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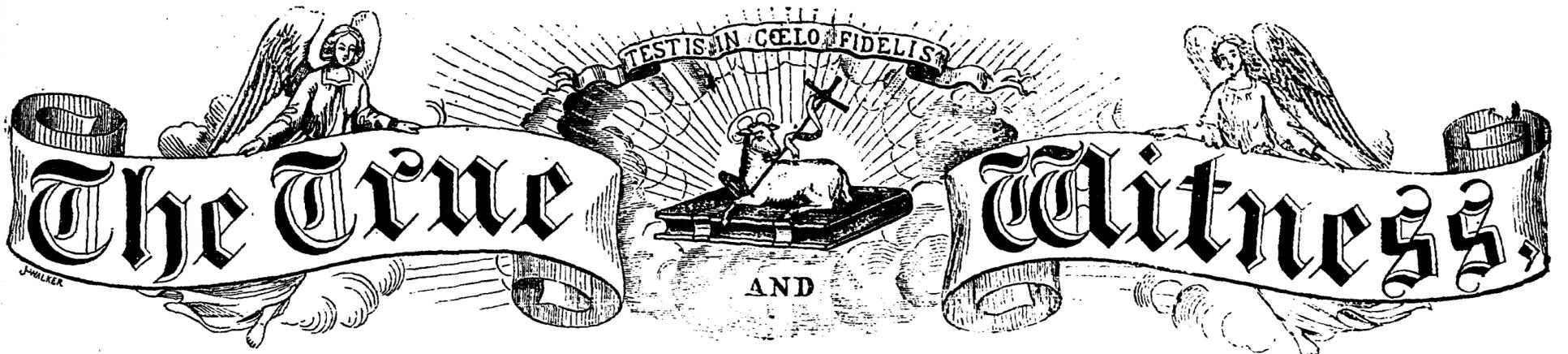
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 30, 1874.

NO. 24

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THE IRISH LEGEND OF M'DONNELL, AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS. A BIOGRAPHICAL TALE.

BY ARCHIBALD M'FARRAN.

"The march continued in a kind of suspicious silence along the many windings of the Roe, until the broad glaring windows of Castle O'Canan, lit up at the coming of their lord, extinguished all other lights. When, with his attendants, he came to the abbey, all was silence and darkness, save two apartments dimly illumined by a single taper in each, and through the lattice it was easy to discover the reverend professors, after they had finished the noisy labors of the day, enjoying that sweet hour of heavenly meditation of which none but the sincerely studious ever can pretend to participate. 'Let us not disturb these good men,' said he, 'they appear solely wrapt in meditation, and you will all confess, have been spending their time to better purpose than we.'

"Why, said one of his friends, 'you certainly cannot accuse yourself with anything criminal in our pastime to-day, not with the death of a single animal?'

"I am not altogether," said he, 'condemning myself for what I have done to-day; our amusement, I may say, has been harmless, but I am comparing with myself the life that these good men lead, and thinking to what a different purpose they set apart their time. I find them always engaged, and at the end always happy. The only ordinance of human life that I hear them regret is its shortness, and that we should apply it to better use than what we usually do.'

"They had now given their horses to the servants, and O'Canan, bidding the company good-night, walked into a small apartment of the castle, west of the abbey, which was built on a projecting butment of rock, much after the manner of a swallow's nest, and overhanging a ravine of some hundred feet in depth. In this apartment stood a large oaken chair which had accommodated his father and grandfather in hours of leisure, and suitably antique was all the furniture of the place; casting himself into this chair, he pulled out the key which he had found in such a wonderful manner, and whilst he was busy examining it, Finvola, his daughter, the constant attendant on her father when convenience served, came to welcome him from the chase.

"After asking her whether she had attended to the instructions of the abbess since he left her in the morning, and also divine worship, which was kept regularly twice a-day by the fathers, he presented to her the key with a sigh, saying, 'How do you suppose, my daughter, I have come by this?'

"Both were lost in a deep reverie, Finvola meditating as well how her father had come by it, as also the cause of the sigh which he heaved on presenting it to her. As they were engaged in a matter which seemed so inexplicable to both, a light foot passed hastily across the floor—O'Canan raised his head—'twas Angus M'Donnell.

"In the times of which I am speaking, the custom of fostering was prevalent among the Irish, and so strong were ties formed between the parties, that they not unfrequently outlasted those of blood.

"The servant was equipped with a pair of bagpipes, and being led from the shore by the light at the foot of Evenney, they had reached the summit just as the toast was about to be drunk to the immortal guardian of the rock.

"The joy of the noble Hibernian on seeing at his right hand the son of his friend from a neighboring nation, and also his own and his children's deliverer, although great, was no way extraordinary from any individual of the same family.

"Taking him by both the hands, with as firm a hold as an old sailor, and at the same time looking him full in the face, 'You are,' said he, 'my brave fellow, a thousand times welcome; or perhaps it would look better in my vernacular tongue, that is, a head muel a faultie, my bochieil more, to the land, I may almost say, of your nativity. How are all our friends on the other side of the water? Your arrival has been late? Flora, why do you not salute our common friend?'

"All these unfinished sentences were delivered in quick succession, the interrogator not waiting for an answer to either.

"Finvola scarcely recognised the stranger at first, but hearing her father speak of their deliverer, it immediately brought to her mind Angus M'Donnell, son to the Lord of the Isles.

"The errand of young M'Donnell to Castle O'Canan was very soon understood by all the family save one, and that was she on account of whom it was undertaken. Ever employed in reading instructions from those holy people who had withdrawn themselves from the world and all its allurements, and who alone were supported by the beneficence of her father, she was become religiously serious, and wholly bent upon executing whatever either of her parents pointed out to her, as knowing no law but their orders, nor retaining a wish in her breast unrevealed to them. It was evident that her unbounded affection was well returned on their part.

"Her mother was only daughter to O'Connor of Ballanagar, descended in a direct line from Milesius, and concerning whom might be said, even down to this time, as was said of the great Israelite, that the sceptre had not departed from him, nor a lawgiver from the family, &c.

"If the person coming to pay his addresses to the daughter of such a nobleman as either of the two I have mentioned could count a long enough pedigree of Avuses, pro-Avuses and Atavuses, it was considered in Ireland everything. That is, wealth, nobility and dominion.

"But to return to Angus M'Donnell, Prince of the Isles, and also the subject of our present narration.

"His father having only him, and intending, as another Neptune, that he should succeed him in the government of this watery region, had sent him to the family of O'Canan, in Ireland, to be fostered; and perceiving, since the departure of his Irish guests, the vigorous constitution and flashing spirits of his son begin to sink, was at no loss to divine the cause.

"My boy," said he to him one day as they sat alone, 'I fear the draughts which you have sucked in the green island, have not been draughts of oblivion; may I not attribute the cause of your disease to the departure of Flora O'Canan from our shores? Is she not the root of your malady, and if so, my son, be not ashamed to inform your father regarding the matter, that we may apply for a remedy at least, whether we be successful in procuring it or not.' The reply of young M'Donnell was bold and affirmative of his father's conjectures.

"I own," said he, 'that Prince O'Canan's daughter is the cause of much uneasiness in my mind since the first moment I saw her, which was no earlier than the morning of their disastrous shipwreck on our island, or if before this time I have seen her, she did not create so much interest in my breast, and would it had always been so.'—'You must not despair,' said his father; 'Prince O'Canan will rejoice in an alliance with our family, I am convinced, and if you cannot obtain the young lady's good wishes, my son, as the old adage is, Scotland is broad and wide, and full of bonny lasses.'

"'Twas on this embassy that Angus M'Donnell came, when he met Dermot O'Canan and his men feasting at the foot of Benn Evenney.

"In a few days, the noble islander, being a little unhappy regarding his errand, delivered to her father a letter from the Lord of the Isles, in which a proposal for his daughter was made, and asking for dowry twenty-four chieftains' sons of the O'Canans, married to the daughters of as many chieftains and sons of the M'Donnells.

"The contents of the letter were the subject of some days' meditation in the family; and from the time it was proposed to fair Finvola, all the change that was observable in her countenance was a silent yielding languor, intimating, as we might suppose, that she was ready at all times to obey the will of her parents.

"The marriage was solemnized in the abbey, in presence of their friends and allies, who all came forward, both to greet the happy pair and bid a final farewell to Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

"The conditions on which O'Canan parted with his daughter were, that her remains should be brought back and deposited in the old abbey of Dooneven, the family burying-ground; and these promises being agreed upon, she, with her twelve maids, and twenty-four gallant cavaliers, set out for the Isles, leaving many a sorrowful heart behind them.

"Revolving time, however," said the bard, "which is still in motion, brought the period when she must be gathered to her fathers; and so dear was she to her partner, that he was even willing to violate the treaty which he had made, and retain the ashes of his best beloved in the land of Caladonia; and, indeed, if a breach of any sort was justifiable, we should extend an indulgence to one of this kind sooner than any other. She was worthy of admiration, and if she was, Angus M'Donnell showed that he held her so, never being able to place another in her room—no, not from the nobility of Scotland.

"At her decease the Isles put on mourning, and though he was sunk in deep affliction, yet the strictest charge was given lest news of his Flora's death should reach the shores of Inis-falia, and bring over her relatives, who must severely hurt him in whatever way they acted; for should they only reproach him with want of faith in fulfilling the sacred engagement by which he obtained Finvola, the trial he dreaded much; but should they carry off her remains to her native land, he feared it was more than he and her children could bear.

"The ties that are cemented in youth between the sexes are usually of long duration, frequently only dissolved by death.

"In few countries have we found attachments so strong and deeply rooted as the two of which I am speaking. But in regard of my own people," said Cairbre, "they never wish to lie in a foreign land, and I'll make the reason plain to you all. Saint Patrick, on his coming over amongst us, blessed and consecrated every inch of our island, and so you see it is no wonder if it is called the Holy Island, nor is it either to be wondered at if one of ourselves would rather sleep in it than in a land which never received the blessing of our saint.

"But although strenuous exertions were used to keep secret from her family the death of Finvola, yet Granie Roe O'Canan, the banshee and guardian spirit of that family, ever watchful over her children, soon wafted the mournful tidings over the cerulean deep, and howled them through the rugged caverns of Benbraddagh, beginning at twilight and plying the doleful lamentation through the night, until chased away by the voice of the morning cock.

"From the seat of Sir Angus M'Donnell's castle, he could easily perceive the splendor of the torches which illumined the friths as the vessels approached the shore, and the first sight of land that they saw, a choir of females that they had prepared for the purpose, joined with Granie Roe, singing the death song of Finvola, the gem of the Roe, in the most afflictive strains, and when they came to the grave, there they repeated over her all her good parts, her beauty, her virtue, her high descent, frequently asking her why they did not bring her home to the land of O'Canan, and not leave her among strangers.

"The Islanders being alarmed by the unusual splendour of the torches nearing the shore, and then seeing the whole band surround the family burying-ground of M'Donnell, came swarming toward the mourners, and called aloud, to prevent them from raising the body. 'Stand off,' said Turloughmore O'Canan, who stood in the door of the cemetery, with a ponderous sword in his hand, 'stand off, you faithless Islanders, who can pledge your vows to-day and break them to-morrow; the man wears not tartan, either in Æbudæ or Morven, dare force this pass, otherwise should he attempt, he shall bite the ground under my sword.'

"What proud Hibernian art thou?" roared a tall Highlander from Glengarry, who wore a broadsword and targe; 'what art thou, I say, more known by words than deeds?' and rushing forward, threw up the targe, and cut deeply at him with a lusty arm.

"No strife, my friends," said Sir Angus; 'Finvola was honorably given to me; she came in love with me, and shall depart in the same; the fault was altogether mine, and if I have erred, it was only too much love. Do not dare to molest my Irish friends, their countrymen are with me, and my affections are with them.'

"The clan O'Canan halted with Sir Angus during the following day, and at eve, having embarked with the remains of their much beloved Finvola, bearing aloft their flaming torches, they howled aloud the Irish cry, and turned the helm for the sacred land of Inis-falia.

"When the body was laid down in the old

abbey of Dooneven, the relations and followers standing each according to his rank, but all with drooping heads, the family bard to his harp sung these lines over the bier:—

In the lands of O'Canan, where bleak mountains rise,
O'er whose brown ridgy tops now the dusky cloud flies,
Deep sunk in a valley a wild flower did grow,
And her name was Finvola, the gem of the Roe,
And her name was Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

From the Isles of Æbudæ, appeared to our view,
A youth clad in tartan, 'tis strange as 'tis true;
With a star on his breast, and unstrung was his bow,
And he sigh'd for Finvola, the gem of the Roe,
And he sigh'd for Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

No more up the streamlet her maidens shall lie,
For wan the cold cheek, and bedim'd the blue eye,
In silent affliction our sorrows shall flow,
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe,
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe.

"She was now committed to her kindred dust, and each departed to his respective habitation.

Dermot O'Canan, the father, was then a considerable time dead, and Shane, the son, being appointed to succeed him in the castle and estates of Dooneven, was applied to by some of the northern Irish barons to assist them in driving his Majesty's forces out of Ulster.

O'Canan replied, that for himself he had always lived on friendly terms with the King of England, and it would be an unprincipled act of him now to rise in hostility against that monarch, nor, until he should receive an injury from him, could he ever unsheath his sword in such a cause.

"These Irish chieftains who wished to stimulate him in supporting their plot, wrote letters to the monarch of England, broadly accusing him as a traitor, and they had it the more in their power, as shortly before this time he had been authorized by the king to embody fifteen hundred men for the British service, and so great was the esteem which his Majesty had for Prince O'Canan, or rather such weight did he hold him in, that he valued his compliance rather as a gratuity than an obedience.

"But what was his surprise when he found his castle one morning surrounded by armed men, and the king's broad warrant produced for his apprehension? In vain did the battalion of the Roe draw their shining blades; in vain did they surround the guards, and order them to deliver up the prince, and also their arms.

"What are you about to do, my friends?" said O'Canan. 'Are you come to make me appear as guilty as my enemies have represented me? I am this day conscious of an upright heart,—you are all witnesses of it; and why should we use opposition when we know that the justice of our cause will defeat the base intentions of our weak-hearted enemies?'

"I'll die sooner," said Turloughmore O'Canan, his relation, 'than allow you to be dragged from amongst us like a malefactor, while I stand coolly by bearing this useless sword in my hand; and knitting his dark brows together, he strode across the pathway, and unsheathed the weapon which he had little thought should be useless.

"Strike me," said O'Canan, 'but injure not these innocent men, who only obey a rigid mandate, which, had they refused, their lives must pay the forfeit.'

"He and his lady were then taken to England, and kept prisoners at large until the matter would be fully investigated. He also brought with him some of his attendants, and four of his best horses, for in these was his great delight, and the breed from O'Canan's stud were known throughout the kingdom.

"Matters for some time went on well in favor of the prisoner, until witnesses were summoned over to substantiate the accusation, and they, knowing that their own safety rested chiefly in his condemnation, confirmed the deed, and now nothing remained wanting but the royal assent that noble O'Canan should lose his head.

"'Twas one morning as he and his lady had finished breakfast, and as it is natural for the mind to wander back to scenes wherein it has enjoyed the purest happiness, they were entertaining each other with the affairs of their own country, and chatting over every little incident that could recall former days to their minds, when they were interrupted by the clanking of chains and sound of voices approaching the door of their apartment. 'We have orders from his Majesty, Prince O'Canan,' said the chief of the guard, 'for reasons unknown to us, to invest you with these shackles, until his further pleasure is known.'—'Is it said I have committed a new crime? or what is the cause of this undeserved punishment?' said O'Canan.

"The most I can inform you," said the officer, 'is, that two strangers arrived yesterday from Ireland, and had a private conference with the king.'

"As he finished this sentence, uncovered as he was, and kneeling on one knee, he applied

the manacles to his hands and bolts to his feet, to which the prisoner submitted with a sigh, saying, 'When my enemies have done their utmost, matters will straight be well again, but had I permitted the battalion of the Roe, these hands never should have bound my hands, nor a guard-man ever visited the shores of Britain.'

"During this scene, Lady O'Canan, who was young, beautiful, and only a short time wedded to her lord, sat as if bound to the earth, looking alternately at the prince and the guards, then dissolving into tears, she sunk down on her husband's bosom, who, as well as his pained arms could, supported her until she recovered.

"The officer informed her ladyship that she was at liberty to walk where she pleased at all times for the penalty of the law rested only against her lord.

"Seeing that grief would do no good to his cause, O'Canan consoled his lady as well as his situation would allow, and with breasts prepared for the worst, they awaited the final event.

"It happened exactly at this period that there was to be a stag hunt in Windsor forest, at which all the nobility of England were to be present, besides many from Normandy and other parts of the continent, attended by the best dogs and horses.

"There was then a custom practised, I believe, at the British court alone, that the person, who, after the stag was run down, could first dip his hands in the blood, was honored with the royal pardon for whatever crimes he or she or the person for whom he or she supplicated was guilty; but as this attainment depended on the most superior performance both of man and horse, few could hope for it.

"O'Canan had an old blood, named Benroe, once famous on the turf, and which, when taking the country over brakes and precipices, few could equal.

"Allowing even that Benroe had a chance for this privilege, of which there many doubts, his master had no person in England capable of riding him, and therefore, any little spark of hope which the excellence of this animal had kindled in his breast, was altogether extinguished. Like an electric shock was his mind affected, when, few days preceding the appointed day, his lady proposed herself to mount old Benroe, and put in for the life of her beloved lord. 'The undertaking, my love,' said he, 'is much too arduous for any female, and you must know, it is not on the plains on which you have been accustomed to ride, nor are you to contend with those whose only care was to protect you.'

"Let us talk no more," said his lady, 'Benroe and I are well known to each other, 'tis not the first time we have been crowned with laurels among those who pretended to be victorious on the sod, and I shall hazard the attempt, terminate as it will.'

"The matter being settled, a petition was sent forward to the king, requesting that he would allow Prince O'Canan's horn to be sounded previous to the chase. To this his Majesty could not fully assent, as in the conditions published, it had been said, that when the royal trumpeter should sound three times, the huntsmen would mount; but he graciously ordered that as often as the trumpeter should sound, Prince O'Canan's huntsman would repeat the blast.

"Old Benroe being now by the groom led to the window of his master's prison, and hearing his well-known voice, neighed aloud, and stretching forward his lofty neck, rolled around a fiery eye, seemingly in great anxiety to know the place whence the voice came.

"The royal trumpet being sounded, and the gentlemen mounted, Lady O'Canan appeared, arrayed in a robe white as snow, with a green fillag studded with diamonds, and running in tripple order around her head in form of a shamrock.

"On the first blast of the Irish cornu, her courser made a rush forward, and all thought she would have been pitched from the saddle. 'Twas at this moment that a gentleman, clothed in green, and mounted on a tall grey, alit, and proposed to exchange horses with her, 'for yours, my lady,' said he, 'becomes ungovernable, and mine, I can assure you, will be more easily managed.' she politely thanked him for his courtesy, but told him there was not the slightest danger, for she was well acquainted with her courser's gaits.

"As every new opponent entered the arena, Benroe, considering himself as necessitated to contend against all, still became more furious, the same gentleman who made the proposal of his steed to her, observing tears trickle plentifully from under her veil, rode forward to her a second time, and entreated that she would desist from the chase, as he saw she became afraid; 'and moreover,' said he, 'I fear the contest will be severe to-day between some knights from the continent, and us, who, I am informed, are come over to try the mettle of the British breed.'—'The terrors of the chase,

air, said she, 'are known to me,' and turning her horse, she thought she knew his crest to be that of O'Donnell.
'I have always,' said a gentleman mounted on a lengthy bay, 'observed that those Irish bloods show too much capering to come in well at the death. However, two or three courses through Windsor will be a better test of the matter.'

And that crystalline stream is the Roe! Then away with this sighing and crying, Such feelings are follow'd by pain, Tho' in far distant lands I am dying, Yet in dreams I oft creep back again.
There's a chair for the wanderer at evening; There's a bed where the weary repose; For a friend there's a 'Kead mial a faultie;' And Na baskish for sorrows and woes.

of Saint Thomas Aquinas were given to illustrate the doctrine of the separation and partition of the spiritual power and the civil power.
CÆSARISM AND CHRISTIANITY. The difference between Pagan Cæsarism and Christianity consists in: 1. The first regards the State as its own creation, the second as the creation of God. 2. The first—i.e., Pontif and King over body and soul absolute and exclusive; the second is subject in all that belongs to the soul to the Divine law and to the Church of Jesus Christ.

THE CAUSES OF THE REVIVAL OF CÆSARISM. But the two chief causes of the revival of Cæsarism in Christendom are—first, the school of Jurists created by the Pandects of Justinian and the University of Bologna, from which sprung the whole theory and organization of the Ghibelline Cæsarism; and, secondly, the influx into Italy of Greeks and Greek literature, and Byzantinism after the fall of Constantinople.
THE PRUSSIAN CHURCH LAWS. It must, however, be acknowledged that violent and sacrilegious as the acts of the free State have been and still are in practice, Italy has hitherto refrained from committing itself (in the domains of principle and of law) to doctrines such as are embodied in Prussian Ecclesiastical legislation.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. ONE OF THE IRISH MARTYRS.—We extract the following account of the martyrdom of an Irish Archbishop from 'Historical and Legendary Recollections of the Bock of Cashel,' by M. St. John Neville, recently published in Dublin.
At the same time that the Protestant Archbishop of Cashel, appointed by the Crown, was enjoying the reward of his services in the pluralities before mentioned, the Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, consecrated by the Pope, was diligently labouring to win the recompense promised to those who fight the good fight and keep the apostolic faith.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

HIS VIEWS ON CÆSARISM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—THE CONFLICT OF THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD. On the evening of December 23, Archbishop Manning read a paper entitled 'Cæsarism and Ultramontanism' before the Academia of the Catholic Religion, of which the Archbishop is president. The meeting was held at his house in Westminster. The following are the views he expressed:
In one sense the conflict of the Church and the world is always the same. The enmity of the world is one, and the truth is one; nevertheless, the forms of that enmity are endless and always changing.

WHAT ULTRAMONTANISM TEACHES.

ULTRAMONTANISM teaches that within the sphere of its competence the civil power is to be obeyed, not only for wealth, but for conscience sake. It is a part of the Christian religion to obey 'the powers that are.' As to the independence of the Spiritual Power we need waste no words. The existence of the Church and the primacy of its head in these 1,800 years are proof enough.
THE CHURCH THE TRUE JUDGE IN MIXED QUESTIONS. Now, no Christian, nor any man of sound mind, claims this for the civil power; and if not, then either there is no judge to end the strife or that judge must be the Church, to which alone the revolution of Christianity in faith and morals was divinely intrusted.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH WIPED OUT IN PRUSSIA.

Now, we might at first sight wonder how such a preposterous claim could have been set up in the nineteenth century. But there are agents at work which will account for it. First, there is, perhaps, no country in Europe from which the Christian faith has been more completely wiped out than Prussia.
THE FREE MASONS. Finally, there is another agency which has been far more potent than all others in bringing about this present persecution. There is no manner of doubt that the sect of Free Masons has been long labouring to break up the religious settlement in Germany.

IRISH ANNIVERSARIES.—The Telegraph says:—

We may hope some day to chronicle a week without railway accidents when we have to record the news that an Irish anniversary has passed off without disturbance. The Apprentice Boys of Derry celebrated the 'shutting of the gates' on Thursday with the usual procession, banners, bands, flags, and the firing off of small guns.
CARDINAL CULLEN ON THE SITUATION.—His Eminence Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral which will be read wherever the Irish people have a home over the world. The close connection of that eminent Prelate with the Holy See, his personal relations with the Pope, as well as his official dignity, give to any language emanating from him great influence in his own country as well as in every land where the English tongue is spoken.

* A plain on the banks of the Roe, south of Duncannon.

Extracts from the letter of Saint Gelasius to the Emperor Anastasius, and that of Saint Bernard to Conrad, King of the Romans, and from the writings

A Hotel waiting girl of Davenport, Iowa, named Mrs. McQuade, has fallen heir to an estate in Ireland worth over \$1,000,000.

It has been settled who is to have it.

British Government in Ireland, and has never faltered for a moment in proclaiming the intention and determination of the Catholics to win the full value of their emancipation from a Government that professes civil and religious liberty. In this pastoral the great subject to which His Eminence draws attention is that which at the present moment ought to occupy the warmest thoughts of every Catholic mind, the cruel persecution of the Pope, the terrible attacks upon religion, the desperate conflict now waging by the force of the Church in almost every nation in Europe. To direct attention to these and to the Pope's Encyclical is the purpose of Cardinal Cullen. His Eminence points how the battle is being carried on in this warfare of Gethsemani upon Christianity. He denounces not only the league of the secret societies landed against the laws of religion and morality, not only the overt acts of schismatic and hostile Governments against the Papacy, but also their secret and tortuous ways to effect a victory over the religion that Christ proclaimed in all the sorrowful path from Bethlehem to Calvary. All this strikes the vision of the Cardinal, and he warns the faithful of the gravity and awfulness of the situation. He points out "the insolent tyranny" of the Ministers of the German Empire "walking in the footsteps of Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth," and endeavoring "to reduce the Bishops and priests of Germany to degrading bondage." The Machievellian policy adopted in Geneva and Basle, "where the clergy of the State" for the purpose of their subjection "are deprived of the means of subsistence which they derived from the treasury, affords us just grounds to congratulate ourselves that Ireland has always opposed a royal veto on the appointment of her prelates, and scornfully rejected the pensions and favors with which it was so often sought to bind the Catholic Church with a golden link to the crown." But it is chiefly to the press, or at least it is one of the chief topics, that the Cardinal directs Catholic attention. The enemies of the Church find her passive resistance, the simple but unyielding non-jussumus as fatal to their schemes as armed hosts would be, as they strike at the roots of faith with the weapons of falsehood and error. The Prussian Parliament was opened by a deputy that a special corruption office had been opened in Berlin, for England, France and Italy. This is the reason of the false telegrams with reference to the Pope which appear almost every day in some organs of the public press. As such means are used amongst the others so prodigally weaving in the struggle of the darkness against the light, the Cardinal inculcates it as a duty to raise a banner against them. "As so much is done by the press," he states, "to infect the minds of youths, we should make efforts to counteract the poison, and to supply good and wholesome reading for the edification and instruction of the rising generations." All books against religion and morals, all dangerous romances and novels which disturb the mind and corrupt the heart, and those newspapers which are filled with sarcasm against the Catholic religion, or encourage secret societies, or revolutionary movements so destructive to society, or which publish filthy reports of divorce or criminal cases well calculated to corrupt public morality, should be carefully excluded. Such are the main points of the pastoral of His Eminence, and at this hour of the troubles of the Church who shall gainstay them. Those duties of prayer and penance which every Catholic should attend to, are impressed upon their minds for discharge at this critical period of the history of our faith, and he arouses his flock for the strife by pointing out the arms ready for their hands to use in the conflict. In the face of persecution which may come, he lifts his voice of warning to the children of the Church.—Catholic Mirror.

The census return for the county and city of Cork are published. The total population of the county and city of Cork in 1821 was 730,444; in the following ten years it increased to 810,732; in 1841 it was 854,118, and it is not unlikely that when the numbers reached their culmination before the famine it fell little short of nine hundred thousand. In 1851, however, it had fallen off to 649,308, a decrease as compared with 1841, of 204,810, but in all probability a lessening of the actual population by something like a quarter of a million. In 1861 there was again a decrease of 104,490, the numbers having fallen to 544,818; and in 1871 there was still a decrease of 27,742. The number of inhabited houses has undergone a proportionate diminution, having sunk from 135,433 in 1841 by progressive stages to 88,042 in 1871. In the Parliamentary borough of Cork the population was in 1861, 102,526, while in 1871 it was but 100,518 being a decrease of about two thousand. Amongst the parliamentary boroughs the general tendency to a lessening of the population is shared. As the decrease in the population has been mainly caused by emigration, it was supposed it would considerably alter the relations of the religious professions towards each other. But this appears not to be the case. The number of Catholics in the county of Cork in 1861 was 426,894, and they were 91.8 per cent. of the population; of Protestant Episcopalians 32,822 and they were 7.1 per cent.; of Presbyterians 1,118, being 0.2 per cent.; Methodists, 1,760, 0.4 per cent.; all other denominations, 2,163, 0.5 per cent. In 1871 the Catholics were reduced to 400,905, but they still were practically the same proportion of the population, being 91.6 per cent. The Episcopalians Protestants were reduced to 31,297 being exactly the same proportion as in 1861. The Presbyterians gained slightly, and the Methodists considerably in numbers, the former having become 1,216, being 0.3 of the population, and the latter increased to 2,228, and its proportion to 0.5. "All other denominations" increased to 2,788, and its per centage rose to 0.6. In the city of Cork the Catholic proportion has increased. In 1861 the number was 67,148, and the proportion 83.8 per cent.; in 1871 the numbers being 66,716, the proportion was 84.8. Protestant Episcopalians were, in 1861, 10,632, and their proportion 13.3; in 1871 their numbers were 9,196, and the proportion reduced to 11.7. Presbyterians increased from 891, and a proportion of 1.1 in 1861 to 1,028, and a per centage of 1.3 in 1871. Methodists declined from 893 in 1861 and a proportion of 1.1 to 718 in 1871 and a proportion of 0.9. "All other denominations" increased from 567 to 984, and their proportion from 0.7 to 1.3. It would seem as if the disestablishments of the Church had had an effect in slightly swelling the ranks of dissent.—Cork Examiner.

CRISIS COMING HOME TO ROOTS.—Judge Keogh so well known in Ireland, the degraded Catholic who characterized, from the bench, the ministrations of the clergy to a dying culprit as "a holy show," who defied Cromwell, who stated recently at an election trial that he would not believe a clergyman on his oath who gave evidence on the occasion, a pure upright, and conscientious man, has his own share of shame on his back. The Dublin correspondent of the Irish American gives the following description of "what's the matter" with that official now:—"Mr. Justice Keogh, when delivering his famous Galway judgment, and when, on other occasions also assailing the clergy and the doctrines of his Church, thought he was winning so much regard from the anti-Catholic party in Ireland as would greatly promote his dignity, and make him very happy, in this world at all events. He would have better employed in teaching lessons of religion and morality to his unfortunate son, who had recently been figuring in a very scandalous manner before the police courts in the press. Many a better man than Mr. Justice Keogh has a scapegrace son; but, in such cases a good father is commiserated and his trouble is regarded as his cross; while, in the case of a bad one it is looked upon more in the light of a judgment. Keogh's son is an unfortunate drunkard; he scoffs at and ridicules his father, in his own house, and

before his guests and friends; and he has been known to shout with laughter, before a large company at dinner table, when he heard his father pledge his "honor" about something or other. "Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "isn't that a good one? Boys, do you hear that? Billy Keogh's honor! Ha! ha! ha!" He was before the police courts a few days ago, charged with being drunk and disorderly in College street, and demanding that a prostitute, named Mary Anne Cromwell, who was in charge of the police in the station, should be brought out to him. The police took him into custody, and when he was brought before the magistrates he did not mend the matter by the scandalous nature of the defence he set up for himself. He was fined 20s, or fourteen days imprisonment for his misconduct. The association of the names Keogh and Cromwell has struck every one who remembers his father's glowing paenegyric on "Oliver." The young fellow—his age is about twenty-seven—has since been taken off to a lunatic asylum, which is probably a dodge of Billy's to put the best face he could on the disgraceful affair.

The jolly town of Limerick appears to have some of the most "desartless men" on its watch. One of them was lately found slumbering comfortably and cozily in the gutter, and the inspector declared before a magistrate that the career of this watchman had been "one of sleeping and drunkenness." This career was regarded as deserving a fine of £1, and Mr. Hinchy, the culprit, having been thus legally washed as it were, was allowed to return to his wallowing in the mire for the protection of the people and property of Limerick. Another watchman, who was found in a helpless condition on his beat, gave the following touching explanation:—"Now, to tell nothing but the truth," he said, "I must tell the gentlemen that there isn't a decenter man on the staff than myself. Oh, devil a lie in it. Gentlemen, as I'm brought here at all now, I'll tell you the whole of it out. I ate a heavy meal of that unfortunate American bacon, and a handful of green cabbage, and a few bath-ratons, and they lay across my breast; and at the time I had only a few plants taken to quench the thirst, when the inspector came up; and besides, gentlemen, I got a bad account from my little boys in America." Of course, a man with such a complication of troubles could only awaken the sympathies of the court.

DUBLIN UNITED TRADES ASSOCIATION.—The weekly meeting of this association was held recently in the Mechanic's Institute, Mr. Edward Burke, Vice-President, occupied the chair. After the confirmation of the minutes, the Secretary, Mr. John Keegan, said he attended the Home Rule Conference, not in his official capacity, but as an individual citizen. The rules of the United Trades Association prohibit the entertainment of political or polemical subjects, and bearing that in mind, he (the Secretary) felt he had no right to attend the Conference as the representative of the association in its corporate form. But it is right to state, and it should be known, that he attended to represent the opinions and feelings of some thousands of the artisans of Dublin, who believe that the radical cure for the many grievances under which Ireland labor lies in having a home legislature. He (Mr. Keegan) felt there was one blank in the programme, and that was a resolution pledging the Home Rulers of Ireland to patronize home trade, as far as practicable. In 44, Smith O'Brien adopted a pledge in the Repeal Association pledging the Repealers of Ireland to abstain from spirituous liquors until the Union should be repealed. What he (Mr. Keegan) contended was that the Home Rulers of the present day should take a similar pledge in favor of home manufacture. After some discussion, the following resolution was moved by Mr. Thomas Graham, and seconded by Mr. Miles Byrne and carried unanimously:—"Resolved, That a deputation be now appointed to wait on the Home Rule League for the purpose of submitting a practical plan in favor of the development of home manufacture, and which plan would be a means to the end of obtaining Home Rule for Ireland."

WILL OF AN IRISH MISER.—An Irish miser named Denis Tolam, who died at Cork possessed of considerable wealth, in the year 1789, left a singular will containing the following testamentary dispositions:—"I leave to my sister-in-law four old stockings, which will be found under my mattress, to the right. Item—To my nephew, Michael Tarles, two odd socks and a green nightcap. Item—To Lieutenant John Stein, a blue stocking, with my red cloak. Item—To my cousin, Barbara Dolan, an old boot with a red flannel pocket. Item—To Hannah, my housekeeper, my broken water-jug." After the death of the testator, the legatees having been convened by the notary to be present at the reading of the will, each, as he or she was named, shrugged their shoulders and otherwise expressed a contemptuous disappointment, while parties interested in the succession could not refrain from laughing at these ridiculous, not to say insulting legacies. All were leaving the room, after signifying their intention of renouncing their bequests when the last named, Hannah, having testified her indignation by kicking away the broken pitcher, a number of coins rolled out of it; the other individuals astonished at the unexpected incident, began to think better of their determination, and requested permission to examine the articles devised to them. It is needless to say that, on proceeding to the search, the stockings, socks, pockets, &c. soon betrayed by their weight the value of their contents, and the board of the testator, thus fairly distributed, left on the minds of the legatees a very different impression of his worth.—From the Illustrated London News.

ULSTER JULY ANNIVERSARIES.—It is evident, says the Pall Mall Gazette, even to a rigid economist, that a considerable saving might be effected by the discontinuance of the Ulster "July Anniversaries." A return has just been printed by order of the House of Commons, by counties, of the number of troops and constabulary moved into the province of Ulster for the so-called July Anniversaries; estimate of costs of such troops and constabulary both for transport to and from, and for maintenance while absent from their ordinary stations; and similar return of their travelling and lodging allowance while absent from home on such duty." From the summary of this return it appears that the number of troops moved in aid of the civil power in Ulster during the July Anniversaries of the year now drawing to a close was 22 officers and 580 men, or 602 in all, at a cost of £402 16s. The number of constabulary moved into various counties, and into the province on the same occasion, was 47 officers and 2,600 men; in all, about 2,647, the expense of such movements being £5,786 10s. 8d; and the number of stipendiary magistrates sent into Ulster was 20, at a cost on account of travelling and lodging allowance while absent from home on such duty of £330 6s. 10d, making the total expense of the Ulster July Anniversaries of 1873 £6,420 3s. 3d. It is really worth consideration whether these anniversaries might not with advantage be turned into centenaries, or at least conducted in a less costly fashion.

A return, designed to show the general mortality of the United Kingdom for the past five years, has been published, in response to a Parliamentary order. The tables show the average mortality from all causes during the five years, ended with 1871, discriminating, with the exception of Scotland—where a Laggerd Registration Office has halted in its duty—the deaths from zymotic diseases. According to these statistics the estimated population of England is 22,225,000; of Scotland, 3,310,000; of Ireland, 5,343,000. The annual average deaths from all causes in these countries are—in England, 495,345; Scotland, 74,634; 89,668. The largest item of mortality in England was diarrhoea, which caused 23,

805 deaths. Fever was the great destroyer in Ireland, causing 3,333 of the total deaths. The tables present in one respect a remarkable comparison. They prove that the death-rate of Ireland is much lower than that of either England or Scotland. Calculated in every 1,000 of the population, the English death-rate was, on the annual average, 22.3; the Scotch, 21.9; the Irish only 16.5. These proportions are with reference to the deaths from all causes. It is asserted that the death registration in Ireland is defective—a circumstance which, together with the fact that the Irish population is much less town-living than that of Great Britain, is supposed to account for the greater security of life from sickness which it is credited with. It is a suggestive fact that while deaths from zymotic diseases are increasing in England, they are decreasing in Ireland. Taking the five years given in succession, the total deaths in England, from small-pox, fever, measles, cholera, diarrhoea, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other zymotic diseases, were 99,989, 117,386, 119,601, 129,571, 123,030. An opposite course is seen in the Irish figures, which were respectively 16,066, 16,487, 15,555, 14,545, and 13,638. Thus the zymotic mortality of England was £2,000 more in 1871 than in 1868, but in Ireland it was 2,000 less.—Dublin Freeman.

Never was there so fine a season within the memory of man. If we had a wet and severe summer, we have a dry and mild winter, almost bordering on summer in every appearance. The adage was "A Green Christmas and a Fat Churchyard." But that saying does not prove true in the present case.—There never was less disease, no talk of fever, or any epidemic dangerous to life. Plants are budding, and we have seen flowers in blossom. We might have reason to dread the future, if the adage had to be relied on: "Long fair; long foul." But having had so severe a summer with a constant down-pour of rain, the present weather might have been to some degree expected, although it surpasses in mildness all our expectations. That there is a change in the climate of Ireland must be admitted. The winters of long and severe frosts and deep snows are gone, and the summers of intense heat are no longer to be seen. From whatever cause, a wonderful change has come over the seasons. The rarity of frost or snow now during the winter months is to be wondered at, and appears almost unaccountable. That the summers should also be disposed to constant moisture appears strange too.—These are mysteries that go beyond the true knowledge of man. But that a change has taken place in the climate of Ireland cannot be doubted. On Saturday night we had a little seasonable frost.—Magdalen Evening.

THE ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY IN BELFAST.—At the Belfast Police Court the two persons charged with being connected with the recent jewelry robbery in Belfast, were brought up on remand. Hunter was discharged, there being no evidence against him, and the case of Nicholson, the nephew of Miss Gilbert, the proprietress of the establishment which was robbed, was then taken up. After some evidence had been given, the Bench decided upon admitting him to bail.

BRITAIN.

THE "WEEKLY REGISTER" ON THE BISHOP OF SALFORD.—The Weekly Register of London is a strong advocate for Irish Home Rule, and with reference to the reverend Bishop of Salford's refusal to allow the school rooms of his diocese to be used for the purposes of the Home Rule League, has something to say. The Rev. Professor Galbraith, of Trinity College, is a prominent member of that body and at a recent meeting he commented on the course taken by the Bishop on that occasion. The Register dissects the matter in this wise:—"Professor Galbraith referred to the letter of the Bishop of Salford, explaining his reasons for not allowing the Catholic schoolhouses of the diocese to be used as places of meeting by the Home Rulers. With the decision at which the Bishop arrived, and with one of the reasons upon which his decision rests, we are entirely in accord. It would have been very indiscreet to open the school doors for political meetings; for it should be remembered that these schools are partly supported by contributions from the Parliamentary Grant for public education, which would in all probability be withdrawn if the school rooms were made an arena for political discussion. That is quite a sufficient reason why the application for the use of the schools by the Home Rulers should not have been granted. We wish the Bishop had stopped there; for reticence on the other grounds of refusal, would have prevented the revival by Professor Galbraith of the long story of Irish oppression by Catholic England. We cannot altogether agree with his Lordship that "the schoolroom is the vestibule of the Church, and should not be accessible as an arena for the agitation of political questions upon which Catholics differ most widely;" for acquiescence in this dictum would involve condemnation of an usage long familiar in Ireland, and with which it is very likely that by far the larger proportion of the Bishop of Salford's flock are familiar. The sting at the "interested politicians and adventurers who trade on patriotism"—meaning, necessarily, the leaders in the Home Rule agitation—was, we must be permitted to say, mischievous and misplaced. See what it produced in Dublin amid the cheers of a crowded meeting, nine-tenths of whom are Catholics, and at which no fewer than twenty-three priests were admitted members of the Home Rule League. Dr. Vaughan (said Professor Galbraith), the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, said something not very complimentary about Home Rule but they should remember that he is an Englishman, and was speaking from an English point of view. The Catholics of Ireland, from past history, knew that the greatest opponents of their nationality were the English Catholics, and he was sure they were not so bigoted, because the English Catholics were their co-religionists, as to take their views of a matter adverse to that nationality when it was advocated by Protestants. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The Bishop of Salford is not old enough to remember what was done in 1827 by the Catholic Association, on account of a very indiscreet movement of the English Catholics. We are; and the recollection of that stern proceeding, to which we were a party, makes us most anxious that all occasions shall be sedulously avoided that can possibly engender ill-feeling between the Irish Catholics, whether living in this country or in Ireland, and their British Catholic fellow-subjects. It should be fully and frankly accepted as a truth, that it is only through the influence of Ireland that the Catholics of England can hope for any concession of their just demands, whether as regards schools, or workhouses, or prisons. At present English Catholic influence, we lament to say, almost inappreciable in Parliamentary elections, and it is only by Parliamentary power that statesmen are made to comprehend when it is expedient to disarm hostility, and win votes by concession." So far as these observations in the Register impress the fact upon the English mind that the English Catholics can only look to the Irish for power to win the full measure of justice for themselves in England, we thoroughly agree, but we cannot admit, for a moment, that the Bishop of Salford was wrong on any ground that he took in not permitting the use of his schools for the Home Rule agitation. Many of the Bishops and a vast majority of the priests in Ireland are Home Rulers, and the matter is perfectly clear that they would not, and will not, allow the use of their schools for Home Rule meetings. The Bishop of Salford no doubt acted upon the very principles by which those Bishops act, as well as the motives of expediency laid down by the Register.—Catholic Mirror.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—The irony of fate mocks at the soundest calculations, and the infatigability of fortune eludes all limitation. Yet it is not often, even in this world of surprises, that a reverse is sustained so bewilderingly comical in its nature as that which has befallen the champion of Protestant orthodoxy. The matchless Whalley is in disgrace, the terrible opponent of the Pope and the cardinals is under a cloud. In vain has he laboured in unravelling the intrigues of Rome, baffling the schemes of the Jesuits, and nipping in the bud innumerable gunpowder plots and such like conspiracies. In vain has he traced the connection between the Propaganda and the price of coals, and shown how the cattle disease resulted from the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. To no purpose, after all, has he awakened the slumbering indignation of Protestantism by the tremendous discovery that Mr. Gladstone eat of only one dish on a Friday, or roused the country to a sense of its danger by revealing the awful design of re-establishing Popery through the medium of paper cracker mottoes and bonbons. Who is secure from the tongue of aspersion? Even the ser of Peterborough has not escaped its carping, and the faith of his most steadfast admirers is tottering under the attack. Here is Mr. John Peters, of Liverpool, who long looked upon Mr. Whalley as "the baneful Protestant champion, and determined foe to Unitarianism and the kindred schemes of Rome," actually writing to say that his confidence is quite shaken and asking the ill-used Whalley to "clear up" something or other "for the sake of the Protestantism he was once the champion of." This is certainly not enough, but it is mildness itself compared with what follows. Having depicted Mr. Whalley in a line from his championship, the writer commiserates his audacious ingratitude by the appealing intimation that perhaps Mr. Whalley may be an N. J. agent himself! If this be not the limit of cruelty and indignity, Mr. Whalley may well ask where it is ever to be found. The unworthy suspicion of the wary Peters has been excited, it seems, by Mr. Whalley's conduct in connection with the Tichborne trial. Everyone knows how Mr. Whalley discovered the hand of the Pope in the prosecution, and how to his penetration was due the discovery that one of the jurymen's second cousins had a son in a Bismarck's chair! Of course, there was nothing for Mr. Whalley but to stand by the Claimant, who, all a Papist himself, had at least the recommendation of being a very bad one. Unfortunately for the cause of civil and religious liberty, however, the case for the defence appears to be going somewhat amiss of late, and "the episode Luic" has had by no means an invigorating effect on it. It is apropos of this disaster that Peters commits the enormity we have specified. Luic has turned out an impostor, a lying tick-tock-toe man, a whole-sub-prepper, and there is that charge brought against somebody of having "made up" his work for him. But Mr. Whalley went over to America, and must have known what a liar he was, and under these circumstances, for the sake of Protestantism, Mr. Peters invokes an explanation. An explanation he gets, and will say Peters, work of faith and spiritually purified, feel rebuked by that holy reply. Mr. Whalley at once takes the unassailable ground that Luic is not an impostor at all. To backslide (like Peters) to a lukewarm and misguided public, the fact that Whalley's protegee has been identified by a score of witnesses as the ex-convict Lundgren—backed by the further fact that he has expressly confessed to the fraud himself—may seem very like proof of his identity. But to the piercing mind of Mr. Whalley this establishes nothing at all. Luic himself admits he is Lundgren, the ticket-of-leave man, but Mr. Whalley knows better, and sees that it is Luic, the mate of the Oprey, all the while. "It is my opinion," he writes, "that there is abundant corroboration of the fact that Jean Luic is speaking the truth when he says the defendant is the man he saved from the Bella's boat." True it is that Luic acknowledged the whole story to be a concoction, but the Peterborough member is at no loss to account for the contradiction. The occult influence of Rome has been at work, and it is to the machinations of the Janits we owe the untoward event which deprives the case for the Claimant of the benefit of Jean Luic's testimony. Nevertheless, we fear that Mr. Whalley has irrevocably lost the confidence of Peters. There are none so blind as those who will not see, and there will always remain a section of the population who will think the explanation about Luic defective. The prophet is seldom believed in his own land, and truly great men are born too early or too late. Mr. Whalley stands little chance of being measured with that indulgent faith which he so readily applies to the character of Luic. Neither one or the other will have his due. A stiff-necked generation oblivious of the ironies of the Papacy, heedless of Ultramontanage aggression, and unmindful of the artful conspiracy which ensnares their understanding, will persist after all is said in regarding Luic as a rogue and a vagabond, and Mr. Whalley as little better than a fool.—Nation.

LONDON FACTORY GIRLS.—A day or so previous to my visit to Highgate with the same business in hand, I sought to make myself acquainted with the habits and customs of a swarm of poor little urchins, who work at a "frisette" factory in the neighborhood of Wilderness-row, in St. Luke's. Again it was dinner time, and I watched a troop of them lurching to a villainous-looking cheap cookshop to invest their precious halfpence in pease-pudding or some such hot and cheap though unsubstantial dainty; and there was one female, of fourteen possibly, with the rest, who stood wistfully before the cookshop window, regarding the stock and making up their minds before they took the step that was irrevocable. Finally they all came to a decision, excepting the damsel in question, and she, though jingling her halfpence in her hand, and with her very eyes as well as her mouth watering with hunger, somehow contrived to resist the temptation cross the threshold. With a lingering look at the luscious display, she paused for a last sniff at the open door, and then, as though goaded by its maddening effect, dashed off at a half run towards the Goswell road.—Her speed was such that it was no easy matter, without exciting public curiosity, to keep up with her. "She is aware of another cookshop," I thought; "she is wiser than her factory mates, and will, doubtless, get more pease-pudding for her penny." But it was not at a cookshop that my heroine paused; it was at a "wardrobe" shop—an establishment where may be purchased second-hand apparel and finery. She did not hesitate but at once entered the shop, and after a few minutes emerged with a somewhat faded but still gorgeous bunch of artificial flowers, consisting of a rose, full blown, a poppy or two, and a fair sprinkling of wheat. With a glow of triumph on her wizened little face, she cast an eager glance to the right and to the left, and, spying close at hand the secluded gateway of a lumber yard, darted across the road, and, crouching in a corner was soon busy with her battered old hat on her knees, retrimming it. I ventured to offer her a little friendly advice while she was so engaged. Did she not think it was foolish to waste her hard-earned money in such trash? To which she uncivilly replied "that that was her business, and that it would praps be better for some people if they looked after theirs and left other people's alone. How much a week did she earn at the factory? "Four shillings, I'll must know." "That's very little. Why, a handy, likable looking girl, as you appear to be, might earn twice as much at least, or the value of it, as nurse-maid or under kitchen-maid in a respectable family. Such places are not difficult to obtain; why do you not make inquiries and better your condition?" "Because," replied the juvenile maker of frisettes at the rate of eight-pence a day—as she gave certain finishing touches to her off-hand millinery—"because I'm above that poor scum what musn't wear a feather or a ribbon,

and because I likes my liberty." And, lifting her ragged frounce, she made me a curtsy, and slipped out of the timberland exactly as became a young lady who wore such a resplendent headress.

ACCURATE CONFESION.—On Thursday Lord Fortescue forwarded to the Bishop of Exeter a memorial, signed by 12,216 persons in the diocese, praying his lordship to restrain the introduction of confession into the Church of England. Lord Fortescue stated in a lengthy letter that many strongly opposed to the confessional had objected to sign the memorial—first, because they had not been sufficiently consulted by the evils complained of; secondly, from the dislike to join any movement originating with the party in the Church to which the authors of the memorial belonged; thirdly, from the feeling that the document was vaguely worded; and, lastly, because they took it to imply want of confidence in the Bishop's discretion in the administration of his diocese. After replying to these objections, Lord Fortescue says, he could not be charged with indifference to religious liberty and the rights of conscience. His opposition to the Ritualistic tendencies of the day was perfectly consistent with a sincere desire to secure their just rights to our avowedly Roman Catholic citizens. They had a right to practise confession, and no one could complain; but quietly to apply in presbyters and deacons, in enjoyment of offices and endowments legally tenable only by ministers of the Church of England, teaching doctrines and persisting in practices repeatedly declared by Ecclesiastical Courts and most eminent prelates and theologians of our Church not to be in accordance with the doctrine and ritual of that Church as by law established, and this, too, not rarely in opposition to the wishes of the parishioners, and the distinct advice of the bishops, was a very different matter, involving very different principles. It was on this ground that he prayed the Bishops early consideration of a memorial so intently signed.

The quantity of coal raised in Great Britain in 1872 was 123,303,833 tons, against 117,192,257 tons in 1871. The total loss of life among the miners was 1,660, showing that one life was lost for every 116,000 tons of coal raised.

During 1872, according to the official report just issued, 85 British vessels were lost—never handed off sailing, or being spoken at sea. They must have foundered, and with them no fewer than 2,247 lives were lost.

UNITED STATES.
THE BISHOP OF PHOENIX ON SECRET SOCIETIES.—The Right Rev. Dr. Wood, Bishop of Phoenix, addressed a meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Benevolent Society on Sunday, 24th January, 1874. His remarks were particularly directed against secret societies. He spoke as follows:—"My friends, if I had thought of it, perhaps I would have stated to come here this evening, but I might have known that I could not come among you, without being expected to say, at least, a few words. You worthy President called to see me yesterday morning, about another matter entirely, and after he had concluded his business, he invited me to visit you this evening. I accepted his invitation, and as I have just said, perhaps a little rashly, as I might have anticipated being called upon for a speech. [Applause.] Now, my friends, I am very much pleased to see such a large number of men present here this evening. You are engaged in a good cause, for your organization is a good one and it has my approval. Your society is not like other societies that I have not the approval of the Church. You have your Spiritual Director with you to guide and direct you, and you are subject to his orders. And here let me give you a warning against joining any of these secret societies condemned by the Church. I do not mean those where men associate for mutual protection, but those where the members have to take an oath of secrecy—an oath to do whatever is required of them by the society—an oath to perform with blind obedience whatever orders the society issues. Such societies are in the highest degree dangerous. They are the source of great evil. Most of the disorders now prevalent in Europe are due to the influence of these secret societies. The present calamities and persecutions of the Church in Europe, notably in Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, are due almost entirely to their machinations. In some of these societies members are called upon to take the lives of their fellow-men. They are bound by an oath to do so whenever required, and if they fail, their own lives pay the penalty of their refusal. This is no imaginary creation but is a fact well known in Europe, and the Church and the Holy Father very properly condemn such societies. Hence the necessity of Catholics avoiding secret and other societies condemned by the Church. And I would advise you particularly to be careful not to join such societies. Some say that because a society is not openly condemned by the Church that it is no harm to join it. That is a mistake. Better be it to lay down the rule for yourselves, that you will join no society that is not approved of by the Church. [Applause.] Now there are some societies in this country and particularly in the coal and mining regions of this State, that while not openly condemned by the Church, are yet not safe to join. They may become of great benefit to Catholics, but more probably they will be just the reverse—at great injury. I have carefully read their constitutions, which are drawn by very skillful and adroit hands, and I very much fear that their entire independence of the Church will before long lead them into fatal mistakes. They pretend to be Catholic societies, but really they are not, for they have not, like your organization, the approval of the Church. They keep themselves entirely independent of all control of its clergy, while at the same time they endeavor with all their power, to use the prestige of the Church to gain accessions to their ranks. The Church is like a good mother who watches over and admonishes her children and sees that they do not stray out of the true path. Hence I give you a timely warning against joining any of the societies I have alluded to. [Applause.] The malice, bitterness, and bigotry of secret societies are well known, though we equally well know that they are practiced under the cloak of benevolence and charity. Your organization has no objectionable character, you have the approval of the Church; you are connected with the Church through your Spiritual Director and through him with your Bishop. Hence you must be careful to conduct yourselves like good children of the Church. [Great applause.] Then another warning I would give you—steer clear of politics. [Applause.] Practice charity towards all; perfect your union, thus strengthening yourself, and avoiding all outside combinations. You, of course have your own political views. There is no harm in that, but while you are at liberty to entertain your views be careful of designing politicians, who might attempt to lead you into matters foreign to your organization. You are not allowed, as a society, to meddle in politics. That is very fortunate. You must keep to the purposes of your organization and leave outside matters alone. [Applause.] You know the anecdote about the bundle of twigs. A strong man took a large stick and broke it easily across his knee, but when he took a bundle of small twigs and attempted to do the same thing with them, he found them too much for him. So it is with you. Keep united—depend upon each other and upon your spiritual guides, obeying the voice of the Church in all things, and then you will not be left alone and easily broken. By listening to the counsels of the Church you will prosper and bring down upon yourselves and families the blessings of God." [Prolonged applause.]

The True Witness

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1874.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY—1874.

Friday, 30—St. Martina, V. M.
Saturday, 31—St. Peter Nolasco, C.

FEBRUARY—1874.

Sunday, 1—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday, 2—Purification of the B. V. M.
Tuesday, 3—Of the Prayer of Our Lord.
Wednesday, 4—St. Andrew Corsini, B. C.
Thursday, 5—St. Agatha, V. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The marriage of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie, eldest daughter of the Czar, has been the chief event of the week. Royal marriages have not hitherto turned out to be certain guarantees against the ambition of princes, or strong bonds of peace and amity betwixt the nations whose Royal Families contract these matrimonial alliances. The best that we can expect from the marriage that has just been celebrated in St. Petersburg is, that it may postpone for a few years the inevitable war betwixt the two great Asiatic Powers, Great Britain and Russia. That the contest must come, sooner or later, which shall determine who shall be mistress of India, is patent to every one. It will come perhaps sooner than we expect.

And it is this consideration that should determine the Rail Road policy of the Dominion. If the Atlantic and Pacific Provinces of British North America are to remain politically or morally united, they must be materially united by means of a Pacific Rail Road; and if we are to have such a road, it is above all things essential that, at all seasons of the year, it be available for military purposes, for the transmission of troops, and munitions of war.—Here is the one all important consideration, to which all else must give way.—How, when the inevitable war betwixt Great Britain and Russia breaks out, are we to forward military reinforcements to the Pacific Provinces of the Dominion, exposed as these will be to the attacks of a Russian navy, fitted out and protected by Russian naval arsenals on the Asiatic shores of the North Pacific? It is manifestly absurd to suppose that Great Britain could in war time carry effectual assistance to the Western Provinces of the Dominion, if she had no speedier access to them than by the tedious route round the Horn; and it is therefore obvious to the dullest intellect, that, if British Columbia is to be politically annexed to Canada, it must be immediately materially annexed thereunto, by a Rail Road running throughout its entire course on British soil.—Russia is to-day better posted up than she was in 1854 as to the weak and exposed points of the wide-spread and straggling British Empire; she knows which of its scattered members offers the readiest prey to her eagle; and her geographical position is such, that, with a little energy on her part, she could always be supreme on the North Pacific, on the Asiatic coasts of which she alone of the Great Powers possesses large naval resources. It may be said that the construction of such a Rail Road as we speak of is impossible, or would entail an expenditure too vast for the Dominion. This may be so; and if so, then we must abandon all idea of political union with the Pacific Provinces, from whom we are geographically severed, and must remain severed, unless we can bind them to us by means of an iron ligature. If, in the moral order, man may not put asunder those whom God has joined together, so in the political order, it is not permitted to man to bind politically together those whom God has put asunder.

Amongst the notable events of the week may be reckoned the fining and committal to jail of the notorious Mr. Whalley, M.P., whose name, together with that of Mr. Osborne, M.P., is so unpleasantly mixed up with the Luie perjuries in the Tieborne case. Mr. Whalley has, it seems, been writing to the papers defending the credibility of his friend Luie, for which he was had up for contempt of Court, and fined £250. This, at first, he refused to pay, and was thereupon sent down to jail; but it seems

that a sister has paid the money, and the fellow has been released.

The trial of Luie for perjury has brought to light some very important facts, which fully explain the relations existing between the lying scoundrel Luie, and Messrs. Onslow and Whalley. The confession of the convict, that he was urged to commit his perjuries by promises from the last named honorable and evangelical member of Parliament, must of course be taken with a grain of salt, as the saying is; but there is no doubt that both Onslow and Whalley did their best to enable Luie to leave England for America immediately after his examination as a witness in the Tieborne case; and that, but for the interposition of the Court, this pretty little game would have succeeded, and that in a few hours Luie would have been beyond the reach of British justice. Immediately after his committal for perjury, the room where Luie had lodged was searched by the Police, who discovered several important papers, amongst others, the following letter, written and signed by Mr. Onslow, and addressed to Mr. E. C. Gray, dock-master at Southampton:—

"Dear Sir,—The bearer is Jean Luie. I need hardly ask you to do all you can for him, and further help him on board a vessel to New York."
"Yours,
GUILFORD OSNLOW."

Luie's examination in the Tieborne case concluded on the 15th of October. Of the witness himself, and his antecedents nothing was known to the Counsel for the prosecution; and the dodge of the other side was to get Luie out of the country, and beyond the jurisdiction of the British Courts as quickly as possible, so that his true character might not be discovered. This smart trick was defeated however, by the motion of Mr. Hawkins that the witness might be detained till further enquiries had been made about him. This was granted; and the detention gave time for the bringing to light that Luie was a ticket-of-leave man, and that his story told in Court was a lie from beginning to end.

From these facts, proved in Court, not a more assertion of Luie, every one will be competent to form his own opinion as to the complicity or innocence of Messrs. Whalley and Onslow in the perjuries of their friend Luie.

The Imperial Parliament has been dissolved, and the new Legislature will, it is expected, meet upon the 5th of March. The conduct of Mr. Gladstone in advising a dissolution is much criticised, but the Conservative party speaks with confidence of a great accession of numbers in the next House of Commons. The news from the seat of war on the Gold Coast is to the effect that the Ashantee King is seeking to make peace; this however is doubtful; what is more certain is, that there is much sickness amongst the officers and men of the expedition. The death of Dr. Livingstone is reported.

The capture of Santander by the Royalist forces in Spain is announced.

The marriage of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh with a Russian Grand Duchess naturally furnishes matter for reflection, and suggests the question—how it is that, if those points of doctrine and worship which distinguish the Catholic from the Anglican Church be of paramount importance, and affect man's salvation, the Protestants of England and Scotland behold unmoved, nay with complacency, the marriage of one of the members of their Royal Family with a foreign Princess, who holds with the exception of the doctrine of the Papal Supremacy, every one of those doctrines which in the case of Romanists are denounced as soul-destroying; but who does not hold a certain doctrine—to wit, the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and Son—belief in which the Anglican Church asserts to be essential to salvation, so that every one shall undoubtedly perish everlastingly who does not hold it. Truly Protestants are an incomprehensible generation.

The London Times has a glimmering, perhaps more than a glimmering, of the inconsistency of Protestant professions—of the, not to put too fine a point upon it, of the rank hypocrisy of those who cry out against the idolatries, and spiritual corruption of Rome, and yet countenance the marriage of an English Prince with a Russian idolatress.

"What strikes the common eye is the novelty of a royal alliance with a Church which in this country is generally regarded as much on a par with the forbidden communion of Rome. The Greek Church, however, is not a proselytizing or a political Church, and it never has existed in Russia, in any other form than thorough subordination to the Civil Power. The great argument continually brought against it by its restless and ambitious rival in the West is, that it lacks the note of a true Church in making no converts, and not caring to make any."—Times.

This is all that the Times can urge in extenuation of the apparent inconsistency which must strike every "common eye." "Fear not," it says to the good Protestants of England; "be comforted. This Russian-Greek Church, though in faith identical with Rome; though it retains without exception all those idolatries, all those damnable superstitions of

which by the assistance of foreign mercenaries and German hirelings, England was happily purged at the epoch of our Blessed Reformation—is, after all, one of ourselves; flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone. In the first place it is, and ever has been the servile creature of the State, it has never existed in any other form than that of thorough subordination to the Civil Power; and utterly regardless of the explicit and reiterated injunctions of the Founder of the True Church, to go and preach the Gospel to all creatures, and to convert all the nations, it has never so much as made an effort to do so, it has never so much as sent a missionary to the heathen." Evidently such a church can have no pretensions however remote to a divine origin; it is of the earth, earthy, of the mould, mouldy—a fitting consort therefore in every respect of that other church which has never existed in England in any other form than that of thorough subordination to the Civil Power; of which James the first was the nursing father, and Elizabeth the nursing mother.

What do we learn from the Times' Apologia for the schismatic sect that drags out a degraded existence in the Russian Empire? This:—That the two unpardonable sins in the Catholic Church, but for which English Protestantism would gladly enter into alliance with it, are—

1. The lofty scorn with which the said Church treats, ever will treat, and since the first day of the origin of Christianity ever has treated, the claim of the Civil Power to interfere in matters spiritual; and in the second place, her missionary efforts, her zeal for the conversion of the heathen, and the salvation of souls.—We would fraternize with you Catholics, as we do with the Russians, says the Times, if your Church were, as is the Russian Greek church, merely a branch of the Civil service; if you would but renounce those principles which, enunciated by English Puritans, Scotch Covenanters or Yankee Pilgrim Fathers, we laud as the fundamentals of civil and religious liberty; if you would but become Erastian, make your church subservient to the State, accept your religion from the civil magistrate, and cease to bring forth such troublesome fellows as St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, and others who are always doing some unpleasant things in China, in the Corea, or other heathen countries. Burn but a grain of incense before the image of our great God Caesar, and renounce your schemes for the Propagation of the Faith, and we will be blind to all your idolatries, and respectful towards your soul-destroying superstitions. Yes! were it possible for the Catholic Church to be degraded to the level of the Russian church the devil himself would cease to hate and fear her.

The Witness, poor man, is in great dread lest we should have a Nuncio among us; and indeed it is surmised by some that a personage answering to that formidable title is occasionally to be met with, going stealthily about the streets, and that at night he takes up his quarters in the basement stories of some of our evangelical churches, evidently with no good design. Can it be that a gunpowder plot is in contemplation, and that a Nuncio has been sent over to play the part of Guy Fawkes?

Any how the awful rumors have affected the brains, such as they are, of our contemporary, who publishes apparently without a suspicion that somebody has been trying to make a fool of him—a work of supererogation indeed—the "secret instructions of a Nuncio." It never enters into the head of the Witness to enquire as to the authenticity of a document, or to ask troublesome questions as to the original from whence it professes to have been copied—such as those therewith which Dr. Johnson bothered and confounded Maepherson. And then one would think that even the evangelical editor of the only religious daily in the world should have had his doubts as to the genuineness of an official document, attributed to a Pope, in which such a passage as this occurs:—

"You will most carefully prohibit infidel books, and above all the Bible, for it is that last work which has brought upon us the storm in which we have been engulfed. If you observe well what takes place in our churches, you will find that our teachings are very different from those of the Scriptures, and are even rather opposed to them.—That is the reason why the copies of the Bible must be suppressed."

Does not even the editor of the Witness see that the above paragraph clearly indicates whence the document in which it is found had its origin? It has about it the unmistakable flavor of Exeter Hall; its odor is as the odor of the conventicle, so that we may fancy it drawn up by a colporteur of the F. C. M. Society. And yet it is upon such stuff as this, such trash as should not deceive even a born idiot that the opinions of evangelical Protestants as to the faith and doctrines of the Catholic Church are based.

The result of the elections, as far as hitherto known seems to be strongly in favor of the Ministry. They will probably meet Parliament with a large majority in their favor.—When the contest is over, we will publish the list of the new House of Commons.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—The Rev. Joseph Emilios Dugast, a priest of the Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, died of pulmonary consumption at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, on the morning of Monday, 19th January. Father Dugast was a native of St. Jacques l'Achigan, P.Q., studied with honors at l'Assomption College; entered the Novitiate at Lachine, in 1868; was ordained priest in June, 1872, and was in his 27th year when called into eternity. During the two last scholastic years he professed Mathematics with ability at St. Joseph's, and was esteemed and beloved by the students and his brothers in Religion, who, by their attentions and prayers, consoled his last moments, which were those of the just man, the homo sapiens, whose life, be it long or be it short, is one continual preparation for death.

On the morning following his demise, after solemn requiem service in the parish church, the mortal remains were interred in the vault beneath the sanctuary, where already reposed the ashes of two Fathers of the Congregation. The Provincial, R. P. Antoine of St. Peter's, Montreal, presided, and a large number of clergymen assisted at the last rites. Owing to a serious indisposition, His Lordship Bishop Guigues could not be present.

The deceased was a brother of the Rev. George Dugast, Diocese of St. Boniface, Manitoba, and of the Rev. Euclide Dugast, Vicaire, St. Esprit, Montreal Diocese; to whom, as well as to the other members of the family, we offer our sympathies whilst mourning the departed. May his soul, through the mercy of Jesus and the help of Mary Immaculate, rest in peace.

THE ELECTIONS.—Thursday, the 22nd, was the day of the Nomination of candidates for Montreal. In the Eastern division M. Jette, Ministerialist, was nominated, and returned by acclamation. In the Western division Mr. F. Mackenzie was opposed by Col. Stevenson. The poll was fixed for Thursday, 29th inst.

In the Centre division the contest is keenest. Mr. M. P. Ryan was first proposed by Mr. McLennan and seconded by Mr. Masson and many others of our leading merchants. Then, Mr. Young seconded by Mr. Clendinning and others proposed Mr. B. Devlin. Addresses were delivered by the candidates and their friends; and at the close of the proceedings a poll was demanded, and granted for the 29th. Everything passed off quietly, and in good order; and it is to be hoped that we may be able to say as much when the poll shall have closed. The friends of both candidates are very confident of success.

In Upper Canada, in Toronto especially party spirit runs high, and the election contest bids fair to be followed by actions for libel in the Courts of Law. The common tactics of blackening the moral character of one's political adversaries cannot be too severely reprobated, by whomsoever they may be resorted to, and generally lead to the discomfiture of the party employing them; this we think will be verified by the finale of the Toronto elections.

A good warning to our Liberal gentry, whose one article of faith seems to be that they have the right to insult Catholic priests everywhere, and on every occasion, was given the other day in the conviction of and sentence passed upon a parishioner of the Rev. M. Proulx of St. Tite, by the Stipendiary Magistrate of that district. The accused was charged with having given the lie direct to M. Proulx in church, whilst the latter was addressing his congregation from the pulpit. The offence was clearly proved, and the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of \$146.

It may happen of course, that a parishioner may have just cause for taking exception to words uttered by a priest from the pulpit; but the law of the Church furnishes him in such a case with ample and easily attainable means of redress; but if every one were at liberty to stand up and tell the preacher that he lied, or that what he said was false, there would be an end to all decency, and our places of worship would soon be converted into bear-gardens. We feel therefore thankful to the Magistrate who has stringently enforced the law against brawling in church. It may be hard upon Liberals that they should not be left at liberty to interrupt Catholic worship and insult priest and congregation; but after all it would be harder still upon Catholics were they to be left without some protection in their own churches.

We find in our Irish exchanges the subjoined letter from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, which will be read with interest by the Catholics of Canada:—

Rome, Irish College, Feast of St. Thomas, December 21st, 1873.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER PRIOR.—I have seen your Father-General yesterday, and am happy to inform you that he gives all permission necessary for you brothers to accompany me to Canada. He refers me to your Provincial to settle matters finally. He will give me a letter to bear his good will to you, and his blessing for those of your community who will undertake this great work of founding a house of your order, the first in America. It is sad

to think that up to the present time Irish communities of men have not been able to found institutions from Ireland in America. I hope the effects of the Penal Laws against religious communities will rapidly decline, and permit these excellent aids to the progress of faith and morality spread to new lands. In the old times the Irish monks carried the faith to the nations of Europe. Now it is the Irish nuns and Irish students that leave home and country, to preserve the faith of their countrymen abroad. You will be gratified to learn the Holy Father blesses the undertaking from his inmost soul. His Holiness yearns for the spread of the true faith in the New World. I therefore beg of you to have your little colony prepared to accompany me to Canada early in March. The health of the Holy Father is excellent. There is a great change in the Eternal City. Strangers do not flock to Rome as in the days of the Popes. Instead of sixty thousand winter visitors there are not now six thousand. Convents are suppressed on every side; there have been at least sixty seized. The King is erecting immense buildings to keep the working class employed; but the taxes are fearful. Poverty prevails. The merchants and hotel-keepers are in despair. The nobility are keeping aloof from the Court of Victor Emmanuel—taught by the traditions of their ancestors, they know usurpations are short-lived in Rome. The Quirinal, where the Popes have been elected, and where the King now resides, is interdicted for sacred functions, and the King and other members of his family have to go out for Mass (that is, when they do go). I presume those thieves don't feel quite at home in their usurped palaces. They cannot turn their eyes anywhere without seeing the mementoes of the Popes; and to remove them would be to tear down half the Palace. The hall of the Sacred Consistory is now a ball-room. "The Star of Empire" is going west. Religion, persecuted here, seeks triumph in America. As education is the battle of the day, I trust, with the blessing of God, you will succeed in the diocese of Toronto, and that your house shall be the mother of many similar institutions destined for the salvation of many Irish children, and that you will find many young men to volunteer to accompany you, or to enter your community at Clondalkin to prepare themselves for the glorious work of spreading the faith and devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel in America. We have excellent brothers of the Christian Schools from France, but they are not able to supply the one-tenth of the demands for branches of their Order. Bishops on every side are calling for good, holy religions to found solidly in America, not inly called by the Americans the Irish Church. We are better off in Canada than in the United States as regards education. There they are obliged to pay taxes to the godless schools. With us the Catholics are only obliged to pay taxes to their own schools, and, besides, we have a percentage from the general school fund for every child we can collect into the schools. So you see my dear brother, the difficulties before us are not so many. Wishing you every blessing, and the protection of our Holy Mother, I am yours sincerely in Jesus Christ,
JOHN JOSEPH LYNE,
Archbishop of Toronto.

We learn with regret that L'Univers which under the management of M. Louis Veillot had become one of the recognised Powers of Europe, has ceased to appear. To what this is owing we cannot say; but fears are expressed that it has been suppressed because of its noble independence, and fearless advocacy of the right as against the expedient, by a timid French government, as a peace offering to the offended majesty of Prussia. If this be true France has fallen very low indeed.

BAZAAR FOR THE CATHEDRAL.—We take this opportunity of reminding our readers that it is on the ninth of next month that the Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Cathedral will be opened in St. Joseph Street corner of Versailles Street. All objects intended for that Bazaar should be sent beforehand to the Eveche. Although the claims upon our Catholic population are many and great, their liberality and devotion to their religion are greater still, and we therefore feel confident that this appeal in behalf of our new Cathedral will not be made in vain.

The Hon. M. Dorion accepts a seat on the Bench in lieu of Chief Justice Duval. M. Dorion retires from the field of political strife with an unblemished escutcheon, and will we doubt not do honor, and prove a valuable addition to the Judiciary of Lower Canada. The Hon. Mr. Huntington has accepted a seat in the Cabinet.

From a paragraph in the Witness of the 20th inst. it would appear that the suggestion previously thrown out in that journal for the holding in Montreal, in the month of May next, of a meeting to reform the reformed Protestant Episcopal religion, and to start a new sect, has attracted much attention, and will probably be acted upon.

We have received the February number of Peters' Musical Monthly, published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York. Terms: \$3 per annum; single copies, 30 cents. The number before us is very good and to the lovers of good music we recommend it.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—February, 1874.—Messrs. Sadtler & Co., Montreal, Terms: \$4.50 per annum; single number, 45 cents. The article on Spiritualism is worthy of a careful perusal; the following is a list of the contents of the current number:—1. The Principles of Real Being; 2. Dante's Purgatorio; 3. The Epiphany; 4. Grapes and Thorns; Spiritualism; 5. The Farm of Muiceroon; 6. Epigram; 7. Nano Nagle; 8. Grace Seymour's Mission; 9. Cui Bono; 10. The Jansenist Sobism in Holland; 11. An English Maiden's Love; 12. Our Masters; 13. A Leekin Bask; 15. New Publications.

SPORTING ON NUNS' ISLAND.—Joseph Brunet, 19, a mailer, from the Tannery West, proceeded on a sporting expedition to Nuns' Island, and, for want of better game, shot a valuable dog belonging to the nuns.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. SHORT SERMONS FOR SINCERE SOULS. No. 50.

The fourth remedy against impurity is to call to mind immediately the temptation assails us, that we are in the presence of God. For how can a Christian give way to this disgraceful crime when he considers that God sees him. If the fear of men seeing, hinders even the most abandoned and corrupt from giving way to this vice, what a much greater effect ought not the certainty that God sees, to have upon the Christian soul. It was this holy fear of God and the knowledge that we are ever in the presence of the divine and all seeing Judge, that taught Suzanna to choose death and disgrace rather than soil her soul and body with this horrid sin. "It is better for me to fall without crime into their hands" argued this chaste woman within herself, "than to sin in the sight of God." It was this consideration that caused the chaste Joseph to repulse the infamous solicitations of his master's wife, and to prefer the horrors of an Egyptian prison, and degradation of character by the most atrocious of calumnies, rather than consent to her infamous proposals. "How am I able," he asked, "to do this evil thing, and to sin in the presence of God?"

The fifth remedy is the frequentation of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. This is by far the most powerful remedy of all, because it is a divine remedy, and because the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist have power from God to prevent relapses into sin. The Grace of God is as an immense river flowing ever over an arid plain. That river is broad and deep and swift; its waters are superabundant, far exceeding all the possible wants of man. By day and by night, from year end to year end, for centuries on centuries that river has flowed through that plain; never for one moment has its speed been slackened; never for one moment has its flow been less. From this river the Son of God made man—has given us seven channels carrying the living waters of that great river to every part of that vast plain, so that the sons of men may bathe in it for their cleansing, drink of it for the quenching their thirst, and irrigate their lands for a harvest. These seven channels are the Sacraments of the Church, the seven different means by which the Grace of God—the waters of that great river—is applied for different purposes to man's soul. And what are the effects of this Grace of God upon our souls, as received through the channel of Penance, commonly called Confession? The first and primary grace conferred by Confession is the cleansing from sin committed; the second and secondary grace is the strengthening the soul against future relapse. Behold here then, Christian soul, the benefit, nay the necessity of Confession. Do you wish to cleanse your soul from the stain of impurity already contracted? Confess your sin in the sacred tribunal of Penance, with true sorrow for sin committed, and a firm resolution not to commit it any more, and that moment your sin is forgiven: your soul is rendered pure. Do you wish to preserve your soul pure, when once it has been made so? The same Sacrament of Penance which cleansed your soul, has granted it the power to render that soul more capable of repelling the suggestions and the temptations to sin.

And does not that very thing prove to you, Christian soul, the great efficacy of Confession? If Confession were not so efficacious in driving away impurity, what reason would the devil have to fear it? what reason would he have to strive to dissuade the impure from the practice of it? And yet undoubtedly, it is always his end and aim—to dissuade the impure from Confession. As long as he can keep them away he is secure; the moment he discovers in his victim any desire of Confession, he trembles for his prey, and uses all his wiles and specious pretences and excuses, to deter the poor sinner from it. Behold here then, Christian soul, the strongest reason why you should avail yourself of its strength and power. Depend upon it; without Confession there is no purity.

And the Blessed Eucharist, Christian soul, what a power it has to overcome and destroy impurity! In the Blessed Eucharist we receive the body and blood of Jesus Christ, as given to us at the Last Supper, into our bodies and into our souls. This is no figurative reception but a real and true one. By a miracle of God's power, and in some manner incomprehensible to human reason, but not beyond reason, that body and blood, that soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, the God Man, becomes incorporated with our soul and body, whereby we become "another Christ." Now with these stupendous effects upon the soul and upon the body, how can that soul and body fail to become pure? When the rays of the sun fall upon the earth, that earth must become lighted. No matter how dense the clouds, daylight is daylight still. It is on account of these powerful effects of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist upon the soul that the Church applies to it those words of the prophet Zachary, "The corn of the elect; the vine beguiling virgins." And herein we have pointed out to us one of the special effects of this Sacrament; its power to overcome impurity, "the vine beguiling virgins." St. Cyril (I. c. in Jos.) refers to the power of the Eucharist when he says, "Christ existing in us weakens the cruel law of the flesh in our members. And St. Bernard attributes to it this same power of calming the passions. "If any of you," he says, "find the movements of anger and envy and impurity, or other passions less frequent and less violent than usual, let him attribute this calm to the most holy body and precious blood of Christ which he has received; for the strength of this Sacrament worketh in us." To still then the flames of impure love, there is no more efficacious means than this divine Sacrament. In countries where coal fires are burned, it is a fact well known to every housekeeper, that the rays of the sun streaming through a window upon the fire in the grate extinguishes it. The same is true of the pious fire. They burn most fiercely when the sun is down, and are more or less overpowered by the powerful light of the sun. So with the impure fire of concupiscence; the heat of divine grace burning in the soul from the presence of God in the Blessed Eucharist, overpowers the base fire of concupiscence, and eventually extinguishes it.

The sixth remedy is holy meditation. To think frequently and seriously on divine truths. We pay too little attention to habits of mind. Habits of body we understand clearly enough. The dancer, the skater, the singer, all have acquired their excellence by practice of the body. We know the effect of military drill upon the human frame. Put the most awkward lad into the hands of a drill sergeant, and before long, no matter how awkward and ungainly his gait may have been, it will become steady and firm, and erect and manly. And how has this change been brought about? how has this unsteady and awkward gait been replaced by a firm and graceful bearing? By constant exercise in steady and measured marching. And so it is in habits of mind. We can become pettish and peevish and quarrelsome, by repeated acts of pettishness and peevishness and quarrelsomeness. We can become mild and meek and kind, by repeated acts of mildness, meekness, and kindness. The muscles of the mind are as much formed and developed by exercise as the muscles of the body. And as in the body the muscles of the arm may be developed at the expense of the leg, by exercising the arms more than the legs, so the mind may be exercised in some one di-

But I will prove to you in another way, and through your own experience, the truth of this efficacy of Confession in overcoming impurity. What I ask you, is the first temptation which the devil offers to the soul that has been so unfortunately as to fall into impurity? Is it not—to abstain from confession?

rection more than another, so as to develop itself in that direction, and to lose its strength in another. Thus the mind may be made to calculate quickly, and yet not be able to remember figures a day. It is this faculty of the mind, to develop itself in one direction, that we should utilize in our battle against impurity. By constantly looking at the bright side of everything, we become cheerful and happy. By constantly looking at pure things we become pure. Let us, therefore, in our battle against impurity, ever school our minds, first, never to think of any unclean thing; and second, let us train it often to think of God and holy things. The eagle, it is fabled, teaches her young to look at the sun; and hence its lofty flight. Take your lesson from the Eagle. Teach your soul constantly to turn its eyes towards God; teach it always rather to look heavenward, than towards the earth; and depend upon it, it will soon emulate the lofty flight of the eagle, and will ever soar towards the pure vault of heaven, rather than perch in the deep valley of impurity. Neglect not this remedy, Christian soul. Much depends on it. Your mind cannot think on any subject long without becoming developed in that direction. The miser thinks of his bags, and becomes harsh and grasping and unjust. The injured man thinks of his injuries, and becomes vindictive and desirous of revenge. The impure think of impure things and become daily more impure. But by meditating on the holy life of Jesus Christ—by thinking often of His merciful and forgiving and pure actions—by turning over in the mind His holy lessons, the mind will gradually, and unknown to itself, lose its avarice, and its vindictiveness, and its impurity, and will become after a measure, charitable and forgiving and pure as He. Think of holy things, and your mind will become developed into holiness.

"VOMIT HIM OUT."

Charles Bradlaugh, the champion demagogue, the only candidate in the field for the Presidency of the English Republic that is to be, and, after Satan, the blackest enemy to Pope and Popery, is treating the citizens of the United States to original lectures on "the Irish question." The tyranny of England's Kings, and Queens, and Aristocrats, receives an unmerciful castigation at Charlie's hands; and the good Irish folk across the lines applaud his vigorous and eloquent efforts, and swear he is the most liberal Englishman alive and kicking. Even the staid old Pilot gives him a puff, and unwittingly we hope, associates his name with that of Father Burke in a short notice reading thus:—

"His address was in all respects the ablest statement of the grievances of Ireland that we have ever heard. He dealt with Irish events than those touched by Mr. Wendell Phillips or Father Burke, and the fact that he is an Englishman gave increased weight to his words. We have before now called Mr. Bradlaugh a demagogue, and we do not swallow our words because he says a good word for Ireland. But we feel bound to express our opinion of this able historical lecture, and to say, as Irishmen and for Irishmen, that we thank him for the statement he has made."

Now, when Bradlaugh was on the eve of sailing for America, the London Correspondent of the Pilot, J. F. O'D., (the initials we presume of John Francis O'Donnell) took occasion to warn his countrymen against having anything at all to do with the mob-organizer. This warning was by us quoted some weeks ago; we now reproduce it in italics for the benefit of J. F. O'D.'s countrymen generally and of the Pilot in particular:—

"I shall take this final opportunity of warning my Catholic countrymen in the States against having anything to do with him. I beg of them not to be carried away by his denunciations of English tyranny in Ireland. It is the wolf practising his historical benevolence in the guise of the sheep. The man whose ferocious pro-communistic opinions obliged M. Thiers to bundle him, at a moment's notice, out of France—the man who has paid a special visit of congratulation to the organized ruffianism now dominant in a part of Spain, can be neither safe nor reputable society for an Irish Catholic. It will be the duty of every Christian community to vomit him out!"

The London Correspondent knows more about Charles Bradlaugh than does the Editor of the Pilot, and the latter, had he followed the former's advice, would not have shown a lack of discernment and judgment. We do not understand how any wide-awake Irish American can fail to see clear through this individual who aspires to the Presidency of England. He is of all demagogues the most blatant and bigoted; his god is a deity friendly to Ireland, Cromwell; his principles are anti-Christian; his sole aim is Revolution; and every Christian community should, indeed, "vomit him out." His lying philippic against English rule in Ireland are cunningly devised to lure the Irish people at home and abroad over to the side of Revolution and Socialism, to cut away their adherence to Rome, and to destroy their Nationalism. Take up any one of Charles Bradlaugh's lectures to an English mob; read it; and then tell us whether we represent him as he really is, or not. Tell us then if J. F. O'D. was right in saying, and if we are right in repeating, that he is "neither safe nor reputable society for an Irish Catholic," and that we should "vomit him out."

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PORT HOPE.

On Sunday last, Rev. Mr. Browne, according to custom, gave his congregation a statement of monies received and expended upon the church during the year 1873. He stated that the erection of the spire cost \$1,997.00, and the contract for coloring and stripping the brick work of the church \$526.93, making a total expenditure of \$2,523.93. Of this amount the members of the congregation contributed \$2,102.93, and the Protestants of the town \$421.00. In reference to the action of the latter, Father Browne spoke substantially as follows:—

"I now come to the most pleasing part of the duty I have this day to perform. It is an old saying, and as true as it is old, that a friend in need is a friend indeed! I am happy to inform you that in the day of our need we had not one friend only, but many friends—yes, many kind Protestant friends, who generously came to our assistance, and, by their handsome contributions, enabled us to liquidate the whole of the debt we had contracted in the improvements effected on our church during the course of the past year. Up to the present time I have not, as you are aware, referred in church to this very creditable and praiseworthy act. But, I feel that I need not assure you that my silence in regard to it is not to be attributed to feelings either of neglect or ingratitude. I simply refrained from publicly thanking those kind friends until the day came when I could deservedly give credit to whom credit was due." This I could not satisfactorily do before to-day, as some of the contributions have been only quite recently paid in. With these few remarks I will now read for you the roll of honor, and while I do so I want you to catch all the names on it, so that you may engrave them in the dearest place in your memories. The following are the names of our separated brethren who subscribed towards the payment of our debt, with the sum given respectively by each. [The rev. gentleman here read the list, and then continued his remarks.] From the perusal of the list you will at once see who were the good people who came to your assistance in the hour of your difficulty and need. Permit me then, in the name of the congregation of St. Mary's church, to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks to these gentlemen, individually and collectively. I can assure them, as far as I am personally concerned, that it will be a long time before the remembrance of this truly noble and generous act on their part shall fade from my recollection. I would entreat you

also, my Catholic brethren, to ever hold it in grateful remembrance, and on the principle that 'one good turn deserves another,' I trust you will prove your gratitude to these gentlemen in some tangible manner, whenever an opportunity may present itself. I think I may state that the action of these gentle in our regard, is a happy illustration of the kindly feelings that exist between the members of the different religious denominations of this town. If I be correct in thus gaging the significance of the act, I would give expression to the fervent hope that such christian deeds may ever characterize our intercourse and dealings with each other; and such ought to be the case. We are all struggling, though in different ways, to reach the one bright home above—should we not then be always prepared to deal with each other in the broadest and most liberal spirit? should we not be ever ready at the call of charity or humanity, to extend a helping hand to each other, irrespective of our religious convictions or creeds? Before I came to live here, I always heard Port Hope spoken of as a place in which religious bigotry ran riot—nay, flourished in the most luxuriant growth. On receiving my appointment to this parish, I was advised by some presumably well-intentioned persons, not to come here, they told me that I would find it anything but pleasant to reside in this town for the reason just mentioned. In fact, from the accounts I heard of the terrible kind of people that lived here, I had almost made up my mind that it would be a wise precaution to purchase, ere leaving my late parish, a 12 shooter, or some other equally effective implement of war. However, notwithstanding all these direful forebodings of evil I came here, and from the experience of a residence which has now extended over a period of four years, I can truly say that in all that time, I have received from the Protestants of the town nothing but the treatment I might expect from gentlemen and christians. I have every reason to consider the people of this town to be as social, as liberal, as tolerant, and as good in every sense of the word, as the people of every other part of Canada with whom I have been acquainted—nay, I think I might safely challenge any town in the Dominion to produce an act indicative of happier, more friendly, or more christian feelings than that for which it was my great pleasure to compliment our Protestant fellow-citizens on to-day. But I fear I am extending my remarks too far; to conclude them: We have at present the exterior of our church neatly finished. Its present appearance is a vast improvement on that which it presented this day twelve months. It is now a credit to the congregation, and in some sense also, an ornament to the town. In future it shall ever be a source of pride and gratification for me to think, that in bringing it to its present state of completion and neatness, we are largely indebted to the kind and generous friends whose names I read for you a few moments ago. I would again thank those gentlemen from my heart of hearts; and furthermore I would give expression to the ardent hope that God may reward them a hundred fold both here and hereafter for their noble act of generosity towards the congregation of St. Mary's Church. It would be an unpardonable oversight did I close my remarks without stating that it was Messrs. O'Neil and Gaudrie who were so kind as to solicit and collect the subscriptions of our Protestant friends. Their task, though rendered easy and agreeable by the courteous and liberal spirit in which they were everywhere met, must, nevertheless, have occasioned them some trouble and a considerable loss of valuable time. For these reasons, as also for the brilliant success that has crowned their efforts, I deem them justly entitled to the thanks of the congregation, which, I feel certain, will be cordially and unanimously given to them."

THE DEMON DRINK.—A TERRIBLE RECIPE.—While horrors like that which drew the attention of the public to Tabby's Yard not long ago, are of rare occurrence, yet in the dens and filthy dwelling places of the drunkards, there occur scenes of misery, almost passing belief. On Monday last, a Canadian woman, the wife of a joiner named Joseph Venne, 37, living on Durham street, above Ontario, was cruelly beaten by her husband, and her life endangered, as noticed in yesterday's paper. It seems Venne, who is well known to many citizens, at one time being respected as a steady and hard working man, of late years has become a confirmed drunkard, and, sad to say, his wife also joined him in his drinking bouts, eventually sinking to such a degree of degradation that four of their children were compelled to leave their father's abode—home it cannot be called,—and were provided with shelter by a sister of 20 years of age, who is married to a youth of 18. Once the family was gone, Venne appeared to give way entirely to the demon in the bottle, and both he and his wife would continue for days in a beastly state of intoxication the horror of such a condition being intensified by the fact that an elder son shared their potions. On the morning of Monday the 19th inst., Venne purchased a bottle of whiskey, of which his wife took a tea cup full "and perhaps a little more," her son took a "horn," and between them it was soon finished. Mrs. Venne started out to buy a hare, and on coming back, and while preparing it for the pot, she suddenly became unconscious, and remembered nothing till she came to her senses, when she was lying on the bed with her face bathed in blood. As she and her husband were the only two persons in the house at the time, she believes that he assaulted her. Venne purchased a bottle of beer and one of whiskey, afterwards and came back to the house in a state bordering on insanity. While the son was getting water for his mother, Venne told her that she was so disgraced now that she would be of no use to anyone else, and added that he would put an end to her, jealousy being implied. She managed to crawl to a child's bed in the kitchen, when the son came in, and she was left there to starve with the cold, and welter in her blood during Tuesday night, while the brutalized father and son lay dead drunk alongside one another on a bed, and in such filthy condition that pen cannot describe it. The Police Magistrate and the first clerk of the Court, Mr. R. Cotter, went yesterday afternoon and took the deposition of Mrs. Venne. Her head and face were one mass of bruises, wounds and clotted blood, while her features were swollen to twice their natural size, and the face so disfigured that no one wished to gaze at it a second time. In her deposition she states that she believes her husband intended to take her life when beating her. The house where she lies is tainted with the odor of putrid meat; vermin, filth and dirt abound, and take it altogether, the officers of the law, though accustomed to revolting sights, acknowledged the scene in the interior of Venne's house caps the climax. Several nuns kindly came over to nurse the victim when informed of her state, and it is possible she may recover, though her life hangs by a thread. When first seen by a doctor the blood was oozing out of her eyes, nose, mouth, ears, and from a severe wound in her head. She must have received a severe beating.—Witness.

THE RIVER.—The roads to Longueuil and St. Lambert seem good, and quite a number of vehicles cross daily between the city and the South shore. Ice cutting has commenced at several places along the front of the harbor. A road has been made from the foot of Jacques Cartier Square to the place appointed for emptying snow on the ice opposite the Bonsecours Market. The water is lowering gradually.

POST-OFFICE HONESTY.—It is very rare that Post-Office officials get credit for too much honesty, though people are apt to blame them when a letter or paper goes astray in the mails. As an instance of strict honesty among P. O. employees in this sec-

tion of the country, we may mention that a gentleman in Perth received a letter on Saturday last containing \$12. The letter was mailed in Almonte on the 7th, and the money was stuck in an open envelope, neither sealed nor registered; yet it came through all safe, and exhibited no appearance of the contents having been handled, though the money inside was bulky enough to attract the attention of any one through whose hands it might pass in sorting the mails. The mode in which the money had been enclosed, exhibited, to say the least of it, gross carelessness on the part of the sender.—Perth Courier.

Brunet was tried at the Police Court and found guilty of having wantonly killed a dog belonging to the nuns on Nuns' Island. He was fined \$5 and costs and \$10 damages. It appears he with one or two companions went over yesterday on the ice, to have some sport, but finding game scarce, blazed away at the dog, killing it. Mr. Blouin, a foreman on the ice, and two of his companions saw the occurrence and chased the youths, capturing them before they crossed the ice to the mainland. The prisoners were confined in a house on the island, while the police were sent for. Mr. Roy, who was counsel for Brunet, maintains that a companion Rosseau, is the guilty party and proceedings against him are to be taken forthwith.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Fresh Wounds, Burns, Sore Throat, Spinal Complaints, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, Purely Vegetable and All-healing. For Internal and External use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

(From the Toronto Globe.)

THE EAST INDIA REMEDY is the only thing upon record that positively cures CONSUMPTION and BRONCHITIS. We have many palliatives, but Calcutta Hemp is the only permanent cure, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical. Price \$2.50. Send a stamp for certificate of cures, to GRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

BIRTHS.

In this city, on the 22nd inst, at 21 Aymer street, the wife of Mr. Patrick Rowland, of a son.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th inst., Mr. Michael Bradshaw, a native of the County Tipperary, Ireland, aged 32 years.—R.I.P.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price, and another Price. Includes items like Flour, Wheat, Corn, and various oils.

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price, and another Price. Includes items like Wheat, Barley, Oats, and various meats.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

Flour—XXX retail \$8.50 per barrel or \$4.50 per 100 lbs. Family Flour \$3.25 per 100 lbs, and Fancy \$3.50. Grain—nominal; Rye 65c. Barley \$1.05. Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.20. Peas 65c. Oats 40 to 40c. Butter—Ordinary fresh by the tub or crock sells at 20 to 22c per lb., print selling on market at 24 to 25c. Eggs are selling at 20 to 25c. Cheese worth 10 to 11c; in stores 13c. Meat—Beef, \$4.00 to 6.00; grain fed, none in market; Pork \$9.00 to 9.50; Mince Pork \$17 to \$18 00; Mutton from 5 to 6c. to 90c. Veal, none. Hams—sugar-cured, 15 to 17c. Lamb 8 to 9c. Bacon 13 to 14c. Poultry—Turkeys from 50c to \$1.00. Fowls per pair 35 to 50c. Chickens 50c to 60c. Hay steady, \$20 to \$22.00. Straw \$5.00, to \$8.00. Wood selling at \$5.50 to \$8.75 for hard, and \$3.50 to \$4.00 for soft. Coal steady, at \$7.50 for stove, delivered, per ton; \$7.00 if contracted for in quantity. Soft \$8. Hides—Market unchanged, quiet, \$6.75 for No. 1 untrimmed per 100 lbs. Wool 90c for good Fleeces, little doing. Calf Skins 10 to 11c. Tallow 7 to 80 c per lb., rendered; 4c rough. Deacon Skins 30 to 50c. Pot Ashes \$5.00 to \$5.30 per 100 pounds.—British Whig.

WANTED.

At St. Columban, County Two Mountains, an ELEMENTARY TEACHER, For particulars apply to 22-3 JOHN HANNA, Sect. Treas.

D. BARRY, B. C. L., ADVOCATE.

16 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. January 30, 1874. 24-17



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the above CORPORATION will be held in the ST. PATRICKS HALL (Toupin's Block), on MONDAY EVENING next, February 2nd.

By order, SAMUEL CROSS, Rec.-Seco.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DIVISION OR MONTREAL CENTRE.

GENTLEMEN.—The Parliament of Canada having been dissolved, I again offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the coming elections. Twice I have had the honor of being returned to the House of Commons by your unanimous voice, and I hope my Parliamentary career has been such as to deserve a continuance of your unabated confidence. My votes both for and against the late Government are before you and the country for inspection. On my past record I am willing to be judged. In the new Parliament new issues will naturally arise and I can only promise that my conduct in the future, as regards measures brought forward, will be guided by the dictates of my conscience, and by a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the Dominion at large and in an especial manner, of this great and prosperous division.

I have the honor to be, Your obedient servant, M. P. RYAN. Montreal, 5th January, 1874

CONFEDERATION

LIFE ASSOCIATION. STOCK AND MUTUAL PLANS COMBINED CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000.

SPECIAL FEATURES.—A purely Canadian Company. Safe, but low rates. Difference in rates alone (10 to 25 per cent.) equal to dividend of most Mutual Companies. Its Government Savings Bank Policy (a specialty with this Company) affords absolute security which nothing but national bankruptcy can affect. Policies free from vexatious conditions and restrictions as to residence and travel. Issues all approved forms of policies. All made non-forfeiting by an equal and just application of the non-forfeiture principle not arbitrary, but prescribed by charter. Mutual Policy-holders equally interested in management with Stockholders. All investments made in Canadian Securities. All Directors peculiarly interested. Consequent careful, economical management. Claims promptly paid. For Tables of Rates, and other information, apply at Branch Office, 9 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, (Merchants' Exchange), Montreal. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply, with references, to W. E. BENSLEY, M.D., General Superintendent. H. J. JOHNSTON, Manager, P.Q. Montreal, January, 23. 23

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of HENRY EDWARD FOX, of the City of Montreal, Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at the Insolvency Room, in the Court House, in the City of Montreal, on the 9th day of February next, at 10 o'clock A.M., to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 20th January 1874. 24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of FERDINAND LACOMBE and JOSEPH ROUSSEAU, of the City of Montreal, Tinmiths and Traders, as well individually, as doing business in partnership, under the name of "LACOMBE & ROUSSEAU," Insolvents.

The Insolvents have made an Assignment of their Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at their business place, No. 60, Notre Dame Street, Montreal, on the 9th day of February next, at 2 o'clock P.M., to receive statements of their affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 20th January, 1874. 24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of ANTOINE LEGAULT dit DESLAURIERS, of the City of Montreal, Contractor and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at his business place, No. 314, St. Louis Street, Montreal, on the 13th day of February next, at 10 o'clock A.M., to receive statement of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 26th January, 1874. 24-2

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of LOUIS BEAUDRY of the city of Montreal, Grocer and Trader, Insolvent.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me and the creditors are notified to meet at his business place No 100 Dorchester Street, Montreal, on the 27th day of January, instant, at 2 o'clock P.M. to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee. G. H. DUMESNIL, Interim Assignee. Montreal, 13th January 1874. 24-1

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA PROVINCE OF QUEBEC District of Montreal SUPERIOR COURT.

In the matter of ALEX. WATSON & COMPANY. Insolvent. On Friday the twentieth day of February next the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. ALEXANDER WATSON, JOHN A. WATSON, by F. E. GILMAN, their Attorney ad litem. Montreal 14 January 1874. 23-5

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

CHALLENGE.—VERSAILLES, Jan. 21.—In the Assembly to-day the Left submitted an interpellation to Government regarding its treatment of the press, which, after a violent debate, was laid on the table, by a majority of 100. After the close of the sitting, Asst. Deputy Haenjeus sent his seconds to Gambetta with a challenge to fight a duel.

Paris, Jan. 23.—The quarrel between Gambetta and Haenjeus has been settled, both parties withdrawing the offensive expressions.

PRUSSIAN PROGRESS.—For several days alarming rumours have circulated in political circles about certain secret designs attributed to Prussia. You are aware that the result of recent elections has already placed Prince Bismarck face to face with a serious opposition. It is said, then, that the Prussian Government means to open a way of escape from the internal complications now threatening it, by getting up a diversion in reply to the attacks, and most just attacks they are—which will most likely be made during the coming session. The diversion contemplated is—a fresh campaign against France. Prince von Bismarck has been for a good while past meditating a renewal of the war, and he would not, it is thought, be reluctant to hasten forward the commencement of hostilities, in order to cut short the difficulties that are cropping up against his government out of the Catholic question. The truth is that the Catholic party is becoming daily more decided in its tone, and is daily assuming more and more importance. Notwithstanding the cruel persecutions to which the Catholics are subjected, sympathy with the hunted and oppressed clergy is very widely felt, and is producing clerical victories in the elections. Bismarck's hope is, that if the attention of the country could be suddenly arrested by the outbreak of a war, the rising religious agitation would subside, and the priests would forget their grievances. But the reopening of the quarrel must not come from the side of Germany. Prince von Bismarck is too old a hand to put himself in the wrong by giving the first provocation. Last summer a line of action was agreed upon between Signor Minghetti and the Chancellor of the German Empire, according to which the manufacture of a *casus belli* was to be entrusted to Italy. For the last three years Italy has been making her preparations for a serious struggle with France. Hundreds of workmen are toiling in the arsenal of Spezia. Every month the factories at Essen have been sending thither heavy guns of all calibres. In short, the activity there is so great, that the other day a Prussian general officer, who was visiting the arsenal of Spezia, said jocularly to an Italian officer, "Come, you are doing too much, all this is not wanted; you will find all that you can require in the arsenal at Toulon." Then, too, General von Moltke has sent the best officers of his staff into Italy; and one of these Prussian officers is always at the elbow of each of Victor Emmanuel's generals for the purpose of introducing the Prussian manoeuvres into the Italian army, and initiating its chiefs into German tactics. —Paris Correspondent of Tablet.

BAZAIN'S DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.—The following details of the departure of Marshal Bazaine from Paris to undergo his sentence appear in the Paris *Figaro*.—On Thursday evening Marshal Bazaine quitted Trianon. The following day he arrived at his destination, after a journey extending over four-and-twenty hours. The most minute precautions had been taken to keep secret his departure. Early in the morning the prisoner, who had previously been warned of his approaching removal, was allowed the privilege of an interview with Madame Bazaine and with his children, which lasted upwards of two hours and a half. After the departure of his wife, the Marshal busied himself in the preparations for his long journey. He refused from that time to receive any other visits, and passed the remaining portions of the time left open to him in arranging various papers, which he committed to the care of his friends. At dusk a close carriage, surrounded by a detachment of gendarmes, arrived to take charge of the prisoner. The escort was commanded by a colonel of the gendarmes, who, however, did not appear in uniform. The inspector of the prisons of Seine-et-Oise was present at the departure of the prisoner, whose guard was then placed under the charge of a director of the penitentiary service, to whom was committed the duty of seeing him duly consigned to the fort on the Isle de Ste. Marguerite. The arrangements for the departure were so well managed that the people of Versailles did not know till the day after. At the station of Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, where the express trains at ordinary times never stop, there were none but railway servants on the platform. Here the Marshal had but for a few moments to wait before the train came up expressly for them. The passengers put out their heads as if surprised at this unusual halt, but the secret was kept during a great part of the journey. At Lyons the train made a halt of twenty-five minutes, of which the Marshal availed himself by taking a cup of coffee. At the Presidency news was received in the afternoon of his arrival at Marseilles. No incident of any interest was reported the Marshal having dined at that city without awakening attention. In the same manner was the voyage continued, and at nine o'clock in the evening the Minister of the Interior received a despatch announcing the arrival of the Marshal at the fort on the Isle de Ste. Marguerite. The embarkation having taken place at night, no disorder had occurred.

CHEAP FUEL IN PROSPECT.—HOW COAL MAY BE ECONOMISED.—We started, says Galligan's Messenger, a short time ago that a Belgian peasant had made the extraordinary discovery that earth, coal and soda, mixed up together, would burn as well and better than any other combustible, and the fact has since been proved beyond a doubt. The way in which he found this out is curious. He had been scraping the floor of his cellar with a shovel, in order to bring all the bits of coal lying about into a heap, which mixed as it was with earth and other impurities, he put into his stove. To his astonishment he found that this accidental compound burnt better instead of worse than he expected, and emitted much greater heat. Being an intelligent man, he attempted to discover the cause, and found that a great deal of soda, probably the remnant of the last wash, lay about on the floor of the cellar, and that some of it must have got into his heap. He then made a few experiments, and at length improved his compound sufficiently to render it practical. The publicity given in Belgium to this discovery caused trials to be made everywhere, as it has now been ascertained that three parts of earth one of coal dust, watered with a concentrated solution of soda will burn well and emit great heat. Many Parisian papers talked of it, but only one, the *Moniteur*, went so far as to make the experiment at its printing office. A certain quantity of friable and slightly sandy earth was mixed with the quantum of coal dust prescribed; the two ingredients were well incorporated with each other, and then made into a paste with the solution above mentioned. The fireplace of one of the boilers had previously been lighted with coal, and the fire was kept up with shovelful of the mixture. The latter, in a few seconds, was transformed into a dry, brown crust, which soon after became red hot, and then burned brightly, but without, being very rapidly consumed. The fact of the combustion is, therefore, well ascertained; but before the system can be universally adopted, are some important points to be considered, such as the calorific power of the mixture compared to that of pure coal; its price, and, above all, a remedy for the great drawback attached to it—its fouling the fire-grate considerably.

SPAIN.

CAMPAIGN OPENED.—MADRID, Jan. 21.—General Dominguez, at the head of the central army, has opened the campaign against the Carlists in Valencia. Barcia, a late member of the Carlisten Junta, has written a letter to his friends, advising them to abandon Federalism, and support the National Government until the Carlist insurrection is suppressed.

MADRID, Jan. 21.—Sanfander is threatened by Carlist reinforcements. Republican troops are hurrying to that city.

It is reported the Carlists have entered Santander.

ITALY.

A number of very interesting discoveries have been made, it is said, in the *Bibliotheca Augustina*, of Rome. Amongst other things, a complete series of early manuscripts relating to Byzantine history; also several new chapters of Livy, and the lost books of Tacitus. We sincerely hope this is true, but, although announced in almost all the European papers as a fact, we rather doubt it. The celebrated bibliophile, Cardinal Mai, spent half his life ransacking the old libraries of Rome in search of the books in question, and did not find them.

DEATH OF BIXIO.—General Nino Bixio, whose decease by cholera in Sumatra has been announced by telegraph, was the Lieutenant-General commanding the second division of the Italian army at the assault of Rome in September, 1870. His division had twenty-four pieces of artillery, which sent a storm of bombs into the Trastevere and inflicted great damage. This bombardment from the heights of the Villa Pamphili met with scarcely any opposition from the five or six old cannons of the Pontifical army. Bixio was born at Genoa in 1821 and served in the Sardinian navy. He gave up the royal service in 1844, and took command of a trading vessel. Three years later he took an active part in the reform agitation, in 1849 he fought against Austria, and in 1849 he defended the Roman Republic against France. Upon the restoration of the Pope, Bixio again betook himself to trade and sailed in a Genoese merchantman for the south. But in 1859 he returned in company with Garibaldi and obtained the rank of colonel. Assisted by Cavour he took an active part in the invasion of Sicily in the spring of 1860, and commanded the Piedmontese, one of the two ships which conveyed the Garibaldians to Marsala. Bixio commanded one of the assaulting columns at Palermo where he was wounded. He distinguished himself likewise in Calabria, at the capture of Reggio, and in the battle of Volturmo, when he was nominated Lieutenant-General. Garibaldi, in the order of the day of the 19th July, 1860, had raised Bixio from the rank of General of Brigade to that of Major-General. In 1862, Bixio entered the regular Italian army, and after the taking of Rome in 1870, determined for the third time to seek his fortune by sea, and embarked in a trading ship for distant shores. His death at the age of fifty-two years deprives Victor Emmanuel of a brave subject. Bixio was once elected Deputy for Genoa, and was made a Senator of the Kingdom. His family are well known in mercantile circles at Genoa. One of his nephews, who was in trade in that city, is now in prison at Java for the offence of forging signatures to bills of exchange. Young Bixio is, however, treated differently from most prisoners. He has a room to himself, books and newspapers to read, and is dressed as a private gentleman. He is very clever, and will, probably, be released from his detention before the expiration of his term of imprisonment.

SWITZERLAND.

THE PERSECUTION IN THE JURA.—The Catholics of Zurich who, as we have said before, are obliged to worship in a room in a cafe or beer-shop, are collecting money to build themselves a church, and many of the Genevese parishes will have to do likewise. In the Jura they are driven to take refuge even in caves and holes in the rocks. This has been the case at Undervelier, where the Christmas festival was solemnized in a large grotto, and the celebration of the Nativity in other places in barns, amid the cattle and the straw, by an immense multitude, must have been peculiarly touching and suggestive. The intruded pastors have been able to assemble only a handful of adherents, principally composed of officials—in one village only two—and another disagreeable revelation has oozed out about one of these gentlemen. He is not a priest at all, but an adventurer from America, whose claims to the ecclesiastical character consist in his having been formerly a Capuchin novice. The Bernese Government, which appointed him, and from which he derives his jurisdiction, will perhaps think this sufficient.—*Tablet*.

GERMANY.

THE PRUSSIAN BISHOPS.—The campaign against the Bishops is being prosecuted with unflinching vigour. The fines inflicted on the Archbishop of Posen now amount to 9,900 thalers, and the Bishop of Ermland has been sentenced to another fine of 200 thalers for an offence against the military commandant at Interburg, supposed to be contained in his excommunication of the priest Grunert. The Government is very indignant at the transfer by the Bishop of Paderborn of all his private property to his brother, and to judge from a Berlin letter in a Belgian Liberal paper, at the supposed intention of the Prince-Bishop of Breslau to take up his residence in the Austrian part of his diocese.—*Tablet*.

DR. REINKENS AND M. LOYSON.—The quasi-Pontiff of the sect in Germany does not seem inclined to be answerable for the doings of his brethren in Switzerland. This much we gather from a note of the *Sperer Zeitung*. M. Loyson, who, perhaps, intends to rise to an analogous position in Switzerland, has written a letter to a French paper repudiating the jurisdiction of Dr. Reinkens; whereupon the Berlin paper, which, according to the *Courier de Bruxelles*, is more or less the organ of "the Bishop or Bonn," declares that it is "not aware that Dr. Reinkens has ever claimed to have any connection whatever with M. Loyson, whose marriage has thrown a singular light on his conversion to Old Catholicism."

"When rogues fall out," an old proverb tells us, it will be all the better for honest people. The pretty quarrel that has just arisen among the sectarians who persist in styling themselves "Old Catholics" is a case in point. Dr. Reinkens, an excommunicated priest, having been elected "bishop" by a gathering of his fellow-apostates at Cologne in August last, has been recognized as such by the governments of Prussia, Baden and Hesse, and also been promised the exequatur of Bavaria. There he might well have rested and been thankful, but "Papelet vient en mangant," as the French say, and so he wanted to extend his spiritual authority, such as it is, over Austria and Switzerland too. In both instances he has of late met with a most discouraging rebuff. The Austrian Minister of Public Worship, Herr Stremayr, refuses to recognize the factitious, or rather fictitious, pretense for the simple reason that he knows nothing whatever about Old Catholicism. Still worse has our ambitious friend fared in Switzerland.—Monsieur Loyson, "Curé de Geneve," and the whole of his gang declare that they are neither old nor young Catholics, but "Catholics sans phrase." The ex-friar means to be his own pope; he has net cast off "the yoke of Rome" merely to submit to the authority of a German renegade priest. The battle is now raging between the two wretched, and very nice names they call one another. In Loyson's eyes Reinkens is a "usurper" whilst Reinkens's followers profess to look upon "Hyacinthe" as a clown and a buffoon. At all events, Genevan apostasy means to be "self-contained," and for the present Reinkens has egregiously failed in his attempt at annexing Switzerland to his bogus diocese.—*The Universe*.

In a recent Session of the Chamber, the Polish deputy, Lubanski, protested against the receipt issued by the Imperial Provincial School Inspectors (September 17th, 1873), forbidding parents to have their children instructed privately in religion, under penalty of expulsion of the children from the public schools. The deputy anticipated the answer afterwards actually given by Dr. Falk, in those words: "It is probable that the Minister of Public Worship will endeavour to satisfy me by stating that such teachers only have been forbidden to instruct in religion as had previously held appointments under Government, and had been superseded. Even such a proceeding would be, to my mind, wholly unjustifiable; but I am able to bring proof to the Minister of Worship that all private religious instruction given by priests has been prohibited under pain of fine, even when these priests have never taught in any public institutions."

THE CLOSING OF EPISCOPAL SEMINARIES.—If children are excluded from Catholic teaching, we must not be surprised that the race of their instructors is doomed to extinction. According to the decree last issued, the Clerical Seminary of Hildesheim will be closed after the first day of the New Year, unless unrestricted submission have been yielded previously to the May Laws. As a consequence, of course, the annual subsidy of three thousand six hundred and seventy-five thalers, hitherto paid by the State for the education of ecclesiastics, will be forfeited. In Alsace, the same measure will be observed. Lately, also, by order of the "Ober-president," two boys' schools have been closed, one at Finstingen, and one at Lillsehaim.

THE EMPRESS WILLIAM AND THE VISION OF "THE WHITE LADY."—The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes, under date December 28:—There is a good deal of mystery about the illness of the Emperor, and I suspect the bulletins of the *Official Journal* are a little Jesuitical. It will be recollected that his indisposition was announced soon after the return from Vienna. From that time down to the end of November he was confined to the house, and part of his time to his bed; and was even compelled, during a short period, to abstain wholly from work. Then he improved a little, and for several days took short drives. But on one of these occasions, as it appears, he caught a severe cold, and at once relapsed into his former condition of semi-illness.—For a month he has not been outside of the Palace. He was not permitted to be present at the funeral of the Queen Dowager Elizabeth, much as he was attached to her; and still more cruel fate, on Christmas Day he was not strong enough to climb one flight of stairs to the apartments where the royal family held their holiday gathering. The servants brought the old veteran's gifts down to him in his own rooms. He attends daily to the most pressing official business, and only such, and I think passes the greater part of the day in bed. The Press, the physicians, and the officials refuse to confess that his Majesty is ill, or a sufferer from anything more serious than a severe cold developed into a slight bronchial affection. In spite of their cheering assurance, however, I think it cannot be doubted that his system is gravely enfeebled. Within a day or two there has been an improvement. The last bulletin announces that the asthma is pursuing its regular course, and that his Majesty's progress leaves nothing to be desired. As I have said these bulletins are sometimes a little equivocal, never, at least, stating the case worse than it is; but the above statement agrees with my own information. The most sanguine think that the patient will soon be completely restored, and in a condition to go through the winter as successfully as the youngest of us. This is, perhaps, as good news as we ought to expect. In the meantime it is ominous for many that the White Lady has lately been seen at the Castle. Did you ever hear the legend of the White Lady of Berlin Castle? Many, many years ago there was a Hohenzollern Princess a widow with two children, who fell in love with "a became enamoured of" his perhaps, a more courtly phrase—a foreign Prince, rich, handsome, and brave. She sent him proposition of Marriage. But this brave and handsome Prince declined her suit, explaining that "four eyes" stood between him and acceptance. He referred to his aged parents, whom he was unwilling to leave, or whose consent he could not obtain—the versions of the legend vary a little here. But the Princess understood him to refer to the four eyes of her two children—to his unwillingness, in fact to become a stepfather. So like Richard the III, she promptly suffocated the infant obstacles and wrote to her lover that the way was clear. He was stricken with horror at the cruel deed. He revealed her fatal mistake to her, and died cursing her bloodthirsty rashness. The Princess, in her turn, was overwhelmed with remorse. After lingering a day or two in indescribable anguish, she too died, and was buried under the old castle at Berlin. But not to rest quietly in her unhappy grave. At rare intervals she appears at midnight, clad in white, gliding ghost-like about the castle; and the apparition always forebodes the death of some member of the Hohenzollern family. The White Lady has been seen three times within about a year, once in October last year, just before the death of Prince Albert; last spring again to announce the end of Prince Adalbert; and the last time while Queen Elizabeth lay on her death-bed. There is, however, some doubt about the meaning of the last visit. The Queen Dowager was not a born Hohenzollern, and the doctors are not certain that her death can be regarded as the answer to the White Lady's appearance. If not, there is yet another victim to be expected, and the superstitious know what that means. The professors of the University are trying to solve this knotty problem, and you shall know the result at the earliest moment.

RUSSIA.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—FESTIVITIES.—ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 23.—The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Grand Duchesse Marie, was solemnized at 1 o'clock this afternoon. The day has been observed as a holiday and since early morning when salutes were fired the streets are crowded with people. The festivities in celebration of the event will continue several days. The city is gaily decorated and it will be illuminated to-night, Saturday and Sunday nights. On Monday a grand military review will take place in front of the Winter Palace. The troops participating will consist of 41 battalions of infantry, 37 squadrons of cavalry and an artillery force of 140 guns.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.—Things utterly incredible and without parallel in other countries take place daily in Russia. I have told your readers how the vast province of Samara is now being laid waste by famine. The calamity is attributed to drought in the spring, followed by excessive rains during harvest-time. The truth is, that it is caused less by irregularities in the weather than by the demoralization of the peasantry. The *Moscow Gazette*, which is the most honest of all our newspapers, gives proof of my assertion. It states that there is abundance in a village called Koppenthal, which is a colony of the sect called Mennonites, and is situated in the very midst of the famine district. But at Koppenthal those religionists keep up a school, and possess a library and botanical garden. They are Germans, and there is no distress amongst them; while alongside of them, in places where each peasant possesses sixteen and a half desiatines of good land, men, women, and children are dying of starvation. The reason is, that instead of a school and a library, they have in one district ten spirit-shops, at which from twenty to twenty-five thousand roubles worth of adulterated brandy is sold annually. Government multiplies the spirit-shops *ad infinitum*, for the sake of the revenue which they bring in. The result is that the peasant is, much oftener than he need be,

disabled by sickness; sells his boots, and becomes reckless. The Catholic religion has been driven away by persecution and there have come instead revolutionary principles which, like a calamitous flood, threaten to submerge all things in their wild career.—*Corr. of Tablet*.

FROM EGYPT TO CHANANA.

My God, while journeying to Chanaan's land,
For peace I do not pray;
Nor seek beneath thy sheltering sweetness, Lord,
To rest each dreary day.
I cry to Thee for strength to struggle on,
But do not ask that smooth the way may be;
Sufficient for thy servant 'tis to know
That earth's bleak desert ends at last with Thee.

When heavenly sweetness floods my heart, dear Lord,
I magnify Thy name;
When desolations weigh my spirits down,
I bless Thee still the same.

Keep me, O God! I cry with streaming eyes,
From love of earth and creatures ever free;
Far sweeter are than Eden's fairest blooms
The blood-stained blossoms of Gethsemani.

I do not ask of Thee that loving friends
Should wander by my side,
Or that my hand should feel an angel's touch,
A guardian and a guide.

But Israel's God, do thou go on before,
An ever present beacon in the way—
A fiery pillar in dark sorrow's night,
A cloudy column in my prosperous day.

I do not ask, O Master dear, to lean
My head upon Thy breast;
Nor seek within Thy circling arms to find
An ever present rest.

I beg from Thee that crown of prickly thorn
That once Thy sacred forehead rudely tore;
And I will press those crimsoned branches close
To my poor heart, and ask from Thee no more.

But when, at length, my scorched and weary feet
Shall reach their journey's end,
And I have gained the longed-for promised land
Where milk and honey blend—

Then give me rest, and food, and drink, dear Lord:
For then another pilgrim will have past,
As Thou didst, o'er the wastes of barren sand
From Egypt into Chanaan, safe at last.

—[Catholic World.]

What is called the Protestant Church, the precious fruit of the wretched Henry's Reformation, is truly in a lamentable condition. What a spectacle England presents to Christendom? She, who was once thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly united, is positively torn asunder by no end of sects and creeds and isms, the natural results of godless protest and dissent. According to "Whittaker's Almanac," the past year was very prolific in this respect, particularly with regard to the multiplication of its divisions. In October last the Registrar-general had on his list no less than 131 different sects, each having places registered "for Divine worship" in England, and illustrating in a remarkable manner the unity of the Church which the British Parliament were forced to substitute for the Church of Christ by a powerful and utterly debased monarch. During the past year many new Protestant sects sprang into existence, the most notable being the Congregational Temperance Free Church, the Hope Mission, the New Methodist, the Protestant Union, the Union Churchmen, the Unsectarian, the Howling Repentants and the Christian Dolphins. The last named has sprung into existence in South Wales. Their peculiar tenets are that no one out of their society can be saved, and that even of their own members, those who can be included among the saved will be few and far between. This branch of the Reformation also goes in for the novelty that there is no difference between their souls and the souls of animals. What a happy—what a united—what a soul-saving institution the Protestant Church must be. —*The Universe*.

TOO CLEVER.—Attention is being drawn to the growth of the cotton industry in Bombay, and Manchester is threatened with retribution for the impositions charged against her. Various cloths of English manufacture are being driven out of the import market at Bombay by the local manufacturers. It is not the import duty, but natives prefer Indian manufactures, because, we are assured, they are of better material, not adulterated or mildewed. The revolution in the cotton goods trade is supported by statistics, showing that at the close of 1873 there were in Bombay 9,775 hands employed by spinning and weaving companies, working 371,116 spindles and 4,473 looms. A new coal trade is said to be springing up in India. Bombay, which has hitherto depended on English imports, is now getting indigenous coal from Calcutta. It is rather confidently hoped that demands for the increasingly numerous factories of Bombay will prove of advantage to Bengal.—*Homeward Mail*.

LONDON, Jan. 21.—Mr. Whalley, M.P., has written to the papers, persisting that the statements made by Jean Lue during his examination as witness for the defendant in the Tichborne case were true, and expressing his belief that the confession made by Lue at his subsequent trial on the charge of perjury was obtained by bribery. For this Mr. Whalley has been summoned to appear for contempt of Court.

CREeping OF RAILS.—The "creeping" of railroad rails has attracted some attention of late, and while we do not attempt to explain it, we offer a point on the fact that, on all lines running north and south, the western rail "creeps" faster than the eastern rail—that is, this strange movement of the rail towards the south is more marked in one rail than in the other on the same track. Furthermore, it has been noticed that on such a line the eastern rail wears out the fastest. Both of these points we think, can be explained by the motion of the earth as it turns from the west to the east. Everything that has free motion is dragged after the whirling globe; every wind that blows and every tide that moves feels the influence, and our train going north or south is pulled over towards the east, and naturally presses the eastern rail most heavily. The western rail, being relieved of its share of weight, "creeps" more freely and quickly. It is also noticed that the wheels that run on the eastern rail wear out the first, and we can but think that this earth motion is the true cause. The practical side of this is that the eastern rail and wheels should be stronger.—*Scientific American*.

THRILLING DEATH OF A FISHERMAN.—We were yesterday put into possession of the details of the death of a Chinaman on the Coronades, day before yesterday, that eclipse in horror the death scene described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea," in which a devil-fish is introduced with graphic power. Our readers are aware that the abalone meat is a prized delicacy of the Chinaman, and that the shell of the abalone, when properly polished, is one of the most fanciful and beautiful things in nature. The abalones are generally sought lower down the coast, but are also found in the neighborhood of San Diego Bay before yesterday Fung Chou, a professional fisherman, residing near Roseville, known among Americans by the nickname of "Chowder," started out to the Coronades in his boat to hunt for abalones. Of course, his movements can only be surmised by the event. The supposition is that he moored his boat and began his quest. The Coronades are quite abrupt in their formation, precipitous, but occasionally broken. "Chowder" saw an enormous abalone in a cleft of the rock, in a place covered with water when the tide was in, and throwing himself on his stomach, he dropped over the ledge to wrench the delicacy from its fastness—

univalvular, and if, in detaching one from the rock, to which it can fix itself almost immovably, one happens to not wrench it loose at once, it often closes its single shell on the rock, imprisoning the spoiling hand and causing inexpressible agony. This was poor "Chowder's" fate. As his evil star would have it, the abalone was unusually large, and the poor Chinaman, unable to release himself, must have early realized that he was doomed. From his position, leaning over the rock, he could not brace himself, or obtain any leverage by which, at the sacrifice of the hand, if need be, he could free himself. We can imagine the agony suffered by the poor wretch as he waited for hours the rising of the tide which should end his misery by death. The actual pain endured must have been unpeakable, and no help was nearer than eighteen miles. We can conceive of nothing so horrible as such a situation, except the ancient Persian punishment of the "boat," described minutely by Plutarch, in which the victim was thrown to the ground, a boat was turned upside down over him and staked, and his face was smeared with honey to attract the insects. There he was left to die. The poor Chinaman's plight was almost as bad as this; but happily the returning tide prevented the torments from being as lasting. The inexorable waters, however, shortly did their work. There came a time when the poor Chinaman could strain no longer, and when the briny flood sucked from his lungs the breath of life. When yesterday Chowder's body was recovered by a brother Celestial, his dead hand was still clutched in the remorseless grasp of the abalone which had so terribly avenged the invasion of his rocky home. The agony the poor fellow had endured by this novel martyrdom was imprinted on his face.—*San Diego World*.

Mr. Bart, the English miners' candidate for the House of Commons, is just thirty-six years old, and he was born near North Shields. He is a pitman's son, but early showed considerable mental capacity and was a diligent reader. He joined a local temperance society, and rapidly assumed so prominent a position among his colleagues that he was called upon to assume the direction of the Miners' Union during the great Cramlington strike of 1865. He found the Union with a balance of only £23. He obtained £4,000, and at the end of the strike there was a balance of £760, which was made the nucleus of a fund that now reaches £16,000. He took an active part in getting the 3,000 miners of Morpeth enfranchised, and it has been decided to run him as a candidate at the next election.

The depravity of the Irish is a favorite text with writers on "the other side" of friendship to them. Wait until we see what a depraved Irish child did in Oswego the other day. Willie Clark, thirteen years old, found an envelope containing \$625, and brought it to his father, John Clark, who resides at 17 Lake street, in that city. John is a laborer in summer, but in winter an involuntary idler, and of course he did with the money what the depraved Irish always do; he advertised it in the daily paper, searched everywhere for its owner, and found him before the newspaper had time to be issued. This miserable specimen of Celtic vice has seldom the wherewithal to procure the common necessities of life. The above information is contained in a card published by Mr. M. Wheeler, a leading business man here and the loser of the money. What a vile people the ignorant Irish are!

A Western editor has put into practice a plan which will enable all papers to dispense with the usual fighting member of the staff. One morning, he was waited upon by the biggest kind of a fellow armed with a terrible cudgel, with several and sundry protuberances sticking out all round, marvellously resembling Colt's derringers and bowies, and saluted him with: "Where's that scoundrel, the editor?" Our friend said: "He is not about, but please take a seat and amuse yourself with a paper, he will be in a few minutes," and hurried down stairs, at the foot of which, he met another man still more profane and fierce, who asked the same question in the same language. "Oh," said the retreating editor, "go up stairs; you will find him reading the paper." Accordingly up he went, like a high-pressure steam-engine, letting off steam at every step. Our friend waited a minute, and such a crash—as if all Pandemonium was let loose. What the result was, was never known, as our friend didn't wait.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous English talker, has an idea that there ought to be more charity amongst the Methodists and Baptists. He says: "Let us not employ prayer with a view to one work alone, for narrow-minded supplications cannot be acceptable with God. Some prayers remind me of the Virginia planter who owned a slave in partnership with one of his neighbors, and being a pious man, was accustomed to wind up his prayers by saying: 'O Lord, in Thine infinite mercy and goodness, bless my half of Pompey!' When Wesleyans always pray for Methodism, and Baptists for their own congregations, and Presbyterians for their favorite confraternity, I would urge them to get a little further than 'Bless my half of Pompey.'"

The *Exec* (Mass.) *Statesman* gives the following extract from the composition of a South Danvers boy, describing his native town: "Its principal productions are leather, onions, South Church, and George Peabody. South Danvers has many religious sects, among which are the Orthodox, who worship the minister, the Spiritualists, who worship everything, and the Unitarians, who worship nothing."

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BONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION.
Letter from Dr. Crane.

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JAMES I. FELLOWS, Esq.—Dear Sir:—From a general knowledge of the prominent ingredients of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, I formed such a favorable opinion as to be induced to recommend it to my patients as preferable and more convenient than my own prescriptions of the Hypophosphites. For several years I have continued to prescribe it, in many cases with very beneficial results. Since, upon solicitation, you kindly afforded me a more intimate knowledge of the composition of your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, I have used it freely in my practice, both in diseases of the Chest, as Consumption and Bronchitis, etc., and in infantile diseases of the *prima via*, or Stomach, and Bowels, with eminent success, considering it superior to any similar preparation yet offered to the public. Thanking you for your kind information,
I remain, yours truly,
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