. The answer he received consisted in the appearance of the Prince in person at the little church where Pastor Persius officiates, on the day of the Reformation Feast. After the conclusion of the service, the Crown Prince expressed to Pastor Persius his full concurrence in, and approval of, everything he had said in his sermon, and his entire agreement with the pastor in principles. After such a speech, Pastor Persius had no longer any objection to acting as the tutor of the future King of Prussia." It would be well if the "future King of Prussia," poor little soul, had other instructors, but at the rate at which things are going now there may perhaps be no such individual by the time he has sat at Pastor Persius's feet the proper number of years.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN FORBIDDEN TO GO TO MASS.—The directors of the Gymnasium and the Colleges at Bromberg issued an order to the effect that on the 8th of December (Sunday) it was forbidden to any of the Catholic scholars of the said establishments to attend divine service in their own churches. It was on that day that, by order of the Archbishop, contained in his pastoral, the parishes were to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Accordingly, on the day named, in place of the Catholic scholars there appeared police agents in uniform. "The Catholic parents of this place," says the Cologne *Volkswacht*'s correspondent from Bromberg, "are about to send a letter of enquiry to the authorities, to know whether the Protestant directors of schools and colleges can really assume the right to issue orders to their Catholic children in matters of conscience?"

Herr Lutz, Bismarck's henchman in Bavaria, has issued the following school regulation for a girl's school, Munich:—"Prayers must not terminate with the words 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Because such words may scandalize certain Jewish scholars and also because 'Christ' is recognised as an historic name but not 'Our Lord.' The *Ave Maria* and the *Angelus* must not be recited, as certain Protestant scholars might be offended. Prayers can only be said *once* each day." It is worthy of remark that this school contains two hundred Catholic scholars twenty-five Protestant, and two Jewish scholars. What do the admirers of German liberty think of this?

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE.

Continued from 2nd Page.

State to give even one cent of the public money for the education of Catholic children in Catholic schools. See all the land they are buying; see all the churches they are building! Oh, what is to become of America if this terrible Catholic Church gets any footing at all in this land; for she is an enemy of the State!" Thus they speak. Now, my friends, if America cannot get on without intelligence and manhood and energy, I ask you, is it not the interest of America to see who it is that can supply her most intelligence and most energy?—who it is that can supply the national market with the very articles that it requires? Will it do for America to have her young men faddles, laughing and scoffing at all religion? laughing and scoffing at the idea of the immortality of the soul of man? of eternal reward in Heaven, or eternal punishment in hell? Will this do for America? If the merchants and the statesmen, the governors, and the magistrates, and the working men of this land, are to become infidels if they are to lose all faith by reading bad, infidel books; if they are to laugh at the idea of a future state of punishment or reward,—are they likely to be honest men for this? Is the national property safer in their hands! Are they likely to be better merchants, more reliable, more trustworthy? Tell me,—suppose you have to deal with two men, and you want to intrust your money to one of them; and one told you there was no devil, no hell, no Heaven, and that he very much questioned if there was a God, for he had been reading in his youth bad books, which completely upset his faith; and the other told you that he believed in God, and Heaven, and hell, and said, "I believe, myself, that I shall be in Heaven or hell through all eternity,—I believe I shall be in one place or the other according to the way I behave myself in this world;"—to which of these two men would you intrust your money? Would you give your money to the fellow that told you; "I don't believe in anything. If I choose to rob you, there is no hell to punish me," or to the man who said, "I believe in God, and that if I rob you of your money, I shall go to hell for it? If America wants intelligence of an honest kind,—and remember that intelligence without honesty is worse than no intelligence at all:—I would rather, any day, have to deal with a fool than a sharp man without any conscience,—if America wants honest intelligence, I tell the citizens of America, that the best friend America has to lean upon, is the Catholic Church, which, by creating faith, creates a conscience in the heart of man (applause). Does America want strong hands, strong, energetic manhood, the pure integrity of an unstained youth, husbanding all its resources, not scattering them all in that course of early dissolution,—does she want the man of thirty or forty, vigorous strong in mind and body, noble in purpose, straightforward in all his dealings, and bringing with him, into the sacred relations of the father of a family, that purity which will insure a strong and healthy generation from him,—who is the best friend of America, if not the only Church that not only teaches men to be pure, but obliges them, through the confessional to be pure, and consequently to respect their blood and their manhood; and thus brings them, through a robust and vigorous middle age, until the head of the old man, bending towards the grave, is crowned with the honour and the glory of an unstained, immaculate purity of life (applause).

The want of an Association that would provide for all this, was felt in Brooklyn,—felt by your zealous priests;—and I congratulate you, citizens of Brooklyn, upon your priesthood,—felt by your holy, energetic Bishop (applause); by the man who has covered your city and his diocese with glorious and beautiful churches, with splendid hospitals and schools, and all the institutions that are necessary for your spiritual welfare and that of your children after you (applause). It was felt by that man who quietly, unostentatiously, but with a power sent to him from God, has been enabled to do all this, and to claim the glory, that having done it all, he is a poor man, as he ought to be (applause). This want was felt by the Catholic youth of Brooklyn themselves; and for their feeling of this want, and for their coming forward to associate themselves together to meet this want, I honor them, I give them glory, and I promise them the future that the Church of God and the glorious land of America hold in their hands for them. And so they have banded themselves together to provide a Catholic hall, where the young man, after his hours of business, may find every attraction to draw him away from evil companions; to draw him away from the darkened streets, the by-paths of the devil; to provide every reasonable amusement, there to make the evening pass lightly and pleasantly ever his head; to provide for him a library, where, in his hours of rest, after the day's business, he may acquire that knowledge and information which, at some future day, will bring him forward as a prominent man, and as a worthy descendant of the Clays, the Websters, the Swards, and the Greeleys of this glorious country. But before he enters into this Association, he is asked to express his willingness to conform with one essential rule; and that is to go to his sacramental duties of Confession and Communion, at least twice a year; while he is recommended to go four times in the year. The consequence is that all this land demands of him of intelligence is provided for here; all that this land demands of him of energy is provided for here, and all the Church of God expects from him, as her son, she has reason to hope for; because the man will be preserved, by his associations and by his reading, in the strength of his Catholic faith, and in the energy and power of his Catholic purity. And this is all the more necessary, inasmuch as this country is rising every day, not only in National power, but also in intellectual power. It is a keen race, not only of the man of business with his fellow-merchant, but it is a keen race of mind with mind, in America. Never, in the history of any people, since the world was created, has there been such wonderful, such high, magnificent, intellectual development as has taken place in America within the last few years (applause). She has produced her statesmen, rivaling and surpassing those who pretended to have the accumulated wisdom of hundreds and hundreds of years in Europe. She has produced poets as lofty in their inspiration, as grand and melodious in their expression, as tender in their sympathy with everything that is high and beautiful in nature, as any poet of the old lands. She has produced orators whose names will go down into history upon the golden flow of their splendid eloquence. She has produced soldiers capable of doing, in the late wars of America, what no soldier of France, I regret to say, was found capable of doing during the late war with Prussia,—capable of manoeuvring two hundred thousand men upon the field. She has produced in every walk of science and of art men whose names are not only upon the annals of their own age and land, but whose names are engraved upon the annals of other lands, as very giants of intelligence, as miracles of ingenuity, of science, and of art.

Young citizens of America, if you wish to keep pace, you must feed your intelligence with every kind of knowledge. If you wish to keep up, in this gigantic race of intellect, in America, you must become clever, learned men, as far as your means will permit; and you must drink, as deeply as you can, at the unpolled fountains of science and knowledge. If you do this, I promise you that the historian of the immediate future will write down the names of Catholic youth,—names, perhaps, savoring of the old green land of Ireland,—side by side with the names that are foremost to-day among the statesmen, warriors, historians, poets and journalists of

America. And this is certainly the issue to which we are growing; and I am proud to see it. I am proud to see, that amongst the intellectual efforts of America, Catholics are not behind; that we have our monthlies, our weekly papers, equal to any that the land produces for purity of style, for energy in working up their materials, and for high tone and purpose (applause). If I wanted to instance this, I have only to point to that Catholic paper which has so lately begun amongst you, and which certainly has been to me a source of admiration and joy since its first number appeared, I allude to the *Catholic Review*, of Brooklyn. It is the work of a young Catholic gentleman and it is an illustration of all that I am saying of the necessity of keeping pace with our age in this great intellectual race which is going on. And I am, also, proud to say that, amongst the fruits of that Catholic Irish University, which was founded a few years ago in Dublin, there is nothing that has yet sprung up, as the immediate fruit of that University, which does more honour to the *Alma Mater* from which it came, than this *Catholic Review*, of Brooklyn, edited by one of the graduates of that University (applause).

Now, my friends, I have to apologize to you for the length of time I have detained you, and for the dryness of the subject I have propounded. There is not a man in the world fonder of a joke than I am. But, you know, the Scriptures tell us there is a time to be serious and a time to laugh; and the subject upon which I have addressed you this evening did not admit of much laughter. But, if you come here on Tuesday evening, I think we can have a quiet laugh or two together (laughter and applause). We will be laughing at Mr. Froude (renewed laughter and applause); and it is better to laugh at him than to get vexed with him. But the reason I ask you to come here on next Tuesday evening, however, is not so much for the laugh, after all, as because the lecture will be for one of the most meritorious charities of your charitable city.—St. Mary's Hospital. You know, my friends, the Sisters of Charity are not in a position to give lectures. Perhaps if they were, some of them might come here and deliver a better lecture than I can. But, the Catholic Church, as a rule, does not like to see her woman-kind speaking in public. She likes the woman,—whether she be a nun or a married woman,—to stay at home and mind her work; to make the Church of God happy, to make the poor of God happy, if she be a nun and to minister unto them; and to make her husband and children happy, if she be a married woman. And, indeed, my dear friends, ladies who go out to lecture are not likely to make either God or man very happy (laughter). The Sisters therefore, not being able to come here and lecture for themselves, asked me to come and lecture for them: and I will come with pleasure and joy, to help to support this great charity. But, remember, I cannot support it alone. Come, then, in the name of God, on Tuesday evening, and put your shoulders to the wheel, and help us in the work of this grand mission, this magnificent institution founded by Christ,—the great Catholic Church,—the great mother that tries to spread the light of knowledge, to save her young men, to save and sanctify the whole world; but at the same time, while she is thinking of this and doing it, she never lets out of her mind the poor, the stricken and infirm; but tries to wipe away every tear from their eyes, and bring joy to every bleeding and wounded heart. (Prolonged cheering, amid which Father Burke retired.)

The lecture here alluded to was published in the *True Witness* of the 16th inst.

CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.—Our readers may remember the story of the "soaping" of the signal horn. The story runs, that when a certain revivalist celebrity took up the horn to summon the worshippers to service, after dinner one day, he blew a strong blast of soft soap all over the astonished brethren. It is also said by the chronicler of this "item" that the brother was so wroth at this joke that he cried out loud:

"Brethren, I have passed through many trials and tribulations, but nothing like this. I have served the ministry for thirty years, and in that time never uttered a profane word, but I'll be— if I can't whip the man that soaped that horn."

Well, this is a strong story, but we have from a reliable authority, something a little stronger in the sequel to the same story. This is given to us as follows:

Some two days after the horn soaping a tall, swarthy, villainous-looking desperado strolled the grounds, and leaned against a tree, listening to the eloquent exhortation to repent that was being made by the preacher. After awhile he became interested, finally affected, and then took a position on the anxious seat, commenced groaning "in the very bitterness of his sorrow." The clergyman walked down and endeavored to console him. No consolation—he was too great a sinner, he said. Oh, no; there was a pardon for the vilest. No, he was too wicked; and there was no mercy for him.

"Why, what crime have you committed?" said the preacher. "Have you stolen?"

"Oh, worse than that!"

"Worse than that—oh! worse than that?"

"Murder, is it?" gasped the horrified preacher.

"Worse than that!" groaned the sinner.

The excited preacher commenced "peeling off" his outer garments.

"Here, brother Cole!" shouted he, "hold my coat—I've found the fellow that soaped the horn!"

ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS OF NINE YEARS' STANDING CURED BY THE SYRUP.

St. Johns, N.B., 11th August, 1869.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.—Dear Sir: I consider it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have received from the use of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have been, for the last nine years, a great sufferer from Bronchitis and Asthma, at times so ill that for weeks I could neither lie down or take any nourishment of consequence, and during the time suffering intensely. I have had, at different times, the advice of twenty-two physicians. The least exposure to either damp or draught was sure to result in a severe attack of my disease. Finding no relief from all the medicines I had taken, I concluded to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have great reason to thank God for the result. I have, in all, taken twelve bottles, and now I feel as strong and well as ever I felt in my life, and for the last year have not had one moment's sickness, and neither does dampness or draught have the least effect upon me. Were I to write upon the subject for hours, I could not say enough in praise of your invaluable Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, or give an adequate idea of my sufferings.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, because I hope its publicity may be the means of benefitting other sufferers as much as it has me. I remain yours respectfully, Mrs. HIRWELL, Exmouth St.

FOUND AT LAST!—A remedy that not only relieves, but cures that enemy of mankind, Consumption, as well as the numerous stollities which revolve around it in the shape of coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throat, influenza, &c. The remedy we allude to is Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, prepared by Seth W. Fowle & Son Boston.

AGENTS WANTED \$150 per month. To sell the TINKER, the most useful Household article ever invented. Address H. K. ANDERSON, Box 360, Montreal, P.Q.

WANTED

A CATHOLIC SCHOOL TEACHER for the coming year, for School Section No. 1, in the Township of Montclair and Hershell, Co. of Hastings, Male or Female, holding Second or Third Class Certificate, for Upper Canada. Apply (stating salary) to JEREMIAH GOULDEN.

WANTED.

AN EXPERIENCED ENGLISH TEACHER, desires to obtain employment in an Academy, or other Institute of Education, where a proficiency in Latin and Greek Classics with a perfect knowledge of French would be required. Satisfactory references can be given. Address to "M. F." Buckingham Post Office, Co Ottawa, P. Q.

WANTED,

FOR THE SEPARATE SCHOOL of the Town of PICTON, P. E. County, a duly qualified Male or Female TEACHER, to enter on duty on or before the first of January. Salary liberal. J. BRENNAN, P. P. Picton, October 28th, 1872.

WANTED

For a School at St. Columban, a MALE TEACHER, (Elementary Diploma). For particulars apply to JOHN BURKE, President.

WANTED.

A THIRD CLASS TEACHER wishes a SITUATION will be ready to commence in January; satisfactory Testimonials given if required.—Address (Stating Salary given) "S. K. T.", Martintown P.O., Glengarry Ont.

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AND GENERAL JOBBER, No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

ALL ORDERS CAREFULLY AND PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO

DOMINION BUILDING SOCIETY, FOUNDED, 14th AUGUST, 1872.

Office, 55 St. James Street, President:—Edm. Gravel, Esq.; Vice-President, P. Donnelly, Esq. Directors:—L. Belanger, Esq., Chas. Lamoureux, Esq., M. H. Brissette, Esq., L. W. Tellouse, Esq., Robt. McCready, Esq.

First issue, subscribed Appropriation Stock, \$100,000.00. Second issue \$200,000.00 now open for subscription in Books of \$2,000 each, payable \$1 per week with an entrance fee of \$1 and 25 cts for the book. \$5,000 to be given in appropriation on the 8th of January, 1873.

Owing to the rapidity with which a greater portion of the second issue has been subscribed, the Directors have been enabled to give \$4,000 in appropriations for the 8th of January next, at 8 p.m., in the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial, No. 327 Notre Dame Street, Montreal; and at the same time they have declared the 19th and 20th, appropriations on the first issue.

On no consideration can payments of weekly fees be made on the day of an appropriation.

To participate in the drawings of the first issue, members must have made their 22nd weekly payment, unless they shall have paid in advance. It is a feature peculiar to this Society alone, that by paying in advance you are qualified for double the time actually paid for. Thus the payment in advance for two weeks qualifies for four.

Permanent Stock-shares, \$100.00, payable ten per cent. every three months dividends half yearly; in this stock there remains only \$12,000 open for subscription.

MONEY TO LEND AT SEVEN PER CENT. On mortgage repayable yearly or half yearly or by monthly instalments. Also on collateral securities repayable on call or at short dates or by monthly, half yearly or yearly payments to suit borrowers.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Until further notice, interest at the rate of six per cent shall be given on all loans, under \$500, made to the Society on call or short notice, as in a Savings Bank.

Five per cent. shall be given on loans of over \$500, but arrangements can be made to obtain six or even seven per cent. on amounts lent to the Society for stated periods.

For further information apply to, F. A. QUINN, Secretary-Treasurer.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS. CANADA, Province of Quebec, } IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal.

In the matter of JOHN MORRIS, the younger of the City and District of Montreal, carrying on business under the name and style of M. W. Avery & Co., as well individually as having been in co-partnership with the said M. W. Avery.

On the seventeenth day of February next, the Undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act,

JOHN MORRIS, Jr., By ABBOTT, TAIT, WOTHERSPOON & TERRILL, His Attorneys ad litem. Montreal, 18th Dec., 1872.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

AND ITS AMENDMENTS. CANADA, Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dist. of Montreal.

THE undersigned has filed in the Office of this Court a consent by his creditors to his discharge, and on Monday, the seventeenth day of February, next, A.D. 1873, he will apply to the said Court for a confirmation to the discharge thereby effected.

CHARLES F. PERRIN. By CASSIDY & LACOSTE, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT. Dis. of Joliette.

In re, FRANCOIS FOREST, Insolvent.

On Monday, the Seventeenth day of February next, the undersigned will apply to the said Superior Court for a discharge under the said Act.

FRANCOIS FOREST, by GODIN & DESBOCHERS, His Attorneys ad litem. Joliette, 4th December, 1872.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,
 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN,
ST. REMI, (Near Montreal, Can.)
 This institution was established in 1870, and recommends itself, both by the elegant style of the building, its spacious dimensions, the comfort it affords, and by its facility of access from Montreal and the United States, being situated on the Montreal and New York Railway line, and only at a short distance from the Provincial line.
 The course of instruction, entrusted to Seven Sisters, is complete, comprising French, English, Fine Arts, &c., &c., and tends to the cultivation both of the mind and of the heart.
TERMS OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.
 (Payable Quarterly, and invariably in Advance.)
 Board and Tuition (Canada currency) \$50 00 yearly
 Half-boarders..... 25 00 "
 Tuition only..... 10 00 "
 Music, Piano, \$1 50 per month..... 15 00 "
 Drawing..... 0 50 "
 Washing..... 1 00 "
 Uniform (Black), but is worn only on Sundays and Thursdays. On other days, the young Ladies can wear any proper dress they please. A white dress and a large white veil are also required.
 Thursday is the day appointed for the Pupils to receive the visit of their Parents.

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 In presenting to you a notice of our having commenced the business of Wholesale Dry Goods and Importing Merchants, we have much pleasure in informing you that we will have opened out in the above large premises a very full and complete assortment of General Dry Goods, to which we respectfully invite your inspection on your next visit to this market.
 Our stock will be found very complete in all its departments.
 We intend keeping our Stock constantly renewed, so as to keep a complete assortment of all goods required for the general Retail Dry Goods requirements.
 We shall be pleased to see you early.
 No effort will be wanting on our part to promote the interest of our customers.
 Having an experience of over twenty years in one of the largest retail and jobbing trades in Ontario, we flatter ourselves we know the wants of the Retail Trade thoroughly, and have been enabled to select in Great Britain and the Continent the most suitable goods, as well as the best value those markets contain.
 Assuring you of our best services at all times,
 We are, truly yours,
J. & R. O'NEIL.

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 3rd. Every description of property insured at moderate rates.
 4th. Promptitude and Liberality of Settlement.
 5th. A liberal reduction made for Insurances effected for a term of years.
 The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Assured:
 1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital, and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership.
 2nd. Moderate Premiums.
 3rd. Small Charge for Management.
 4th. Prompt Settlement of Claims.
 5th. Days of Grace allowed with the most liberal interpretation.
 6th. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured amounting to TWO-THIRDS of their net amount, every five years, to Policies then two entire years in existence.
H. ROUTH,
 genl. Mgr., Montreal.
 February 1, 1873

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 This thoroughly Commercial Establishment is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop, and the Rev. Clergy of the City.
 Having long felt the necessity of a Boarding School in the city, the Christian Brothers have been untiring in their efforts to procure a favorable site whereon to build; they have now the satisfaction to inform their patrons and the public that such a place has been selected, combining advantages rarely met with.
 The Institution, hitherto known as the "Bank of Upper Canada," has been purchased with this view and is fitted up in a style which cannot fail to render it a favorite resort to students. The spacious building of the Bank—now adapted to educational purposes—the ample and well-devised play grounds and the ever-refreshing breezes from great Ontario all concur in making "De La Salle Institute" whatever its directors could claim for it, or any of its patrons desire.
 The Class-rooms, study-halls, dormitory and refectory, are on a scale equal to any in the country.
 With greater facilities than heretofore, the Christian Brothers will now be better able to promote the physical, moral and intellectual development of the students committed to their care.
 The system of government is mild and paternal, yet firm in enforcing the observance of established discipline.
 No student will be retained whose manners and morals are not satisfactory: students of all denominations are admitted.
 The Academic Year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends in the beginning of July.

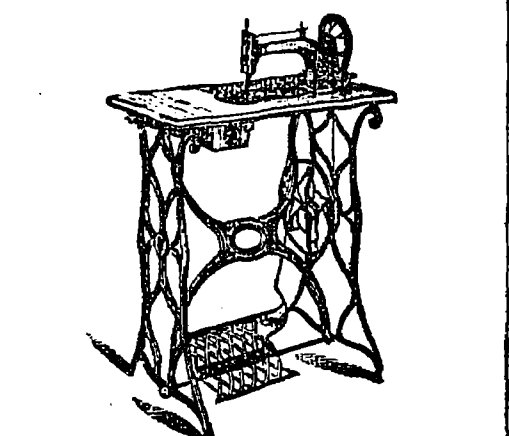
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 The Course of Studies in the Institute is divided into two departments—Primary and Commercial.
PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.
SECOND CLASS.
 Religious Instruction, Spelling, Reading, First Notions of Arithmetic and Geography, Object Lessons, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

FIRST CLASS.
 Religious Instruction, Spelling and Defining (with drill on vocal elements), Penmanship, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, History, Principles of Politeness, Vocal Music.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
SECOND CLASS.
 Religious Instruction, Reading, Orthography, Writing, Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Book-keeping (Single and Double Entry), Algebra, Mensuration, Principles of Politeness, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

FIRST CLASS.
 Religious Instruction, Select Readings, Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric, Synonyms, Epistolary Correspondence, Geography (with use of Globes), History (Ancient and Modern), Arithmetic (Mental and Written), Penmanship, Book-keeping (the latest and most practical forms, by Single and Double Entry), Commercial Correspondence, Lectures on Commercial Law, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Trigonometry, Linear Drawing, Practical Geometry, Architecture, Navigation, Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Principles of Politeness, Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music, French.

For young men not desiring to follow the entire Course, a particular Class will be opened in which Book-keeping, Mental and Written Arithmetic, Grammar and Composition, will be taught.
TERMS:
 Board and Tuition, per month,..... \$12 00
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COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.
 2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter,.... 6 00
 1st Class, "..... 6 00
 Payments quarterly, and invariably in advance. No deduction for absence except in cases of protracted illness or dismissal.
 EXTRA CHARGES.—Drawing, Music, Piano and Violin.
 Monthly Reports of behaviour, application and progress, are sent to parents or guardians.
 For further particulars apply at the Institute.
BROTHER ARNOLD,
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 Toronto, March 1, 1872.



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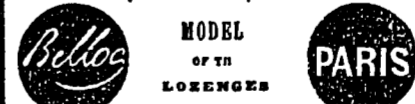
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Dry Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m.

Night Express leaves New London at 2.45 p.m.; South Vernon at 9.53 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Cheshire R.R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with train over Rensselaer and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York, via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m.

Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy.

Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston.

For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 136 St. James Street.

G. MERRILL, Gen'l Superintendent

St. ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.