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# The True Witness,

AND

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXII.

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### BOOKS FOR JULY.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE, EGYPT, ARABIA, PESTER, PALESTINE, and SYRIA. By Rev. Eugene Vetroville, D.D. 2 vols. in one. . . . .	4 00
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### MY FUTURE HUSBAND; OR, MAGGIE'S SECRET.

"MARRIAGE.—The great astrologer, Signor Morgani, will return a correct likeness of your future partner upon receipt of thirty stamps. Name, age and sex must be given, with a slight description of personal appearance. Address Signor Morgani, etc., etc."

"And this is your advertisement, Morgan?"

"Ah well!—I suspect your dupes are principally old maids and school-girls."

The speaker, a young man about five-and-twenty, threw down the local paper with a merry peal of laughter. He was very handsome, with fine dark eyes, that sparkled beneath the long lashes with almost boyish glee. The person addressed, known in the advertising columns as the Signor Morgani, was no other than a certain plain Tom Morgan, a regular slipshod, careless fellow, who, after trying his hand at various trades, and failing in all, had finally hit upon the above mode, which gratified his indolent disposition, by calling forth little exertion save the exercise of that literary ingenuity of which he possessed a large share.

He had formerly been a school friend of Jack Carleton's who, an hour or two before the opening of this story, had fallen in with him on his return from a prolonged Continental tour, undertaken nominally for the benefit of his health, but more possibly to help to get rid of the large income left him by his father.

The young men had grasped hands cordially enough when they recognized each other, and soon after adjourned to the lodgings of Morgan, to have a talk over old times.

It was during this talk that Morgan confided to his friend his present mode of living, with strict injunctions to keep it a profound secret; "as of course, you see, old fellow," said he, "it might prove my ruin if known."

Jack, however, did not see how his friend could be in a greater state of ruin than he appeared to be at present.

"You were always a good-for-nothing scamp, Tom," said he.

"And you were always a lucky dog, Jack," returned Tom. "By the by, what are you going to do with yourself this Christmas?"

"Why to spend it in the jolliest style at the jolliest place in Christendom," replied Jack.

"They have not seen me at Barby Holt for eight years, and I expect grandmother and the rest of them will go mad with joy when I make my sudden appearance there."

With this flattering conclusion Mr. Jack Carleton elevated his legs till his feet reposed on the mantel-piece.

"Barby Holt Manor, in Nottinghamshire?" inquired the signor, suddenly.

"The very same, old boy," said his companion. "Why do you ask?"

"Only that I had a letter from there today," replied Tom.

"A letter! what about?" inquired Jack, with innocent coolness.

"Why, concerning my advertisement, of course," answered Tom, rummaging among some papers.

"Ah, one of my grandfather's guests, I suppose, in for a lark," said Jack. "What's his name?"

"It is not a man," replied Tom; "she signs herself 'Maggie Barton.'"

"Maggie Barton!" exclaimed Jack. "I know her—at least I did. May I read it?" he asked, eagerly.

It was a short letter, in a girlish handwriting, describing herself as tall and slight, with golden hair and hazel eyes, and requesting to be favored with a *carte de visite* of her future husband, by return of post, of course. Enclosed in the envelope was the fee of thirty stamps.

Carleton had the letter before his eyes long after he had read it. The writer's name, "Maggie Barton," was associated with a very pleasant picture in this young man's mind. Long ago, on a bright summer day, in the woods, the sunlight glancing through the boughs fell on the gay figures of a picnic party. One figure in particular seemed very plain in his memory; it was that of a girl about twelve years old, with her golden hair falling from under the broad brim of a sun-hat with blue ribbons. He could see her distinctly now. The graceful figure, raised on tiptoe, to reach some unattainable flower or fruit, the white arms reaching high, the beseeching eyes under the shadow of the hat—and this was Maggie Barton! Then he, a tall lad of seventeen, easily reaching the coveted treasure, caught wilful beauty by the hair, saying, "You owe me a kiss for this, Maggie. Will you pay me whenever I choose to claim it?"

"I'll pay you a dozen, if you like, Jack," was the careless reply, as she broke away, and joined her companions.

But the very next day Jack departed, without his kiss, for a Continental education; and, as you see, Maggie Barton's name was almost one of the first to cross his path on his return.

And so she was one of his grandfather's guests at Barby, and he (Jack) would see her in less than forty-eight hours; and, standing there, with her letter in his hand, a scheme entered this young man's head worthy of such a reckless fellow as he was.

"I'll do it," he thought. "I don't care for any one else, and of course she is not engaged, or why did she answer such an advertisement?"

"Morgan," he said, suddenly, "will you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like," replied the signor, in a preoccupied tone.

Jack drew an envelope from his pocket, and, selecting one likeness of himself from about a dozen, he laid it on the table.

"Morgan," said he, "I want you to send this to Miss Barton, in answer to her application; and I mean it shall come true, old boy."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas Eve, and Miss Maggie Barton was putting the last touches to her evening toilet for the forthcoming ball. She was tall, and you would think stately, till you saw her face; and then the piquant expression of the brown eyes and the demure laughter of the lip led you to suppose she was more merry than dignified; and if your observation extended to her conduct during a whole evening, I am sorry to say you would be compelled to acknowledge her a little "fast."

She had dismissed her maid, and, with her pretty head a little on one side, was trying the effect of a scarlet geranium among the ambrosial puffs of her hair. Of course, Miss Barton wore an obignon—all young ladies do, nowadays—and a long curl behind her left ear. Presently the geranium was settled satisfactorily, and, with a quick movement, Maggie fastened the door, and drew from beneath a book cover a *carte-de-visite*; and the gentleman on the card was Mr. Jack Carleton.

But, of course, Maggie did not know this. The very existence of such a person had long ago escaped her memory; and even had she remembered the name, it would have been difficult to associate the stripling of grandfather's picnic with the elegant, moustached, young gentleman before her.

In truth he was elegant. Leaning upon a carved pedestal, upon the top of which reposed the most stylish of Newmarkets, in company with a graceful vase with drooping flowers, an ample curtain and a bookcase filled with all the gems of literature, composed the background. Miss Barton surveyed it with satisfaction.

"So this is my future husband, according to the astrologer," said Miss Barton. "The gipsy woman said I should marry a curate. Pshaw! what an idiot I am to have written such a fool's letter! I dare say I am duped along with many others. I wish I had not written it. It is a good thing none of the girls know it. Of course I am a dupe, and I suppose the very existence of this piece of elegance is a myth. More fool I!"

The *carte* was held off to be viewed in a more favorable light. "Very good, certainly!"

With another look, she placed it between the pages of a copy of "Lara," and hastened down.

There were merry doings at Barby Holt that night. Squire Martin Barby, or Grandfather Barby, as the young people—children of his many sons and daughters—always called the old gentleman, and Lady Ursula, his high-bred genial dame, always gathered a large circle round them at Christmas. And where could you spend a jollier Christmas than at the Manor?—and who could make such mince-pie and turkey stuffing as grandmother's old house-keeper at Barby?

Well, as I said, there were grand doings at the Manor on Christmas Eve. Lady Ursula

in her black velvet and Mechlin lace and the squire in his low shoes and silver buckles, led off the stately country dance from the top of the hall; the married sons and daughters came next, then the young people, the children and "Grandfather's guests," as all who were not related were styled by the rest.

The dancing was at its height; the holly and ivy quivered on the panels, and the oak floor was becoming more and more slippery; when, unannounced, and with a powdering of snow on his cloak, a tall figure dashed among the dancers, seized the squire's hand and wrung it violently, fell on Dame Ursula's neck and gave her a hearty kiss before any one had time to think what the disturbance was about.

But the squire's eyes were keen, and after the first moment he retured the grasp with a hearty "God bless you, my boy! welcome home!" and "Welcome to Barby, grandson," said the kindly voice of Dame Ursula, albeit some tears of joy shone in her soft eyes.

"Uncle Jack! Cousin Jack!" came from twenty mouths, and the favorite grandson threw aside his cloak, and flung away his hat to shake hands with all the aunts and uncles, and many of the guests who remembered him.

And one of the guests, seated under the holly decorations of a great oak panel, leant her white, terror-stricken face against the wood-work, and pressed the slender gloved hand against a heart beating strangely fast.

"What can it mean?" she thought. "Why am I so struck at the appearance of an utter stranger?"

And yet it was not a stranger. The face of the favored grandson was the one whose image lay between the leaves of her "Lara," up stairs. Ah, Maggie, it is dangerous to have dealings with astrologers. Here was this girl, who had answered a mysterious advertisement for mere fun's sake, astonished and terrified beyond measure at what seemed the sudden realization of the astrologer's mute prophecy.

Not the folds of her crepe dress looked whiter than her face; all the joy of the Christmas party was gone for her, and a sickly feeling of superstitious terror possessed her. The spirited girl was now a faint, drooping figure, with only just strength enough to creep up stairs to her bed-room, where she crouched down before the fire, a crumpled mass of white lace and clinging crepe, shivering with fright at every wail of the wintry wind howling round the house.

"Oh that I had never written to that terrible astrologer—that horrid, mysterious man! Fancy the very person appearing in my path—the very person! I declare I should have known him among a thousand, though he is not terrible, for he looks very nice. Oh, it is dreadful! I have heard of such things as fates in the stars, told by wise men, but I never believed it. I do now though. How fortunate it is that nobody knows it! I will take good care they never do."

With this thrilling secret at her heart, Maggie sat and shivered another twenty minutes. Then came footsteps, followed by a troop of girls rushing in.

"Why, Maggie, where have you been?" cried one. "We wanted you for a cushion dance."

"Oh Maggie, where are you? Have you seen grandpapa's pet—such a romantic stir when he arrived!" exclaimed a rosy girl, with forget-me-nots in her hair.

"And he's adorable!" said a third.

"He's a dear," chimed in another.

"He's the son of grandfather's eldest daughter, and she is dead, so the old gentleman thinks worlds of him," said a matter-of-fact young lady, adjusting her chignon.

"I have heard he is a terrible scamp," said another.

"Rubbish," said another. "He is a regular jolly fellow, Mary. I never saw such eyes; and he gazes so anxiously around, one would think he was looking for somebody."

And so he was, you know, reader.

The girls' fingers had been as busy as their tongues, and, wreaths being settled to their satisfaction, they made a move to go down for snap-dragoons; and Miss Barton, with the awful secret locked in her breast, went too, for fear of exciting surprise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile Mr. Jack Carleton was in his element. All the time he was joining in the dancing and games his eyes were diligently seeking among the guests for the signor's fair correspondent. A dozen times he thought he recognized her in some fair yellow-haired lady, till some unfamiliar feature altered his opinion. "I'm sure I should know her," he said to himself, "though all the girls are exactly alike."

Mr. Carleton's eyes, therefore, did double duty; and presently, when a pale girl, with a drooping geranium in her hair, entered in the rear of a dozen more, down went Mr. Carleton's glass of sherry; and, forgetting the lady by his side and Lindley Murray, an energetic "That's her," burst from his lips.

"That's who, Mr. Carleton?" inquired his astonished companion.

"That? Why—she—will you take some negus, Mrs. Allerton?" he said, suddenly recollecting; but his eyes were following Miss Barton, and he scarcely heard the reply—

"That's her!—yes, I'm sure of it. How scared she looks. There's something on her mind, I conclude. She's very pretty, though. I wonder if she has got my *carte*. Ha! ha! what a spree. Lemonade? Yes, madam, I'll fetch you some." And he darted away, fully determined not to return to that part of the room for some time.

A servant was standing near the door, and Mr. Carleton addressed him in an undertone.

"What is the name of that young lady standing near the fire-place and talking to my grandmother?"

"With the red flower in her hair? That's Miss Barton, sir. She came with Mr. Frances and his daughters. She was here last Christmas, sir."

Jack worked his way dexterously round the room, and by the time he was within ear-shot of the young lady there was a cry to put out the lights for snap-dragons; and while they went out with a whiff, a sharp spring placed him at her side. "Miss Barton—Maggie—how do you do?"

There was a little glow from the fire, just enough for him to see the shiver his words caused. She raised her dark eyes, with a shade of displeasure overcoming her fear; but of course he could not see that; and he continued to murmur unintelligible nothings till, in common politeness, she was bound to murmur unintelligible nothings, back again. But of course the ice had to be broken. "I shall arrive at the deep waters of friendship by-and-by," said Mr. Carleton to himself. He was apt to be carried away by poetical enthusiasm at times.

A few more sentences, and then, while the rest were pressing round the burning dish, Jack made a bold stroke.

"Do you know you owe me a kiss, Miss Barton?"

The experience of the last few hours had already reduced her to a state of mute resignation. Nothing he could say would much astonish her now, so to this remarkable question she only answered, "Do I?"

"Do you? why yes, Maggie. Don't you remember Jack Carleton?"

"Are—you—Jack Carleton?" came from lips that were returning to their natural color.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "Am I so much altered?"—Perfect astonishment and silence. "And you owe me a kiss," Jack continued; "you remember that, don't you, Maggie? I'm going to have it now."

Quick as thought an impromptu kiss was taken in the dark, while the rest were burning their fingers, and then shrieking in the usual senseless way that people do in these days.

Well, by degrees Miss Barton became more reconciled to the existing state of things; so by the time the blue flame waxed dim, and the rains were all consumed, it seemed the most natural in the world for Mr. Carleton to place her hand upon his arm and march her off to a quiet corridor for a *late-te-tete*, while the company in the great hall were flying up and down to the tune of "The Parson kissed the Fiddler's Wife."

What can't be cured must be endured. Here was this young gentleman—a stranger for years—taking the most complete possession of her, and all the time his likeness was in her "Lara," as that of her future husband; so of course, when after about two golden hours, spent in each other's society, he requested the honor of her hand, what could she say but "yes;"—for was it not her fate as told by the stars by a wonderful astrologer? Of course she said yes.

Then, in a perfectly cool and collected manner, acquired on the Continent, Mr. Carleton took Miss Barton in to supper, and joined in the festivity just as if nothing had happened out of the common. He was quite satisfied for his part. Maggie Barton was the prettiest girl in the room, an orphan with three hundred pounds a year in her own right, and the ward of Mr. Frances, the husband of the squire's second daughter. She—Miss Barton—was the sort of girl fast young men call a "stunner." She was a pretty dancer, could sing songs of the "Barney O'Hea" school in a ringing soprano voice, and play all the waltzes of the season. She was a good skater, could sit square in her saddle, handle a gun, or hit the bull's eye three times out of four at an archery meeting.

In fact, I believe, with all carelessness, she was hardly the sort of a girl Jack Carleton could have chosen for a wife, had he waited to form an opinion; but he acted upon impulse; and, strange to say, he never had occasion to repent, for Maggie was the sweetest and tenderest of wives. But her secret was her secret for ever.

DELICATE APPETITE.—The daily allowance to the maids of honor attached to the Court during the reign of Henry VIII., was a gallon of ale for breakfast and a chine of beef; a piece of beef and a gallon of beer for dinner; in the afternoon, a gallon of ale and a maniple of bread; and for supper a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, and a gallon of ale; after supper, half a gallon of wine and bread. If the Court beauties at that time needed three or four gallons of ale daily, Falstaff's craving for sack at an earlier period need not be wondered at.

The sweetest cheek is that which never blushed—A pig's.

### IRELAND'S LIBERATOR.

#### FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON THE "Life and Times of O'Connell."

(From the New York Irish American.)

On the evening of the 13th of May, the Very Rev. Father Burke delivered the following lecture, in the Academy of Music, New York, to a large and highly appreciative audience. The Very Rev. Father Starrs, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the lecturer, who, on coming forward, was received with an outburst of applause which lasted several minutes. After silence had been restored, he said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The history of this age of ours tells us of many men who have used their energies and their powers for the purpose of enslaving their fellow-men, and for the purposes of injustice and persecution. This age of ours, however, has had the grace to produce one man who received from a grateful nation the proudest title that ever was accorded a man,—he was called the "Liberator of his country" (applause). I need not mention his name—his name is written upon the history of the world, under this grand title of "Liberator;"—his name is enshrined in every Irish heart, and in the memory of every Irishman, under the glorious title of the Liberator. When we hear that word, those amongst us who are advancing into the vale of years, remember, as he seems to rise before them, at the sound of the name of "Liberator," the colossal, gigantic figure, the brows overlaid with mighty thought; the Irish eye beaming with intelligence and with humor; the uplifted arm, embracing every glorious maxim of freedom and of religion; and at the sound of the word, "Liberator," we behold rising out of his grave and standing before us as he once stood and held sway over millions of Irishmen, the glorious figure of Daniel O'Connell (applause). There is nothing, my friends, that ought to be more grateful or more instructive to every high-minded man than to recall the deeds by which a man gained that well-deserved glory; for such a man not only binds to his own brows the crown of immortal fame, but he also leaves behind him for the consideration of those who come after him, a glorious example of manliness, integrity, and virtue. This should be the study of every man among us; and never can we study them more favorably, than when we see them embodied in the life and the acts of one who dazzled the world by the glory of his genius, and left behind him, in the hearts of his fellow-men, traditions of mighty admiration, and of tenderest love. Who, therefore, was this man? For whom did he contend? By whom was he crowned with his glorious title of the Liberator of his country?

Oh! my friends, before we sketch his life, it is well for us to cast our thoughts back some eighty years, and consider what Ireland was at the close of the last, or the 18th century. It seemed, indeed, as if the closing of the century should have been bright and peaceful and happy; it seemed as if the sun of Ireland had risen at last, and the night of the 18th century would have passed into the roll of ages under the full blaze of noontide prosperity, and happiness for Ireland. In 1782, eighteen years before the final close of the century, there was in Ireland a reunion of the grandest intellects, and the brightest names, that, perhaps, ever adorned the pages of our national history. The walls of the Parliament House, in College Green, resounded to the glorious appeals of a Grattan and a Flood; while the stately and dignified Charlemont upheld the honor of the nation in the Irish House of Lords. They demanded of England a full recognition of Ireland's rights, and of Ireland's independence as a nation (applause). Their voices were heard and were unheeded, until, in a happy moment, the necessities of the times obliged England to permit an organization of armed Irishmen, called the "Volunteers of '82." The men of Ireland took arms into their hands, and it is well that, Catholics as we are, we should not forget that glorious movement originated among our Protestant brethren of the North of Ireland, (applause). The men of Ireland took arms in their hands, and when Grattan spoke again, he spoke with a hundred thousand armed and drilled Irishmen at his back; and England was obliged to listen and to pay the greatest attention to his words (applause). He demanded the charter of Ireland's independence, and he obtained it, because he spoke in the name of an organized and an armed nation; he arose in the House of Commons and he pronounced these words: "I found my country in the dust; I raised her up; she stands to-day in her queenly independence, and nothing remains to me but to bow before the majestic image and say *esto perpetua*,—be thou perpetuated in thy freedom, O Ireland."

Fair, indeed, and bright was the vision;—industry developed, trade encouraged, magnificent buildings,—such as the Four Courts and Custom House, of Dublin,—erected, and the people speaking with a nation's voice: fair and bright was the prospect; only it was too bright to last. The Irish Parliament, at last, con-



sented to take some steps for the emancipation of their Catholic countrymen, so that all the nation might enter into the act of legislation; to have no laws made by class or caste, but by all men who had the name and the privileges of Irishmen. It was too bright to last. The English Government took thought. The following year saw a strange Viceroy sent over; the following year the insidious Army Act was introduced; the pressure and apprehension of war was taken from England; and the moment her hands were free, she turned around to rivet the chains upon Ireland's form. The Army Act was passed; and then the Irish Parliament had only to stop the voice of Grattan and every patriotic man. By that act it was declared illegal for every Irishman to carry arms; and the Volunteers were disarmed. No sooner were the arms, the guns and artillery taken from them, and these strong men deprived of their arms, than England at once began a systematic persecution of the Irish people, with the express intention of goading them into rebellion, and thereby fastening the chains which she secured about them (great applause). One act following another. In 1794, Earl Fitzwilliam was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He arrived in the country in January. He was the friend of Ireland, and of Ireland's son, the immortal Grattan. As soon as ever the English government discovered that this man intended to rule Ireland justly, he was instantly recalled; and the people who greeted him with shouts of joy in January, accompanied him with tearful eyes, as he took his departure on the 25th of March of the same year. Then followed act after act of tyranny and oppression. In vain did Grattan, Curran, and the immortal Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then in the Irish Parliament, protest against these cruel acts. At length finding that government was determined to destroy the people, if possible; in the year '97 Grattan arose in the Irish Parliament and said: "I have offered you measures for the happiness of Ireland, and you have refused them. You propose measures for the misery of Ireland, and you will carry them. I have no more use or business," he said, "to remain in this House;" and the aged patriot departed from the House, followed by Arthur O'Connor, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and a few others, who left, with despair in their minds and with aching hearts (applause). Then came the dawn of 1798, when Kildare and some of the midland counties made a miserable and unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Heroic Wexford arose; the stalwart men of the hills-side of Wexford arose. Unarmed as they were, or armed only with the armor of their infinite bravery,—they stood out for dreary months against the united power of England; until at length the rebellion, as it was called, was suppressed—after the slaughter of the people. A ferocious foreign soldiery and the Yeomanry were let loose through the land; tortures were inflicted upon innocent and unoffending men and women, worse than ever Cromwell inflicted upon the people of Ireland; and '98 closed upon the nation trodden in the blood-stained dust, and with minds and hearts, utterly prostrated and broken under the iron heel of the enemy. And this O'Connell saw during the years '98 and '99. He listened, day after day, night after night, as John Philip Curran stood alone between the tyrant upon the bench,—the blood-stained and ferocious Norbury,—and the poor prisoner, so often innocent in the dock,—with loud, heroic, though fruitless voice, indicating the principles of eternal justice and the majesty and purity of the law (applause). The heart of the nation was broken in '98, and nothing remained but for the infamous English minister to work his will upon the people of Ireland. That man was called Lord Castlereagh. He cut his throat afterwards (hisses)—and it used to be a standing toast in the west of Ireland, even within my recollection, for two or three friends, when they met together, to feel in duty bound to fill their glasses and give, "Here is to the strap that put the keen edge on the razor that cut Castlereagh's throat" (applause and laughter). He bribed the Irish members of Parliament with money; or bribed them with titles; he practiced the vilest arts of corruption that could be suggested by his own wicked mind and corrupted heart; and he carried, just at the beginning of this present 19th century, the measure which has been the ruin of Ireland, namely, the abolition of the Irish Parliament, and the union of the two countries under one Legislature. It was in vain that Grattan thundered against this iniquity with his heroic voice. It was in vain that Fitzgerald, Kendall Bush, and other great Irishmen of the day, spoke in language that is immortal for its eloquence, and for its justice in the cause of their country, and their country's national existence. Everything was borne down, and flooded with English corruption and bribery. And this Act was passed, by which Ireland was deprived of the power to make her own laws; and a nation hostile to her, and determined upon her corruption and ruin, was commissioned to make laws for Ireland. The Act was passed. It has been the apology of every cruelty, and every injustice that we have suffered from that day to this; the accursed Act of Union, by which Ireland lost her power.

their guns, he would have kept his word (renewed applause). And now, my friends, what was the position of Ireland when O'Connell first appeared in the history of our country? Born in 1775, he was called to the bar in Dublin, in 1798: it was only five years before, that is to say, in 1793,—that the Penal Law was relaxed, so that a highly educated Catholic gentleman was allowed the privilege of earning his bread as a lawyer. We first find him, while the question of the Union was being agitated. He attended a meeting in the Corn Exchange of Dublin. It was composed exclusively of Catholics, mostly professional men. They came to discuss the question of Ireland's existence, and to protest against the Union. It will give you some idea of how things were carried on in those days. As I told you, no sooner was the meeting assembled in the Corn Exchange, than the tramp of soldiers was heard outside the door: and in swaggard Major Sirr, the Town Major of Dublin, at the head of his troops. He marched around the hall and surrounded the meeting. He then commanded them to ground their arms, and down fell the heavy guns of the Hanoverian and English soldiers. "Now, gentlemen, you may begin your discussions," said he; but every man there knew that his very life was at the mercy of that blood-stained, unmerciful, hard-hearted man. There was no liberty of though much less of speech; a man could not call his soul his own in those days; and it was under these circumstances, in the presence of Major Sirr and his soldiery, that O'Connell, for the first time in his life spoke a word for Ireland. He tells us, that, what between the intimidation and the threats; what between the effect of this intimidation and his speaking as a young man that he felt that his heart would break with anxiety and fear while he was speaking.

Now the Union is passed. Ireland is annihilated; and the only hope for Ireland, now,—as it was our only hope for three hundred years before,—was the strength and power of Ireland's faith,—Ireland Catholicity, which was still alive (great applause). There it was, still unconquered and unconquerable,—the only element of life, the only element of courage, the seedling of national regeneration which was left to us,—our holy faith, which we clung to in spite of persecution and blood for three hundred years (renewed applause). But this powerful element lay dormant in Ireland. A Catholic Board, as it was called, was formed in Dublin. A body of Irishmen came together to try and agitate for Catholic Emancipation in the British House of Commons, in London, as in the Irish House at home; and found a glorious advocate in the great Henry Grattan (applause). Year after year he brought forward his motion, praying the Legislature to strike off the chains from the Irish Catholics, and year after year, he met with overwhelming majorities against him; and his appeal and his cause were laughed to scorn in the British Parliament. In vain did Plunkett take up that glorious theme; in vain did Edmund Burke, the immortal Edmund Burke, (great applause) England's greatest philosopher and statesman; Ireland's greatest son, whose name shall live forever in the annals of the world's history for every highest gift of genius and virtue,—in vain did Burke and Fox, with all the English statesmen of mind, advocate the claims of Irish Catholics. They got no hearing; there was justice for every man; there was consideration for every man, until it was discovered that he was a Catholic and an Irishman; and then there was not for him even the courtesy of a hearing, but only the laughter of scorn. They had conquered us; they thought they could despise us. They imagined, because we were conquered we were degraded. The Catholic Board of which I speak, in Dublin, was afraid to raise its voice, and those who befriended us were liberal Protestants and many glorious liberty-loving patriots there were among them (applause). God forbid that I should forget it (renewed applause). The great masses of the Irish people—then amounting to nearly eight millions of men,—were crushed into the earth and were afraid to speak. Under the tyranny of a hostile government, under the tyranny of their cruel and unjust landlords, the Catholic party were afraid to speak. Grattan's voice was unheeded; he was refused a hearing in the House. Now, the Almighty God, in His mercy to Irishmen, lifted up a man gigantic in form, gigantic in intellect, heroic in courage, strong in faith, tender in heart, immaculate in his purity, who was destined to shake the Irish race into self-assertion and energy; who was destined to rule these people and to lift them from the ground to put a voice upon their lips and make their hearts throb again with glorious excitement and high hope. O'Connell arose—(great applause, again and again renewed)—alone, to head the Irish people;—with the grasp of an athlete to strangle every man that arose against these people, alone he rose to lead a prostrate nation high up the rugged road of liberty, until he led them to kneel before a free altar, and burst the bonds that bound them. Alone had he to do it. In 1813, he took the charge of, and a leading place in the Catholic Association. At that time, mark the difficulties that he had to contend with.—He had a people afraid to speak; he had an aristocracy opposed to him to a man; he had the great landed interest of England and the English people opposed to him to a man; he had the English Catholics opposed to him; he had a government that was watching him, crossing him, day after day, with persecutions, arresting him, now on this charge, now on that, accusing him now of having said this, and then of having said that. He had men watching for his life. He had to conquer the false friend and the open enemy, defy the Government, defy the Bench and the Bar; he had to take the pistol in his hands, bitterly, though his Catholic heart regretted it; he had actually to commit a tremendous crime in the cause of Ireland (applause). He was prosecuted for some sayings of his with Richard Lalor Shiel; the Grand Jury threw out the bills; there was no case against them. Finding that they could not entrap him into the meshes of the law which with a superhuman genius and prudence he was able to evade, a murderer was put upon his track. As of old, when they

found they were unable to conquer Owen Roe O'Neill with the sword, they put poison in his drink; so, when they found they could not conquer O'Connell with the sword, they set a murderer upon his track. The whip of D'Este was lifted to strike the magnificent form of Ireland's best son. What could he do? Insulted over and over again, that life that was so precious to Ireland, he freely risked for Ireland. I do not justify him. No. Nor does he ask me from his grave in Glasnevin to night, nor from his place in Heaven, to justify him. Even as St. Peter, for his own denial of his Master, wept every day of his life; so O'Connell, for his one moment of forgetfulness of his Catholic duties, wept every day of his life. Yet what could he do? Young brave, as a lion, confident in his strength and in his dexterity, he accepted the challenge; and, on a fine morning Mr. D'Este, who threatened to "fog O'Connell, and wanted to fight him, took a cab and drove out to Lord Cloncurry's place about ten miles outside of Dublin, and there, on a field of an estate called Lyons he met Daniel O'Connell. Now, D'Este thought he was sure to win, as he was a small thin, miserable little man (laughter), like an attenuated herring long out of the sea (great laughter), and it seemed that, to hit him a man should be able to shoot a rat at half a mile (applause and great laughter); whilst O'Connell was a fine, full burly, mountain of a man. To fire at him, was something like firing at a haystack (laughter). Then, again, D'Este was a dead shot, and O'Connell was considered to be far more formidable man with the pen than with the pistol. I have my account of this from old men who were on the ground that morning. They said that there was deliberate murder in D'Este's eye, as he took his aim. O'Connell simply stood there for Ireland; he could not keep his hold of the people (considering the genius of the time), unless he met that man, and fought him. He lifted his pistol, apparently, carelessly; but he threw the light grey eye after it (laughter and applause). Two reports were heard. The whistling ball passed before O'Connell's eyes; but D'Este was on the ground; and he never got up again (laughter and applause). Major McNamara, of Clare, was on the ground,—a Protestant gentleman, who had fought a great many duels in his time. He came up to O'Connell, with tears in his eyes, and said—"I declare to Heaven I saw it, it was the neatest shot that ever was made" (great laughter and applause). "If ever I am to meet my man again," said the Major, "I hope, if he is to strike me at all, he will do it neatly. It is almost an honor to be killed so beautifully" (renewed laughter).

Richard B. Sheridan, his own friend,—to die of starvation in a garret in London. He had no tears to weep. He had no heart to feel. The bloated voluptuary!—he was never known to weep in his life, only when he was signing the bill of Emancipation; and then he wept the devil's tears (cheers). The Act was passed and declared law on the 13th of brother in religion, Lacordaire, "Eight millions of my Irishmen sat down in the British House of Commons in the person of Daniel O'Connell." And yet, mark the spite, the deliberate spite of the government.—After the Act of Emancipation, they would not let him take his seat, until he had to go back to O'Connell to be re-elected. After the Act of Emancipation was passed, they made a number of barristers—English barristers—King's Counsel—members of the bar; and whilst the young men—young counsel—received this privilege,—the head of the Irish bar—the head of the Irish people was denied it. They in the back-ground whom the Almighty God brought forth (cheers!).

Now, my friends, what gave O'Connell this power? I answer that, by this time, O'Connell had organized the Irish people in their parishes; he had made them join the Association; he had fixed a tax of a penny a month upon every Catholic man in Ireland. It was not the penny he was looking for, but for the man's name. He got them all enrolled in the Association; he got the Priests to know all the men who were associated; he got the people to know one another; he published their numbers to them; he told them the secret of their strength; he had the priesthood of Ireland,—the parish priests, the curates, the friars with him, to a man. No "Veto" for them (laughter and applause). Why? For many reasons. I will not speak now of the effect of that legislation (if it had passed) upon the Church. I will not speak of it as affecting her liberties. But what was more natural than that every honest priest in Ireland should oppose the veto? because he must have said to himself "What chance have I of ever being made a bishop?" (Laughter and applause). Canning, though the friend of Ireland, was told to keep his Emancipation Act. Things went on. The Irish people, every day increasing in their numbers, affiliated with the Catholic Association; every day feeling their way, feeling their strength. The thundering voice of the mighty O'Connell went through the land. He went here and there through the country; he sacrificed his profession, and all its vast gains, and he devoted himself to marshalling the people, until at length things were brought to such a pass that when Lord Wellington, the conqueror of Waterloo, and the bitterest Tory enemy that Ireland ever had (hisses)—when Wellington came into power, sworn, if he could help it, never to do anything for the Irish Catholics, and having a King, the basest, vilest, the most polluted of men, the infamous George IV. (hisses)—having that King at his back, who swore that he never would grant anything to Irish Catholics,—O'Connell had so marshalled the Irish nation, that the man who had conquered Napoleon at Waterloo, was obliged to acknowledge that O'Connell had beaten him; and he went to the King, and said, "If you will not emancipate the Catholics without any condition, and give them freedom, you will have a revolution in Ireland (loud applause). It was not for love, it was not for justice, that this Act was granted. Never since the day that Richard Strangbow, Earl of Pembroke, set foot, with his Normans, upon the soil of Ireland,—never from that hour to this, has England granted us one iota of justice, except under the influence of craven fear (applause).

And now, my friends, the great crowning act of his life being thus accomplished, he did not rest one moment; but he turned his thoughts to the second great object for which he lived. And, indeed, it was scarcely the second but the first, viz: the Repeal of the Union. Some people in Ireland—and, elsewhere—think that the Repeal of the Union was an after thought of O'Connell; that he did not intend it in the beginning; that he never thought of it until he had coerced them into emancipating the Catholics. It is not so. Twenty years before Catholic Emancipation was passed, O'Connell declared that he would labor to the last hour of his life for the purpose of repealing that accursed Union (cheers). Even in Grattan's time—and Grattan lived until 1820—even in Grattan's time, the Catholics of Ireland already petitioned for the Repeal of the Union and Grattan told them: "If ever you, Catholics of Ireland, rise up in your united strength, you will get the Repeal of the Union, or anything else England may have it in her power to bestow upon you" (cheers). From 1829 until 1839—for a period of ten years—O'Connell sat in the British Parliament, opposed to all the rivalry, all the opposition, all the contempt, that the bigotry of English Protestantism could bring to bear upon him. Every man in that House hated him as the devil is said to hate holy water (laughter). But he stuck to his own course, and his own track of giving names. Stanley, the late Earl of Derby, rose to oppose him, and he turned upon him in this way: "Sit down, scorpion Stanley!" And until Stanley went to his long home, he was known by the name of "Scorpion Stanley!" Disraeli attacked him, and O'Connell turned round and said, "Oh, here is a Jew; a lineal descendant of the iniquitous thief that refused to be converted on the cross" (laughter). Mr. Sturgeon, the Chancellor deprived him of the magisterial power. O'Connell called him "the man with the ugly name" and whenever he spoke of him, or replied to him, he never alluded to him by name, but in his supernal wit, O'Connell would say, "he should have said, as the man with the ugly name has observed" (laughter). And so, by his undaunted courage, by his wit, by his tremendous argumentative power, and by his swelling eloquence, he crushed the opposition of the English House of Commons, and, as he opened the door by the violence of his genius, he held his footing there by the same genius; until, in a few years, the fate of the two great parties of England was in the hands of O'Connell (cheers). O'Connell and his "tail"—as it was called—commanded such influence, that, on any great question affecting the existence of the government, the Premier of England always, in his necessity, came to O'Connell to beg him to have pity on the government, and not to turn them out of office (laughter). And now began to take form and symmetry the great Repeal agitation. He who had united Ireland as one man in the sacred cause of religion, united them again, as one man, in the cause of nationality (loud cheers). From end to end of the land he travelled; and wherever he appeared, the enthusiastic heart and manhood of Ireland gathered round him. Oh, how grandly does he rise before my imagination now! Oh, how magnificent is the figure that now looms up in the halls of my memory, as I look back to that glorious year of 1843—the "Repeal year" of Ireland (cheers). He stands within the honored walls of Dundalk, and three hundred thousand Irishmen are around him. Not a voice of discord; not a word of quarreling; not a single jarring, even of thought; not a drunken man; not a criminal amongst the three hundred thousand of Ireland's stalwart sons! (cheers). He stands upon the Hill of Tara! He stands by "The Croppy's grave;" and he has, there, upon the slopes of that Hill, two hundred and fifty thousand men,—a quarter of a million of Irishmen before him (cheers). Oh, who was able thus to unite Irishmen? Who was able to inspire them with one soul—with one high and lofty, and burning aspiration? Who was able to lift up a people whom he had found so fallen, though not degraded, that they could scarcely speak words of freedom—of rights—the thoughts in their minds? It was the mighty genius—it was the grand, the magnificent mind of Ireland's greatest son—of Daniel O'Connell! (great cheering). The government got afraid; and well they might be. Oh, for the shining arms of the Volunteers! Oh, if on that day of Tara,—if on that day of Mullaghmast,—oh, if on that day, when the soldiers barred the road to Clontarf,—if, on that day, Ireland was aroused, where, on the face of the earth, is the race of oppressors that this army of men might not have swept from their path in the might of their concentrated patriotism! (loud cheers). But Ireland, though united, was unarmed; and the brave and the heroic man who said, with so much truth, that his highest glory would be to draw the sword for his native isle, was obliged to preach conciliation, and peace, and submission, to the people. The meeting at Clontarf was dispersed, and I may say, with truth, that the dream of the Repeal of the Union of Ireland with England was dissolved. Some days after found O'Connell in prison, where, for months, he languished; his health and his heart broken for the sake of Ireland; until at length the iniquitous decree, the blasphemous judgment was reversed—given by the English House of Lords—and O'Connell, in September, 1844, came forth from prison, a free man. But he never recovered from that blow. Never. It was followed by disunion in the councils. Brave and generous hearts, to be sure there were, full of the young and warm blood. They were for drawing the sword, whilst they had no sword to draw. Ireland unarmed arose in rebellion; whilst near Clontarf, and in and around Dublin, there were twenty thousand soldiers ready to pour out the people's blood. The glorious dream of emancipation—of emancipation for the people—fled away for the time. Then came the hand of God upon the people. Oh, well I remember the fearful scenes that aged father of his country saw before he died! Then came the day when the news spread from lip to lip: "There is famine in the land; and we must all die." So said eight millions in that terrible year of '46,—eight millions in that awful Autumn that came upon us, when the people "arised for bread and there was no one to break it to them." The strong man lay down and died. The tender maidens, the pure and aged matrons of Ireland, lay down and died. They were found by the roadside, unburied; they were found in their shallow graves,—scarcely buried. They were found crawling to the chapel door that they might breathe out their souls in one last act of faith and love to their Christ! Thus did the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. The Legislator and the Emancipator—the Father of Ireland—was compelled to see his people perish; and he had not the means to

they were unable to conquer Owen Roe O'Neill with the sword, they put poison in his drink; so, when they found they could not conquer O'Connell with the sword, they set a murderer upon his track. The whip of D'Este was lifted to strike the magnificent form of Ireland's best son. What could he do? Insulted over and over again, that life that was so precious to Ireland, he freely risked for Ireland. I do not justify him. No. Nor does he ask me from his grave in Glasnevin to night, nor from his place in Heaven, to justify him. Even as St. Peter, for his own denial of his Master, wept every day of his life; so O'Connell, for his one moment of forgetfulness of his Catholic duties, wept every day of his life. Yet what could he do? Young brave, as a lion, confident in his strength and in his dexterity, he accepted the challenge; and, on a fine morning Mr. D'Este, who threatened to "fog O'Connell, and wanted to fight him, took a cab and drove out to Lord Cloncurry's place about ten miles outside of Dublin, and there, on a field of an estate called Lyons he met Daniel O'Connell. Now, D'Este thought he was sure to win, as he was a small thin, miserable little man (laughter), like an attenuated herring long out of the sea (great laughter), and it seemed that, to hit him a man should be able to shoot a rat at half a mile (applause and great laughter); whilst O'Connell was a fine, full burly, mountain of a man. To fire at him, was something like firing at a haystack (laughter). Then, again, D'Este was a dead shot, and O'Connell was considered to be far more formidable man with the pen than with the pistol. I have my account of this from old men who were on the ground that morning. They said that there was deliberate murder in D'Este's eye, as he took his aim. O'Connell simply stood there for Ireland; he could not keep his hold of the people (considering the genius of the time), unless he met that man, and fought him. He lifted his pistol, apparently, carelessly; but he threw the light grey eye after it (laughter and applause). Two reports were heard. The whistling ball passed before O'Connell's eyes; but D'Este was on the ground; and he never got up again (laughter and applause). Major McNamara, of Clare, was on the ground,—a Protestant gentleman, who had fought a great many duels in his time. He came up to O'Connell, with tears in his eyes, and said—"I declare to Heaven I saw it, it was the neatest shot that ever was made" (great laughter and applause). "If ever I am to meet my man again," said the Major, "I hope, if he is to strike me at all, he will do it neatly. It is almost an honor to be killed so beautifully" (renewed laughter).

the Catholic Association, formed under O'Connell grew under his genius. The Catholic aristocracy of Ireland, the Bullwogs, the Trimblestones, the Fingals, were shocked when they heard this man speak; they were frightened; they were afraid to speak to the English people at all; they were afraid to petition Parliament. Even John Keogh and the Democratic portion of the Catholics of Ireland were for maintaining what they called a "dignified silence" which means a silence that proceeds from fear. Out came O'Connell as brave as a lion. He knew no fear. He attacked: he did not petition. He attacked the men at the head of the State; he called them every vile name he could think of. One man was called a "pig;" another "a perjurer;" another was told to "get out of that" (laughter); another man was called a "bloated buffoon;" and so on. And these grand English statesmen,—who thought they could walk or ride rough-shod over Ireland,—found, to their amazement, that there was an Irishman who, not only was not afraid of them, but who gave them nick-names that stuck to them for the rest of their lives (laughter). When the Catholic people of Ireland found that, some how or other, a lion had got in amongst them,—a lion rampant, roaring for his prey,—when they found that there was one Catholic man in the land, speaking their own language, glorying in identity of race with them,—that made every man, even to the Prince of Wales, at that time (George IV afterwards), afraid of him,—they plucked up courage; they raised their heads; and they asked themselves was the world coming to an end! for what was going to be done with this man? But when they found that this man had a genius and eloquence that nothing could withstand,—when they found that the cause of justice and of truth on this man's lips meant the tremendous cause that would shake the world; when they found the Catholic nation, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, sympathizing with this man, admiring his genius, translating his speeches into their tongues, and proclaiming him one of the greatest men of the age,—Ireland began to feel confidence and pride in O'Connell (applause). Now, I say that Ireland's confidence and pride in O'Connell, from the year 1810 to the year 1829, was her salvation (applause). He roused the clergy,—the priests even were afraid to speak; there was not a clerical voice to be heard in the cause; the bishops were afraid of their lives; if they spoke, it was with bated breath, as men who are only permitted to live, who are winked at in order that they might be tolerated in the land. He roused the clergy; he sent them amongst their people; he commanded them to preach a Gospel second only in its sacredness to the Gospel of our holy religion—that is, the Gospel of Ireland's glorious nationality (tremendous applause).

And thus it came to pass, that in the year, 1813, George Canning, the great English statesman, was glad to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. And now comes O'Connell again in all his glory before us. Canning prepared his bill. The Catholics of Ireland were to be emancipated; they were to be allowed to enter all the professions; they were to be allowed to enter Parliament; they were to be allowed to mount the Judicial Bench as the Judges of the land; they were to be allowed to legislate for themselves and for their people, all—upon one condition; and that was, they were to allow the English government what was called "The power of the veto," which I will explain to you. Whenever a Catholic priest was to be made a bishop, his name was to be sent to Rome; and if the Pope approved of him, then, instead of making him a bishop, out of hand, he was to send back his name with the nomination; and the moment a man got his nomination, instead of going to the Archbishop, and getting him to consecrate him, he was to send the nomination to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State was to submit it to the Council of English Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of England, or the Irish Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and they were to examine this man, and see whether he was worthy to be a bishop (laughter); they were such good judges, they knew all about that (renewed laughter). In all probability, if the bill had passed, Lord Norbury, of whom you have heard, would have been one of these examining Lords, examining a Priest in his theology (laughter). And if they disapproved of a man—in other words—if they found him a true Irishman, if they found he had one spark of love for his country in him they were to put their "veto" upon him, and the Pope was to have no power in the matter. You understand what it meant. They wanted to exclude from the Episcopate of Ireland, such men as the immortal Dr. Doyle, or the great John McHale, of Tuam (tremendous cheering for Archbishop McHale); they wanted to make bishops only of men who would lie down at their feet, and be trampled upon, who would tell the people that there was no such word as freedom in the Gospel (applause). Such was the state of affairs at the time when Canning's Bill was proposed, with "the Veto" attached to it. All the English Catholics said, "Oh, yes; that will be very well." All the Irish "respectable" Catholics, with a few Irish Catholic Lords, and a few Irish Catholic Knights were in favor of the "veto." "Why not?" they said, "we will all be glad to be emancipated on any condition." Some of the Irish Catholic Bishops admitted it. And worst of all, the Pope was then a prisoner,

the year 1828 came. Wellington came into power; and the Catholic Association, like men who had now learned to speak, passed a decree that no man that accepted office under Lord Wellington should be returned to Parliament, for any borough or any county. There was a member, at the time, for the county of Clare, a very good man; a very estimable and agreeable man; and his father was really a great man, a true patriot; this man's name was Vesey Fitzgerald; and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington's Government. That obliged him to go back to Clare to ask the people to re-elect him. The people, at that time, were altogether in the hands of the landlords; and when the day of the election came they were called together, not even being given their breakfast before they left; and the bailiff, and the land steward, and the landlord drove them, as you would drive a flock of sheep, to give their votes. So, every landlord could say to another; "I have so many votes; how many have you?" The people had no voice at all, except just to register their votes. Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular man; he came back to Clare for re-election; when, like a thunder clap, came the words of O'Connell. "I am going to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament from it" (applause). The British Government was silenced with utter amazement and astonishment at the audacity of the man. The whole world stood confounded at the greatness of his courage. He went down to Clare. The priests came around him; he raised his standard inscribed "Freedom from landlord intimidation!" "Every man has his own conscience, and his own rights;" and, by a sweeping majority of the honest and manly Irishmen of the County Clare, O'Connell was returned (applause). Whilst they were discussing the terms of emancipation; whilst they were asking each other could they allow Catholics the privilege of returning members to Parliament, of their own religion; whilst they were trying to devise how they would neutralize it, how they would keep it out; in spite of all, this big, huge man walks in on the floor of the House of Commons returned as member for Clare. He advances to the table to take the oaths of allegiance and loyalty. The Clerk of the House of Commons rose to put the book in his hands to swear him. "What am I to be sworn to?" "To swear this," he reads: "The sacrifice of the Mass, veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Saints is damnable idolatry." (Here the lecturer as if in intense indignation dashed down the book which, in describing the attitude of O'Connell, he held in his hand.) "In the name of two hundred millions of men; in the name of eight millions of the Irish race; in the name of antiquity; in the name of history; in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of truth, I reject that oath," he says, "for it is a damnable falsehood." (Tremendous cheers, which lasted for some minutes.) He found a "veto" with a vengeance, lying before him; and as he would not have the Act of Emancipation, with a "veto" tacked on to it, so he would not sit down in the House of Parliament with an informal lie on his lips (cheers).

Three times was the Act of Catholic Emancipation put before the English House of Commons; and,—sorely against their will,—because the Prime Minister and his associates in the government, told them, with trembling lips, "You must do it. The Irish are prepared for revolution! You must do it! They will sever the connection altogether! They will break up the Empire!"—they passed it. It went before the Lords. For three days they held out against it, vomiting out their bigotry. "No! no! rather die than do it! No!" "But you must do it!" was the answer (cheers and laughter). The Irish people have found a man; and that man has united them as one man; and, now, O'Connell represents Ireland; and O'Connell stands at the door and tells them: "You must do it" (cheers). The bill passed the Lords and Commons, and Wellington took it, on bended knee, and offered it to George the Fourth. The King refused to read it. "You must read it!" He read it. "Never!" "You must do it! It cannot be helped!" He took the pen in his hand,—and he burst into tears! He did not weep when he broke the heart of his wife, and declared her an adulteress. He did not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him,—that was destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch. He did not weep when he left

Among the bribes that were held out to the Irish people to let this Act pass, there was one, and it was a promise that was given then, that the Catholics should be emancipated. No sooner was the Union passed, than William Pitt, the Prime minister of England, betrayed his faith, and broke his word with Ireland; and when he had received the gift of our existence into his hands, he laughed at us in the face, and mocked us as fools, for trusting him; and a fool is every Irishman on the face of the earth that trusts England, and England's Parliament, or that imagines for a single moment that the English Government or the English Parliament will ever give justice, or equal laws to Ireland, unless they are obliged and coerced by the fear of arms (great applause). If the Volunteers of '82 had kept

he had to contend with.—He had a people afraid to speak; he had an aristocracy opposed to him to a man; he had the great landed interest of England and the English people opposed to him to a man; he had the English Catholics opposed to him; he had a government that was watching him, crossing him, day after day, with persecutions, arresting him, now on this charge, now on that, accusing him now of having said this, and then of having said that. He had men watching for his life. He had to conquer the false friend and the open enemy, defy the Government, defy the Bench and the Bar; he had to take the pistol in his hands, bitterly, though his Catholic heart regretted it; he had actually to commit a tremendous crime in the cause of Ireland (applause). He was prosecuted for some sayings of his with Richard Lalor Shiel; the Grand Jury threw out the bills; there was no case against them. Finding that they could not entrap him into the meshes of the law which with a superhuman genius and prudence he was able to evade, a murderer was put upon his track. As of old, when they

the Catholic Association, formed under O'Connell grew under his genius. The Catholic aristocracy of Ireland, the Bullwogs, the Trimblestones, the Fingals, were shocked when they heard this man speak; they were frightened; they were afraid to speak to the English people at all; they were afraid to petition Parliament. Even John Keogh and the Democratic portion of the Catholics of Ireland were for maintaining what they called a "dignified silence" which means a silence that proceeds from fear. Out came O'Connell as brave as a lion. He knew no fear. He attacked: he did not petition. He attacked the men at the head of the State; he called them every vile name he could think of. One man was called a "pig;" another "a perjurer;" another was told to "get out of that" (laughter); another man was called a "bloated buffoon;" and so on. And these grand English statesmen,—who thought they could walk or ride rough-shod over Ireland,—found, to their amazement, that there was an Irishman who, not only was not afraid of them, but who gave them nick-names that stuck to them for the rest of their lives (laughter). When the Catholic people of Ireland found that, some how or other, a lion had got in amongst them,—a lion rampant, roaring for his prey,—when they found that there was one Catholic man in the land, speaking their own language, glorying in identity of race with them,—that made every man, even to the Prince of Wales, at that time (George IV afterwards), afraid of him,—they plucked up courage; they raised their heads; and they asked themselves was the world coming to an end! for what was going to be done with this man? But when they found that this man had a genius and eloquence that nothing could withstand,—when they found that the cause of justice and of truth on this man's lips meant the tremendous cause that would shake the world; when they found the Catholic nation, France, Spain, Austria, Italy, sympathizing with this man, admiring his genius, translating his speeches into their tongues, and proclaiming him one of the greatest men of the age,—Ireland began to feel confidence and pride in O'Connell (applause). Now, I say that Ireland's confidence and pride in O'Connell, from the year 1810 to the year 1829, was her salvation (applause). He roused the clergy,—the priests even were afraid to speak; there was not a clerical voice to be heard in the cause; the bishops were afraid of their lives; if they spoke, it was with bated breath, as men who are only permitted to live, who are winked at in order that they might be tolerated in the land. He roused the clergy; he sent them amongst their people; he commanded them to preach a Gospel second only in its sacredness to the Gospel of our holy religion—that is, the Gospel of Ireland's glorious nationality (tremendous applause).

And thus it came to pass, that in the year, 1813, George Canning, the great English statesman, was glad to propose a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. And now comes O'Connell again in all his glory before us. Canning prepared his bill. The Catholics of Ireland were to be emancipated; they were to be allowed to enter all the professions; they were to be allowed to enter Parliament; they were to be allowed to mount the Judicial Bench as the Judges of the land; they were to be allowed to legislate for themselves and for their people, all—upon one condition; and that was, they were to allow the English government what was called "The power of the veto," which I will explain to you. Whenever a Catholic priest was to be made a bishop, his name was to be sent to Rome; and if the Pope approved of him, then, instead of making him a bishop, out of hand, he was to send back his name with the nomination; and the moment a man got his nomination, instead of going to the Archbishop, and getting him to consecrate him, he was to send the nomination to the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of State was to submit it to the Council of English Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of England, or the Irish Lords, and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; and they were to examine this man, and see whether he was worthy to be a bishop (laughter); they were such good judges, they knew all about that (renewed laughter). In all probability, if the bill had passed, Lord Norbury, of whom you have heard, would have been one of these examining Lords, examining a Priest in his theology (laughter). And if they disapproved of a man—in other words—if they found him a true Irishman, if they found he had one spark of love for his country in him they were to put their "veto" upon him, and the Pope was to have no power in the matter. You understand what it meant. They wanted to exclude from the Episcopate of Ireland, such men as the immortal Dr. Doyle, or the great John McHale, of Tuam (tremendous cheering for Archbishop McHale); they wanted to make bishops only of men who would lie down at their feet, and be trampled upon, who would tell the people that there was no such word as freedom in the Gospel (applause). Such was the state of affairs at the time when Canning's Bill was proposed, with "the Veto" attached to it. All the English Catholics said, "Oh, yes; that will be very well." All the Irish "respectable" Catholics, with a few Irish Catholic Lords, and a few Irish Catholic Knights were in favor of the "veto." "Why not?" they said, "we will all be glad to be emancipated on any condition." Some of the Irish Catholic Bishops admitted it. And worst of all, the Pope was then a prisoner,

the year 1828 came. Wellington came into power; and the Catholic Association, like men who had now learned to speak, passed a decree that no man that accepted office under Lord Wellington should be returned to Parliament, for any borough or any county. There was a member, at the time, for the county of Clare, a very good man; a very estimable and agreeable man; and his father was really a great man, a true patriot; this man's name was Vesey Fitzgerald; and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington's Government. That obliged him to go back to Clare to ask the people to re-elect him. The people, at that time, were altogether in the hands of the landlords; and when the day of the election came they were called together, not even being given their breakfast before they left; and the bailiff, and the land steward, and the landlord drove them, as you would drive a flock of sheep, to give their votes. So, every landlord could say to another; "I have so many votes; how many have you?" The people had no voice at all, except just to register their votes. Vesey Fitzgerald was a popular man; he came back to Clare for re-election; when, like a thunder clap, came the words of O'Connell. "I am going to stand for Clare, and be elected to Parliament from it" (applause). The British Government was silenced with utter amazement and astonishment at the audacity of the man. The whole world stood confounded at the greatness of his courage. He went down to Clare. The priests came around him; he raised his standard inscribed "Freedom from landlord intimidation!" "Every man has his own conscience, and his own rights;" and, by a sweeping majority of the honest and manly Irishmen of the County Clare, O'Connell was returned (applause). Whilst they were discussing the terms of emancipation; whilst they were asking each other could they allow Catholics the privilege of returning members to Parliament, of their own religion; whilst they were trying to devise how they would neutralize it, how they would keep it out; in spite of all, this big, huge man walks in on the floor of the House of Commons returned as member for Clare. He advances to the table to take the oaths of allegiance and loyalty. The Clerk of the House of Commons rose to put the book in his hands to swear him. "What am I to be sworn to?" "To swear this," he reads: "The sacrifice of the Mass, veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Saints is damnable idolatry." (Here the lecturer as if in intense indignation dashed down the book which, in describing the attitude of O'Connell, he held in his hand.) "In the name of two hundred millions of men; in the name of eight millions of the Irish race; in the name of antiquity; in the name of history; in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of truth, I reject that oath," he says, "for it is a damnable falsehood." (Tremendous cheers, which lasted for some minutes.) He found a "veto" with a vengeance, lying before him; and as he would not have the Act of Emancipation, with a "veto" tacked on to it, so he would not sit down in the House of Parliament with an informal lie on his lips (cheers).



IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DIOCESE OF DUBLIN.—ADDRESS TO THE HOLY FATHER.—At a meeting held recently in St. Kevin's...

"Most Holy Father, come once more, casting thine eyes at your feet, to greet you on the auspicious...

The magnificent new Catholic Church of St. Kevin, Harrington street, Dublin, was solemnly dedicated...

CASTLEBAR CONVENT.—We learn from the Castlebar Telegraph that the Archbishop of Tuam has laid the...

ORATIONS IN THURSDAY.—The magnificent cathedral, which the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy is now erecting...

THE CLERGY OF LIMERICK DENOUNCE KEOGH.—The Bishop and clergy of the Diocese of Limerick held a meeting...

The evangelical spirit which has found in the West of Ireland a sort of happy hunting ground...

QUARTER SESSIONS' CHAIRMEN.—In the Times of Tuesday last an article appeared impugning the decisions...

RAISING THE RENTS.—The Earl of Dartry has some property in Killeury and Roodstown, in this county...

marriages, births, and deaths which took place in Ireland during the year 1869 has just been published...

GENERAL INDIGNATION.—The indignation against Judge Keogh for his extraordinary "judgment" is, according to the Waterford Citizen, widespread and intense...

THE CONFLAGRATION.—Mr. Justice Keogh, as he surveys the state of Ireland at this moment, will probably realise the fact that he has sent a war-torch...

IRISHMEN IN THE COMMENTS.

Paris, 20th May, 1872. DEAR SIR: In a letter on the fearful conflagration in Paris last year, an English lady in a late number of Temple Bar makes the following statement:

Having carefully examined the printed lists containing the names of the prisoners of the Commune, assisted at nearly all the important trials at Versailles, and made the most minute enquiries, I have not discovered that more than a single Irishman had joined that fearful insurrection.

In the army that saved Paris, however, many Irish names will be found.—MacMahon, Plunkett, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Kelly, Maguire, etc., etc.

Considering it my duty to contradict a report first circulated by Count Bismarck, and frequently repeated since by English papers, I beg you will excuse this intrusion on your valuable space.

Most sincerely yours, JOHN P. LEONARD.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER ON CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND THE "BOARD" SYSTEM.—In a Pastoral Letter which was read on Sunday last, his Grace the Archbishop speaks as follows on the necessity of Catholics liberally supporting their own schools...

an acre profit on their labour. And with regard to cattle, the Earl of Dartry should know that his tenants have very few such animals, so that their profits are not as high as they are estimated to be...

LORD FRANCIS CONYNHAM.—At a meeting of the Home Rule Association, held recently, amongst the new members admitted was Lord Francis Conynham, Mountcharles, Donegal. This occurrence is not altogether barren of significance...

SPREAD OF CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.—On Sunday night, in the pro-cathedral, Kensington, Mr. Capel delivered his sixth lecture on the spread of Catholicity in England, his special subject being the movement alien to the mind of the English...

AND FOR CAPTAIN NOLAN.—The country is showing its patriotism and love of justice by contributing generously towards the "Galway Vindication Fund," so that Captain Nolan, who has fought such a gallant battle for Irish nationality, may be protected from the ruin his opponents have endeavored to inflict upon him...

EDUCATION OF THE POOR IN SOUTH LONDON.—A society, called the Society of St. Joseph, was established last year to raise funds for the building and maintenance of poor schools, in connection with St. George's Cathedral. The Bishop is the patron of the society, and the Rev. Joseph Moore is president.

LONDON IRISH HOME RULE ASSOCIATION.—The first of a series of Metropolitan Demonstrations was held on Monday evening in St. Mary's Hall, attached to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, for the purpose of forwarding the Home Rule movement...

COMMONS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO MANAGE IRISH FAIRS; and if they did, they had not time. Had the promises of the Union been realized? If any man with his senses about him went into and through Ireland—not to Cork city, not to Belfast, where there was perhaps as much activity as in England...

OF ALL THE HOTELS IN THE world the very oddest is a lonely one in California, on the road between San Jose and Santa Cruz. It is a fantastic tree standing a few feet apart and hollow inside; these are the hotel, neat, breezy, and romantic. The largest tree is sixty-five feet around, and contains a sitting-room and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is dispensed the thing that biteth and stings.

them. But such schools are simply closed to Catholic children. No Catholic parent without sin could voluntarily expose his child to an education which is deprived of all Catholic teaching, and is mixed with a teaching in religion, both in principle and in matter, inconsistent with the conscience of Catholics. Nevertheless, to such schools children will be sent, or may be forced to go, if the efficiency of Catholic schools be not kept up to an equal standard.

MISSISSIPPI CANAL ON BAD EXAMPLE.—The Very Rev. Monsignor Capel, in the second sermon of his course on "Adoration in Spirit and in Truth," at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick-street, dwelt specially on the danger of giving scandal to one's neighbor, and thus departing from that spirit of adoration which should cause us to endeavour to lead souls to God.

REVEREND FATHER'S LAST WILL.—A well known and, during his lifetime, public spirited tradesman of Bristol died a few months ago, possessed of a large property. Deceased left a widow, by whom he had no family, and it was thought that the reversion of his fortune would go to his poor relations, members of whom he had in the condition of colliers and laborers in the neighborhood of this city; while the local charities, it was supposed, would be liberally remembered.

ARCHBISHOP DURRILL DELIVERED A VERY IMPORTANT address at the fortieth commencement of St. Francis Xavier's College, Cincinnati, O., on June 27. Alluding to the labor question, trades-unions, strikes, etc. waiting for an authentic report, we give the telegraphic summary furnished by the associated press agent: "He said the demoralizing and destructive influences of internationalism should be denounced, and would be under a liberal system of education. He agreed with a recent writer, who believed trades-unions were detrimental to the laboring man and every person connected. With reference to the eight-hour movement, if eight hours were granted to-morrow, for who should set a limit to such arrogance and dictation. If labor said to capital to-day it must have \$5, to-morrow it might demand \$10. No government could continue to exist under such a system. The next cry might be that to possess property was robbery, and a division would require a new subdivision every Saturday night until there should be nothing remaining to sub-divide. A remedy for these evils was in a liberal education."

THE MOST REV. THE BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD, Mass., sails for Europe on July 20, on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Apostles, where he will do homage to the imprisoned successor of Peter, and bear to him the devout offerings of his children in the diocese of Springfield. The Bishop will bring with him, in this pilgrimage of love and duty, the wishes of all Catholics that his voyage may be prosperous and his return secure.

THEY HAVE HAD AN extraordinary meteorological phenomenon in San Francisco. A comet suddenly disappeared, and such was its wonderful influence, that "Mars appeared luminous and rose colored," so says the report. This able conduct on the part of Mars, may astonish the San Francisco reporters but after all it is not such a wonderful matter when you analyze it. In this part of the country, Mars when visible has generally been found to present a luminous appearance, and it seems as though we had heard of his ruddiness, before the advent of the San Francisco comet. It is rather doubtful, after all, whether the comet had anything to do with his recent luminous and rose-colored appearance, and in fact, the very existence of the comet in question may be doubted. Comets move rapidly, but they do not appear and disappear with the velocity credited to this California meteor. May not some impatient boy have set off his Fourth of July fireworks in advance of the proper date and thus originated the San Francisco comet?

WHAT IS BECOME OF ALL THE GAME.—The general and wholesale destruction of large game in the West has called the attention of economists to the need of more stringent laws for the reasonable protection of deer has been so great and indiscriminate that its effect is now being felt in impoverishing the State of an important source of wealth. In 1870 the dealers of St. Paul shipped more than 20,000 skins, while in 1871 the shipment only reached 18,500, and from the present indications there will be a still smaller number this year. During the last three years the deer skins, buffalo robes and furs sent from St. Paul amounted in value to \$3,000,000, and yet the wild animals are only killed for their skins, which bring but twenty-five cents per pound in that market. As a consequence of this wholesale onslaught the large game is rapidly disappearing from Minnesota and the Territories, and will soon be entirely destroyed unless proper means are taken for its protection.

OF ALL THE HOTELS IN THE world the very oddest is a lonely one in California, on the road between San Jose and Santa Cruz. It is a fantastic tree standing a few feet apart and hollow inside; these are the hotel, neat, breezy, and romantic. The largest tree is sixty-five feet around, and contains a sitting-room and that bureau of Bacchus wherefrom is dispensed the thing that biteth and stings. All about this tree is a garden of flowers and over-greens. The drawing room is a bower made of red-wood, evergreens and modrona branches. For bed-chambers there are nine great hollow trees, white-washed or papored, and having doors cut to fit the shape of the holes. Literature finds a place in a leaning stump, dubbed "the library." If it were not for that same haunt of Bacchus, it is certain that the guests of this forest establishment would feel like nothing so much as dryads.



## The True Witness

AND  
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1872.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JULY—1872.

Friday, 12—St. John Gualbert, Ab.  
Saturday, 13—St. Anacletus, P. M.  
Sunday, 14—Eighth after Pentecost.  
Monday, 15—St. Henry, C.  
Tuesday, 16—B. V. M. of Mount Carmel.  
Wednesday, 17—St. Alexis, C.  
Thursday, 18—St. Camillus of Lellis, C.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Paris despatch states that England, Italy and Switzerland decline accepting the modifications proposed to the treaty of commerce by France.

A report is in circulation that Victor Hugo, who has been persistent in his efforts to secure the commutation of sentence passed upon Henri Rochefort, has succeeded, and that Rochefort, instead of being transported to the penal colony of New Caledonia, will be simply banished from France.

A Berlin despatch states that M. Bismarck has received assurances from three great Catholic powers consenting to a conclave of Cardinals, in order to have a perfect understanding between the Cardinals and Governments interested in the Pope.

The Spenser Gazette official says Emperor William has appointed three of the law officers of the Crown to prepare a report upon the San Juan Boundary question.

A despatch from Constantinople announces that the fire in the suburb of Scutari was checked after destroying but a few more buildings than before stated.

The revolution is again gathering strength in Mexico.

A severe electric storm, without rain, at York, Me., on Wednesday, melted the telegraph wires for a long distance, and killed a little girl, seven years old, who was sitting beneath them, wounded her little brother, and left unharmed a third child, who was sitting between the others.

The Prince Edward Island Legislature was prorogued on the 29th ult.

Lord Dufferin has officially declared his intention of residing a part of each year in Montreal.

There were seventeen deaths from small-pox last week, a decrease of seven from the previous week. Of these thirteen were Roman Catholics and four Protestants.

In our last we took up the instances adduced by the *Witness* from Irish history to disprove our thesis that Protestantism has never made any permanent conquests, except there where it has been supported by the State; that left to itself, it has always dwindled away before the presence of the Church. We have still to deal with the instances from French history which the *Witness* adduces to prove that it is Catholicity, and not Protestantism, that has thriven upon State aid. For this purpose the *Witness*, May 18th, cites:—1. The Massacre of St. Bartholemew, Aug. 24th, 1572; and 2nd the Revocation by Louis XIV. of the Edict of Nantes, and the severe proceedings instituted by the same monarch against the Huguenots.

With regard to the first, or St. Bartholemew massacre, we remark that it was purely a political crime, and therefore not relevant to the question at issue. It was a crime planned and carried into execution by an unprincipled woman, who cared as little for Catholics as she did for Protestants; and we contend that it was the merest chance in the world, that its victims were not the Catholics, as they would have been, but for the vacillating policy of the English Queen, and the obstacles which she was ever opposing to the long talked of Alencon marriage, ardently desired by the Queen Mother. The consequences of this union would have been, a massacre no doubt, but the massacre of the Catholic by the Hugue-

not party—the espousal by France and England, conjointly, of the Protestant cause throughout Europe, and war with Spain, and the Catholic Powers of the Continent. This was the policy that found favor in the eyes of Catherine de Medici and the French Court, and which commended itself to many of the leading French politicians of the day, who were then as eager to revenge on the Spaniard the battle of St. Quentin, as their descendants to-day are eager to exact from the Prussian, payment for the disaster of Sedan, the capitulation of Paris, and the late Treaty of peace so humiliating to France. But single-handed France did not dare, in 1572, to go to war with Spain. The English alliance, of which the terms were the marriage of Elizabeth with Alencon, had to be consummated before France would undertake to draw the sword on the Protestant side, and therewith to drive Alva, and his Spaniards from the Low Countries. Failing in this alliance, France would have to fall back on the Catholic party for support against the Huguenots; but until Elizabeth could be forced to give a decisive answer, Yes or No, to the Alencon marriage propositions, the Queen Mother, who virtually ruled France, was obliged still to hesitate, as to whether she should throw herself unreservedly into the arms of the Huguenots, massacre the Catholics, and declare war with Spain; or whether she should place herself at the head of a great anti-Huguenot party in France, and throughout Europe. Up to the 10th of August, about a fortnight before the massacre—her mind was still in suspense as to which course of policy she should adopt; all depended on the acceptance, or non-acceptance, by Elizabeth of the proffered hand of the Duc d'Alencon, and as usual Elizabeth could not be wrought upon to decide, even though urged to do so by her able advisers, who for the most part were in favor of the French alliance. That these are the facts we propose to show by Protestant authority; and if the facts were so, it is clear that the St. Bartholemew massacre was purely a political crime, and one for which the Church is in no wise responsible, since, but for the vacillation of Elizabeth and her duplicity, the Catholics, not the Huguenots, would have been the victims of the Queen Mother's cold blooded schemes.

In the 23rd chapter of his History of England, the Protestant Froude having told us that "for the French government to go to war with Spain as the ally of the Prince of Orange, would be equivalent to an open declaration in favor of their own Huguenots;" adds, that all the exertions of the Catholic party to prevent this were apparently useless, and thus goes on to describe the attitude of the Court:—

"The traditions of Francis I. were not dead. The opportunity for revenging St. Quentin, and tearing in pieces the Treaty of Cambray was splendidly alluring. . . . Charles was carried away by the temptation, and perhaps by nobler motives. Coligny said that whoever was against the war was no true Frenchman, and the Court appeared to agree with Coligny. The Princess Margaret's marriage, independent of its political bearing, was in itself a defiance of the Papacy."—Froude's *Hist.* vol. x., p. 395.

Everything in the month of July seemed to indicate that the Court of France was about to become Huguenot itself, and to openly espouse the cause of Protestantism throughout Europe, against Spain and the Pope. There was but one obstacle:—

"The only uncertainty rose from the attitude of England. Catherine de Medici had acquiesced in the war—the war with Spain and against the Catholics"—with the proviso from the first that France and England should take up the quarrel together."—*Id.*

But of the Anglo-French alliance, the marriage of Elizabeth with Alencon was the pledge and indispensable condition. All depended on her and she would not give a decided answer; nay it was at last discovered that she was acting treacherously, and was actually intriguing with Alva, against France. So Froude continues:—

"As soon therefore as it was discovered that Elizabeth was not only playing with the Alencon marriage, but was treating secretly with Alva to make her own advantage out of the crisis, the Queen Mother's resolution gave way—or rather, for resolution is not a word to be thrown away upon Catherine de Medici—she saw that war was too dangerous to be ventured."—*Id.*

But the projected Protestant alliance, and Spanish war being thus impossible, the Court was compelled to adopt the other alternative; and since it could not crush the Catholics by means of the Huguenots as it originally proposed, it must in self-defence crush the Huguenots, or deprive them of power by cutting off their leaders:—In religion the Queen Mother was herself perfectly indifferent, very Liberal indeed:—

"Religion, in its good sense, and in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her. She hated and she despised Calvinism; it was a new superstition as overbearing as the old, and without the sanction of traditional existence; it had shaken her own power, and her son's throne, and though if it would serve her purpose, she was ready to make use of it, she was no less willing if it stood in her way, to set her foot upon its neck."—*Id.*

Still up to the 10th of August, fourteen days only before the massacre, the Queen Mother had not made up her mind to abandon all hopes of the English and Protestant alliance: "Coligny still had a powerful hold on the mind of the King. The Queen Mother when she attempted to oppose him found her influence shaking; and

even she herself, as late certainly as the 10th of August, was hesitating on the course which she should adopt. On that day she was still clinging to the hope that Elizabeth might still take Alencon; it was only when she found distinctly that it would not be, that she fell back upon her own cunning."—Froude.

It appears therefore from the testimony of the Protestant historian, that on the 10th of the same month as that on which the massacre occurred—its chief instigator, the Queen Mother, was still hesitating betwixt an English alliance and a pro-Huguenot policy; and peace with Spain and an anti-Huguenot policy.—This disposes of the charge of treachery and premeditation urged by some Protestant writers against Catholics, and shows that the crime was the result of a sudden inspiration or fury—the consequence of the break down of the negotiations with Elizabeth.

That it was a crime no one will deny; that it was a mere political chance, and the consequence of the vacillation and double dealing of Elizabeth, that the Catholics instead of the Huguenots were not the victims of it, is also pretty certain; for had the Queen Mother sided openly with the Huguenots—and raised them to power, we know from their antecedents how they would have treated the Catholics subjected to them. Again we will quote Froude, who as a Protestant himself, says as little as he can against his co-religionists, and deals as tenderly as the notorious facts of history will permit, with their peccadilloes. And yet Froude is forced to admit that, if "on land the chief sufferers had been the Protestants":

"On the sea they had the advantage, and had used it. The privateers had for the most part disposed swiftly of the crew and passengers of their prizes. Prisoners were inconvenient and dangerous; the sea told no tales, and the dead did not come back. With the capture of Brille and Flushing, the black flag had been transferred to the shore, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, following the practices he had learnt in Ireland, hung the Spaniards as fast as he caught them. The Hollanders had shown no mercy to the priests. . . . The Prince of Orange crossed the Rhine in July, coming forwards towards Mons. He took Buremonde by assault, and the monks in the abbey and priories there were instantly murdered. Mechlin opened its gates to him, and after Mechlin, some other towns followed the example; in all of them the Prince could not prevent his cause from being dishonored by the same atrocities."—Froude's *Hist. of England*, vol. x., p. 394.

Perhaps the memory of these atrocities, of these cold-blooded murders of Catholics, of priests and nuns, by the Huguenots who, regarded neither sex nor age, but slow indiscriminately all Papists who fell into their hands may account for—though it may not excuse—the cruel retaliation of the 24th of August, 1572. At all events, we must remember that the St. Bartholemew massacre stands not alone in the stormy annals of this XVI. century; and that all its worst horrors had, before 1572, become as it were chronic in Ireland, where for years, as we showed in our last, acting under the orders of the English government, the captains of Elizabeth, the most illustrious of England's chivalry, had carried on against the Catholics of Ireland a war of extermination more ruthless than that even waged against the Protestants by Alva in the Low countries; a war of extermination which extended to the women, and to the babes at their mothers' breasts; a war which respected neither age nor sex; whilst England's Virgin Queen, and English chivalry, and English Protestantism looked on the bloody spectacle, and loudly applauded. That this was so, we refer for proof to the pages of the Protestant historian Froude, by us quoted in our last.

Two wrongs do not make one right. The crime of the St. Bartholemew Massacre in France is not lessened even by the still more brutal crimes perpetrated in cold blood by English Protestants in Ireland, at the orders of Elizabeth's government; and no student of history being a Christian, will ever attempt to justify either the one or the other. Our object therefore in referring to these sad events is, not to offer an excuse for the crimes of the French Court on the grounds that the English Court was just as bad; but to show that if force were in the quarrels of the XVI. century resorted to by one party, the other party was equally swift to appeal to the same mode of arbitration; and that it is with a very bad grace that Protestants reproach their opponents with their persecuting tendencies. In our next we will try and examine whether at all the Church of Rome is responsible for the severities of Louis XIV. towards the Huguenots? and whether after all these so-called severities were not justly deserved by those who were the victims of them?

\* It must be remembered that at the time alluded to, there was no war with Spain by England; these atrocities were simply the amateur atrocities of English Protestants against Spanish Catholics.

Your "Old Catholics" as the new Protestant sect of which Dr. Dollinger is accounted the head, and of which Gavazzi, Lloyson, and we suppose—if he be still in the flesh—Achilli are active members, are styled as the funniest fellows imaginable. They are always putting forth programmes, the one more ridiculous than the other, and in short if there be a sect to which the name of "programmists" is applicable it is that of the Dollingerites.

One of the last of these programmes that we have seen—but as it is now several days old—

there may have been a dozen new ones since it was issued, is given in the Montreal *Witness* of the 4th July. "This programme"

"proclaims the intention of erecting the work of disciplinary and moral reform in the Church of Rome on the divine foundation of Jesus Christ—whatever that may mean—considering any attempt at religious reform inspired by another spirit as impotent. They accept beside the Holy Scriptures 'all the traditions of divine origin, and all legitimate decrees of the Catholic Church; but they absolutely reject the human traditions and abuses of authority.'"

Now the only obstacle to the carrying out of this programme or of any other which any non-Catholic sect may adopt is this—and a fatal obstacle it is. Who is to define which traditions are of divine origin, which of human origin? who is to determine what decrees of the Catholic Church are legitimate, and what are abuses of authority?

If every one be left to answer these questions for himself; and as they involve matters on which men have been disputing for centuries without ever coming to any common understanding, it is evident that the result will be what we see in the older Protestant sects, from which that of the *Old Catholics*, or *Dollingerites*, will differ only in name.

But if not to the private judgment of each individual, the answering of these all-important questions be left, some authority competent must be invoked. But no authority not infallible is competent to answer such questions, besides no man intellectually above an idiot, would ever submit himself to an authority which he did not at least believe to be infallible. A fallible tribunal adjudicating on religious questions, or pretending to adjudicate, is a sight at which all but fools must laugh, at which the angels must gaze with awe, and wonder at man's presumption, and which must fill with delight the devil and his angels.

The Dollingerites, therefore, cannot help themselves. They must accept either the Protestant principle of private judgment, or the Catholic principle of authority. If the former, they will soon be just where all those who apostatized from the Church before them, find themselves to-day; if the latter, or principle of authority, they must come back to the Roman Catholic Church, for no other body on earth so much as pretends to be infallible, or competent to distinguish betwixt what is divine and what human in the traditions, betwixt what is legitimate, and what an abuse of authority in the decrees of the Church.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.—In a few days the writs will be out, and the people of the Dominion will be called upon to elect their representatives and law-makers for the next five years. How, and for whom to vote? is a serious question, which Catholic electors should seriously ponder.

Not to us, a Catholic and non-political paper, does it belong to discuss the merits of this man, or that man; neither have we the presumption to dictate to our readers how they should act—further than this. They should do all things *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*: to the honor of God, and the good of His Holy Church.

Yes; a corrupt vote, or vote given from corrupt motives is a sin, because the citizen is bound, in conscience, to exercise his secular privileges, as one who will have to render an account to God for all his actions; for all evil done, for all opportunities of doing good neglected. He should therefore study so to vote as to secure the election of men who will legislate in a Christian spirit; and if in doubt, we see not that the Catholic elector can greatly err, who seeks counsel from his spiritual director. More than this, it becomes us not to say. Fortunately there are not at present any of those great issues before the Federal Legislature which some years ago engaged the attention of the Canadian Parliament, but such issues may arise, and we should be prepared to meet them. What we chiefly look for in the political, or purely secular order, from the Federal Legislature is that it shall scrupulously respect, State Rights, and seek to maintain the connection now existing betwixt Great Britain and the Dominion.

Many excellent candidates present themselves, and on looking over the several lists we almost regret that we cannot return them all; we therefore pray that the coming elections, may be distinguished from those that have preceded them, by their peace, by the absence of personalities, and hard words which party strife so often engenders. For the rest we may say, that for our representatives we want not so much eloquent speakers, as honest men, and men of substance; men who have a stake in the country, interested in her trade, manufactures, and agriculture; of independent means and unblemished reputation. These are the men we want not flashy political adventurers, often unable to pay their debts, or settle their little accounts with the grocer, the baker, and the washerwoman. Such men may make good stump orators, and from the upper window of a corner grocery may be able to charm the ears of the gaping mob below; but such men make

but bad legislators, and we want none of their breed in Parliament.

But we have said all that it becomes us to say, and we finish as we commenced—let all things be done *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*. These are our politics, the Church is the only party we know, and they whom the Holy Ghost has placed in authority, are our leaders.

MONTREAL, June 28th, 1872.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—My attention has been directed to an article which appears in your journal of this day, in which I am censured for using the term "baby-farming" in connection with one of our excellent Religious Institutions. Permit me, Sir, to explain that "baby-farming," as I understand it, and as it is understood by nine-tenths of our profession, is simply "giving children out to nurse;" or, in other words obtaining for infants, in the houses of others than their own parents,—generally farmer's wives,—that care and attention which is denied them by their own parents. This is most commendable, and is the meaning I shall be content to adopt until Lexicographers shall determine that the term should bear another and an odious meaning. It is the abuse of this custom, in itself most unobjectionable, which has called down the thunders of the London *Times*, with its not over feeble re-echoings on this side of the Atlantic (as *vide True Witness*, 28th).

I should be exceedingly sorry if any words of mine should be construed into an unfriendly stricture upon a most useful and noble institution, which has always been remarkable for its acts of noble charity and daily works of mercy; and I take this earliest opportunity afforded me of disclaiming *in toto* giving the meaning to the term which you have adopted, and which it certainly never had in my mind.

I have the honor to be, Sir,  
Your obt' serv't  
W. E. BESSEY, M.D.

No. 8 Beaver Hall Square.

When a gentleman disclaims the intention of giving offence, he has made ample atonement, and we accept the apology in the spirit in which it is tendered.

At the same time we insist that the term "baby-farming," though in common-use since the discovery of an abominable practice very common in England, and which is resorted to when the services of the professional abortionist have failed to accomplish their desired object—never is, and never has been used in any other sense save that given to it in our columns. It is used *invariably* as a term of reproach, or contumely, and to denote a lately discovered species of crime. It is not by lexicographers that its meaning must be determined, but by the *usus loquendi*, or rather *scribendi*. It is a term, in short, through which the chronic malignity of the *Witness* against the Grey Nuns finds vent. In short, we defy Dr. Bessey to find a single instance in which the term "baby-farming" is used, except in the bad sense by us attributed to it; or a single instance in which it has been used to denote an act of Christian charity. From what we have heard, however, and on the best authority, of Dr. Bessey, we fully believe that he erred through inadvertence, and that he would not designedly say a word to give pain to the Grey Nuns, or any other ladies engaged in good works.

MASSON COLLEGE, TERREBONNE.—Perhaps none of us enjoyed more pleasant feelings, on Dominion Day, than a few friends who visited Terrebonne, on the occasion of the Distribution of Prizes at the Masson College. It was gratifying to see this admirable Commercial Institution acquitting itself with marked success, and exhibiting a result of a year's labor which will compare favorably with any of our Canadian Colleges. On this occasion, the large hall of the new wing was densely crowded with an assemblage of the relatives and friends of the pupils, and a number of Catholic clergymen of the Diocese. The exercises were various and interesting, evidencing as they did that our French Canadian friends are doing much to secure their children the advantages of a thorough commercial education, and also that the children exhibit a very commendable adaption for such attainments.

The programme was not tedious, and was carried out very successfully. The Band executed some selections in a very creditable manner, and the orations were far beyond the stereotyped effusions which are let loose on such exhibitions. The Rev. Canon Fabre, Mr. Masson, M. P., and Mr. Villeneuve addressed the audience on the advantages afforded by the College to secure a branch of learning which has hitherto been deplorably neglected in this section of the Dominion.

The presentation of prizes then commenced, and the successful competitors were greeted with plaudits in a very enthusiastic style. Our lads had to contend against some very clever opponents from the States, and it would appear that the honors were about equally divided. The Irish element worked hard, and was the victor in many contests, yet the bright-eyed Canadians departed with small libraries. The writer was informed that the examination was the severest test of progress that has taken place for some years, and the disappointed acknowledged that the honors were fairly won.

R. M. D.

We have received the first two numbers of the *Catholic Reflector*, a new paper published at Albany, N.Y., and wish it a long life. It has the approbation of His Lordship the Bishop of Albany.



WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS. No. V.

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

But, Christian child, if you would wish to understand this duty of obedience in all its utmost fullness allow me to lead you to an humble cottage in an obscure village in the distant East. You must allow me to lead you away from this cold material 19th century, of ours with all its pride of intellect and physical science—back through the troubled times of the Great Apostasy—through the glowing Ages of Faith—through the first fervour of the Infant Church—pass the Cross of Calvary with its precious burden; until we arrive at length at the half open door of a lowly cottage in Nazareth. Therein we shall see through that half open door three apparently humble personages—a venerable workman—a sweet and holy Virgin and a simple sinless child. The child is the real son of the Virgin and the reputed son of the workman. It is Jesus, Mary, Joseph, that human Trinity—that we behold. And remember, that though that child is the son of the Virgin—of the Virgin Mother—though he is the Man Son—blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh—he is also God. How else was it granted to woman to bring forth a son and yet to be a Virgin? It was the divinity of the child that preserved Virginal Purity to the Mother. This child—He, whom we behold in the carpenter's workshop attending with respectful deference—"erat subditus illis"—and forestalling every want, every wish of his reputed father—this child is also the Son of God—the second person of the divine and incomprehensible Trinity. This is He—whom we now see as a simple child,—who has reigned for eternal ages from the throne of the Eternal Godhead—shedding his lustre through the boundless space of heaven for ages of ages. "Amen I say to you before Abraham was, I am." Though now clothed in the debasing garb of our humanity—this child presided with the Eternal Father at the creation of the world. His voice it was that said "Let there be light and there was light." "Let us make man" and man was made. His voice it was that divided the waters—his command that caused the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the trees of the forest to spring into existence. And yet here we behold him in this peasant's cottage, clothed in our humanity—his divine nature subjected to all the infirmities of our human nature except sin, and as the Sacred Scripture tells us obedient to his earthly parents—"erat subditus illis"—"he was obedient to them." Yes, Christian child, there is no stronger proof of the divine nature of Christian obedience than this thirty years life of the child Jesus—than this little cottage of Nazareth. For thirty years was Jesus, infant, boy and man, obedient to the will of his beloved Mother. Not that in that blessed will there was aught of harshness or vain command. No! that holy Virgin, who had been preserved pure and without spot of sin from her Conception, in order that she might be the Mother of God—that holy Mother, who alone of mortals had had the privilege to be a Mother and a Virgin—that holy woman, who was a pattern of all meekness and humility—in her will there could be naught of frowardness or vain command. But pure and meek and holy though she was, she was still a mortal and her child a God—a God—a man if you please—but as much God as Man. And for a God to be obedient to Man to a virgin spotless though she was is surely an unbounded a stupendous obedience. Would you learn then Christian child the origin of Christian obedience? Go behold this child Jesus—this child God now on the lap of Mary—now playing amongst the shavings of the workshop—now in later years himself "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" for his earthly parents; and there you will behold at one and the same time the divine origin and divine model of Christian obedience. The Jewish child had only the child Isaac for his model. You Christian child, have the divine child of Galilee—the child God as your example. "What wonder then, if your punishment for disobedience after such a model will be infinitely greater than his.

And not only during his private life at Nazareth did the God Child obey his parents, but in his public life the God-Man was obedient too. Do you ask me for proofs? There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee "and the mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited with his disciples; and the wine failing the mother of Jesus saith to Him, They have no wine." (John II.) Sit down Christian child at this first Christian marriage feast and there contemplate your divine model. Let me remind you of one thing. Christ had divested himself of all carnal love of his parents. His was a love springing purely from duty. Nowhere do we find him calling Our Blessed Lady by the endearing title Mother. It is always Woman. When he addressed her from the cross (John XIX.) it was "Woman behold thy son." When others told him that his mother and brethren sought him (Mat. XII.)

He answered Who is my mother and who are my brethren? So also at this feast you will hear him answer "Woman what is that to thee and me? My hour has not yet come." He has divested Himself of all carnal love; and yet is obedient to his Mother. "What is that to thee and to me?" But is not this a refusal? Yes it is a refusal; but it is a refusal, that has to give way before a Mother's power. It is a refusal that has to give place to a Mother's slightest wish. Though "His hour has not yet come," for though clothed with all the power of the Godhead from his birth he has never yet exercised it in miracles—though his divine wisdom sees no reason as yet to manifest his divinity—yet he obeys. And remember; his Mother has expressed no command. She has not even expressed a wish. Her words are only a suggestion. "They have no wine." Christian parents, behold your model in this holy Mother. No harsh command—no fretful complaining—no impatient request. "Son, they have no wine." And you Christian child behold in this divine Son your divine model of Christian obedience. With this divine Son the authority of a Parent, invested in his Mother by that command Honor thy father and thy mother, had power over his divine decrees. With this divine Son the authority of a parent has power over him though he is God himself. With this divine Son the authority of a parent has power over Him even in the slightest request. Christian child; it was a wondrous exercise of divine power that change of water into wine at the feast of Cana of Galilee. It was as stupendous a miracle as any of those six great miracle days of creation which changed chaos into this beautiful world of ours. The change of darkness into light—the change of the slime of the earth into man's corporal body—the change of God's breath into the soul of Man, are great and wondrous acts of divine Omnipotence. And this changing of water into wine is no less an exercise of divine power. And what was it that produced it? The authority of a parent over a divine Son and the obedience of a divine Son to an earthly mother. Oh stupendous power of parental authority! Oh incomparable dignity of Christian obedience. Christian child, can you need any other proof of the divine origin of this duty of obedience to your parents, than this power of the human Mother and this obedience of the divine Son?

JUDGE KEOGH APPRECIATED.—The malicious disclosures of Judge Keogh, like the immodest disclosures of "the Escaped Nun," shock our conscientious Protestant brethren, and draw many a heart-rending sigh from the depths of their melting bosoms. Oh! the wickedness of Priest-ruler! Oh! the degradation of the Irish! What a glorious field for Missionary labor! A hundred thousand guineas wanted to carry the light of the Gospel from Pater-noster Row to Connaught! The Romish Archbishop of Tuam and his subordinates are "perjurers," "profligates," "wretches;"—Catholic Judge Keogh says so, and who can doubt Catholic Judge Keogh? Judge Keogh tells us too that Cromwell was "one of the noblest and most eminent men" of his age, and if we believe him in the one case we must likewise believe him in the other. As truly as Cromwell was one of the noblest men of his day, so truly, in our day, are the Catholic clergy of Tuam a mere "rabble rout." Just so!..... Then again, how blind, how ignorant are the low Irish! The "crafty Jesuit" Lavelle, (all Priests are Jesuits now-a-days.) Knowing that his "dupes" could not distinguish good chalk from bad cheese, purposely insinuated that a certain individual "yeleaped Burke should no longer be allowed to enjoy political life, in order that some hot-headed Paddy might take this expression as a license to make free use of his shillelagh. Remember that during the coming contest ye crafty Canadian Jesuits, for, should any one of you chance to say that Mr. So and So's political life is sure to end in such a time, he shall be immediately arrested for "murderous threat;" and should Mr. So and So, within the prescribed time, be hurried into eternity through the agency of cholera, typhus, or small-pox, he shall be immediately hanged by the neck until he is dead!

Such are the decrees contained in Judge Keogh's magnificent tirade of abuse.

MARK.

To the Editor of The True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to avail myself of the medium of your widely circulating journal, in order to furnish your Catholic readers with a few items of news which I am sure will be acceptable to many of them, while I trust they may prove wholly uninteresting to none. The eloquent and learned Jesuit, Father Langeake, has been giving a couple of his admirable Missions in this rear portion of the County of Glengarry during the past fifteen days. The first one began on the 18th ult., in the adjoining Parish of St. Alexander's, Lochiel, and lasted six full days; during which time about six hundred and thirty persons approached the Holy Table, and followed all the exercises of

the Mission in such a manner as to elicit the warmest encomiums from the Rev. Father in his closing exhortation—while, during the succeeding Mission at Alexandria,—commencing on the 25th ult., and ending on the 3rd instant, nearly sixteen hundred and seventy communions were reckoned, so that you have a total of about two thousand three hundred persons who partook of the Bread of Life in both Parishes during these two Missions. Now, as facts are stubborn strings, the above data will, I think, conclusively establish the assertion of your correspondent in a late issue, that the Scotch Catholics of Glengarry are, as a whole, devotedly attached to their religion and clergy, although it is equally and unfortunately too true that, owing to circumstances which they cannot at present control, they are misrepresented before the world by some persons calling themselves Catholics when it suits their purpose to do so; but who nevertheless are ready at any moment to barter whatever shred of Catholic faith they may yet retain, for the sake of social or political advancement, no matter what story you may get from other sources to the contrary, believe me, who speak by the book, when I tell you, that the Highland Catholics of Lochiel and Alexandria parishes are deeply grateful to good Father Langeake for his labours amongst them during the past two weeks, although he certainly did not flatter their vanity or self-conceit; but, on the contrary, exhorted, reproved, and rebuked, with all freedom, and in accordance with Apostolic precept and example. A proof unquestionable of their gratitude may be recognized in the fact that hundreds of them in their carriages accompanied him and Father O'Connor for miles on the way, on last Wednesday morning, when he quitted Alexandria; several carriages, with their occupants, going as far as St. Raphaels, where the Rev. Father addressed them, in his own happy style, a few words of parting advice, which will be long cherished in their retentive memories. Let me not omit to mention that Fathers Langeake, MacDonell, and O'Connor, had the valuable assistance of Father Masterson, of St. Raphaels, during the whole of both Missions; and for a portion of the time, of Fathers MacCarthy and Spratt, of Williamstown and St. Andrews, respectively. As a matter of course, the Devil was exceedingly wroth at the happy results of these Missions, and manifested his vexation thereat in the usual way, by calling in the aid of his faithful Ministers of the black mouthed Presbyterian stripe, who actually had the audacity to send the Reverend Father Langeake a written challenge to an oral and public discussion on points of religion! Need I say that the good Father treated these wolves in sheep's clothing, as well as their challenge, with silent contempt? and advised his hearers to do likewise! As you may get a different version of these facts from other sources, I may here add that I have that gentlemanly challenge still in my possession, and shall forward it to you whenever you ask for it. Your obedt. Servant,

ALEXANDRIA, July 6th, 1872.

GRAND DRAWING OF PRIZES IN AID OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH, RENFREW, ONT.—This Drawing of Prizes is unavoidably postponed to the 1st of August prox., at which date it will invariably take place.

We have received the first number of the Lamp, a new Catholic Magazine of 16 pages, published at Hamilton by C. Donovan. It is to be issued monthly, and will in time, we have no doubt, be a welcome visitor in every Catholic family. It has our best wishes. The price is 5 cents per number, or 50 cents per annum.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD—July, 1872.—Hardy and Mahony, Philadelphia. Terms: \$2.50 per annum, single copies, 25 cents.

The contents of the present number are as under:—Refutation of Calumnies on Catholic Civilization, No. 2; Alone in the World; So Near and Yet so Far; An important Question Answered; Millicent; Two Castles; Rome, and the Fate of her Enemies; What is meant by "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"; The Living Dead; Legend of Scattery Island; Henry Edward Manning, Second Archbishop of Westminster; Where Music Dwells; The Trees of California; New Publications.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—July 1872.—D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.—Price, \$4.50 per annum, single copies, 45 cents. The following are the contents of the current number:—

The Progressionists; A History of the Gothic Revival in England; The Last Days before the Siege; After Reading Mr. Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy; An Essay on Epigrams; Fleurance—XX., XXI., XXII., XXIII.; How the Church Understands and Upholds the Rights of Women; Miss Etheridge; Duties of the Rich in Christian Society—No. VI.; Faith the Life of Art; Max Muller's "Chips"; To Wordsworth; True Greatness; Religious

Processions in Belgium; Little Love; Letters of His Holiness Pius IX., approving the Rules of the "Union of Christian Women;" New Publications.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER—July, 1872.—

This is a very interesting Magazine for the young, and no Catholic family should be without it; the exceedingly low price at which it is published brings it within the reach of all. Send one Dollar, (one year's subscription) by mail, addressed to the Editor, Rev. William Byrne, Boston, Mass.

ST. ANTOINE ACADEMY.—The annual distribution of prizes and honors awarded to the pupils of the St. Antoine Academy, Palace street, under the direction of the Ladies of the Congregation, came off with great éclat, Friday, the 29th ultimo, in the presence of the parents and friends of the pupils. An address in French was presented to the Vicar General, the Rev. Mr. Trudeau, on his entrance, and then followed some vocal music by the very young pupils who performed their parts in a highly creditable manner. A clever and well sustained dialogue on the faculties of the soul as well as an opérette: "Le Marche aux Roses;" called forth frequent tokens of applause. The honors of the superior course were then awarded to the fortunate recipients, and prizes bestowed on the pupils of the first and second as on those of the junior classes, who were fortunate enough to have learned by their industry or proficiency the much coveted distinctions. Rewards were also given for plain and fancy work, charming specimens of both being exhibited to the visitors, and special crowns bestowed for good conduct. An address in English was afterwards repeated to which the Grand Vicar replied in suitable terms, and the entertainment closed with some excellent music. We cannot conclude this brief notice without rendering a well merited tribute to the excellent system of education pursued in this Academy, as well as the unflinching care given to the pupils by their conscientious teachers.—Daily News.

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.—On Monday, 1st inst., the distribution of prizes took place at the College of Notre Dame, Cote-de-Neiges. The ceremony was of a highly interesting nature. Twelve pupils recited pieces of French and English with an ease and correctness which could hardly have been expected from such young children. Solos and duets were executed on the piano by eleven of the pupils in a manner which reflected great credit upon Mr. Davignon, the musical instructor of the institution; and the singing was of a character to show that vocal music is not neglected. The examination in the other branches of education was highly satisfactory, and parents having children at the school were apparently well satisfied that the management was all that could be desired.—Gazette.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.—The annual examination of classes in the college of St. Laurent took place on Monday, 1st July. Proceedings were opened at half past nine o'clock a. m., and after some introductory remarks by Mr. A. McGarvey, in English, an excellent discourse on the influence of religion on science, art and literature, was delivered by Mr. Brodeur. The remaining portion of the programme, which consisted of musical selections performed by the college band, recitations and declamations by the scholars, and a little drama, enacted by the pupils also, was then gone through with. The distribution of prizes then took place, and the ceremonies were brought to a close. In the afternoon, the exercises of the infant school at Cote des Neiges, which is in connection with St. Laurent College, were held, and also passed off very happily.—Id.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON.—The annual distribution came off last evening in the large Hall of St. Joseph's, and with an unusual amount of success. The Bishop and Clergy were present, together with a large number of the parents of the children and friends of the Institution. On the platform were ranged the recipients of the prizes, arrayed in white, presenting a very beautiful tableau. On either side of the stage was placed piles of work done during the year, including fancy needle work of every description together with a large quantity of plain sewing. At half past seven the proceedings began with the beautiful drama called the Rose of the Algonquins, written by one of the Sisters of the Congregation, illustrative of the truthfulness and simplicity of the first settlers in Canada, and, as usual, exhibiting the beauty of virtue, and its final triumph over vice. In this piece which embraced a large variety of characters, all the parts were ably sustained and drew forth the warmest admiration and applause from the audience. This was followed by an Opera entitled the Twin Sisters, consisting of music, vocal and instrumental, interspersed with dialogues, recitation, &c., which afforded an opportunity of showing an amount of dramatic talent which we certainly did not think could be found in Kingston. This part of the programme concluded with a little comedy called the Latest Sensation. The Plays were varied by selections of different pieces on the pianos, of which there were three, and a harmonium. The singing both in solo and chorus was faultlessly correct, and in our opinion far surpassed any of the former efforts of the pupils of this Institution. It may not be considered invidious to particularize that of Miss Spratt of Lindsay, who possesses a voice of extraordinary clearness, flexibility and power, her rendering of some very difficult pieces charming all present, and we are only sorry that we have not the good fortune of having so accomplished a singer residing among us. To the friends and parents of the children next came the most agreeable part of the exercises, the distribution of wreaths and premiums. To publish the list of prizes would occupy too much space; they consisted of a variety of richly bound works, for which the pupils are indebted to the munificence of Bishop Horn. A farewell song followed, and the proceedings terminated by the pupils singing God Save the Queen. It has seldom been our good fortune to enjoy so rich a treat and among the many pleasing entertainments, which the pupils of Notre Dame have given, the Distribution of 1872 must certainly rank first. The high state of efficiency which this school has attained, is the best, as it is the only, reward the conductors of it desire to obtain and the Catholics, of Kingston have reason to be deeply grateful for the many refining influences which the presence of such an institution is sure to exert.

A small admission fee was charged for the purpose of excluding a number of rough boys, who, taking advantage of the free admission, were in the habit of attending, and conducting themselves in a very annoying manner to those present, any amount derived therefrom, will be applied to the purchase of prizes for the pupils.—British Whig, July, 3.

SEPARATE SCHOOL EXAMINATION IN KINGSTON.—The examination of the Pupils of the Roman Catholic Female Separate School took place yesterday afternoon at the school house on William street, in the presence of a large audience. The spacious school room was tastefully decorated and rendered still more pleasing by the neat and cheerful appearance of the pupils. His Lordship Bishop Horan, who left Toronto the evening before, in order that he might be present, presided. The examination was conducted by the Revs. Messrs. O'Boyle, Keilty, McDonogh and Casey and a number of Trustees. The pupils were examined on the subjects of Geography, Grammar, Spelling, History, Arithmetic, &c.—The readiness and correctness with which they answered the many questions put to them showed how well posted they were, and gave general satisfaction. At

intervals during the examination the pupils sang a number of pleasing songs; one "An invitation to Big Strawberries," sung by two little orphans of L'Hotel Dieu, was in an especial manner well received and applauded. A neatly written farewell address, having been delivered in a most pleasing manner, by one of the senior pupils, the prizes, consisting of a number of beautifully bound books, furnished by the Bishop and the Trustees, were distributed among the deserving pupils. After the distribution, His Lordship addressed the pupils in a very kind manner. He thanked them for the pleasure the way in which they conducted themselves during the examination afforded him and those present, reminded them of the many advantages they enjoyed in receiving a separate school education, wished them all possible pleasure and happiness during the vacation and hoped that all would be punctual in attending school when again opened.—A quantity of needle-work worked by the pupils was on exhibition during the examination, and judging from the high encomiums passed upon it by a number of ladies present, many of the young pupils must be already experts in the use of the needle.—We congratulate the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame upon the excellent display made by their pupils yesterday, and the Catholics of Kingston upon the flourishing state of their school and the possession of such zealous and admirable Teachers.—Whig, 29th ult.

THE KIDNAPING CASE.—We are glad to learn that the man named Bratton, recently kidnaped in London by United States officials, with the connivance of a Canadian official, has been restored to his country and his liberty. It appears that Dr. Bratton was the wrong man; that the warrant held by the United States officer was for the arrest of one Avery, charged with being a party to Ku-Klux outrages in North Carolina. This is no palliation of the grave violation of international law in arresting a man and secretly abducting him from the country without the intervention of the rules laid down in the Extradition Treaty. The United States Government have, upon the matter being brought before them by the Canadian authorities, promptly ordered his rendition to this country. We are pleased to see that promptitude has been exercised in this matter by the American authorities, as they have formerly been shamefully disregarding of their international obligations. Dr. Bratton, in addition to his restoration to liberty, will be compensated by the American Government for the outrage done him. It remains for our Government to see that the London official who, acquainted with the law as he must have been, set it at defiance and conspired to deprive a resident of Canada of his liberty, without invoking the authority of the law. If, as it seems, he is guilty of this crime, he should be adequately punished, and a warning thus be given that our laws are not to be lightly disregarded.—British Whig.

DEPORTATION.—The Vice-President of the Union Aled, who were formerly Papal Zouaves, belonging to this city, received last week the decoration of Knight of St. Gregory.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT AT THE COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY.—At the Police Court last week, Alfred Bourgeois, Normandus Labrecque, Andre Chaput, Alphonse Joliveau, and Joseph Orleans, all of whom live in the Quebec suburbs, were fined \$5 and costs for disorderly conduct at the Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

PERSONAL.—Mr. O. J. Devlin has been appointed a Commissioner to take affidavits in the Province of Quebec, to be used in the Courts of the Province of Ontario.

A PROVERB PENALTY.—A person named Charles Smith, of University street, was last week fined \$10 and costs or two months for allowing his dog to swim in the reservoir.

CITY MORTALITY.—There were 186 interments in the city cemeteries for the week ending July 6th.

BREAKFAST—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. —Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk. Each packet is labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also, makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk).

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. River Desart, M. M., \$2.50; Westport, Rev. J. O'D., 2; St. Catherine de Fossambault, P. M., 2; Montclair, D. McD., 2; South La Grosse, H. R. McD., 2; Brockville, J. D. K., 2; Rawdon, Mrs. P. S., 2; Smithville, T. McK., 1; Kam' akoo, H., Rev. Mr. P., 2; Bedford, E. McK., 2; River Beaudette, J. G., 2; St. Boniface, Manitoba, Rev. F. A., 2; Ottawa, S. C., 2. Per Rev. Mr. M., St. Raphael—D. McD., 2. Per W. W., Perth—J. Mitchell, 8. Per D. S., Pakenham—W. McD., 2. Per J. O'B., Inverness—T. D., 1.50; P. C., 1.50; Kinncarr's Mills, H. McD., 1. Per J. B. McM., Lochiel—H. McD., 1; Chippewa Falls, Wis., W. D. McD., 2.

Died. At Toronto, June 30th, Jeremiah D. Sully, fifth son of the late Edmund Sully, Esq., Bloomfield Lodge, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for flour, extra, fancy, fresh supers, ordinary supers, strong bakers, and various other commodities. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

WANTED.—A MALE TEACHER for the elementary School of St. Columban, Co. of Two Mountains. For particulars address, JOHN BURKE, President.

REMOVAL. OFFLAHERTY & BODEN, (Successors to G. & J. Moore), HATTERS and FURRIERS, No. 269 Notre Dame Street. The Subscribers would respectfully inform their patrons and the public that they have removed the whole of their Stock-in-trade from 221 McGill to No. 269 Notre Dame street, the premises lately occupied by Messrs. G. & J. Moore, and next door to Savage, Lyman & Co., Jewellers. Their stock comprises every novelty in HATS from the best houses, and they would invite attention to their stock of STRAW GOODS, which is large and varied. They will make it their constant study to merit a continuance of the generous patronage bestowed on them, for which they beg to tender their most sincere thanks. OFFLAHERTY & BODEN, Hatters and Furriers, No. 269 Notre Dame St.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

LYONS, 17th June.—The return of Republican candidates in the late supplemental elections has been the cause of a general recrudescence of agitation, and great fears are entertained that the summer will not pass over without fresh disasters.

There exists very great uneasiness all over France, and no where more than here, where the Republican committees have their avowed headquarters.

The processions through the streets were not allowed here during the octave of Corpus Domini. The Prefect made no objection, and General Bourbaki desired no better than to assist at the ceremony.

The cures at the Rue de Sevres and by the intercession of the Jesuit martyrs of the Commune, and especially of the Pere Ollivaint still continue, and will form the basis of an ecclesiastical inquest and possibly after the usual interval of a postulate of canonisation.

The fusion between the two branches of the house of Bourbon seems further off than ever. The Duc d'Aumale's attitude has been throughout so selfish and unpatriotic, that the Right of the Assembly has washed its hands of any further attempts to effect a meeting between the Orleans princes and the King of France.

HOSPITALITY BY GENERAL ORDER.—The Figaro relates the following anecdote of the late Marshal Vaillant when he was War Minister. It appears that he regularly invited the officer on guard to dinner, and had the following order in his own handwriting posted up in the guard-room.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.—The Gaulois tells the following:—A Capuchin monk, well known in the Faubourg S. Jacques, where he fed nearly 100 poor persons by alms collected in the Faubourg S. Germain, has just died, leaving as his whole inheritance his breviary, frock, cord, a volume by M. Thiers, and a wallet.

SPAIN.

THE BISHOP OF JAEN ON THE VATICAN DECREES.—At a Diocesan Synod lately held at Jaen in Spain, the Encyclical Quanta Cura and Syllabus annexed to it were declared to be an ecclesiastical rule binding on all Catholics; the decrees of the Vatican Council were solemnly proclaimed and received, and civil marriage (so called) was condemned, as was also the forcible profanation of exclusively Catholic cemeteries.

COSAS DE ESPAÑA.—The sum of the Spanish news from the Carlist side is that the bands in Guipuzcoa and Biscay, which were temporarily dispersed, are re-forming, and that the movement is prospering in the other provinces; that in Navarre there are 6,000 men under Carasa and Aguirre, and that Don Carlos, accompanied by two generals, has visited the camp of General Amilivia.

THE JESUITS AND OFFICIAL RELIGION.—The German Federal Council is said to have adopted, on Tuesday, a Bill authorizing the police to forbid "members of the Society of Jesus, or of any kindred Society," which may mean any Religious Order or Congregation, to reside in any part of the Empire, whatever may be their rights as natives.

ITALY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S PRECAUTION.—On Friday, 17th ult., there were grand fireworks in Rome, but Victor Emmanuel did not put in an appearance, though it was generally expected he would have been present to witness them.

THE HEALTH OF THE POPE.—The Pope is slightly indisposed, but he continues his receptions, and is in good spirits. A secret bull has, it is said, been issued with reference to the election of a successor to the Pope on the death of Pius IX.

THE VETO IN A FUTURE CONCLAVE.—The Roman Correspondent of the Tablet alludes to a report that the new German Empire is meditating a claim to the veto in a future Conclave. The Libertas, a paper usually supposed to be on confidential terms with Berlin, mentions the rumour, and starts the objection that it is not as successor to the Holy Roman Empire but as Apostolic King of Hungary, that Austria exercised the veto.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT used for horses.—Cures lameness, sprains and colic. 43

TO PERSONS EMPLOYED IN CONSTANT MENTAL TOIL, study or anxiety, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is especially adapted, namely to Teachers, Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers and impetuous business men.

A CUNIOUS BEQUEST.—St. Ives, in Cornwall, would seem to be a curious sort of place. We all remember how it is said to have turned out on a memorable occasion six wives, with six cats, and six kits-a-piece, and all the rest of it.

A WASHINGTON EDITOR is mad because a compositor headed his editorial "The Champagne Opened," when he wrote "Campaign Opened." He says that printer is always thinking about something to drink.

AN ENGLISH MAGAZINE recently published a description of the great organs of the world and omitted the Boston one. Put it in the indirect damages.

WHAT A MAN WANTS.—All he can get. What a woman wants.—All she can't get.

A STUDENT defines flirtation to be attention without intention.

IN SOME EXCESS 7,000. I therefore maintain the truth of my assertion that Monsignor Angelini was "assaulted and severely bruised," and your correspondent can have no difficulty in obtaining confirmation of this from Monsignor Angelini himself if he chooses.

GERMANY.

BISMARCK AND THE PRIESTS.—The German Chancellor is determined, it appears, to carry out his nefarious measures against the members of the Society of Jesus in Germany. On last Tuesday the outline of a bill was adopted in the Federal Council, empowering the police to banish from German territory any member of the Society of Jesus, or of any kindred society, even though they possess native rights.

THE PAPERS OF MGR. KOZMIAN.—The Germania, an organ of Prince Bismarck, contradicts an assertion of the Correspondence de Geneve, to the effect that the papers of Mgr. Kozmian which had been seized by the Prussian authorities were transmitted to the Russian government, the tenor of the documents in question relating to a secret understanding between Rome and the Catholics of Russia.

RUSSIA. FRIGHTFUL MURDER OF A PRIEST.—A shocking murder has just been committed at Wilna, Lithuania. Monsignor Toupski, rector of the training school for young priests, suddenly disappeared, and with him one of the students who acted as secretary.

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.—The annual return showing the number of paupers in receipt of relief from the rates in England and Wales on New Year's Day states that on the 1st of January, 1872, the number was 981,042, being one in 23 of the population, or 4.3 per cent.; 16 per cent. of the number were receiving indoor relief, and 84 per cent. outdoor relief.

A SURE THING. CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes will not rip, leak or come apart, and are the easiest ever worn. Try them. All bear the Patent Stamp.

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FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE.

CONTINUED FROM 2ND PAGE.

save them. O'Connell's heart broke in his bosom. And a broken-hearted man, in January, 1847, he rose from his bed and crawled to London. With tottering step the aged man—the wreck of all that was once so glorious—appeared before the astonished eyes of Parliament.

And now, what was the genius, what the character of this man? What was the secret of his strength? I answer again:—O'Connell was all that history tells us to-day, and all that history shall tell the nations in a thousand years to come.

THE SISTERS OF O. L. OF CHARITY. MONTREAL, March 16th, 1872.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the Family Singer Sewing-machine, manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing-machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DIEU, ST. HYACINTHE. MONTREAL, May 3rd, 1872.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Among the different Sewing-machines in use in this Institution, we have a Singer Family of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—We are happy to say that your Singer Family Sewing-machine proves highly satisfactory in every respect. It works to perfection on any material, light or heavy, with any kind of cotton or linen thread.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR, Esq., DEAR SIR,—We have twenty-two of your machines which have been in constant work for the past year and we find them so serviceable that we have arranged with you to furnish us with some more of the same, in place of other kinds we have, they stitching our work better than any other we have tried.

able and reliable business character of the accomplished gentleman whom this firm send out to transact their business. No House is better known or valued by the press for its promptness in settlement than the well established and popular J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose medicines have become a household necessity, and won the confidence and praise of all.

LAWLOR'S SEWING-MACHINES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: No. 365 NOTRE DAME Street, MONTREAL.

To those of my patrons who have been familiar with the working qualities of my Sewing-machines, during the past ten years, no other commendations are necessary; but to persons who are desirous of obtaining information to assist them in determining which of the many Machines to select, I respectfully submit a few testimonials which will, undoubtedly, afford a sufficient reason for investigating the merits of my Sewing-machines before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—In reply to your inquiry, we have much pleasure in stating that your Family Singer Sewing-machine gives entire satisfaction.

MISS PHEBE ALLAN, "Ravensraig," McTavish street, MONTREAL, 21st Nov., 1871.

Mrs. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—We experience much pleasure in adding our testimony to the excellence of the Singer Family Sewing-machine, of your own make, which we purchased from you. We feel perfectly satisfied that it is equal to the Wheeler & Wilson, and superior to any other Sewing-machine we have ever made us of in this Institution.

THE SISTERS OF O. L. OF CHARITY. MONTREAL, March 16th, 1872.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Having tested the qualities of the Singer Family Sewing-machine, manufactured by you, I have the pleasure to inform you that it is remarkably easy to understand, and it makes a superior and uniform stitch with all kinds of thread from No. 10 to 150. Thus I can do the most delicate work to perfection, and sew the heaviest cloth with the greatest facility.

Mrs. E. TASSE, MILLINER, 100 Notre Dame street, MONTREAL, Aug. 5th, 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—On former occasions our Sisters gave their testimonials in favor of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine; but having recently tested the working qualities of the Family Singer, manufactured by you, we feel justified in stating that yours is superior for both family and manufacturing purposes.

VILLA MARIA, Montreal, Sept. 7th 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Having thoroughly tested the qualities of the Family Singer Sewing-machine, manufactured by you, we beg to inform you that it is, in our estimation, superior to either the Wheeler & Wilson or any other Sewing-machine we have ever tried, for the use of families and manufacturers.

THE DIRECTRESS OF VILLA MARIA. HOTEL DIEU DE ST. HYACINTHE, Montreal, 11th Sept. 1871.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Among the different Sewing-machines in use in this Institution, we have a Singer Family of your manufacture, which we recommend with pleasure as superior for family use to any of the others, and perfectly satisfactory in every respect.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF L'HOTEL DIEU, ST. HYACINTHE. MONTREAL, May 3rd, 1872.

The Lawlor Family Singer Sewing-machine we have in this institution gives perfect satisfaction.—It is very easy to manage, and makes the most delicate stitching on gauze, and sews the heaviest cloth with great facility, using the finest cotton or the coarsest linen thread.

WE take much pleasure in recommending it to families. SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, May 3rd, 1872.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—We are happy to say that your Singer Family Sewing-machine proves highly satisfactory in every respect. It works to perfection on any material, light or heavy, with any kind of cotton or linen thread. Therefore, it suits our purpose better than the Wheeler & Wilson, or any other sewing-machine we have ever used, and we shall recommend it as such with much pleasure.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, Coteau St. Louis, MONTREAL, April 13th, 1872.

Mr. J. D. LAWLOR: Sir,—Having in this Establishment seventeen of your Singer No. 2 Sewing-machines, some of which have been in constant operation on various kinds of work for upwards of seven years, I am happy to say that they prove perfectly satisfactory, and are superior to the Wheeler & Wilson, or any other Sewing-machine of either home or foreign manufacture we have ever used for manufacturing purposes.

FRS. SCHOLLES, Manager Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal. QUEBEC, April 25th, 1872.

J. D. LAWLOR, Esq., DEAR SIR,—We have twenty-two of your machines which have been in constant work for the past year and we find them so serviceable that we have arranged with you to furnish us with some more of the same, in place of other kinds we have, they stitching our work better than any other we have tried. Respectfully yours, QUEBEC RUBBER CO., A. M. FARLEY.



DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE,  
Nos. 18, 20 & 22 Duke Street,  
Toronto, Ont.

DIRECTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.  
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 waiting 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 playgrounds 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.

COURSE OF STUDIES.  
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  
Half Boarders, " " 7 00

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.  
2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 4 00  
1st Class, " " 5 00

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.  
2nd Class, Tuition, per quarter, 6 00  
1st Class, " " 8 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,  
Director.

Toronto, March 1, 1872.

JAMES CONAUGHTON,  
CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands.  
All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury), will be punctually attended to.  
Montreal, Nov. 22, 1868.

GRAND  
DRAWING OF PRIZES,  
Will take place in Renfrew,  
THURSDAY, JUNE 27th, 1872.

In aid of the Catholic Church, now in course of construction, in the village of Renfrew, Ont.

The strictest impartiality will be observed in the Drawing, which will be conducted under the superintendence of the Managing Committee, viz.—J. P. Lynn, Esq., M.D. Patrick Devine, Esq., J. W. Costello, Esq., Patrick Ryan, Esq., Patrick Kelly, Esq.; and Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., J. L. McDonnell, Esq., M.P., T. Watson Esq., Agent of Bank B.N.A. and John D. McDonald, Esq., Barrister, Renfrew.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG THE PRIZES TO BE DRAWN.

- A Splendid Gold Watch, valued at \$100
- A very fine Melodion, " 80
- A magnificent Eight-Day Clock, " 80
- Gemid Griffin's Works, (10 vols) " 20
- One large Family Bible, " 10
- One Gun, " 10
- One Microscope, " 10
- One Concerina, " 10
- A beautiful Statuette Tableau, " 10
- One ditto, " 8
- McGee's History of Ireland, " 8
- One new Double Waggon, " 80
- A Splendid Cow, (gift of Rev. P. Rougier), " 50
- A new Set of Double Harness, " 40
- A new Cooking Stove, " 30
- Six prizes of \$5.00 each, in cash, " 30
- Fourteen yards of Dress Silk, valued at 24
- A new Saddle, " 15
- One Cattle of Tea, " 15
- Two prizes of \$10.00 each, in cash, " 20
- A new Saddle, valued at 10
- One Plough, " 10
- One Irish Poplin Dress, " 24
- And hundreds of other prizes.

TICKETS ONE DOLLAR EACH.  
Winning Numbers, together with the Numbers of all Tickets sold, will appear in the Renfrew Mercury, the True Witness and the Irish Canadian Newspapers, in their second issue after the Drawing.  
All communications and remittances to be made to Rev. P. Rougier, P.P., Renfrew, Ont.

W. P. J. BOND, A.B., Scholar of Trinity College, Toronto, and late Head Master of the Trenton High School, wishes to obtain a few pupils to prepare for Arts Law, or Medicine; he would also be willing to give instruction to those preparing for Commerce.  
Address—Box 274, P.O.; or, 234 St. Urban Street, Montreal, July 4, 1872. m.2

WANTED.—We will give energetic men and women  
BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY  
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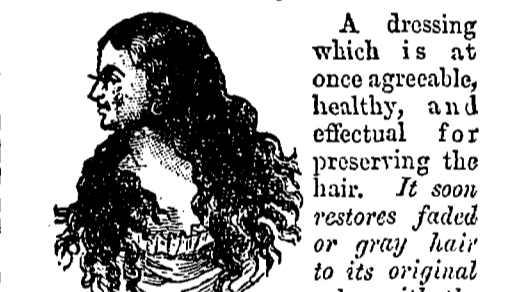
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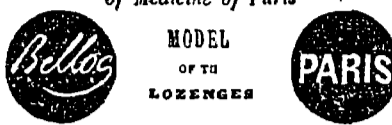
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Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,  
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